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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

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A Monthly Journal,

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. X. BOSTON, JULY, 1883. No. 1.

"IT was impossible, for any one who looked abroad on the world, not to see that infidelity was wide spread; that it was in the atmosphere; that it was not, as it used to be, skulking and ashamed, but aggressive, determined to prevail as far as it could; and that there must be, and there was, actually at this moment a great encounter between the principle of revelation and the principle of infidelity." —LORD O'HAGAN.

"THERE are two alternatives, the way to Rome and the way to Atheism; Anglicanism is the half-way house on the one side, and Liberalism is the half-way house on the other."—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Irish Colonization and the Work of Miss O'Brien.

HER PHILANTHROPIC MISSION AND LABOR.

THE historical name of the "O'Briens," is notably linked in Irish annals with many memorable events and patriotic efforts, that still stir the hearts, and will long live in the memory of the sons of the green isle, the world over. The public career and the services and sacrifices of William Smith O'Brien, in recent times, have not passed out of recollection; nor will these be forgotten while gratitude continues to hold sway over the Irish heart. Whatever may be the judgment as to the wisdom of his political course and actions — as affecting the welfare of Ireland — no one has ever questioned the spotless purity of his motives, or the elevated sense of honor which guided and governed him throughout his checkered public career.

The generous work that has lately engaged the zeal and enlisted the labors of the honored daughter of the patriot of '48, is worthy of the best traditions of the princely house and family whose name she inherits, and whose patriotic qualities and character find a new and shining illustration in the philanthropic mission to which she has devoted her zeal and her talents.

The undertaking with which Miss Charlotte G. O'Brien's name is now conspicuously identified, has commanded wide attention on both sides of the Atlantic.

Having first exposed and called attention, through the public journals, to the perils and evils that beset the Irish emigrant girls on the ocean voyage

to America, and elsewhere; the neglect of the steamship owners to make even ordinary provision for the health and comfort of steerage passengers; and, especially, their indifference as to the commingling of the sexes; the shocking disregard shown for the requirements of female modesty, in the interior arrangements by which the steerage emigrants were virtually *herded* together; and the want of all proper precaution and adequate safeguards to protect the honor and virtue of the innocent and friendless girls during the passage — had aroused her womanly indignation. She called attention to the matter in several forcible and earnest communications to the public journals, with such effect, that an enquiry was set on foot, a commission appointed to investigate, and finally, an "Act of Parliament" was passed and became a law, providing for "the better protection of emigrants on shipboard."

Miss O'Brien had herself first made a careful and vigilant personal examination of the steerage accommodations in the steamers of several of the leading lines. Indeed, she more than once, in furtherance of her benevolent purpose, crossed from Liverpool to Queenstown in the steerage of the outgoing steamers.

She had, therefore, ample opportunity to judge as to what she so sharply and justly criticized. Nor was she backward in suggesting the reforms and the practical changes necessary to remedy the evil. The ship-owners, at first, were disposed to turn a deaf ear to these appeals, but the warning voice of public opinion, to which Miss O'Brien had fearlessly appealed; the discussions in the public press, and the inquiries in Parliament admonished them that the complaint could not be ignored. Steps were taken, first by one leading line, and the example was promptly followed by others, with, we believe, only one notable exception, to remodel the arrangements and methods for the accommodation of steerage passengers — special attention being given to plans for the separation of the sexes, and a more adequate provision for the comfort and convenience of the emigrant passengers. And all this was accomplished and brought about by the power of a woman's pleading voice and earnest pen, enlisted for the honor of womanhood and the purity and protection of her sex in the person of the poor emigrant girl.

The introduction in the last Congress, by Hon. Mr. Deuster, of Wisconsin, of a bill looking to a similar result, was brought about in no small degree, by the agitation and the exposures effected by and through the agency just referred to. That this last measure failed to become a law, through the interposition of President Arthur's veto, is not the least of the *mal adroit* mistakes made by the stalwart president. But Miss O'Brien's zeal did not cool, nor was her activity lessened in any degree by the result of her efforts across the Atlantic.

Investigation had convinced her of the necessity of another means and agency in the work she had undertaken — an asylum or temporary home for emigrant girls, at Queenstown, where they would find necessary accommodation prior to embarking on the ocean voyage.

This was promptly provided out of her own means and resources; and accommodation was generously given, during many months of the early spring and summer of the present year, to girls, and even to families — under certain necessary restrictions and limitations. It was, we believe, Miss O'Brien's intention to provide for the practical instruction of the emigrant girls, during the term of their sojourn, in lessons of household economy and industrial employments, that would serve, in a measure, to fit them for the service they would naturally seek in America. There were, however, practical difficulties in the way; and it was found, moreover, that the well-known "Nun of Kenmare" had in view the establishment of a house in Ireland to meet this exact need.

Having closed, temporarily, the house at Queenstown, Miss O'Brien determined to explore still further the question and the evil which had engaged her efforts.

With a courage and heroism which does honor to her womanly tenderness, she resolved to make the voyage across, in the *steerage* of one of these ocean vessels, that she might thereby be more fully and perfectly informed as to the condition and treatment of the passengers — too long herded as cattle — who were forced to undergo the perils and privations which had aroused her indignation and enlisted her sympathies.

She was dissuaded from her original design, and persuaded to adopt a cabin passage — though she availed of the ample opportunities afforded her to visit, daily, the different parts of the ship, and thus became acquainted with the methods and practices in vogue. It will not seem strange that little was found to complain of during *this* passage. Indeed, the "reform" was already begun.

The American press has already, with characteristic alertness, given a tolerable full account of Miss O'Brien's work; and the "interviews" that have been published may be taken as presenting her own views and suggestions with reasonable fullness and accuracy.

The result of her sojourn in New York, and of the investigations made by her as to the condition of the immigrant population of that city, is, however, less widely known, and may be given here as exposing a condition which, though long and keenly lamented, seems scarcely to have arrested the attention or aroused the efforts demanded by every consideration of duty and humanity.

Arrived in New York, Miss O'Brien, heedless of fatigue and comforts, unhesitatingly explored the quarter in which the immigrant population most abound. Taking up her abode with a poor, but decent and pious family, in a tenement-house in Washington Street, to whose care she had been recommended by a neighboring pastor (who was informed of her purpose), Miss O'Brien devoted eight days and nights to looking around her, taking note of the mode of life, the habits and conditions of these "Irish poor;" and at the same time (having obtained the necessary introductions) passing daily in and out of *Castle Garden*, to observe the method of dealing with,

and disposing of, the newly arrived immigrants. As to this latter there was little to criticize: much to commend; still, room for improvement is said to exist, and the authorities, doubtless, will not be deaf to any practical suggestions that may be offered. It was the condition of the Irish poor, in the immigrant quarter of New York, that most enlisted Miss O'Brien's solicitude and stirred her compassion.

The condition and circumstances in, and under which, the poor of New York live, is not an unfamiliar, though certainly it is far from being an inviting picture. The ills and miseries of life in a New York tenement-house have been often plainly exposed; though the extent to which the Irish poor of New York are the victims of the system, and the helpless and hopeless condition in which they exist, seems to be less generally realized, or regarded with indifference and unconcern.

Ten, fifteen, twenty, and even thirty families, are often found, huddled under a single roof, in these houses, which are almost invariably built in solid blocks. Scant light, no adequate ventilation, often scarcely provision for the commonest necessities; is it a wonder that the death rate in these quarters is fearful to contemplate! The "slaughter of the innocents" is simply appalling — as demonstrated by the death-rate among the infant population of New York, especially in the districts under notice. Inquiry made in the households visited would elicit the fact that families of seven, ten and often twelve or more children were rather the rule than the exception. But when it would be asked, "how many are left to you?" the mournful answer would almost invariably be, "only one," "two," or "three," as the case might be. The others perished in infancy or early youth, from the multiplied causes of mortality, which so abound in the homes and surroundings of the poor. The men were found to be engaged in precarious and uncertain employments, generally of the humblest character; and even where not given to habits of dissipation, squandering their scanty earnings in the neighboring "saloon" and "groggery," they rarely had anything laid by for the inevitable *rainy day*. Living, literally, from "hand to mouth": cooped up in one or two rooms of these wretched barracks; the months and years go by and no advance is made, and no hope seems to lie beyond.

The physical ills under which these poor people labor, grievous and pitiful though they may be, are after all less painful to contemplate than the revolting atmosphere of sin and moral degradation by which they are surrounded on all sides.

That any should be found dwelling in these conditions and escape contamination must seem marvellous; and yet it was a pleasure to hear of the many examples that came under the notice of our informant, in which she found families living a life of simplicity, heroic purity, and, of course, fervent piety. The family from whose humble home Miss O'Brien was enabled to pursue her investigations, proved to be a shining example of earnest and humble virtue.

What struck and impressed her, next to the miserable habitations and wretched environments in which these poor people were doomed to dwell, was their helpless condition, and, apparently hopeless prospects and future; and it is to this fact she hopes to draw earnest attention, and to excite an honest and practical solicitude.

This, we may presume, Miss O'Brien will make manifest in her own intelligent methods, through channels that will effectively command the public ear.

The problem of how to lift the Irish poor of New York, as of other large cities, out from the melancholy rut into which they have fallen; how to emancipate them from low surrounding and evil associations and influences, has long engaged the serious thought of the friends and well-wishers of the race. Almost the only practical remedy, it is admitted, is *colonization* — at least for those who would be qualified to pursue an agricultural life. Ninety per cent, it may be asserted, of the Irish immigrants who drifted into and accepted the conditions of life in the cities and centres of industry in the United States, were originally farmers in their own country — or brought up to farm life. That they failed to succeed *at home* was due neither to lack of industry, capacity, or perseverence.

The conditions existing in Ireland, as is now well known, made success impossible; nay, even the means of eking out the barest and most pitiful livelihood, was absolutely unattainable. The alternative was *starvation* or *emigration!* The abominable system of land tenure in Ireland, and the social and political methods in vogue there, has been the fruitful source of the ills and the miseries that so long have afflicted that unhappy country.

The American people are now familiar with the causes which effected to bring to these shores a never-ceasing tide of Irish immigrants; nor need it be wondered at if the friendless and penniless exile gladly accepted the first chance employment that offered to his willing and ready hands, howsoever precarious and humble?

But, is it not lamentable, in the light of subsequent results, that a better and more intelligent direction was not given to this vast and daily increasing multitude — eager for any toil, willing to undergo every privation and hardship, and equal to the best opportunities of American life.

Nothing was needed to their stout arms and honest, loyal hearts but training and education — qualities for which the race has always shown an aptitude and a readiness.

When we think of the vast influx of Irish immigration the last fifty years, and especially during and subsequent to the period of the baleful famine of 1846–7; and when we reflect on the altered result and changed condition, had these people only pressed on to the *promised land* — to the comparatively unsettled West; had they then been urged and assisted to take possession of the soil; to plant themselves upon the land and follow their true and natural vocation as farmers, what a splendid possession and heritage would be theirs and their children's to-day? At that time every

state west of the Mississippi, and not a few east of its borders, was open to settlement. Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and even Ohio, were then only sparsely occupied. The choicest and the most fruitful land under the sun was theirs to enter upon and possess forever.

It would seem as if Divine Providence had ordered it as their inheritance in the land to which He directed their flight; but by some fatal blindness they paused at the gates, and did not press on to fulfil their best and fitting destiny.

Fitful and feebly supported efforts were now and again made to induce and persuade the Irish populations in the seaboard cities — of course, only those qualified for the change — to take up lands in the West. The efforts of Bishops Loras, of Dubuque; Cretin, of St. Paul; Byrne, of Little Rock; O'Gorman, of Omaha, and of other bishops and priests, to encourage emigration to the West, and the agitation set on foot by the able and sagacious Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee are well known, and were not without fruit; but the contingent of Irish settlers among the occupiers of land in the new states and territories was comparatively infinitesimal. The later efforts of the zealous and indefatigable Bishop Ireland, and of his valued co-laborer, the lamented Dillon O'Brien, in the same direction; of other well-known bishops, and of the *Irish Catholic Colonization Association*, are still fresh in the public mind and need not be dwelt on in detail here.

If results are sought for as a justification and vindication of these efforts and of this policy, they may safely be pointed to in the success of the many thriving Catholic colonies in Minnesota; the numerous flourishing Catholic colonies in Nebraska, notably the O'Neill Settlement, in Holt County, and the "O'Connor" and "Spalding" colonies in Greeley County, in that state; — not to speak of older and equally successful colonies in Iowa, Kansas, Virginia, Arkansas and elsewhere. But, how altogether pitiful and inadequate do not these little results seem in the presence of the great and overpowering evils which they were mainly directed to remedy? It is not, of course, expected or desired that anything resembling a general exodus of the poor from the cities to the land would be encouraged, even if possible; such a scheme would be in the highest degree chimerical, and could only end in disaster.

This, however, seems possible and practicable: That by adequate co-operation from societies and auxiliary agencies, individual families fitted for the undertaking would be "assisted" to obtain farms in the West, or wherever the conditions were found to justify colonization. The priest, the church and the school being always an indispensable prerequisite; and as to these it may be said, that, in scarcely any part of the settled West can the new arrival find himself far from these religious and educational necessities and advantages. Whatever justice there may have been in that objection thirty or forty years ago, certainly it has little foundation now.

The pages of the *Catholic Almanac*, and the statistics of the Western dioceses and vicarites may be presumed to furnish the proof.

What is needed, then, in New York, as in other cities, is *organization*, local co-operation of societies and individuals; and, if possible, a missionary priest devoted to, and specially qualified for, the work. In the presence of the enormous and multifarious duties with which a pastor in a great city, administering the affairs of a vast congregation, is daily burdened, it cannot be expected that *he* can give the time and the attention necessary to it, even if disposed to do so.

It would be a mission and a work requiring special qualities of zeal, judgment, and prudence. Such a missionary would have the opportunity to effect great good for religion and for society. Meeting the newly arriving immigrants at Castle Garden, he would be, to many of them, as a welcome guide, friend, and counsellor; and the Irish population in New York could always avail of his ready and ample information, to direct such of them as sought to find elsewhere the opportunities and rewards rarely attainable by the humbler classes in the great centres of population. Surely such an effort may not be regarded as Quixotic?

The Irish race, under the right conditions and surrounded by proper influences is capable of realizing the highest moral and material prosperity. They have the qualities and the character to win respect and to command influence. Possessing the virtues and the characteristics to make them an important and even an influential factor in moulding the future of this grand American civilization. See how that power and influence is dwarfed and belittled by the conditions of their present low and unworthy situation in the great centres of American population! The Irish race in America needs emancipation as much and as imperatively as their kindred at home require Land Reform and Home Rule.

They need emancipation from the demoralization of *Tenement Houses* and the curse of *Intemperance;* from the conditions of uncertain labor and poorly rewarded toil; from the squalor and filth, in the midst of which too many of them are forced to exist; from the foul miasmas and fetid odors in which, and because of which their offspring are doomed to perish, and they themselves to shrivel and come to untimely graves.

They should be aided to emancipate themselves and their children from environments that are immeasurably more disasterous than physical decay and suffering. And to what fortune and future will they be invited elsewhere?

We need not pause to draw the picture, forcibly depicted and eloquently pointed out by many wise, practical and devoted prelates and ecclesiastics who have been moved to engage in the work of colonization. That would be an unworthy thought that were to attribute to interested purpose, of whatever kind and character, a zeal which has its inspiration in the loftiest religious motive, the tenderest love for race, and the largest and most generous instincts of human benevolence.

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN.

Irish Place-Names.

MANY of your young readers are often puzzled at what, to them, seem the very queer, unpronounceable and unintelligible names of Irish places which they often meet with in the pages of your magazine. A learned Irishman, Dr. Joyce, has written a very interesting book explaining the meaning of hundreds and thousands of these names, but as hundreds and thousands of your young friends cannot get that book, I will compile from it some of the explanations given.

There are an almost endless number of names of places in Ireland, beginning with *Bally* or *Balli* or *Bal*. Now *Bally*, of itself, means only a town or a place. You will always find some other word connected with *Bally* showing what kind of a town or place it is, or what the place is noted for, or something of that kind; thus *Ballinakill*, is "town of the church" or wood, *na* meaning *of* and *kill* being the Irish word for church or wood. *Ballinard* means the town on the height, *ard* meaning *high*; *Ballinashinnagh* means "town of the foxes," and I am sure many of your boys and girls can tell now what they call foxes in Irish: Ballintaggart means the town of the priest, from *baile-an-tsaggairt*: Ballinaspick is the town of the bishop: Ballinamara, the town of the dead. I am purposely choosing long, awkward-looking names to show how simple they are when you take them to pieces and get their meaning. What a banging, whanging name is Ballindangan! and with some reason too, for it is the town of the strong-hold. For a neat, natty sound, take Ballinattin, but don't trust it. It is the town of the furze. Now you might say Ballinrobe would suit that better, but Ballinrobe is the town of the river Robe; Ballinderry is the town of the oak wood: Ballingarry, the town of the garden, and so on. There are hundreds and hundreds of them left, curious puzzles, if you have Dr. Joyce's key to unlock them.

But, don't be too sure always, that when you've got a *bally* you've got a town. There is a word *Bel*, meaning an entrance to a place, and, as a ford is often such an entrance, it is sometimes used to mean ford. This *Bel* is often improperly changed to *Balli*. If it were not for this, Ballina might puzzle us. Balli-na—what? But *Ath* is the true word for ford, and *Bel-an-ath* (corrupted to Ballina) is the entrance to the ford.

Balbriggan, celebrated for its hosiery is the town of Brecan; Brecan being a man's name. Ballintober is not the town of the toper, but the town of the well; and Ballintogher is the town of the causeway; Ballybaun, the white town; Ballybeg, the small town, and Ballyblaugh, the town of the flowers. Ballyclug has a thug-like sound, but it is high-toned after all, for it is the town of the bell. Ballygammon is all right, notwithstanding its suspicious-looking name, for it means the hurling town and if you got a lick of a hurling stick you'd say there was no gammon about it. Ballyguile

I confess, looks bad and it means the town of the Englishmen; I'll pass that. Ballynamona is a high-sounding name but a low-lying place, being the town of the bog. The plural of *Baile* is *Bailte*, which appears in names of towns or cities as *Balty* or Balti. *Mor* means large, so that Baltimore means large town or city, as Ballybeg means a small one. Bangor, a contraction of Banagher, means a peaked hill.

Graiguenaspiddogue is a nice little word to pronounce if you happen to be in a hurry and are not familiar with the name; but, if taken in sections it may be managed. *Graigue* means a village. There are more than sixty places in Ireland of that name. If you ask a little Irish boy what they call robin-redbreasts in his country, he will answer "*spiddogue.*" Graigue-na-spiddogue becomes then quite a poetical name, the village of the robin-redbreasts; a good place to stop, probably. D.

SAN ANTONIO, FLA.

Our Lord's First Miracle.

"Lympha pudica deum vidit et erubuit."—CRASHAW. ("*The modest water saw its God and blushed.*")

To Cana's marriage feast, in Galilee
Came Jesus Christ, His mother, and His friends.
His Blessed Presence approbation lends
To the great, holy rite. His mother, she
So tender for the spouses, finds the wine
Has failed, and quickly to Her son she speaks:
"They have no wine," and, then, in haste she seeks,
The waiters, sure, that by His power divine,
Her Blessed Jesus will the wants supply.
"Fill up the vessels to the very brim
With water," speaks the Lord. All eyes on Him
Are fixed in awe and curiosity.
Then while in wonder every tongue was hushed,
The modest water saw its God and blushed.

OXFORD, N. J. P. A. TREACY.

Obstruction—Daniel O'Connell.

DANIEL O'CONNELL declared in favor of the policy of "obstruction" in the following words, delivered at the grand public meeting held in the market-place of Tullamore, in 1843, forty years ago:—

"If the government attempts to bring in a coercion bill, I will take my place in the House of Commons, though much I dislike it; I will move amendment after amendment upon every clause of the bill, and I will keep them two years before they can pass it. This is my answer to their threat of a gagging bill."—Flanedy's Trial of O'Connell and the Traversers, p. 207.

SAN ANTONIO, FLA., March 31, 1883. D.

Early Printing.

In the time of Cicero there was a man named Atticus, who had a large number of learned slaves employed copying manuscripts in all the Athenian libraries. Atticus was a scholar of singular appreciation, for he always kept one copy of each work for himself. Nevertheless, he became overstocked, and signified to Cicero that he had a quantity of books to dispose of. But the price asked was more than Cicero could spare or raise at the moment, though he longed to possess the books. Accordingly we find him writing to Atticus in this strain: — "Pray keep your books for me, and do not despair of my being able to call them mine, which I can compass, and think myself richer than Crœsus, and despise the fine villas and gardens of them all."

Says Antonius Parrome, writing to Alphonsus, King of Naples: — "You lately wrote to me from Florence that the works of Titus Livius are there to be sold in very handsome books, and that the price of each volume is one hundred and twenty crowns of gold. Therefore I entreat your majesty that you cause to be bought for us Livy, which we used to call the king of books, and cause it to be sent hither to us. I shall in the meantime procure the money which I am to give for the price of the book. One thing I want to know of your prudence, whether I or Poggius have done best; he, that he might buy a country house near Florence, sold Livy, which he had writ in a very fair hand,— and I, to purchase Livy, have exposed a piece of land to sale. Your goodness and modesty have encouraged me to ask these things with familiarity of you.

"In many an iron-bound, melancholy book,"
The wisdom of the wise is writ,"

sings Æschylus; and these instances show not only how anxious were learned men to obtain books, but also how exorbitant was the price they had to pay for them. Down to the first half of the fifteenth century, the same state of affairs continued. There is said to be extant a folio manuscript of the *Roman de la Rose*, on the last leaf of which is written, "This book cost at the palace of Paris forty crowns of gold, without lying." (*C'est lyvre costa au palas de Parys quarante corones d'or, sans mentyr.*) This is still better illustrated by another instance. The Countess of Anjou paid for a copy of the homilies of Haimon two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye. A deed is preserved in a library of Paris, witnessed by two notaries in 1332, from which it appears that manuscripts were sold by contracts as binding as those by which estates were transferred.

These books, however, were not simply written in the plain business hand of the present, but with infinite care and correctness, being often beautifully and artistically illuminated. Sometimes half the life of a man was devoted to a single work. Thus, Guido de Jais wrote and illuminated a wonderful manuscript Bible, which he began in his fortieth year, and did not

finish until he was ninety. This explains the cost of books then; they were worth it. In passing, it should be said that the Benedictine monks, faithful to their mission, gave special attention to copying, particularly the three branches of Clugni, instituted in the tenth century, and of the Carthusians and Cistercians, began in the eleventh. While all treasured up and transmitted the classics, the abbey of Clugni was the richest in Greek and Latin authors.

We have only to compare then and now to see at a glance the revolution wrought by the invention of printing, The plethora of books poured unceasingly from the modern press is apt to make us indifferent to their value, and therefore it is well to look back, at times, and imagine how destitute we should be without them.

The Chinese practised a kind of printing two thousand years ago, but not with movable types. Their method was somewhat akin to the method in use among us of printing woodcuts from blocks. Even to the present day they execute works in this manner, as well as by movable types. Most likely, they would have forestalled the Europeans in the chief feature of wooden printing, had they not been encumbered by such an enormous alphabet. The process by which they prepare their blocks is thus described: — A piece of wood, generally of the pear-tree, is made the size of two pages, planed, rubbed over with boiled rice, and so made perfectly smooth. The characters to be printed are written on thin paper the size of the block; and the paper is glued on to it in an inverted position, so that the characters appear plainly on the back. The intermediate parts are then skilfully cut away, the etters left in relief, and finally the paper gently removed. Chinese chronicles state that this mode of printing was invented fifty years before Christ, but that paper was not manufactured until A. D. 95. In the interval they used a kind of silk instead of paper. This is certainly the nearest approach of any recorded of ancient times to the modern method of printing.

Towards the latter end of the fourteenth century, playing cards were printed in England from rough wooden blocks. Block books speedily followed, but the earliest preserved to this day bears the date of 1423. Laborde * notices this work, and while supposing that many now lost were executed, imagines that those blocks were first made in the low countries about 1410. A short grammar of Donatus is also preserved, printed immediately after the first book extant; and these constitute the most favorable impressions of what may be called wooden stereotype.

The seven cities that contended for the palm of being the birthplace of Homer, are rivalled by the claims and quarrels of several modern cities, as being the scene of the invention of printing by movable types. I shall mention only one, besides that held to be the true place. Many writers have contended that the honor is due to Haerlem; but Hadrianus Junius, a learned Dutchman, has gone into the greatest detail. According to him, a native of

* Débuts de l'Imprimerie, etc., Paris.

Haerlem, Lawrence, the son of John Kostar, conceived the idea by cutting letters on a tree, and then on pieces of wood. He made some glutinous ink when he found that common ink sank into the paper, and with these rude materials printed, in the Flemish tongue, a book called *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis.* The leaves were glued together in pairs, as they were only printed on one side and as the blank sides would have appeared unsightly. Next he tried leaden and tin types, and took into partnership his servant John. Then follows the familiar story of John's theft, and how he finally set up on his own account in Mentz. Kostar is said to have died in 1440. Such, in short, are the claims by virtue of which the inhabitants of Haerlem put on their bravery and hold annual festivals, having reared monuments to Lawrence Kostar as the sole inventor of printing.

But John Gensfleish, better known as Gutenberg, a native of Mentz, if he be the John mentioned in the fable of Haerlem, was settled in Strasburg as early as 1424. Here he carried on the business of polishing mirrors and precious stones. He is supposed to have first conceived the idea of printing about 1440, though Laborde is of opinion that the real inventor is not known. For ten years Gutenberg must have worked patiently at perfecting his invention, as there is no evidence of any publication being on foot previous to 1450. But in the interval he took into partnership Andrew Drizehu, John Riff, and Andrew Kielman, all natives of the city. Their agreement was for the term of ten years; but owing to some differences that arose between them, they separated before its expiration. In 1450, he formed a partnership with John Faust and Faust's son-in-law, Peter Schoeffer. Faust's contribution was the advancing of eight hundred florins at six per cent., and three hundred more to be spent in wages and materials for the establishment. Schoeffer's contribution was still more important. This was in the method of making types (1452). The improvement consisted in forming punches of engraved steel, by which matrices were struck and types cast therein. Besides the ease and facility thus secured in making types, Schoeffer's improvement produced a smoother uniformity of letters, not only adding to the beauty of the printed page, but also leading to economy in the labor of setting types. Each, therefore, fulfilled his part in the grand invention, Faust being the ostensible patron of the establishment. Hansaid terms them "the great typographical triumvirate."

The first book that issued from their press is generally allowed to be the Latin Bible. No date appears on the publication, which, from the circumstance of having been found in Cardinal Mazarin's library at Paris, about the middle of the last century, bears that prelate's name. Various dates are assigned to it, 1455 seeming the most probable. Before its completion, however, Gutenberg had some dispute with Faust in respect to the repayment of the loan, and the partnership was dissolved. So the work was brought to its conclusion by Faust and Schœffer only.

Gutenberg then established a printing press at Mentz, under the patronage of Dr. Conrad Humbracht, who was, in fact, the proprietor, as he advanced

the whole of the money to support it. In 1460, the great Latin dictionary, entitled *Catholicin Johannis de Balbis*, issued from this press, and during the same year the *Constitutiones Clementis V.** A bible without date, but supposed to have appeared between 1460 and 1462, was long considered Gutenberg's first reproduction of the scriptures,† until the discovery of the magazine edition antedated it. The labors of the printers were suspended owing to the siege and capture of the city by Adolphus, Count of Nassau. In 1465, Gutenberg, it appears, was attached to the court of Adolphus, and admitted among his gentlemen. When Gutenberg died is not exactly known, but there is no mention of him subsequent to 1469, at which period his printing apparatus had been given up to Dr. Humbracht. His name, though, is indissolubly interwoven with the invention of printing, and every year there is a Gutenberg jubilee in Germany to perpetuate his memory. A splendid statue has been reared to his honor at Mentz, with this inscription on the front of the pedestal: —

JOHANNI GUTTENBERGENSI
MOGIMTINO.
OUI PRIMUS OMNIUM LITERAS ÆRE
IMPRIMENDAS INVENIT,
HAC ARTE DE ORBE TOTE BENE MERENTI.

Next month we shall resume our desultory chat on early printing and early printers, and we promise our readers some curious bits of out-of-the-way information about the followers in the foot-steps of John Gutenberg.

HUGH P. MCEHONE.

The Death of an O'Neill.

THE Dublin correspondent of the *Weekly Register* announces the death of Viscount O'Neill, representative of one of the most historic names in Ireland. The late Lord O'Neill was an English clergyman. With his predecessor, who died childless, the old line of the O'Neills, became extinct; that is, the line of the *Protestant* O'Neills, established as lords of Clanaboy in the year 1798, in the room of the old Catholic family, robbed and driven forth in the penal days. I understand that the present Vicomte O'Neill de Tyrone, living in France, is the descendant of the Sir Thomas O'Neill, who, deprived of all his possessions, was reduced to the necessity of keeping a little huckster's shop in the village of Shane, where he died. All his sons became tradesmen, and died in a humble position in life, save one who went abroad to an uncle who had distinguished himself in foreign military service. To visit poor Sir Francis in his cabin at Shane came, in 1798, his fortunate kinsman the newly-created Viscount O'Neill, lord of Shane's Castle, owner of the estates of Clanaboy, representative of the long line founded (according to story) by Prince Niall of Scythia and his wife the Princess Scota, through

*Ascribed, however, by some authors, to the press of Faust and Schœffer.

† Many assign the source of this print to the press of Pfister at Bamberg.

Milesius their son, and Heber, Heremon, Amargin, etc., their sons, who sailed from Spain in search of the "Western Isle," of which they had dreamed. Sir Francis had fallen in the world by slow degrees. For a considerable time he had retained possession of a farm, through the intervention of a Protestant neighbor; but the neighbor proved treacherous, and getting the lease into his hands for the purpose of having it renewed, refused to restore it, and so evicted the unfortunate baronet. In his cabin at Shane he had one silver ewer, and one silver tablespoon, both engraved with crest and motto; and in his yard the remains of his old coach, on the panel of which was emblazoned the Red Hand of Ulster. These few relics he displayed to his kinsman, while he talked affectionately of the learned and gentle Niall of Scythia, who was a prince of peace, and no warrior, like his children. The new Viscount was touched by the sad condition of his relative, and went away full of kindly intentions with regard to him and his family, but he did not live to carry out his benevolent wishes; for he, the first Viscount O'Neill, was killed by the rebels in the same year, 1798. Belonging to this ancient, interesting, and brave race are many heroic names. Con of the Hundred Battles; Niall of the Nine Hostages; the great Aodh; Shane the enemy of Elizabeth; Owen Roe, believed to have been poisoned by the Saxon foe, of whom the ballad sings:—

"Did they dare, did they dare to slay Owen O'Neill?
Yes, they slew with poison him whom they feared to meet with steel."

These are only a few. Hugh Boy O'Neill (yellow Hugh) was King of Ulster in the thirteenth century, recovering in battle the estates called Clanaboy in Antrim, and Down, of which the chief seats were Shane's Castle in Antrim, and Castlereagh in Down. In Elizabeth's time Sir Henry O'Neill submitted to the English Queen, and thus saved thirty thousand acres of the estate, including Shane's Castle.

"On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
When the calm cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the waves beneath him shining."

The River Maine, passing under several bridges of various designs, flows through the park, which is richly wooded and full of exquisite dells and dingles, where a great variety of wild flowers abound; the dense plantations being perfumed with flowering shrubs. Sometimes for a long spell the way is dark with the shadow of the tall firs, and covered with a red-brown matting spread there by the sheddings of the cone-laded branches, when suddenly you emerge into some open and flowery fairyland where the river flows free, and hastens to plunge under the bridge far ahead, which is to carry you into some yet more lonely scene. The modern residence is uninteresting, and situated in one of the least picturesque spots in this enchanting park, but the ancient castle is worth seeing and remembering. When you come within a quarter of a mile of it, winding your way through a sort of forest twilight, you begin to hear the sinister cawing of the rooks which swarm in the neighborhood of the ruin, and you think of the *banshee*, who had been a follower of the O'Neills since Niall came from Scythia, and who burned the castle in revenge for a slight cast upon her by unbelievers in the beginning of this century. Presently you see opening before you in the distance the wide shimmering sea of Lough Negah. In a slight hollow of a farspreading, undulating sward stands the forlorn and lordly ruin, a castle broken and multiated by fire. The sward is sprinkled with scattered flowers, especially clumps of daffodils tossing their golden heads against the water's sheen.

The curved silver strand, strewn with gem-like pebbles and delicate pearly shells, sweeps round the battlements of the castle and under the edges of the sward, and the trees dip forward into the smooth sea, as if peering for a sight of the buried city. The long line of battlement, with its cannons fixed towards the water, the ivied water-tower with its winding stairs, and the great glittering length of hot-house above the battlement, make a brave picture reflected in the mirror-like lough. A little way back in its slight hollow the castle stands, and has a strange look of blighted, rather than fallen, royality. There is a fascination about the spot which it is hard to describe. These strong perfect battlements, with their cannon fixed, and a peculiar frown on the blackened front of the castle, the incessant clamour of the multitudes of rooks — so loud and so imperious as to sound like a war-time alarm — seem to carry you back into the presence of Con of the Hundred Battles, and yet never was there a scene of more dreamlike and lonely repose. The immense sheet of water (of which no opposite shore is seen) is so clear and motionless that it suggests the idea of a spell. The spot looks like a spot enchanted, and one thinks indeed of the *banshee*.

It is pleasant to have to state that the late owner of this charming spot, and of the old estates of the O'Neills, was an excellent landlord, and made his tenantry happy and comfortable. His loss will be much deplored. In this part of the country (about twenty miles from Belfast) the people do not depend wholly upon the land for their subsistence. There are linen and yarn factories and bleach-greens, giving considerable employment to the laboring classes, who are, as a rule, in consequence, industrious and independent.

The Napoleons: The Finger of God.

The *Central Catholic Advocate* has this article on the fate of the Napoleonic family:

On the fifth day of May, 1821, some sixty-two years ago, on a barren rock in the middle of the sea, stirred by African storms, died a famous man, and that famous man was Napoleon the Emperor! Europe was at peace, for the caged lion had worn his heart out that day, after years of suffering and exile, and loneliness and silence. George the Fourth was King in England, Louis the Eighteenth was King in France, and the other Bourbon was King at Madrid. They were at peace at last, when the news floated over the sea, and all the princes and princelings on European shores, North, South, East and West, breathed freely because the gigantic and resistless genius had burned out harmlessly like a thunderbolt that struck some unpopulous strand, burned out where the ocean lapped its fire, and the dry and stony sands buried its forces. There was peace and promise of peace, and the armies of kingdoms and the navies of Empires rested and were not moved because one man out of four hundred million of the human race had died. Monarchs rested their brows in quiet, diplomats and courtiers congratulated each other, that that one man was dead. Years before his commands were law to men and nations; but he touched the Popes and made them captive, and his laurels withered and his sceptre fell from a nerveless grasp, and his brain conceived nothing but mistakes, and he died of them yet in the prime of life.

Years after the wife of this Emperor mourned over the death of his son, and there and then the blood of the great Napoleon was dried up in the

dust. But on the memory of his name, his nephew Louis erected an Empire prosperous in everything, in peace, in war, in commerce, in wealth; until he too touched the Pope, in his day of pride, and loaded the heart of Pius IX., the sponsor for his boy, with ignominy and trial. Reverses followed him as reverses followed the other, as though a twice-told tale were renewed in history, and he, too, was conquered, dethroned and imprisoned. He too died in exile, and his son lived and took service in the army of the conquerors and foes of the founder of all that was high, lofty or famous in his name. So careless was he of the fame of the name of the Napoleons, that he passed by the island where his gifted relative had perished guarded by jailors, in the very uniform in which he looked so gay. Little he knew, and less did the world know, that the punishment of the father for his wrongs done the Pope was to descend to his son. In a war made upon a gallant though untutored race defending their own, he sought to win distinction by shedding their blood. But the hand of the savage sought him and slew him, and so the head of the third generation of the Napoleons fell upon the soil of the continent whose dark skies gloomed above the great Napoleon's death-bed. The rude weapons of the savage let go the sluices of his heart, and he expired in pain, the mangled victim of a foolish ambition.

There is not in all the records of history an episode more tragic than this: and if ever by analysis or indication, a chain of events can be traced arising from one cause, the ruin of the Napoleons can be traced to the vengeance of God. The first Napoleon achieved a fortune and made a history so far out of the beaten path, so magnificently brilliant, so sensuous of glory, so dazzling with potency and what appeared intelligence, that overmastered all computation of its measure that men in the nineteenth century could well imagine him more than human. A planet among the stars could not liken him. He was as a flaming, immeasurable, imponderable sun suspended in a blaze of light, in a creation that revolved around him, and was belittled and darkened by his splendid comparison. Yet he that toyed with death, and made and unmade governments, for that he touched a feeble, venerable and revered priest of God in the person of His Vicar, the Pope, fell and was crushed out of life on an island, and his son the Duke de Reichstadt grew up and died a nobody. So with his successor came his fate alike in each particular, save that the son of the latter was to be yet more heavily marked with doom and fall to be the food of worms, as if within hearing of the spot where perished the first Napoleon of fame. Not the doom of the persecutors in the pages of Lactantius is written with more pointed letters than is the history of the two Napoleons who aided in persecuting Popes, when they could have comforted them, No tragedy of the Greek or English approaches in dignified awfulness this tragedy, which began in the days of a winter fifty-one years ago, and whose third act closed in an African jungle. No poet of any time could imagine from any history ever conned or spelled, such a devastation of power, such a fall in rank, such a woe-begone lineage of disaster, so sudden in each instance that its appalling measurement is beyond all rule of earthly things! The finger of God wrote herein the doom of all who touch His Church. With them may be the triumph of the hour, but with Him is the sternness of judgment written by a hand of fire, so deep, that the storms of centuries cannot sweep it out, nor the rains of the ages wash away its burning marks.

THREE things to think about — Life, death and eternity.

The D'Altons of Crag: A Story of '48 and '49.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWENTY YEARS BEFORE.—HOW MR. D'ALTON BARRON WENT TO MEET O'CONNELL, AND WHAT O'CONNELL DID AND SAID ONE DAY.—WHAT MR. GIFFARD D'ALTON THOUGHT OF HIS SON'S DOINGS.

THERE is a great change at the Crag, and every year these twenty years the change has been growing greater. During Mrs. D'Alton's time the house was well furnished, and her ascendency was sufficient to moderate the parsimony which made Mr. Giffard D'Alton's life a misery. In fact she kept the adminstration of household affairs in her own hands, and domestic life was respectable and liberal. Fortunately, she had control of a fair share of her fortune, and was enabled to avoid the inevitable discussion and repulsion which would have followed from personal demands for cash. Mrs. D'Alton was a person of culture, and of great personal dignity. Mr Giffard D'Alton was somewhat proud of her, and he had reason; but besides all this, Mr. D'Alton had a most healthy dread of the "Barron family," to whom he was responsible for the happiness of one so dear to him as the one time "beautiful Lucy." And indeed Mrs. Lucy D'Alton owed much to time for the gentle claims made upon her looks up to the period of which we are writing. She looked very young for forty-one; so that her son Henry, called Henry D'Alton Barron, was, by strangers, taken for her brother.

Henry D'Alton Barron was very unlike his father, but "the picture of his mother." He was of great strength of character, and of great physical strength also—"mild with the mild, but with the forward he was fierce as fire;" and, although of the highest sense of honor, he fell much into his father's habits of carelessness regarding practical faith. He never missed Mass to be sure; but that was nearly the extent of his religious devotion. Yet the people were proud "of Mr. Henry;" and when his fine, stalwart form appeared striding, towards the chapel, about Sunday's noon, "That's the fellow for the *shoneens*," often dropped from them, or was spoken loud enough from them to get a cheer. And the young man was really "the man" for that class of gentry. At that time, there was an exaggeration both of the claims of incendancy and the resistance of independence. One side saw the heart of a united resolution in the movements of the nation, and became more self-asserting. The other had risen from slavishness of feeling and horrible depression to the enjoyment and manifestation of young sentiment, which like everything young, was ardent and aggressive. Young D'Alton had administered a few horsewhippings to fanatics who had insulted himself or his Church; and he had broken the pistol hand of an adversary in a duel, having told him, before the shot, that that was exactly what he was going to do; and what more could be required to make a man popular and a hero?

The "house," as we have said, was then well kept, and occasional hospitality stayed the process of the hardening up of old Giffard's heart, and made home what it ought to be, to his son and his hope.

Timothy Cunneen was at that time (A.D. 1828) the "agent." He was one trial to the young man. His father's views were always in collision with his, and his father's love of money was an embarrassment; yet the mother's gentleness, and even her resources, were more than a counterbalancing home-joy, which D'Alton Barron could value. All this was

suddenly changed. His mother died in giving birth to her whom we know as Amy D'Alton; and with his mother's death the son's last light may be said to have gone out.

To be sure there was Nelly, his nurse, who had come into the Crag when D'Alton Barron came into the world, and the old butler, John, and all the servants—devoted, obedient, and loving—ready to die for him. But the attraction homeward when he went abroad, and the warmth and light of the love of a mother which gave the Crag an enchantment, had all vanished.

Yet, were they times to stir blood more cold than D'Alton Barron's—the times of growing national dignity, increasing national strength, and united national movement. They were the times of O'Connell and Sheil, and all the galaxy that shone around the "Liberator," and raised the humblest in the land to the platform of their own large souls. Not a man seemed exempt from their enthusiasm,—or even a little boy; and the "Juvenile Liberal Club" was a school for the patriot, demagogue, or statesman of twelve to sixteen years old, whose intelligence brightened in the double pride of emulation and love of country. What days they were, only the sharers of the glorious epoch can feel; and what a transition from prostration to erect manhood, no one can understand who has not lived during the nation's lethargy, and after the awakening.

"'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again on life's dull stream."

O'Connell was going, one day, from Waterford to Clonmel, some time before the Clare election; and, of course, the whole route was an ovation. The great leader was then fifty-four years old, and you would pick him from a million, for the task assigned to him by Providence. A good deal over six feet high; regal in his movements and address; with an eye of light and humor that nothing escaped, and which looked into you while hardly appearing to look at you; with a mouth which was eloquent even when silent, and a voice so sweet, full, and powerful, that one felt it, as one feels language—and it came a language to the Irish heart—no wonder we worshipped him! We have encountered gloomy days enough, and known how to restrain hope and confer confidence sparingly—in fact, we had a share in the experience that "all is vanity;" but it is something to have known O'Connell, and to have lived much of the life which he imparted to Ireland.

A few men and boys—just what a great crowd breathes out before them; a little gathering, looking back anxiously for some approaching thing of interest; a distant cheer—another—the crowd thickening; the cheer growing from one of magnitude to one of thunder; the tens of thousands stretching on and on, apparently for miles, and so massed together that the men's heads would make a causeway; banners, and wands, and green ribbons, and boughs of trees, and bands of music, and in the midst of that endless throng a carriage driven by postillions, while a single gentleman occupies the driver's seat—a man "every inch a king!" that is O'Connell! And as the multitude, like a mass, slowly approach, the thunders of an enthusiasm never seen in the world before, swell up the sides of Slieve-na-Mon, and are echoed by the hills on the other side of the "sweet banks of the Suir."

O'Connell and Father Aylmer were old friends, and, therefore, every one was prepared for a standstill at Father Aylmer's door. And, thereupon, the old patriarch came forth, with his loving looks, and flowing hair, and open arms, to welcome "the man of the people." Such excitement, such hurrahs, such pride and exultation, could hardly take place in a century, because such men as O'Connell and Father Aylmer, in like circumstances, do not meet twice in a hundred years.

About this same hour of the day, Henry D'Alton Barron was on his way to meet O'Connell at Father Aylmer's. He rode a noble animal, and well became his place.

A large man, carrying a long stick, and his hair flowing over his shoulders, stood in the middle of the way and signed for a moment's delay. D'Alton Barron stopped.

"You are going to the meeting at Clonmel?" the old man said.

"I am, James; where are you going?"

"Oh, I am as ever, you know. There is no home or rest for a sinner but the tomb."

"But you must be more hopeful, James."

"No matter, Mr. Barron. I want something else of you."

"Well, James?"

"Are you armed?"

"Armed?"

"Yes, armed?"

"Well, I am."

"Your life is in danger; and I want to put you on your guard."

"How? Assassination?"

"No; but another case of D'Esterre. There's a regular plan to provoke you, and then put you out of the way. You are too much an enemy to the shoneens."

"And that is all, James? Pray for me, old fellow. Good-bye."

James's warning added interest to D'Alton Barron's journey, and gave warmth of color to his oratory as he addressed the "hereditary bondsmen."

The meeting was a great success. O'Connell towered over the force of power and wrong — looking the freeman he was not; and, at the end of the meeting, proved his influence by the people's obedience, more than by their cheers of admiration or their patient expectation. In ten minutes from the close of the meeting, not a group remained in the street, and during the evening not a drunken man was found in the whole population.

Every one admired D'Alton Barron's address as well as his fine bearing. "Slaves are never made of stuff like young Barron!" O'Connell said, and the whole population re-echoed the name. "He'll be a mimber for the county yet." "Arrah! isn't he the *boochil?*" Everything that could flatter a young fellow of high spirit, just of age, met his ears *while* returning after bidding O'Connell an affectionate adieu. He looked to his arms, once more mounted and was on his way to the Crag.

James the Pilgrim's warning seemed needless to-day. No event took place on the road. But when D'Alton Barron arrived at the Crag, things turned out less agreeable. The young man came in at the end of a conversation in which he was very much concerned; and which Nelly repeated with exactness.

"Mind yourself, Master Henry. That d—l Cunneen is makin' mischief."

"How so, Nelly?"

"There isn't a man on the property that got a new coat these twelve months, or ate a bit of meat this quarther, or gev his little boy a jacket or a pair o' shoes, that the ould Lucifer didn't put down in writin', and hand to the masther for a rise."

"And what did my father say?"

"He said that Cunneen was a valuable good agint; an' he'd remember it for 'im, so he would."

"Well, anything else?"

"Throth, plinty! He said 'twas a pity you're making an enemy of the gentlemen by going so much among *spalpeens*, an' you're losing time an' money."

"The rascal!"

"Let me on now, *echora!* Ain't my darlin' dead! an' didn't I carry you in my arms, when you were a little infant! Thank God that made you what you are to-day? An' could Nelly Nurse let her foster babe be run down."

"Certainly not, Nelly," answered D'Alton Barron, smiling.

"Well, and didn't he say you are running in debt wud the hope of the ould man's death? — Oh, well, he didn't say *that*, but he said 'hopin' by-and-by to be able to pay; an' sure wan is as good as another or as bad,— *skrawn dharag shios air!* An' didn't he say that you're interfaring wid the tenants an' puttin' 'em up to be given 'im opposition, an' sayin' that 'tis hard to go on wid you? An' didn't he say — the black divil — did'nt he say that there's a bill agin you in the bank, dhue in a month, that you wint bail for Bill Galaher? An' didn't he ——"

"Say no more, Nelly, say no more;" and Henry strode away to his father's room or office, and entering without announcement or knock, he found Mr. Timothy Cunneen in the full process of teaching Mr. D'Alton economy, and the paternal spirit in which he should govern such a wild young man as his son.

For a moment, he stood still, and placed himself under the necessary restraint. He then faced his father — not disrespectfully, but firmly. He was going to speak, when his father interrupted him.

"You are just in time, sir. I have been speaking of you to my faithful steward; and I wish to let you know some of my mind."

"Well, sir?"

"Your ways are not my ways, and I am not going to end my life in the workhouse."

"Nor am I — at least I hope so," answered the young man, with suppressed passion.

"I'll have none of your —— nonsense of speech-making and stirring up the people against their betters, and the humbug of 'Catholic rent,' and associations, and all that —— humbug."

"Well, sir, you needn't."

"Needn't! Why, sir, whose money do you pay out? Whose horses do you ride? Whose food do you eat? Whose house do you make your own — I say, confound you, you coxcomb!"

"You are, — you are going far, sir — a little too far," D'Alton Barron said in a tremulous voice. "I thought I was living in a father's house, and —"

"No,—— you! You thought you were living in a fool's house; but I can tell you by ——,I am not going to die in the workhouse!"

"I was going to say, sir, I thought I was living in a father's house, and, as I am of age, could claim the expenditure of every young man of my class; and I have not had half the allowance that men of your means make their sons."

"Have you not food?"

"Well, sir,——"

"Who feeds you? Who clothes you? Who mounts you on a horse worth one hundred and fifty guineas, every penny?"

"I am —"

"You are! Do you want to know what you are! You are a —— low, mean crawling sponge! By ——,you are, and you haven't the spirit of a cur dog, or you would try and do something for yourself, and not send me into the workhouse, and make your infant sister a pauper!"

"I know the whole history of this," said the young man; "and I shall know how to meet it."

"Well, before you meet it, as you say, I wish to inform you that the black horse has been sold!"

"Sold! my horse sold!"

"Your horse! You beggar! You never had a horse! and I am not going to pamper a blackguard who goes to O'Connell's meetings and owes fifty pound bills in the bank — I am not, by ——"

Young D'Alton Barron heard no more. He rushed at Cunneen, who was a young man then, and took up a chair to defend himself. He placed the chair between the assailant and himself and ran backwards towards the door of the office. But there his presence of mind seemed to fail him and he went head over heels down the stairs, the chair tumbling over him,

until both arrived at the bottom, when Mr. Timothy Cunneen cried out lustily, "Murder! murder! Go for the police!"

Cunneen's punishment did not end here. D'Alton Barron rushed quick as lightning to the hall rack, and seizing his cutting whip, he dragged Cunneen outside the hall door, and cut and cut away until from head to foot Cunneen was marked by the hieroglyphics of an angry revenge.

At last D'Alton Barron stopped from exhaustion.

Old D'Alton came to the hall door. He was livid — awful to see, and his eyes

"Had all the seeming
Of a demon that is dreaming!"

At length the blood rushed to his face, and he recovered himself sufficiently to speak.

"Leave my house, you eternally disgraced hound! Leave my house, and never let me see your face again! Go and —"

"Do not fear, sir. I have no intention to intrude on one who has ceased to have a claim on my affection and — that a son should say it — no claim even on respect. You have—"

"Hold your tongue, you double-dyed villain and robber, and——"

"I go, sir. We meet not again."

"But stop!" cried Giffard D'Alton, "stop!" and he knelt down solemnly under the trees. "Stop," he continued; "take with you my curse; my curse follow you rising and lying; my curse follow you sleeping and——"

Long before the imprecation had ended, the son of Giffard D'Alton had departed, with a heart too filled with rage to be heavy or sad.

He went into the glen, and sat down in a little recess where his mother sometimes, and many more times, Nelly Nurse, had sat watching the light on the stream and the growing of the shadows. For sometime he was in a stuper — downright insensibility; but there was a calming influence in the loneliness, and the voice of the brook. He began to collect his thoughts and to consider upon the first immediate step then and there to be determined. He heard breathing near him, and starting up, he beheld the very Nelly of whom he had been thinking.

"Oh! Nelly Nurse; so we are parting. Well, Nelly, I shall always remember you. You have been my mother, Nelly, and you have loved me as my mother did."

"Ochone! Ochone!" was all poor Nelly could say.

"I am going, Nelly; and, although I face the world without a penny, I am sure I shall have enough; and when I am rich and powerful, Nelly Nurse will come to Master Henry again."

The poor woman cried aloud.

"Well, now, Nelly, for your son's sake, bid him good-by, and get calm. Stick to the Crag. You know that will be your poor son's inheritance some time."

Poor Nelly still could do no more than weep.

He caught her by both hands; and the duellist and powerful athlete shed a tear.

"Oh, sir! oh, sir! oh!— Take this quick. Take this! Oh! do, sir, or *I'll die.*"

A purse fell at D'Alton Barron's feet.

"What! nurse."

"Oh! don't spake — don't spake — but if you don't put Nelly's little purse in your pocket, she'll die at your feet."

He thought a moment.

"Well, darling Nurse, be it so. Be it so. God bless you!"

He bade her farewell, and made his way, as he told Nelly he would, to Father Aylmer and Father Ned. He then gave them the history as they sat around the little parlor table, where also he took out his purse and counted thirty golden sovereigns and a half.

"Poor girl," cried Father Aylmer.

"Well, we'll mind her, Henry; indeed, we will."

"Have you any project!" asked Father Ned Power.

"Well, Father Ned," answered Father Aylmer, we'll see after dinner. Won't that do?"

"You are right, sir." Father Ned replied.

The dinner came in time, and, taking all the things into consideration, it was a happy one. All manner of projects were suggested, examined and discussed. In the midst of all this conversation Nelly's thoughtfulness came among them in the shape of a well-filled portmanteau packed with clothes.

The final resolve was for Canada. A ship sailed from Liverpool in three days. The young man knew some people who had emigrated to Montreal, and he was full of confidence in his own powers. He was induced to take twenty pounds from Father Powers — a loan — and best of all he made a good religious preparation for his voyage. The young man, it was reported, died some years after his arrival beyond the Atlantic, and, it was thought, left a daughter! but that was uncertain. The widow did not survive the husband long.

Thus, Mr. Charles Baring became an adopted heir, and the Crag every day went from bad to worse.

CHAPTER IX.

JAMES THE PILGRIM.— MR. MELDON MAKES ANOTHER VISIT TO THE CRAG.— FATHER JOHN HAYES.

We promised in the last chapter to say something of the strange man who met Mr. D'Alton Barron on the road as he came from the great meeting. The same man had been moving about the localities for three or four and twenty years, from the time he was five and thirty until he had reached sixty — the age he was when we introduced him to our readers. James Feron was above the middle height even now, when reaching the heavy three score; and his strength at one time must have been herculean. But he had nearly lost his sight, and could merely see his way so as to avoid collision with coaches, horses and cars. James was a prodigious favorite with young and old: and what was more wonderful, he was quite worthy of the regard which greeted him wherever he went. He entertained the young; he gave counsel to the mature, and he prayed with all.

James Feron was among the last, we believe, of the exponents of great penance and illustrations of beautiful charity which cold realities and hard selfishness have driven away. Staff in hand, a large silver ring on his finger, and his rosary beads hanging down from his left hand, as he journeyed along, every one rejoiced to meet him, and every house felt it an honor to entertain him. His entertainment cost little. He ate no flesh meat, and he drank no strong drink, and a little straw was his resting-place — on the boards if they happened to offer such a luxury; but oftener on bare, cold, and damp ground of the cottages, which James more frequented and preferred. More than this, he never stayed a second night in the same house, although he might make old friends a casual visit; but that night was to be remembered. James had stories of foreign travel, of night attacks on foes, and marches through the mountains and over rivers and glens and through woods, while every moment might prove the last through the hidden fire of ambush, or the enemies' discovery of your route. And then James drew forth his formidable rosary, sharp at nine o'clock, with fervor leading the prayers, and in the end giving the moral lesson. No wonder, we repeat, that every one prized him; and no wonder that the happiness of entertaining him often became an object of rivalry. Such a man was James "the Pilgrim."

There certainly was an air of mystery about the man, and he had an intimate knowledge of things ordinarily hidden. And, besides, although

seemingly dependent upon alms, he never asked for any — nay, had been known to release old neighbors from embarrassment when they found themselves in the grasp of such landlordship as Mr. Giffard D'Alton's.

Here is James's story, as we ourselves have heard him tell it more than once.

He had been a very fast young man, entitled to a small property, and inheriting a good name. He soon "disestablished" the property and substituted "rake" for the "honest and prudent" character his father had bequeathed. Plenty of boon companions make limited means fly quickly, and James soon began to feel that want was not far off. But, even then he was devoted to the poor, and would share with them his last penny.

"Never refuse any one who is sober," James would say; "but above all, never refuse a young lad; and help 'poor scholars.'"

"Poor scholars" were well known in those days; and, indeed, in days much more recent; but in James' early time you met them constantly. Nearly every farmer's house boarded one; and in town and city, where such refuge was not practicable, you met them, after school, going around with inkhorn hung on breast, and bundle of books under the arm, collecting rather than begging the means of meeting the expenses of lodging and board.

"I was saved soul and body," James said, "by a poor scholar."

"How?" asked Amy D'Alton, one day.

"A lot of my wild friends were around me one night in Clonmel. We had an old piper, whom we made play all kinds of Irish airs, and an old harper, and — oh, we had everything like good fellowship — when in walked a boy of fifteen years. He was a 'poor scholar,' and had traveled all the way from Monaghan to the classical school in Clonmel."

"Came to beg?"

"Came to get help to a quarter's schooling and his lodging."

"And they gave it?"

"Yes, *agra*, we did — more by two times than he asked. The young fellow had something in his eyes, and handsome mouth — and he was as neat as a gentleman's son."

"Go on, James."

"Well, every one knows the rest. Every one knows that I was transported to Van Dieman's Land for taking arms from the Fogartys — though I never entered their house. The voyage across the whole world was a thing I will remember, and I shake when I think of it. On shore, the prison and the gangs were worse. Ever so many killed themselves, not remembering there are worse chains than the convict-chains."

"Well, about the liberation."

"You heard me tell it before. A nice gentleman spoke to me one day about my crime and my health and my people, and I told him all. I told him I was wild enough, and fought my way and spent my money; but I never set foot in Fogarty's house against his will; and that they had bad blood in for me."

"Was he the Governor?"

"Oh, well, my dear young lady, have patience. He was not."

"And then?"

"In a few weeks I was transferred to the house the young man lived in, and he gave me accounts to keep and letters to copy and messages to do; and he made me as happy as you please. Well, to make a long story short, he asked me one day, nearly a year and nine months after my arrival would I like to settle in Van Dieman's Land.

"If I was a freeman, sir," says I, "I'd follow my heart that never travelled out of Ireland."

"You would return?"

"Oh, the churchyards of Ireland would be more dear to me than a thousand palaces away from her."

"Well, James Feron," he said, handing me a large letter, "you are

free. I send you home with the king's broad seal in your pocket, and with means enough to pay your way until you can look about."

"I was struck dumb," continued James, "and I suppose I kept staring at the gentleman."

"Come, my good friend! I owe you a good turn! I am only paying back."

"Oh, sir."

"I am the 'poor scholar' for whom you made the collection in Clonmel fifteen years ago next Candlemas! The governor has had your case examined, and the parish priest of Carrick, Father John O'Neill, has done the rest."

"Glory be to God was my first cry; and I went down on my knees, not able to speak a word more. So, my dear young lady, I have good reason to be fond of the 'poor scholars.'"

Just at this point of the conversation a carriage drove up to the hall door, and company were announced. James the Pilgrim arose. As he was moving out, he stood still for a moment, when he heard the names "Mr. Meldon," "Miss Meldon," "Mr. Leyton Seymour," called out.

Going down stairs James was met by the three visitors, and whilst Mr. Meldon prayed James to await him in the parlor, Amy was quite in an excitement about "Miss Meldon." She had never heard of such a person, and was hardly prepared to hear that her favorite was or had been married.

She had not long to prepare herself, and very likely she was the more natural when the persons announced entered the drawing room. But poor Amy felt humiliated. The paper on the wall was falling off; the carpet was here and there revealing the worn boards: even the windows showed the neglect of servants or the eccentricity of the proprietor, for they were covered with dust that dimmed the blessed daylight.

Mr. Meldon, holding by the hand a young lady, who looked like "morning," in one of Claude Lorraine's pictures, advanced towards Amy.

"I have brought you some one to be a friend, Miss D'Alton. Here is Clara, my daughter; Clara, child, here is the young lady of whom I have spoken so much. Allow me to introduce also Mr. Leyton Seymour—a most particular friend of mine."

Mr. Seymour advanced with a very collected air and deferential manner. He was not more than five-and-twenty, and was in the possession of all the bloom of manhood. Yet Mr. Leyton Seymour had a cast of melancholy in his dark eyes; and his marked long brow and dark eyelashes tended to make the sadness more impressive. He was "so happy to meet such a friend of Mr. Meldon," he said; and then seemed determined to be a listener only.

Of course every woman who has lived would commence at once to conjecture special relations between such a charming pair as Seymour and Clara; and Amy D'Alton was no exception. But we must add, for truth's sake, that the supposition of any particular special relations between the young people did not produce a pleasant feeling. Amy became conscious of the matter, and she laughed at — well, its absurdity.

"I have been hearing of you by letter; and papa has spoken so much to me of Miss D'Alton, that really I have known you for a year. Do you know, I have been quite jealous of you?"

Amy again felt "I am feeling jealous of you"—and again smiled interiorly at the absurdity.

Mr. Meldon saw from the beginning that Amy D'Alton felt the woe-stricken look of everything, and he tried to come to the rescue.

"You see, Seymour," he said, "what a man worth a hundred thousand pounds can afford to do. If my friend, Mr. Giffard D'Alton, had only a middling fortune, he would not dare to defy public opinion in such a manner."

"That peculiarity is not very rare," remarked Mr. Leyton Seymour; "I have an uncle afflicted with the like mania, and I often think what a painful life his must be."

A life which bears the burthen of a great judgment. Pain and conflict all one's days, and a consciousness that every one around him looks across his grave to gain a glimpse of sunshine.

"Papa," remarked Amy, "is peculiar in matters of the description of furniture and taste; but he thinks nothing of hundreds, if a principle demands outlay."

Poor Amy never lost an opportunity of vindicating old Giffard D'Alton; and every one loved her the more for her daughterly affection. She must have suffered much. But, then, was he not her father.

"That I know," answered Mr. Meldon. "Well, Miss D'Alton, you must ask papa's leave, and come and spend some time with Clara. We have now Clara's harp and piano, and we have — better than all — Clara's voice; and we shall have music. You know I am aware of the old gentlemen's desire to be alone; so you have no excuse."

"And shall we not have Ally Hayes, papa?" asked the beautiful girl, her eyes sparkling with the joy of youth, "Oh, Miss D'Alton, I do love Ally Hayes so much; don't you?"

"Every one loves the 'Queen of the May;' but particularly the poor, among whom she spends much of her leisure."

Mr. Meldon was silent this time.

"You are thinking of poor papa's hard dealings with the Hayeses. Well, that proceeding made us all so unhappy! But poor Patrick Hayes' Ally's father, was a strong politician, and papa's apprehension of politicians is something that upsets his reason."

Mr. Meldon changed the topic. "Did you know old Mr. Hayes's son!" he asked.

"Oh, quite well. He was called the 'young priest.'"

"And he is the young priest, really, I believe he has been only three years or so ordained."

"Any news of Father John?" Amy demanded.

"Most satisfactory news. He is doing a world of good, and like his sister, he is adored by the poor. There's Mr. Leyton Seymour, who has seen him and spoken to him."

"Yes — and enjoyed his hospitality. The 'Queen of the May,' as you designate Miss Hayes, has reason to be proud and happy; and if she joins her brother, she will be both the one and the other.

"Does she think of it?" asked Amy.

"Well — only in the event of the widow, her mother, accompanying her. She would never leave her mother, I am sure."

Mr. Leyton Seymour spoke with warmth and feeling; and once again Amy began to make conjectures — and to laugh at her own absurdity for the same.

Father John Hayes, "the young priest," of whom we shall have to speak more by and by, was one of the *proteges* of James the Pilgrim; and from an early day in his young life gave eminent signs of his future. The little altar boy soon became the classical scholar — then the teacher in the Sunday school; and the student in Waterford College. Patrick Hayes loved to think of the consecrated priest standing by his pillow in his agony, and offering the Holy Mass for his soul; but the times were bad, and Mr. Giffard D'Alton, as we have seen, would "stand no nonsense." Every man should "pay his way, and people who wanted indulgence were only fit for the workhouse," "He was — if ever he should become a fool to gratify the pride of the Hayes's."

As we have before intimated, misfortunes came thick and fast upon the Hayes's. The clothes became shabby and the stock vanished, and the farm looked the misery of the owner's heart

and hopes. Poor Patrick Hayes would have borne all and more, if the final catastrophe could only be spared him — that was taking young John Hayes from school. Ah! it would dash the hopes of many a long day, and break the poor mother's heart! And besides, although "it was little," Patrick Hayes said, "it would tell the world that poor Patrick Hayes has broken down entirely, and every one he 'owed a penny to' would crowd into his door way, and cover his name with shame."

"Well, *acushla*," he said one day, "God is good! Little Johnny hasn't a tack of the shoes, and his little clothes are in rags. We might bear the hunger, *agra* — but we can't ask him to bear the shame — sure we can't."

"God support your heart, Paddy. You are wounded in your poor soul, even more than Johnny's mother or poor Ally. I never saw a frown upon your face, *asthore machree*, I will never complain to make your day darker than hard fortune — I won't."

"Mary, has 'Crichawn' come lately?"

"Tom?— poor Tom! if Tom found a' halfpenny under a stone, the first he'd think of would be his sister-in-law and Ally. Do you know, Paddy, — I believe it was wrong — I was obliged to promise Tom I would not tell you all his doings for us? He it was that kept us up, I may say."

"Poor Tom!" sighed his brother.

Just then the Pilgrim entered the dwelling.

"God save all here!"— the dear salutation of our people; "God save all here!" said the pilgrim.

"God save you kindly, James."

Many a time James the Pilgrim had sat by the hearth of Patrick Hayes, and held the little altar boy upon his knees, and amused little Ally with his fairy tales, before and after she got the "stroke." He found the young looking old — all drooping — probably he knew it all. He opened the Pilgrim's wallet, and placing it by his side, sat down by the poor fire, and looked as worn as the inhabitants of the cottage."

"I brought a feast for Johnny and little Ally *bawn*," he said.

The children cried out, as children will cry, particularly in a sudden revulsion of joy.

"First, then," continued James, "there is a picture of Holy Mary for Ally;" and he brought it to her little chair.

Ally cried aloud, because the picture was a fine plate — the "Assumption," by Raphael.

"And now, maybe I haven't something for Johnny — something he will like; there is a brand new Demosthenes, with a Latin translation."

The heart of the father and mother beat. They knew that poor Johnny could no longer pursue his studies.

"An' now," said the magician, "bring over the table. Arn't we to have a feast?"

Two great loaves of white bread, half a cold leg of mutton, and a lot of things which children value.

The children were in ecstacies, Patrick Hayes only came over to the table and rung the Pilgrim's hand. The mother dropped a tear — because she saw that the Pilgrim had found out all, and with a delicate hand was striving to pluck away a few thorns from the pathway of poverty.

"God's greatest mercy to you, James, as you are God's best messenger to the poor to-day."

"God is very good to a sinner like me," answered James the Pilgrim. We'll say the rosary now," he continued.

And the beautiful devotion that makes our life for a moment the life of Christ was gone through in faith.

Once more seated by the fire to which a few sods had been added.

"I needn't tell you," said Patrick Hayes, "that poor Johnny has no use of the great Greek book now; but better days will come, James, *a dhearbhrathair*. We must keep him at home."

"Troth and no!" answered the Pilgrim.

"Ah, look at his little coat, *avic*, and see his little boot."

He handed them to the Pilgrim who saw they were falling asunder.

"Never mind," said the Pilgrim; and he placed the boots in his wallet; at the same time he measured the little jacket, from his knuckles to his elbow.

"God is good, old friend," James said very reverently; "the guardian angel of Johnny has been at work."

The father looked inquiringly and astonished.

"Father Aylmer missed Johnny from the chapel, and he guessed something."

The poor mother broke down! She was a distant relative of Father Aylmer.

"Johnny is to go to Waterford College next week; and you need never do anything, only thank God and the blessed Virgin Mary."

All fell upon their knees again except poor Ally, and fervently and reverently bowed down in such thankfulness as good hearts always feel in the presence of the benignity of Providence.

Thus we have Father John Hayes, now working away across the Atlantic, though unable to assist his family when the crisis arrived. Before that dark time there was varying fortune, so that the wolf was kept from the door until the day of fate which drove Paddy Hayes in despair from Giffard D'Alton's house.

But we have remained too long away from the Crag. The young girls formed an attachment which lasted long and happily for both. The arrangements for the visit were made with gladness of heart and many words of bright anticipation.

Leaving the hall-door, the Pilgrim called Mr. Meldon aside.

"That's the young gentleman," he said, pointing to Mr. Seymour; "that's the gentleman that won three hundred pounds from Mr. Charles Baring."

"Precisely — only the sum was five hundred."

"And has Mr. Baring paid?"

"Every shilling."

"I see," said the Pilgrim. "Cunneen!" said the Pilgrim. "Cunneen!" he repeated — "you are a biting dog, Cunneen."

"Oh!" Mr. Meldon replied, "you have experience of God's dealings, and you know that his turn always comes."

"But is not your friend in danger? Baring must be desperate."

"We shall 'watch and pray,' James; and employ the Pilgrim and 'Crichawn.'"

CHAPTER X.

SHOWING WHY MANY MYSTERIES ARE NOT SOLVED — THE RETURN OF MR. CHARLES BARING, AND THE VISIT OF AMY D'ALTON TO MELDON.

We frankly admit that there has been some undue mystery about the robbery at the Crag. What became of the immense treasure? Where are the robbers to be found? Why has not Mr. Giffard D'Alton burned the Crag and invented a new vocabulary of blasphemies to build up a rampart between himself and the workhouse? And, we ought to add, where is Mr. Baring? Has he been put in jail?

Now, however reasonable it may be that readers feel curious, and are even tempted to become critical, in the presence of such inconsistencies, we assure them all and several that, at the time of Mr. Meldon's visit to the Crag, not a single breath of rumor existed regarding the very bold and unjustifiable attack upon the Crag and the robbery thereof. Even the police were spared the pangs of mind and weariness of travel which a knowledge of such a nefarious violation of "law and order" should necessarily entail.

We will communicate this much — that "the Captain," as Mr. Charles Baring was called, did not present himself at the Crag for four or five days. His uncle became solicitous;

because he fairly argued, "Where could Charles be without money; and if Charles had money where was the money got?" But Mr. Charles did come home within a week, at all events, and had even ascertained that he ran no risk. That information came from a sure source — the police, all whose experience for a week or more he had turned inside out, and learned with industry.

To be Continued.

Education and Crime.

At Durham Assizes the other day, Mr. Justice Denman, speaking of the decrease of crime in the county, is reported to have said that this result was, in his opinion, due to the spread of education, but that, however, he did not anticipate any great change so long as human nature remained unchanged. This observation of the learned Judge is not wholly free from obscurity. Perhaps we should not be wrong in interpreting it to mean that he regards the diffusion of secular instruction as tending to lighten the calendar by rendering people less likely to commit such offences against the person or against property as would bring them within the grasp of the law: but that, after all, the criminous tendencies of man lie so deep in human nature as to require for their eradication a change in that nature itself. If this was Mr. Justice Denman's meaning, — this or something to this effect, — we venture to congratulate him upon having formed so sound a view, although, indeed, we could wish that he had expressed it with more perspicuity, or — perhaps the fault is not his — that he had been better reported. That such a view is the true one we are convinced. And, as it is by no means a popular view, nay, as we have reason to believe that even Catholics, in some instances, fail to grasp it, we shall not, perhaps, do amiss if we devote a few minutes to its elucidation.

Now, our point is this: that what is commonly called education has not the least tendency to make a man more religious or more virtuous. We say what is commonly called education; for this age, which is a great corruptor of words, has debased that high term like so many others, and has applied to it quite another sense from what it once conveyed. "I call a complete and generous education," writes a great master of English, "that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war." Yes, indeed. No training which does not embrace the whole man, which does not fit him for the worthy discharge of the part which he has to play in life, can be rightly called education. It is not enough to fill the head with notions and leave the heart empty. It is not enough to cram with facts or theories and not to implant right principles whereby those facts may be used, those theories applied. Mere knowledge is not enough —

> A higher hand must make her wise
> If all be not in vain, and guide
> Her footsteps, moving side by side
> With wisdom, like the younger child.

This is true of all grades of education, from that of the highest university to that of the lowest elementary school. But it is a truth which the present day ignores, or rather contradicts in good set terms. Thus Professor Huxley somewhere insists "Education is the instruction of the intellect in the Law of Nature," and when he so speaks he represents, as we know too well, the sentiments of a school — an influential school — of writers, by whom love of God, of country, of mankind, benevolence,

virtue are put aside, and physical science is held up as the sole instrument and the sole measure of human progress. And even of those who do not accept this narrow and degrading creed there are many who regard culture — a wide and liberal culture, it is true, but a culture wholly secular — as the one thing needful for the amelioration of society, for the decrease of vice, and the advancement of morality. Our contention is that there is not the least necessary connection between intellectual and ethical improvement; that secular knowledge of any kind — that mere mental cultivation of any kind — does not in the least predispose to virtue. Science and literature and art are not in themselves moral agents. Knowledge is, indeed, as the familiar dictum says, power; but it is nothing more. It makes its possessor more potent, whether for evil or for good; but it does not dispose him either to evil or good; it does not change his natural propensities, although it may, and often does, suggest to him other channels for their gratification. And that, as we Catholics know, because it does not touch the concupiscence which is so strong an element in human nature; the habitual inclination innate in us to desire finite things inordinately. There is one thing, and one thing only, which can subdue concupiscence, and that is Divine Grace.

Hence it is that we Catholics insist that all education worthy of the name must be based upon religion: upon the knowledge of God and our duty to Him: of the true final end and the accountability of man. It is curious how, in respect of these great truths, the spirit of the age is reverting to the ideas which Christianity found in the world: which it overcame, and which for a thousand years it banished. Dr. Döllinger, in his well-known work *Gentile and Jew*, observes what a close connection there was between the defective knowledge which the old philosophy of Greece and Rome had of human freedom and of the nature of evil, and of the relation in which the Deity stood to both. "These thinkers," he observes, "were wanting in an insight into the nature and conditions of the personality of God as well of man: and therefore they looked upon evil as partly resulting from mere defectiveness or infirmity of means of knowledge: they set it down to ignorance, and thought that there was no other higher remedy than philosophy." Fond dream, as the experience of so many ages of that old world proved. And now our own age is being given over to the same strong delusion: a delusion from which the weighty words of a prophet of its own — even Immanuel Kant himself — might suffice to arouse it. "Without a God," writes that sage in his critique of *Pure Reason*, "without a world, invisible to us now, but hoped for, the glorious ideas of morality are, indeed, objects of approbation and admiration, but *cannot be the springs of purpose and action.*"

London Tablet.

For Young Men to Remember.

THAT the girl who decks herself in the latest things out, and parades in the street while her mother does the family washing isn't worth wasting much love on.

That a fellow who deliberately proposes matrimony to a girl when he can't support himself is either a first-class fraud or a fool — unless he marries for money, and becomes her "hired man."

That if they wish to fall stark mad in love with a girl because she is pretty, they ought to be sure how much powder and paint there may be in the question, and figure upon it accordingly.

That to deal honorably with all men, they must begin with their washer-woman.

That they will need something more substantial than cigars, light kids and a cane to start housekeeping with.

Lepers.

MIRAMICHI is a little town in Northeastern New Brunswick, about half way between New York and Greenland. Over half a century ago one Gardner, a Scotchman, and a resident of the town, saw a fawn-colored spot on his wife's forehead. Anon there were ominous swellings at the corners of her eyes. Then the tendons of her fingers began to stiffen and contract until her hands resembled birds' claws. The fawn-colored spots were doubled and quadrupled. The husband sought the advice of Dr. Mackey, a young medical graduate. This physician made a careful study of the disease. It baffled his skill. He could give it no name. He found nothing like it on the medical calendar. It seemed beyond the reach of remedies. So engrossed was he in its study that he grew thin and pale. Sleepless nights were passed. To add to his distraction, his attention was directed to a second case. The victim was a Mrs. Lendry, living seventy-five miles from Miramichi. Of French extraction, she was in no way related to Mrs. Gardner.

Fawn-Colored Spots Appeared upon Her Body.

Her skin became as transparent and as scaly as isinglass. The contraction of the fingers and the ominous swelling of the eyes were there. There were the same aches and pains as in the case of Mrs. Gardner. The physician was nonplussed. At the end of his medical rope, determined to ascertain the true character of the disease, he sold his little property and went to Europe. He travelled through England, France, and Germany, and gleamed no information. Acting upon a hint received in Paris, he passed through Denmark into Norway. Near the coast, where the main staple of food was dried fish and salt meats, he visited a lazaretto. Its inmates were immured for life. There was no mistaking the symptoms. They were suffering from the same disease as Mrs. Gardner and Mrs. Landry.

It was Leprosy, and Incurable.

On his return to Miramichi Dr. Mackey found the scourge eating into the little community like a cancer. Prompt action was necessary. Mrs. Gardner's fingers had dropped off at the joints, and her skin was dry and flaky. Mrs Landry was in a worse condition. Her eyesight was gone and she exhibited unmistakable symptoms of elephantiasis. The young physician sounded the alarm. The interest of the oldest practitioners was aroused. One or two scoffed at the idea of leprosy, and asserted that the disease would yield to remedies employed in scrofulous and similar complaints. Their experiments, however, verified the young doctor's discovery, and the community was thoroughly startled. It was composed mainly of descendants of the old French settlers. The English language was not much spoken. Families had married and intermarried for nearly two centuries, until whole parishes were dove-tailed. The result was similar to that attending

The Overbreeding of Animals.

The blood became overheated and impure. Its impurities were quickened by a diet of salt meats and dried fish, and a genuine leprosy cropped to the surface. There were 78 cases in one section within twelve months.

The Provincial Parliament was spurred to action under the personal appeals of the members from Miramichi, a bill establishing a lazaretto was passed, Sheldrake Island, dotting a bay on the northeast coast of the province, was the spot selected. It was an isolated island, off all lines of travel. Here buildings were erected,

with barred windows. A strict search for all tainted with leprosy was made and they were confined on this island. Scores of the unfortunate wretches were captured. The lazaretto was under the charge of

Two Men, who Seemed to be Destitute of All Feeling.

No care was given to the lepers. They were mostly ignorant French Canadians, who had eked out a living by cultivating the thin soil and by fishing. Cleanliness was not a virtue. They were neither bathed nor dieted. Clean underclothing were distributed thrice a year. The most abject and squalid never removed their clothing, but drew their clean shirts over their old ones at each distribution. The lazaretto was a virtual prison for life. Its inmates rotted like murrained sheep. It was the horror of the adjacent parishes. Occasionally a poor wretch escaped, and appealed to those outside for protection. Every face was turned from him. He desecrated everything that he touched. Even the fence that he leaned against while telling his pitiful story was contaminated. If he drank from a spring the spring was poisoned. If a cup of milk was given him the cup was broken as soon as drained. A walking upas tree, freighting the atmosphere with its poison, would not have been regarded with more horror. He was either recaptured or driven back to the lazaretto by hunger. Worse than all this, lepers, in whom the seeds of the disease were fructifying, were concealed by friends and relatives.

The Lazaretto was Regarded as More of a Prison than a Hospital.

A commitment disgraced a family far more than a commitment to the penitentiary. Fathers and mothers endangered themselves and families in the effort to shield a favorite son or daughter. It was a disgrace to be hidden, and not to be made public. A discovery of leprosy tainted every relative. The children could not make eligible marriages, and the family was shunned.

The lazaretto was removed to Tracadie, on the bay of that name about 1849. Here the treatment of the unfortunates was a little better, but there was an utter lack of cleanliness until fourteen years ago, when the Sisters of Mercy took sole charge. They found the inmates dying in filth and misery. They inaugurated new treatment. They tore out the iron bars from the windows. The lepers were bathed each day, and

Their Ulcers were Carefully Dressed.

The bandages were washed, and the clothes of the unfortunates were kept scrupulously neat and clean. They were allowed the freedom of the grounds. The sexes were separated. Rations of tobacco were given to the men. A sailboat was bought, and parties of the lepers were allowed to go sailing and fishing. Nor was the body alone entertained. The Sisters administered to the mind. The lepers no longer brooded day and night over their unfortunate condition. Some of their number played the violin, and and they danced to its music. A sure death was thus robbed of some of its terrors. When the provinces were confederated in the Dominion of Canada the lazaretto passed under the control of the Federal Government. The Sisters, however, remained in charge, receiving a miserable pittance from the government for their labors.*

The rigor of the law was softened by

Father Joseph A. Babineau,

pastor of the little Catholic Church at Tracadie. When cases of leprosy were reported he visited the afflicted, and prepared their minds for the inevitable. They usually entered the lazaretto with resignation, and sub-

The St. John's Freeman says that the lazaretto did not pass under the control of the Federal Government until very recently. The Sisters really do not receive even a pittance for their labors. They work solely for the love of God.

mitted to their fate without a murmur. Where the good Father's efforts failed the strong arm of the law was invoked, and they were seized like criminals and imprisoned for life. Their discontent was softened by the kindness of the Sisters, and they dropped into the grave hopeful of a better fate in the world to come.

I visited Tracadie on Sunday, July 16. The Hon. Arthur D. Williams, of New York, accompanied me. The visit required a fifty-five mile drive from Newcastle, a thriving village on the curved railroad from Halifax to Quebec. . . . At sunrise the little bell in the belfry of the primitive Roman Catholic Chapel fronting the broad blue bay announced early Mass. High Mass was celebrated at 10½. By 10 o'clock the dusty roads were filled with French Canadians on their way to church. A few came in rickety wagons, but the most of them were on foot. They swept by in squads, old and young, clad in quaint costumes. Some had arisen with the dawn and

Walked Ten and Twelve Miles.

One man on crutches lived seven miles away. It was a hot day, and the air was filled with mosquitoes and sand flies. The devotees seated themselves on a long, broken pile of cordwood near the house of the priest, and awaited the tap of the bell. The little cemetery allotted to the lepers lies in the shade of the unpainted church. It is overgrown with shrubbery and brambles. A large, weather-beaten cross stands in the centre, stretching its arms over the unmarked graves of the unfortunates. A wharf and a fish-house, stand 200 yards to the north, and beyond them the squatty buildings and dormer windows of the lazaretto are seen. We knocked at the door of the parsonage. The rustics gazed at us inquiringly. Father Babineau was in the vestry dressing for Mass. He was summoned by an attendant, and gave us a gracious reception. His glittering black eyes and pale, intellectual face recalled the features of Judge Cardozo. With extreme courtesy, he accompanied us to the lazaretto, leaving his assistant, Father Nugent, a jolly-faced Irishman, to chant Mass. As we crossed a rustic foot-bridge near the lazaretto we heard the plaintiff notes of a violin. The melody was sad and sweet, a blending of the "Canadian Boat Song" and "Annie Laurie." The musician was a leper, whiling away the weary hours.

We ascended the porch. Passing into the entry we stood before a door with a wicket. The words,

Tout Passe

Were above the door. Father Babineau rang the bell. A second afterward the white face of a Sister of Mercy appeared at the wicket. The Father spoke to her in French and she opened the door. We were ushered into a reception room under the motto:

Personne N'entre ici s'il ne Vient Aimer Jesus Christ.

Sister St. John, matron of the lazaretto, is a pleasant-faced woman, about 36 years old. She came from the Hotel Dieu, in Montreal. Fourteen years among the lepers have familiarized her with their manners, customs, and feelings. She has been the recipient of many a sad story. She knows the families of all the inmates, and probably has a more thorough knowledge of the nature and character of the disease than the physician who receives $300 a year from the government for an annual visit. She has charge of the cabinet of drugs, and has a fair knowledge of medical jurisprudence. As there is no doctor within fifty miles of the institution, the Tracadiens and the inhabitants of outlying settlement come to her for medical advice. Prescriptions for the poor are filled without charge. She knows the families tainted with the disease, and traces accurately the relationship between the afflicted. The same strain of blood appears to flow in the veins

of all. A majority of the lepers were born in Tracadie. They all come from within a circle of seventy miles. Under Sister St. John's supervision an accurate record of the inmates has been kept. There is no prior record on file. Since 1868 the Sister's record shows that fifty-eight out of ninety have died. There are now twenty-six in the institution. This number is larger than at any time within fourteen years. The average of life, after the appearance of the disease, is from ten to fifteen years. Some die within three or four years, and there is now a woman in the institution who has

Been Suffering over fifty Years.

She was an inmate of the lazaretto on Shelldrake Island forty years ago. While there the disease disappeared, and it was supposed she had been cured. She returned to her home in Tracadie, married, and had children. Twenty years afterward the tell-tale spots again appeared, and she was remanded to the lazaretto. She is still living, handless and almost sightless. A daughter, twenty-four years old, whose fingers are drawn up like the claws of a dead bird, has inherited the scourge from the mother and is now in the institution.

Singular as it may seem, the lepers are subjects to attacks from ordinary diseases. There have been deaths from jaundice and typhus fever. In some cases the skin is dry and clean, and in others it is covered with ulcers. Those afflicted with ulcers live the longest. Damp weather has a damaging effect. The patients are feverish, and complain of rheumatic pains. They have fits of drowsiness, and sleep for hours daily. In winter and summer they invariably improve. None have died within fourteen months.

They are peculiarly sensative. We were warned against using the word leprosy within their hearing. They speak of it as

The "Disease."

Each patient apparently has an impression that there may be some mistake in his case, and that he is suffering from some other complaint. At times medicine is given to relieve them from pain. Any unusual decoction seems to effect them. Strong tea has removed the fawn-colored spots, but as soon as the system becomes accustomed to the tea, the spots return. Three years ago the hearts of all the lepers throbbed with joy. A nostrum called Fowle's Humor Cure, was administered, and the disease entirely disappeared. Fowle was in ecstasies. He forwarded box after box of his mixture, and it was used freely. Within six months, however, the scourge reappeared with more violence than ever.

Cases have occurred where those afflicted with leprosy left the country before they were sent to the asylum. Two or three years ago

The Spots Appeared Upon Two Girls.

belonging to well-known families. Determined to avoid the lazaretto, the girls went to Sheldiac, and were employed as household servants. Hearing of the flight, Father Babineau wrote to Sheldiac. He had observed indications of leprosy on them before their disappearance. The girls were alarmed, and fled to Providence, R. I. One died in that city in a private family, where she had been engaged as a chambermaid. Father Babineau learned the whereabouts of the survivor, and went to Providence. After a long talk he convinced her that it was her duty to return to Tracadie and enter the lazaretto. She did so, and died within a year.

The good Father related the particulars of a case of leprosy in a man two years married. There were the usual forerunners of the disease. The Father visited the man's residence and talked with his wife about it. The husband insisted that it was not leprosy. His wife coincided with him, but expressed a different opinion to the priest in private. Satisfied, however, that the husband was tainted, the wife left him. He re-

mained in the house alone. Not long afterwards, seeing the priest approaching, he took to the woods. Father Babineau overtook him and remonstrated with him. The man was obstinate. He was threatened with the rigor of the law. The conversation lasted two or three hours, and the husband was finally induced to enter the lazaretto.

Not long ago the disease broke out on the body of a fisherman, who for twenty years had lived alone in a hut on the Bay of Tracadie. When the priest asked him to enter the lazaretto, his only objection was a fear that

He Might Become Lonesome.

He is now in the hospital pining for the companionship of nature.

A more distressing case occurred two months ago. The death spots appeared on the mother of four little children. The priest repeatedly talked with her, and she was finally induced to part with her husband and enter the living tomb. Her parting with her children was very affecting, and to this day the father's ears hear cries of "Mamma, mamma!" The family is isolated, the children have no playmates, and the neighbors shun the place as though it was the nest of a pestilence.

The disease is said to be contagious, but we could learn of no well authenticated instance of contagion. None of the Sisters have shown the least symptoms of leprosy, although two have waited upon the patients for fourteen years. They take the greatest precaution against it. There is only one case on record of a husband and wife who were confined in the institution at the same time. They were cousins. Wives who have had children by leprous husbands, have married on the death of their husbands. Some of the children by the first husband were infected, and those by the second escaped. In a recent case the disease did not appear until the third generation. Then it broke out on the body of a man of herculean strength. The native families of French descent seem to be satisfied it is contagious. They gaze at the lazaretto from the outside, and very few pay it a visit.

The victims of the disease are at first visited by their near relatives, but as the seasons roll on the visits are less frequent, and at last cease altogether. Husbands forget their wives,

Mothers forget their Children,

and *vice versa*. Not long ago a poor boy of nineteen broke out of the lazaretto at night, and walked twenty-five miles to see his mother. He remained home a few hours, and returned with a less aching heart.

The lepers all express a willingness to work, but many of them are unable to do so. The Sisters are allowed only a pittance to feed them. They have meat on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and fish on Friday. Seldom, if ever, do they see fresh beef. They abhor mutton and veal. Fresh pork is the meat mostly eaten. Three of the lepers play the violin, and each appears to be ambitious to excel the others. When the weather is dry, those who are able frequently dance from morning until night. Those who first enter the institution complain of a drowsy feeling, and sleep days and nights, hours at a stretch. The lungs become affected. The hair falls from the eyebrows. The voice is husky. In some cases there is a loss of all feeling in the hands and arms.

A Girl Rested her Wrist on a Red-hot Stove,

and was seriously burned, without the least sensation. Cuts with the knife bleed but give no pain. At times the skin seems to be filled with steel filings. Then it cracks open to the bone and gradually shrivels away. When the liver and lungs become seriously affected, the patient wastes away with all the symptoms of consumption. He dies by suffocation.

All have separate beds. The men are kept on the main floor and the

women on the floor above. Rarely do they see each other. There is a little room on each floor where the Sisters officiate as warders. There is not a man about the establishment who is not a leper. The Sisters are allowed a washer-woman and a servant boy. Aside from this they do all the work. In the dormitories the beds are arranged side by side like beds in a hospital. Old-fashioned quilts cover the iron bedsteads. The floors are scrubbed once a day. Every-thing is scrupulously neat. Each dormitory contains an oratory, where the afflicted say their prayers on retiring and arising. The walls are covered with pictures of saints and religious mottoes in the French language. Here is a specimen:

Pour un Moment de Sacrifice une Eternite de Jouissance

which seems hardly applicable to persons suffering a lifetime of misery. There is no specified dress for either the male or the female lepers, and unaccustomed eyes could not distinguish some of them from ordinary persons.

As we entered the male ward ten of the unfortunates were arising from dinner. It was a plain, broad table, destitute of cloth and napkins, and furnished with tin plates, cups and spoons. On an iron cot within ten feet of the table sat a pitiful object. His flesh looked like flakes of sulphur moulded into the shape of a man. He had been in bed over a year. Although but fifteen years old he looked like a man of seventy. Nothing in the wards on Blackwell's Island equals this scene; yet the Sisters said the patient was much better than he had been. As we entered the apartment a heavy black-bearded man, clad in a blue woolen shirt, turned his face from us, picked up a short clay pipe, and moved into the sunlight through the outer door. Poor fellow! his misfortunes were his own, and he sought no sympathy from the outer world. He was Michael Duaron, the lone fisherman, who had expressed the fear of being lonesome before entering the lazaretto. The windows were open, and a cool breeze from the sea was felt.

There were ten other males in the ward. All but the miserable being on the bed ranged themselves in line, with bowed heads and dejected countenances. Two were mere boys, eleven and twelve years old. One was suffering from leprous elephantiasis.

His Face was a Fungus Outgrowth.

Only one of these men spoke English. He was Peter M. Noel of Tracadia. A man of magnificent physique, beyond slight swellings above the cheek bones he showed no signs of the disease. He had a clear, blue eye, a rugged complexion, and an honest face. He was a man of deep feeling and more than ordinary intelligence. Confident of sympathy, he told his story in a straightforward way. He was twenty-three years old, a wood-chopper and raftsman.

"You seem surprised to see me here," he said, "because you see no marks of the disease. Look at my hands," showing his palms. All the lines of his hands seem to have been frosted with silver. The pores of the skin glistened as though dusted with silver. "Look at the whites of my eyes," he continued. They were of a light orange color. He pointed to the slight swellings below his temples, and then said: "All your doubts would be removed if you saw my body. This spring I was logging up the northwest branch of the Miriamichi. One night, when I was going to bed, near Cunard's Ledges, I saw a yellow spot on my leg. I paid no attention to it, supposing that it came from wading so much in the cold water. Two or three days afterward another spot appeared, near the first one. I began to have strange pains in my legs, and could not get enough sleep. Within a week I noticed a spot on my breast. The pains increased, and I thought that I had rheumatism. I took some medicine for it, but it did me no good. At

last I came over here, by the advice of a comrade, to see the Sisters, and to find out what was the matter with me. They told me that I had the disease, and here I am for life."

Noel told his sad story with an erect head. He had not been in the lazaretto long enough to acquire

The Dejected Look

of his fellow-sufferers, but the shadow on his face indicated that it was surely coming. He is a fair violinist, and undoubtedly vents much of his sadness through his instrument. With tears in his eyes he spoke of the kindness of the Sisters; but he complained of a lack of books and newspapers. He could not read English, and his countenance grew bright when promised a file of Parisian journals. While grateful for the little tobacco given them by the Sisters, he spoke of its poor quality. "They buy it at Ferguson's," he said, "and of course the Sisters can't tell whether it is good or bad; but smoking is about our greatest enjoyment, and I wish we could have good tobacco."

The Sisters then conducted us up stairs to the female ward. Fourteen women and girls, in all stages of emaciation, stood in line with clasped hands and eyes cast down. Sisters and cousins were among them. All were in some way related to the men below. They were not disposed to be communicative. One woman nearly eighty years old, overheard Sister St. John calling our attention to the fact that

She was Concealing her Hands

under her apron. She flung up her apron with spiteful energy, and extended two withered stumps, accompanying the action with bitter words. She had no hands. Her heart was touched by our expressions of sympathy. She was the woman released from Shelldrake Island forty years ago under the supposition that she had been cured. She called to her side her daughter, a pleasant-faced woman, twenty-four years old. Her fingers were talons in appearance, and her hands were withering, losing the joint one by one, the same as her mother's had done. In the dormitory we saw a female dwarf, only twenty-eight years old. She looked to be ninety. Her eyes were sightless, and her face misshapen and totally unlike the face of a human being. It was the face of a person suffering from the worst form of elephantiasis. Despite our remonstrances, she arose to receive us.

Sad at Heart, we turned Away.

The afflicted woman, in low tones, bade us good-by as we went down stairs.

The Sisters then showed us the kitchen, the range, the electric bells, the neat apothecary shop, and the exquisite chapel, with its image of the Virgin and Child. This chapel is latticed on either side. Behind the lattice, on the right of the altar, the Sisters hear Mass. Half a dozen benches fill the main body of the chapel, and are evidently used by the male lepers. A solitary woman bearing marks of the disease was on her knees behind the left lattice, counting her beads and saying her prayers. Everything throughout the building was clean and neat. The floors were scrubbed as white as marble, the great range shone with stove polish, there was not a grease spot on the clothes of any of the lepers, the aprons and kerchiefs of the women were as white as snow, and the windows were as clean as the plate glass of Simpson, Crawford & Simpson's store. The oratories were simple but attractive. Delicate efforts at ornamentation bespoke the excessive care of the Sisters. There is only one impediment to the comfort of the beings buried alive. It is the parsimony of Sir John A. Macdonald's government. The buildings disgrace the five millions of people who are taxed to support his government. The ceilings are low, and the rooms are illy ventilated.

The Sisters Work to Great Disadvantage.

All that they receive is spent upon the immured lepers. They are now building a dormitory for themselves at their own expense. The isolation of the lazaretto is so complete and visitors are so few that its wants do not reach the public ear. Surely there ought to be one man in the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada to champion the interests of the poor men and women whose life imprisonment is a punishment for no crime, although confined for the protection of the community.

Out again in God's free air, we cast our eyes towards Mr. Young's mansion. Poor Noel and four of his companions stood in the yard awaiting us. "Gentlemen," said Noel, approaching us, hat in hand, "I beg your pardon, but my companions here can't speak English. This poor man," pointing to the heavy bearded man who had left the dinner-table on our entrance, "is bleeding at the lungs. He thought that one of you might be a doctor, and that you could tell him what to do for it. He has been on the sea, but he cannot stand the sea air any longer, because his lungs are so weak." We could give him no encouragement. Our faces forestalled Noel's translation of what was said. The bearded man walked back to the fence and turned his face to the sea. Noel accompanied us to the end of the lane leading to the highway.

It was the Boundary of the Lepers' World.

The two leprous boys walked at our side. One said, "Please, sir, give me a penny." He got a half dollar, and the other boy was not forgotten. If a bag of gold had dropped from the skies they could not have been more surprised. They shot off towards the lazaretto with the speed of the wind. Nor was Noel forgotten. We had already gained his confidence. He accepted a Canadian bank note with even more astonishment and far more thankfulness than the boys had shown. It was a small sum to create so much happiness in so wretched a being. I involuntarily compared him with William H. Vanderbilt, at that moment probably speeding Maud S. at Saratoga, and with J. Gould, lolling on the silken cushions of his princely home on the Hudson. An hour's interest on Vanderbilt's fortune would strew this agonizing life with humble luxuries, and a millionth part of Jay Gould's fortune make it immeasurably happy. If honesty and industry are any guage of fortune, what had honest, hard-handed Noel done that his fate should be so much different from theirs?

Noel saw that we were about to part with him. All his longings, fears and wishes gushed to his lips. "My God!" said he, "why can't I get well? I have worked hard. I have never dissipated. I bathe every day. I am clean. I don't see why I can't get well. Sometimes I think that it is not the leprosy [it was the first and only time that he used the word] spoken of in the Bible. I've heard of a man who had the same disease, and who was cured by a doctor who said it was

The Black Scurvy.

"If I was doctored for the black scurvy I believe I'd get well. They say that there is a doctor in Chatham who can cure us. I've lain awake at night studying up a plan to get to him, so that I might ask him to cure me. I have no money, but I would work hard to pay him if he would only cure me. Do you know that at times I can't help thinking that we are not cured because some one is making money by keeping us here? I know it isn't as bad as it used to be when they had a fence with sharp spikes at the top surrounding the yard. Some of the men here have told me how they used to treat them then. The Sisters have changed all that. I have no words of complaint against them, God bless them, they do all they can for us. It is not

their fault, nor is it our own fault that we are here."

We were standing at the end of the lane. Church was out, and a cloud of dust indicating the march of the church-goers homeward. The sun had passed the meridian. A dinner bell rang. Noel started as though awakened from sleep. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said he, removing his hat, "for detaining you from dinner. I see so few who understand our situation that I forget myself when I meet them." Tears were in his eyes. "Come again and see me if you ever revisit the country. God help me, but it will be many a long night before I forget your faces." He turned and walked slowly down the lane, the hot sun casting his shadow before him, and I saw him no more.

Correspondent New York *Sun*.

The Sun.

Who has not been struck with the regularity and extraordinary accuracy with which the storms that visit this country are foretold! We read in the newspapers that it has been telegraphed to us from the other side of the Atlantic Ocean that a storm will strike our shores in a few days or hours, and the tempest appears at the very time predicted, and thus we may hope many losses are prevented by the timely warning.

It is a fact now becoming generally known, that every commotion of our atmosphere, whether it be these terrible storms which devastate the coasts, or the gentle breeze which stirs the forest leaves, is caused by the sun — that it is the inequality in the heating effect produced by the sun on the atmosphere which occasions all the motion that we call wind.

Our sun is known to be the great dispenser of good to us in the form of light, heat, life, and motion. When it shows its face all nature smiles and pours forth her abundant treasures; but if, on the contrary, its beams are withheld, cold, and not unfrequently famine and poverty ensue.

How important, then, is the work of the astronomers, when we consider that through their aid we may not only know when any particular storm is coming, but also when we may expect a series of good harvests, and when the coming seasons are to be unfavorable.

We know too well that famines occur at times in various countries, and have heard heart-rending details of the calamities caused by drought in India, China, and the East. If, therefore, it be possible for science to predict — and this is now seen to be its true function — that such events are looming in the distance, what beneficial influences must not such a knowledge exert upon the welfare of the inhabitants of the districts subject to these visitations!

It may seem strange at first sight, that there should be any possible connection between commercial crises and the sun. But it is proved that each period of solar inactivity must be accompanied on the earth by inactivity in the productive power of the land, resulting in diminished crops. Thus, if the sun does not shine the crops do not ripen, and the result is famine; hence follows depression of trade, and probably, a commercial crisis!

Let us therefore consider, briefly, some of the chief facts and revelations which modern science has made known to us respecting our great luminary.

Our late celebrated Italian astronomer, Father Secchi, S. J., who devoted his life especially to the study of the celestial bodies, in his work

on "The Sun," teaches us that the sun is the nearest star to us, and the one which interests us the most, and at the same time the one which we can best study; and that this incandescent (flaming) body — the source of light and the great cause of motion amongst the planets — was once a nebulous mass like those we now see in the depths of the sky, which, as it grew cool, gave birth to the planets and their satellites; and that it still preserves in its midst all the heat which must have resulted from its condensation, and the collapse of the different particles which, from the farthest limits of its domain, have, in obedience to the law of attraction, fallen towards the centre; that, moreover, the temperature of this igneous globe is so enormous that the metalic substances of which it is composed are still in a state of vapour. It is found that the sun emits in each second as much heat as could result from the burning of eleven thousand six hundred billions of tons of coal; and of this enormous amount of energy the portion utilized, that is, received by various members of the solar system, corresponds only to that due to the consumption of about fifty millions of tons—only fifty millions out of eleven thousand six hundred millions of millions! Thus our earth receives less than the two thousand and six millionth part of the heat and light of the sun.

During the last few years marvellous discoveries have been made regarding the stars by means of the spectroscope. In analyzing the sun by means of this instrument, its light is split up into its component colors, in the same way that light is split up into all the colors of the rainbow by the glass prism; and thus it is found that a great number of our metals exist in the sun, but in a state of vapor, the heat of the sun being so intense that in it the metals evaporate as water does with us into steam. There are found in the sun, besides the gas hydrogen, vapors of magnesium, calcium, sodium, iron, manganese, and many other metals, besides two other gases not yet found in our earth.

To form some idea of the relative dimensions of the sun and the earth, it may be said that, if the sun's mass be reckoned at one thousand millions, the earth will only be about three thousand and sixty; or, in other words, it would take seven and a half millions of earths to make up a globe as large as the sun. The diameter or distance from one side of our sun to the other, through its centre, is 853,380 miles. If there were a railway round our earth, a train going at the rate of thirty miles an hour would accomplish the journey in a month, whereas a railway journey round the sun at the same rate would take more than nine years. And a train going at this speed, if it started on the 1st of January, 1879, would not reach the sun till the year 2235!

Owing to the great brilliancy of the sun, it cannot be examined by the naked eye, nor even by a telescope. Astronomers used to cause the image of the sun to fall upon a sheet of paper in the front, held in the focus of the telescope, and an image of the sun was thrown on the paper screen, and in this way the changes which passed over the sun's surface were easily observed. But recently the art of photography has been brought into use, by means of which the sun paints its own image on a photographic plate, and pictures of the sun are thus taken instantaneously, showing the nature of the solar surface with a degree of delicacy and accuracy previously unknown. In examining one of these photographs, the first point that strikes attention is, that its brightness is not nearly so great at the external edge of the sun as it is in the central portion of the disc. This diminution having been measured, is found to be from one hundred in the centre to thirteen at the edge. As this effect is not due to anything in our atmosphere, it shows that the

sun possesses an atmosphere of its own, and is not merely a white-hot solid globe. Because the light from the centre of the sun's disc passes through a comparatively small thickness of its atmosphere, whilst the light which reaches us from the edge of the sun's disc must pass through a much thicker layer of the sun's atmosphere, hence a large portion of the sun's light is absorbed or held back. Soon after the invention of the telescope, large black spots were observed in the sun's disc. Galileo and Father Scheiner carefully examined them, and found that these spots did not remain still, but moved in a regular direction from west to east, proving not only that the sun, like our earth and the planets, rotates on its axis, but also that these spots move round with the sun in its regular motion, and therefore form part of its body. There have been various theories about these spots, and it is only within the last few years that any exact knowledge of them has been obtained. Father Secchi devoted much of his time to this question, and found that they are shadows, or caverns, as it were on the sun, or rather portions of the solar surface which are much cooler than the remaining and brighter parts of the disc; and that they are not absolutely black, but are seen to throw off light, and are therefore only relatively darker than the surrounding portions. The bright patches are supposed to be matter of intenser heat and brightness, which has been thrown up in the atmosphere of the sun. Father Secchi found that these spots exhibit what is called periodic variation; that at times the sun's surface is free from spots, while on other occasions a large number of them are visible; and that these times of minimum and maximum spots frequently occur at nearly regular intervals. These spots are so large that our earth would be easily swallowed up in one of them. Father Secchi also proved by careful observation and registration that these spots undergo periodic change, both in number and dimension; that there are periods of maximum sun spots and periods of minimum spots. The period which elapses from maximum to minimum is found to be about eleven years. Then came the question, What is the nature of these changes in the sun, and what do they indicate? And it is ascertained that they indicate that during the sun-spot maximum the light and heat of the sun have also reached a maximum. To use the familiar simile of Sir William Herschel, "The solar pot is then boiling hardest." Among the remarkable coincidences which are found between solar and terrestrial phenomena, it has been recently noticed that those terrific storms or vapors which occur in the Indian Ocean have a distinct periodic variation, and that these exhibit increase and decrease corresponding with the maxima and minima of the sun-spots. It is also proved that in some districts similar variations are shown in the rainfalls yielding highest and lowest volume in periods of about eleven years. And another remarkable fact is, that a similar coincidence has been noticed between the good wine years in Germany and the minimum of fewest sun-spot periods.

Professor Jevons has very recently been endeavoring to prove that a connection exists between periodic commercial crises and sun-spots. It has frequently been stated by financiers and staticians that a crisis occurs every ten or eleven years. And Professor Jevons has worked this out with great skill, showing that from the great South Sea Bubble, in 1721, to the present time we have had thirteen distinct commercial crises, which gives for each a period of almost eleven years.

As Father Secchi observed in his latest work on the stars, we have by no means finished discovering new wonders, nor shall we cease till we cease to study. Every year fresh

discoveries are being made by means of the spectroscope, more marvellous than could have been imagined a few years ago. It is now clearly ascertained that our sun not only gives us light and heat, but something else which causes our earth to be clad with verdure, so that in the tropics, where the sun shines always in its might, vegetable life is most luxuriant, and with us, when the sun regains its power, the spring time is marked by a new birth of flowers. For there emenates from the sun, besides its light and heat, another force, *chemical force*, which separates carbon from oxygen, and turns the gas — which, if it accumulated, would kill all men and animals — into the life of plants, and gives us, we may say, our life, and is the centre of all our force. In short, the sun is the origin of all our work, by its bottled-up energy, as represented by the coal, necessary to the steam-engines, or by the bottled-up energy, so to speak, in our veins. For is not all the world's work, with the exception of tide work, done by the sun? And man himself may be said to be a small engine, which merely directs the energy supplied by the sun! In fine, Father Secchi clearly shows, "that if we confine ourselves to the study of the sun merely as the geometrical centre of the orbits which the planets describe, we gain but a poor idea of the power which it exercises in the world and of its vast importance in creation. But when we consider the influence of this mighty luminary physically, chemically, and physiologically, we find presented to us a crowd of mysterious questions and of unsolved problems, which will, no doubt, serve to exercise the minds of astronomers during many future generations."

Rev. Father Secchi, S. J.

To June,

WRITTEN AFTER AN UNGENIAL MAY.

I'll heed no more the poet's lay —
His false, fond song shall charm no more —
My heart henceforth shall but adore
The real, not the misnamed May.

Too long I've knelt, and vainly hung
My offerings round an empty name;
O May! thou canst not be the same
As once thou wert when Earth was young.

Thou canst not be the same to-day —
The poet's dream — the lover's joy: —
The floral heaven of girl and boy
Were heaven no more, if thou wert May.

If thou wert May, then May is cold,
And, oh! how changed from what she has been —
Then barren boughs are bright with green,
And leaden skies are glad with gold.

And the dark clouds that veiled thy moon,
Were silvery-threaded tissues bright,
Looping the locks of amber light
That float but on the airs of June.

O June! thou art the real May;
Thy name is soft and sweet as hers;
But a rich blood thy bosom stirs,
Her marble cheek cannot display.

She cometh like a haughty girl,
So conscious of her beauty's power,
She now will wear nor gem nor flower
Upon her pallid breast of pearl.

And her green silken summer dress,
So simply flower'd in white and gold,
She scorns to let our eyes behold,
But hides through very wilfulness:

Hides it 'neath ermined robes, which she
Hath borrowed from some wintry queen,
Instead of dancing on the green —
A village maiden fair and free.

Oh! we have spoiled her with our praise,
And made her forward, false, and vain;
So that her cold blue eyes disdain
To smile as in the earlier days.

Let her beware — the world full soon
Like me shall tearless turn away,
And woo, instead of thine, O May!
The brown, bright, joyous eyes of June.

O June! forgive the long delay,
My heart's deceptive dream is o'er —
Where I believe I *will* adore,
Nor worship June, yet kneel to May.

Denis Florence MacCarthy.

The Widow and Her Daughter.

A WONDERFUL little woman was the Widow Walsh, hostess of the White Eagle, situated in one of the most frequented suburbs of Ballydoyle.

"And of what did your poor husband die?" I inquired. The widow put her apron to her eyes, took it away again, and looked at me with, as she doubtless wished me to understand it, the face of a sad widow. But the veil was very transparent, and the expression of good-humoured resignation plainly discernible through the medium. She spoke plaintively, however, poor thing, as a bereaved widow ought to speak, as she told me that Pat, the poor fellow, had died "For want of being — shaken!"

"Lord bless me, Mrs. Walsh!" I ejaculated; "for want of being *shaken!*"

"Yes, ma'am, to my sorrow. My poor man — Lord rest his soul! — though not to say sickly, was latterly subject to a sort of fits, and uncommon fits they were — the like of which people said they never seen before — snoring fits we used to call them — and when they came on, ma'am, the only way to cure them was to take hold of Pat's feet, and shake him as you would a bolster. My poor Pat, and t'was you suffered well from the same fits!"

"What an extraordinary ailment!" I exclaimed. Then, as I recalled the image of the departed Pat, a long, shambling, huge-boned giant, it struck me that the process described must have been a matter of some difficulty. I remarked as much to the widow.

"Lord, no, ma'am," she replied. "You had only to take a good grip of his feet, and then to pull him down on the floor, and shake, shake, shake him till you were out of breath. The harder you shook him, the longer it was before the fit took him again. Once, when he was worse than usual, I pulled him up the stairs and bumped him down again by the heels, and after that it was ever so long before the poor soul had any return of his wearisome complaint. Oh! if I had you back, my poor man, *wouldn't* I shake you! Well — indeed and I would, any time you'd wan't it, and why not!"

I solemnly declare that I give verbatim the widow's account of poor Pat's mysterious ailment, and its still more mysterious mode of treatment. Fancy a thin, slight morsel of a woman, four feet ten at most, coolly talking of "*shaking up*," and bumping up and down stairs by the heels a giant of over six feet in height, weighing goodness knows how many stone! But incredulous as I certainly was at the time, I have since fully ascertained that the wonderful little woman only told me the simple truth. She really used to *shake* Pat up as described!

"Yes, ma'am," said the widow dolefully, "if *I* had been in the way when the last fit came on, who knows but my poor man might be hale and hearty to-day, and not lying in his cold grave! But I was at a country wedding, and though they sent off for me at once, I was back too late. There he was getting worse and worse, with red-hot knitting needles running through his poor legs, and pins sticking him all over, and his head splitting off, and no one to help him. 'For God's sake,' says the poor creature, 'let some of you grab me by the heels and shake me as hard as you can!' He's clean crazed poor man!' says one. 'Lord love him!' said another, 'is it a bottle of physic he thinks he is?' 'His poor head is gone sure enough,' says a third; and so they left him to die; and when I got home 'twas to find my poor Pat dead, and I myself a lone widow."

So poor Pat, you see, really died for want of being shaken up! Doctors, pray make a note of it!

It was only a figure of speech of the little woman to describe herself as "a lone widow." Not she indeed! She had a merry little daughter to keep her company, and quite a mob of acquaintances and cronies besides. And whenever she wanted especial advice, she could consult her old friend Farmer Heraghty, whose clear head was always at her service in that way. But, to be sure, she lost him after a while, for as times were bad in the old country, Daniel Heraghty thought that even at his age he would have a better chance of getting on in America. The little widow missed him, to be sure, but in one way was his departure rather an advantage, since it completely silenced the busy tongues that had sometimes hinted at the likelihood of the little widow becoming Mrs. Heraghty. No! The Widow Walsh a widow would remain; she had made up her mind on that.

It was no secret that the thrifty little woman had laid by a pretty penny as a fortune for her daughter Nelly, who, in course of time, would also succeed to the proprietorship of the inn, and the good farm a mile beyond the town. Little Miss Nelly had plenty of lovers, but the suitor favored by the mother was Anthony Murphy, a wealthy young farmer, well made and tolorably good-looking. As far as the mother was concerned, Anthony could not complain of want of encouragement, but as it was the daughter he wished to marry, his course of love was not as smooth as he could have desired. But Anthony Murphy was not one to give up in a hurry; not he indeed.

Now, I dare say you want to know what kind of a girl this Miss Nelly was. Well, like her mother, she was quite a morsel of woman-kind, but unlike her mother, she had a round fresh face; rosy dimpled cheeks; abundance of soft, silky hair; and the merriest and brightest pair of blue eyes ever you saw. Once upon a time Miss Nelly had been known to cry with vexation because some wag had dubbed her "the widow's mite;" and it used to cause her dire mortification to be obliged to clamber on a chair to reach up to a corner cupboard in the parlor, or the shelves in the bar; or to have to mount a footstool when she wanted a peep into the round mirror between the windows of the best sitting-room. *Now*, such straits were only suggestive of blushes, smiles, and dimples, pleasing to behold. And this simply because *somebody*, who owned a pair of big brown eyes, an open, honest face, and a true manly heart, had some time since stooped down ever so low, so as to whisper softly in Miss Nelly's ear, how she, with her warm little heart, and her bright smiles, and her trim little figure, just realized his life-dream of a sweet, household fairy that could shed sunshine and happiness over any man's home. And this somebody said something more that I am not going to tell you, for that would not be fair.

Unfortunately this dear somebody's course of true love threatened to be rugged indeed. There was slender hope of the thrifty widow ever bestowing her mite on *him*, poor fellow. No struggling mechanic for her; she preferred, as a future son-in-law, the wealthy young farmer, Anthony Murphy.

One fine Saturday morning, as Nelly Walsh was tripping off to the chapel, her mother called after her to hasten back, as she had to go out. Nelly was home before you could have thought it possible, and then, her mother putting on her cloak, drew the hood over her head, slipped a little bag containing her money into her bosom, and took the market-basket on her arm. She paused on the threshold and looked back at Nelly.

"Be a good, steady girl while I am away," said she; "and God bless you, Nelly, agra!"

And with that, off went the Widow Walsh — and the Widow Walsh never came back!

Dinner-hour came round; evening

fell and darkened into night; the last customers departed — but the Widow Walsh came not. The nine o'clock bell rung, and no Widow Walsh appeared. Terrified out of her wits, poor Nelly sent to beg of a neighbor to come to her, and to him told her alarm. The neighbor looked grave, the servants crowded up, terrified and whispering their dismay. Half-past ten o'clock struck, and no Widow Walsh. By this time the alarm had spread in the neighborhood, people came flocking in, and poor Nelly, almost at her wits' end, besought of them to go and look for her mother, and could hardly be restrained from setting off herself on a like errand. The report ran from house to house, the whole town shared in the excitement. And when next day passed — and the next —and the next — and no Widow Walsh returned, the hubbub was tremendous, inquiries instituted, the police went prowling and seeking with their noses to the ground; advertisements were published, rewards offered. In vain, the Widow Walsh never came back.

Catty Mahoney, the beggarwoman, who sits to this day in a hollow of the chapel-yard, had spoken to the widow, and more token, had received the widow's charity when the widow was entering the chapel; and Catty Mahoney had spoken to the widow again when she had left the chapel, and given her the full value of her charity in prayers. Catty Mahoney had seen the widow draw her hood about her face, walk quickly down the street, and mingle with the crowd. This was about one o'clock — three quarters of an hour after she had left home — and this was the last seen or known of the Widow Walsh, by neighbors or keen-scented police, or Catty, or any one else.

The little widow had taken with her, besides some loose change, twenty pounds in gold, the half-year's rent due to the landlord. But she had not been to the landlord's house all that day. This being the case, the general belief was, that the poor creature had been enticed somewhere and murdered, for the sake of the money she had about her. It was the only way people had of explaining the mystery, but this explanation was a misty one. There were things no one could understand. How such a crime could have been committed in broad daylight — how a woman so well known amongst the farming classes, who thronged the town on market-day, could have gone anywhere without having been seen or recognized by a single person, how any one could have known of the money about her, why she had not gone direct from the chapel to the landlord's house close by — these were mysteries that none could fathom.

Amongst the lower orders there were some — not many, however, who hinted that the poor little widow had been spirited away by the good people! Had she not, in defiance of all tradition, spite of all opposition, caused to be levelled the green rath that stood upon her farm? She had been duly warned of the evil consequences of such an outrage; and now, might it not happen that the "good people" had avenged themselves by carrying off the offender bodily?

Can this be our blithesome, bright-eyed, ruddy-cheeked little Nelly Walsh? Oh, dear, oh, dear! What a change is here. She does not seem so plump as before the widow disappeared; the rosy cheeks are paler; the blue eyes are dimmed with tears; just now, too, the little hands are tightly clenched, as she sits here alone, in fast deepening twilight; she sways her body to and fro, and moans and wails, as Irishwomen of her class will do under the pressure of calamity.

It is a chill October evening, and the wintry wind shrieks and mutters among the trees in the Deanery garden opposite. Torrents of rain fall sullenly on the low roof, and dashing fierce gusts against the window-panes. But within no effect is made to counteract the gloomy influence of the

night. No pleasant fire sparkles in the grate, no candle dispels the gathering shadows. Ghastly and dark, they creep about, and crouch in corners, and glide behind curtains, and crawl steadily over the white walls. The air is heavy and damp; and sad, unearthly whispers seems to echo the girl's half-stifled utterance of anguish.

Ah, poor child! she has had enough to trouble her during the twelve months that have elapsed since her mother's mysterious disappearance. First, there was a wearisome illness, during which everything in the house had been in the hands of servants, and honest and attached though they truly were, the old inn had not prospered under them. When the young mistress was at last able to go about she found many things neglected, half her customers gone, the rest dropping away. She did her best to remedy this, but the loss of the thrifty little widow was daily and hourly felt, and things did not mend much.

And now had come the climax of her troubles. The kind landlord hearing that, contrary to all expectations, not a penny had been found of the hoard attributed to the saving of the little widow, had generously remitted to the desolate girl not only the half-year's rent due, but that of the half-year to come. Poor Nelly wept bitterly when she heard of the sudden death of her kind friend, and sore cause had she for tears, as she soon found to her cost. The heir-at-law, who lived in Dublin, had appointed as his agent in Ballydoyle a low-class attorney, and the first communication Nelly received from him was a notice to pay up at once the year's rent she was in arrear, and to be prepared to pay henceforward a higher rent for her house and farm. Nelly, greatly alarmed, told the agent of the late landlord's kindness about the rent, but as she had no proof of this beyond her own word, she only got jibed at by the new agent. As to the increase of rent, however, Nelly told him that her mother, two years ago, had obtained a renewal of her lease — or rather, a written promise of renewal at any time it might be claimed. The agent shook his head — *he* knew nothing of this; he had no proof of such a document; but, of course, if in existence it could be produced. Nelly at once began to search for it where she was sure it must be — amongst some other papers in her mother's trunk, up stairs. But no such document was to be found. High and low, up and down, in every nook and corner, did Nelly search in vain. The paper had vanished as completely as the widow herself, and poor Nelly was forced to conclude that her mother must have taken it with her on the morning of her disappearance. But the agent was sure — or pretended to be so — that no such document ever existed; and now, to end all, poor Nelly was to be sent adrift houseless.

And where, then, were Nelly's suitors? No, not faithless to her in her misfortunes, I am happy to say. Anthony Murphy she had long ago dismissed, kindly, but firmly, and so as to convince him, sorely against his will, that she could never be his. And where was somebody else now? Ah! wretched little Nelly! — not an hour since, had she sent him from her in sorrow and in anger. Over and over again, since her troubles commenced, had he besought of her to become his wife, to let him work for her, and to care for her, and shield her, as best he might, from the world's rough trials. But Nelly was too proud to consent to this. What! *she* be a burden on the man she loved? — no — she would rather work as a servant all her life than be a drag on him! She would die rather than consent to that — *she* to keep him down in the world, indeed! And so obstinate, so proud, so immutable was she, that at length her lover deeply pained and offended, had left her to herself. Oh, miserable little Nelly! No wonder she should moan and sob and rock herself, and wring her hands despair-

ingly. To think of her having so grieved and angered him who was more to her than life itself! Oh, my! — oh, my! What must Tom think of her? Dear Tom, so true, so faithful, so tender of her, so good, so unselfish!

It was dark night, and through the pelting rain, and the thick gloom, came a stalwart man, and knocked at the closed door of the Eagle inn. Strange to say, too, that though it rained as if sky and ground were meeting, and blew so that this stalwart man had to buffet his way along, not even a top coat had he to protect him from the weather. The collar of his jacket was pulled up over his ears, and held by his teeth, and his cap was drawn down on his face, but the jacket was thin, and its wearer wet through by the time he reached the door of the inn and knocked. But without a moment's delay the door was opened to admit him, and as speedily re-fastened behind him.

Before he had time to open his lips, the door was opened; and, yes, positively there was a joyous exclamation. Yes, there was Miss Nelly laughing and crying all in one breath, and there was he, staring down at her, utterly bewildered, and small blame to him I'm sure!

"Why, Nelly!" was all that he could say, as he looked down at that puzzling little person.

"Oh, my! oh, my!" cried Nelly; "I'm so happy! Oh, Tom, I'm so happy, happy, happy! Oh! ——" becoming suddenly aware of Tom's deplorable condition she cried remorsefully, "Goodness gracious me, Tom! I ought to ask your pardon for sending for you on such a night! You're almost drowned, my poor boy! Why on earth didn't you put on your overcoat coming out? Here now, take off this wet jacket as fast as you can — never mind me, you know, Tom — and come in and warm yourself." Here, having by a sudden spring triumphantly succeeded in jerking off Tom's streaming cap, she laughed gleefully, and by the way of expecting the removal of the wet garment, expended her remaining breath in a series of tugs at the cuffs and tail. Tom looked at her, too much amazed to laugh or smile, and dreamily divesting himself of his jacket, suffered her to seize his hands, pull him into the best parlor, and tyrannically push him into a big, cushioned chair beside the blazing, crackling fire. This done, she viewed him with great satisfaction, clapped her hands, and laughed.

"Am I asleep?" asked Tom, with a troubled look at the beaming face before him.

"Not a bit of it, Tom. But, oh! how good of you to come at once. I was half afraid you might refuse. Why didn't you put on your coat, though, you silly boy?"

"Because I was in such a hurry that I never thought of it," said Tom. "I was afraid — afraid of some fresh trouble when you sent for me, so I just ran out as I was."

"My poor boy — that is so like you — never to think of your own comfort where others are concerned." She stood right before him now, and laid her hand softly on his head. "Ah! I know you so well, Tom! But now, say you have forgiven me out and out, before I tell you why I sent for you in such a hurry. Dear Tom," she whispered, "I would not pain you for the world."

Tom's eyes sparkled, and he looked earnestly into her smiling face. That he found there nothing very disheartening may be supposed, for without further hesitation he boldly repeated a question that had already more than once been answered in the negative. This time the reply was very different, being of a nature most satisfactory to the questioner.

"Then," said Tom exultingly, "the sooner I get you into my charge the better, Nelly, my little darling. Hallo! what the deuce is that?"

Well might he exclaim, for from under her apron Miss Nelly had suddenly produced before his astonished

eyes, the missing document of such importance!

So this was the meaning of Miss Nelly's sudden change of demeanor, of her strange joyousness — of her relenting towards himself. Tom's face fell a little — he would rather have taken her poor, and dependent solely on him — for Tom, be it known, was proud as his lady-love, every whit. Nelly saw what was passing in his mind, so she cleverly made a diversion in his thoughts by reminding him that he had yet to hear *how* she had found the mysterious paper.

"And remember, Tom," she added gravely, "that is to be a secret between us two. I ought not to keep anything secret from you, though, so I sent for you to tell you the whole story — one that seems like a dream to me still."

"It's all like a dream to me!" murmured Tom, looking fondly at his promised wife — so far from him, he had thought, a little while ago.

It *was* a strange story, surely, and many were Tom's ejaculations of amazement as he listened. About an hour since a travelling man — a stranger — had come to the house saying he had a message for her. At a hotel in New York, about three months since, he had fallen into conversation with the landlady, a countrywoman of his own, a little, thin, low-sized, sallow, blue-eyed woman — rather good-looking, on the whole. Having ascertained from him that he was about to return home, and would pass through Ballydoyle on his way, she begged of him to go to little Nelly Walsh of the White Eagle Inn, and tell her that if she should at any time want the written promise of a lease, given by the landlord to her mother, about two years ago, she was to lift up the third plank in the left-hand corner of the room where her poor father died, and she would find it. The stranger being anxious to get home to his wife and family in Clonmel, had refused to stay for the night; wet as it was he had hurried off after delivering his message. But from his minute description of the host and hostess of the New York Hotel, both Tom and Nelly were fully convinced that the little hostess was no other than the wonderful Widow Walsh herself, transformed into the wife of the farmer, Daniel Heraghty.

But I have something else to tell you.

One fine evening, when all the fuss of the wedding was over, Nelly came up slyly to Tom's chair, and said, "Tom I want to tell you something."

"Well, little wife, out with it — is it a secret?"

"No longer a secret, Tom. I found *this* with the paper under the plank — only you see, Tom, I did not want to tell you until I was sure of you."

A little green bag containing two hundred golden sovereigns.

Ha, ha, Tom! I think Nelly was very wise in withholding her treasure awhile — otherwise, there's no knowing what a proud fellow like you might have done. But now he must just pocket his pride with his sovereigns.

You see the Widow Walsh was not so bad after all.

Home Education.

THE following rules are worthy of being placed in a conspicuous place in every household: — From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say. Never promise them anything, unless you are quite sure you can give what you say. If you tell a child to do something show him how to do it, and see that it is done. If children give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait till they are calm; then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct. Never allow tale-bearing. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence.

Short Articles of Interest.

Labor and Capital.

Not for three hundred years has society been so restless as at present. The changes in the political world and disintegration among non-Catholics are marked characteristics. Conservatism is giving place to revolution. This restlessness is occasioned in many instances by a false conception of human equality. All men are not equal. Neither in mind nor in body are men equal, nor with the same chances will any two men accomplish the same result. It is true that technically before the law, it is assumed that all men are equal, yet in reality it is a well-known fact that men are not equal before the law. Wealth gives men standing before the law that poverty has not. It is untrue to say that men who have less physical or mental powers are equals of those who have more, or that men's labor whether mental or physical, is to be equally rewarded. It is a manifest solecism to assert that idleness and incapacity are to be rewarded equally with labor and talent. Men unquestionably have a right to band together and agree to sell their labor at any fair price within the limits of Christian justice, and so long as men act freely and concede to others the same freedom they claim for themselves there is no sin in labor banding together for self-protection. But when men attempt to force others to work for a price, or by violence inflict injury the Church will lend all its efforts to crush out all such conduct. If men are free to band together and agree not to work for less than a given price, so others are equally free to work for less or more as they please. All men have a right to sell their labor at such a price as they deem fair and no man or union has a right to force another to join the union, or to work for the prices fixed upon by the union. Here is where labor unions are liable to fail, and in which they cannot be sustained. If one class of men are free to band together, and agree not to sell their labor under a given price, so are others equally free not to join such unions, and also equally free to sell their labor at such a price as they may determine. Catholics cannot be partners in any attempt to coerce others against their just rights, nor can they by overt or secret acts of violence do injury to the person or property of others. What one man claims for himself he must concede to another.

On the other hand, capital must be liberal toward labor and share justly and generously its profits being mindful of the command not to muzzle the ox that trampeth out the corn, nor to defraud the laborer of his wages. Capital has no more right to undue reward than has labor, nor should capital be unduly protected at the expense of labor. Capital and labor should work hand in hand and proportionately share the wealth they have mutually produced. They are dependent on each other and should labor for each other's interest, capital recognizing the rights of labor and labor in turn recognizing the rights of capital. The Catholic church is at war with all Nihilistic, Communistic, and Socialistic societies, whose aims are revolution against legitimate government. All societies that resort to such means as to use dynamite to destroy and demolish legitimate government are forbidden to Catholics — these and all others of like character, let their names be what they may.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, Cleveland, O.

Advice to a Young Man.

A young man wishes advice on the matter of "attending a commercial college and learning a business." He

is ambitious to be "something more than a mere plodder." He sends us an advertisement of a "commercial course fitting young men for positions in banks, counting houses, railroad offices and positions of trust and confidence." We advise our young friend to take a look around at the prospects of getting "positions of trust and confidence" in banks, counting houses, etc., before investing his money. There are hundreds of young men attending the numerous commercial colleges with which all our western towns and cities are supplied, with the expectation of walking into agreeable positions when they complete their courses.

The result is that there are hundreds of young men out of employment and with no visible means of support. Having advanced somewhat beyond the common school curriculum they consider that they are fitted for something more than "mere" manual labor. They want "clean work"—occupations wherein they have not got to put on overalls or wear faded garments, but at which they can dress well and appear "genteel." So great is the competition in such avocations that an advertisement for a "collector" or for an "assistant book-keeper" or for a "bill clerk" brings dozens of applications.

"Many business men in this city (says the Chicago *Times* in a recent issue) decline to advertise for persons to do any kind of clerical work, for the reason that they fear that they will be deluged with applicants."

The consequence of such competition is extremely low wages, considering the "genteel way of living" in which the aspiring clerk must drift. The position he may get is a dependent one at best. There are no solid prospects ahead and our average clerk, book-keeper or salesman, especially if he be unmarried, is not accumulating money. It is otherwise, perhaps, if he is of a sober turn of mind and has a family to support. The race of clerks in our large cities, however, are not disposed to "settle down" in this manner. A student of statistics in Chicago has ascertained that the majority of the marriages are among thrifty young mechanics, artisans, and small tradesmen, and the genius bachelor is noticeably redundant among the "genteel" clerical employments.

There has been a tendency and an education towards this state of affairs which has never been rightly corrected. The public schools are too much prevaded by a feeling of aversion for manual employments. The boys destine themselves for positions in offices and counting rooms, and are ambitious to learn no other dexterity than that of the pen and the cipher. No taste for skilled labor is inculcated. The trade of the carpenter is never eagerly imitated; no youthful predilection for the mechanical arts is encouraged, but the ideal man is the doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief. If we had more industrial education and less free high schooling and clap-trap academizing it might be otherwise.

Meanwhile we advise our young friend to avoid superficial commercial courses and to put in a few years in making himself a perfect master of some good handicraft. He will then have a pair of hands that will form his stock in trade in almost any locality. If he is industrious and 'sticks to his last' he will soon be in a position to advertise for a clerk and perhaps employ a graduate of the full course in some commercial college for the purpose of collecting his bills.

The Catholic Citizen.

What is the Use of Snakes?

C. C. Hopey, in his very interesting work on "Snakes," writes of their usefulness as follows:

"Persons who dislike snakes continually ask, 'What is the use of them?' That they are not without a use will, I hope, appear in the course of this work, were it necessary to preach that all things have their use.

But in one habit that offended Lord Bacon, namely, of 'going on the belly,' lies one of their greatest uses because that, together with their internal formation and external covering, enables them to penetrate where no larger carnivorous animal could venture, into dark and noisome morasses, bog jungles, swamps, amid the tangled vegetation of the tropics, where swarms of the lesser reptiles, on which so many of them feed, would otherwise outbalance the harmony of nature, die, and produce pestilence.

"Wondrously and exquisitely constructed for their habitat, they are able to exist where the higher animals could not; and while they help to clear those inaccessable places of the lesser vermin, they themselves supply food for a number of the smaller mammalia, which, with many carnivorous birds, devour vast numbers of young snakes. The hedgehog, weasel, ichneumon, rat, peccary, badger, hog, goat, and an immense number of birds keep snakes within due limits, while the latter perform their part among the grain-devouring and herbivorous lesser creatures. Thus beautifully is the balance of nature maintained."

What Doctors Do.

About once in twenty years the doctors relabel all the old complaints and give them new names. Thirty odd years ago "pneumonia" was "lung fever," and "sciatica," plain "rheumatiz." But complaints with these old-fashioned English names are bad for doctors. People get too well acquainted with them, and then they learn to cure themselves. When the doctors find them out they rechristen the whole lot. This is done by charging a gun full of Greek and Latin words and firing into the old complaints. Where a shot hits the name sticks. The sick are frightened when they are told that these words are the matter with them, and think something new and awful has got them.

When a doctor has tried to cure a sick person and can't, he tells him he's got "malaria." Nothing readily cures malaria in New York but dying.

Doctors usually disagree, and the more there are of them the more they disagree. No dozen of doctors ever yet agreed entirely upon a man's complaint — unless he was drowned or blew his brains out.

Every few years the doctors find out that something they used to do is entirely wrong and likely to kill more than cure. But they stick up just the same for whatever they are doing no.

Secret of Happiness.

Men and women will wed each other to be happy. And why not, if they marry wisely? The man should be a little bigger than his wife, and a little older, a little braver, a little stronger, a little wiser, and a little more in love with her than she is with him. The woman should always be a little younger, a little prettier, and a little more considerate than her husband.

He should bestow upon her all his worldly goods, and she should take good care of them. He may owe her every care and tenderness that affection can prompt; but pecuniary indebtedness to her will become a burden. Better live on a crust he earns than a fortune she has brought him. Neither must be jealous, nor give the other cause for jealousy. Neither must encourage sentimental friendships for the opposite sex. Perfect confidence in each other, and reticen e concerning their mutual affairs, even to members of their own families, is a first necessity. A wife should dress herself becomingly whenever she expects to meet her husband's eye. The man should not grow slovenly, even at home. Fault-finding, long arguments or scoldings, end the happiness that begins in kisses and love-making. Sisters and brothers may quarrel and "make up." Lovers are lovers no longer after such disturbances occur, and married people who are

not lovers are bound by red-hot chains. If a man admires his wife most in prints she is silly not to wear them. If she likes him best in black cloth he is a fool if he neglects to indulge in it. They should contrive to please each other, even if they please nobody else, for their mutual happiness can only be the result of their mutual love, and that love will never fail to exalt its object.

The King and the Poor.

THE Hofburg, the chief palace of the Austrian sovereigns, has been the scene of an ecclesiastical ceremony, or act of devotion, which is a curious relic of mediæval customs. In accordance with a usage observed from time immemorial on Maundy-Thursday the ceremony of "Washing the feet of the Poor" was this morning performed as usual by their Majesties at the imperial residence. In the Middle Ages the custom prevailed at many other Catholic Courts; but in the present day to find a parallel would be impossible, except at the Vatican and the palace of the King of Spain. The proceedings opened at nine o'clock, when twelve old men of whom the oldest is in his ninety-third year the youngest eighty-seven, and twelve old women, the oldest ninety-six and the youngest ninety, dressed, as usual in the old German costume, presented to them by the Emperor and Empress, entered the court chapel, in order to receive the sacrament, and were then brought into the Hall of Ceremonies at the Hofburg. On each side of the hall was a table with twelve covers, the one table for the old men and the other for the old women. They are all citizens of Vienna, and many among them showed by their behavior that they had taken part in the ceremony more than once. With the appearance of the clergyman at eleven A. M., the ceremony began. The Emperor, who was followed by all the Archduchesses and court ladies, served the old women at t[h]e respective tables. The *Corps Dip[lo]matique* was, as usual, in attendanc[e] but this year for reasons generall[y] known, the British, French and Turkish Ambassadors did not appear. All the ministers were present as well as Court Dignitaries and Privy Councillors, the Chamberlains, the Grand Masters, and the highest representatives of the army. The tables being removed, the Emperor and the Empress knelt down in front of each of the old people, took off a shoe and stocking from each, washed the foot with towels moistened from a golden ewer, held by a chamberlain. After the feet of the old people had been wiped the archdukes and archduchesses replaced the shoe and stocking, and their Majesties concluded the ceremony by hanging round the [n]eck of each of the old people a p[urse] with thirty silver florins. The old folks were then sent home in c[oaches] each with a well-filled box of [pro]visions and wine.

The Three Races.

MRS. BUTLER LEIGH, daughter of Fanny Kemble, whose literary abili[ty] she seems to inherit without her ab[o]litionist views, can give only a po[or] account of Protestant efforts amo[ng] the emancipated negroes in her *T[wo] Years on a Georgia Plantati[on] Since the War*. "I confess I a[m] utterly unable to understand them," she writes, "and what God's will is concerning them, unless He intended they should be slaves. Now that they are free, they are going steadily backwards, morally, intellectually, and physically. I see it on my own place, where, in spite of schools and ministers, and every inducement offered to improve their condition, they are going steadily downwards." She then relates a wonderful story of an English lady who for forty years worked among them, "together with her English clergyman," till at last

negroes broke out, "murdered overseer, tore down the church, t up as a goddess a negro woman, nd now are as entire heathens as if hey had never heard God's name mentioned, worshipping Obi, preaching every sort of heathen superstition, and a terror to the neighborhood." She winds up thus: "Our own clergyman at Darien told me he had been working among the negroes all his life to the best of his powers, but felt now that not one seed sown among them had borne any good fruit." In 1873 she took out from England a party of agricultural laborers, with the promise of wages three times higher than they had received at home, but they proved to be as helpless and unadaptable as troublesome children, requiring when ... be nursed like babies," and ... well were "troublesome and ntented, constantly drunk and ked their work so abominably as emoralize even the negroes."

striking contrast was afforded a gang of Irish laborers, who rtainly were a very different lot men and while the Englishmen re endless in their complaints, nts, and need of assistance, the shmen turned into a big barn at e upper end of the plantation, got old negro woman to cook for m, worked well and faithfully, re perfectly satisfied," and gave trouble. Mrs. Leigh does not ntion the religion of the Irishmen — we may guess that — but she records "one act to their honor, for which I shall ever be grateful." When she was once very ill on the plantation, and her white cook at the same time in danger of death, "the Irishmen hearing the nurse say one day that she did not know where she could get anything that I could eat, brought her down some game they had shot for themselves, and being told that I liked it, every Monday morning regularly for the rest of the winter sent me in either hares, snipe, or ducks by one of the servants. without even waiting to be thanked, the game they shot being what they themselves depended upon for helping out their scanty larder." At a time when much prejudice has been created against the Irish race by the actions and designs of a few misguided men, we are glad of an opportunity to give some prominence to one out of thousands of instances which show the spontaneous delicacy, nobility and generosity of the true Irish character.

England's Atrocities.

A RECENT issue of the Berlin *Germania*, one of the leading papers published in Germany, says: "The most frightful and deliberate murder of a whole nation recorded in history is the way in which England dealt with the Irish. For centuries all the means within the reach of the most boundless wantonness of selfishness were turned to account for the purpose of oppressing a nation, both in regard to its religious, its moral, its intellectual, and its material interests, and of bringing it to absolute ruin. The consequence is, that many millions of Irish who worked their way up in the United States, and every one of whom bears a burning hatred of England in his bosom, are ever ready to prepare difficulties for England, which they look upon as so many opportunities for themselves. And, as regards the people who have remained behind in Green Ireland, they have so little faith in England, and to them British rule and coercion are convertible terms, to such an extent, that even the Land Law devised by Mr. Gladstone leaves them cold and indifferent. Henceforth England shall forever keep that 'Irish thorn in her heel,' in all international complications that may be in store for her, and which are neither few nor small."

TRY cranberry for malaria.

The Blackbird.

I am come to my favorite acacia, if you please,
With a whistle, and a chuckle, and a rustle of my wings;
I am not in any hurry, but intend to sing at ease,
Of the flowers, and the weather, and a world of other things.
Whistle, merry birdie, whistle, while you whistle may:
I would not live in London town for a thousand pounds a day.

I am told that men keep birdies there, in a trap they call a cage,
And they stuff them up with dainties, to enable them to sing;
But the poor things have no spirit to attempt to earn their wage,
And they only gasp for the airy breeze, and only dream of spring.
Whistle, roving birdie, whistle; liberty alway
Gives a chance of getting out of anything we say.

Yet the robin, and the cuckoo, and the puny willow-wren,
And the lintie, and the lavrock, and the white-throat, and the thrush,
Grind a ditty, like a hurdy-gurdy, o'er and o'er again,
Going on about their families in a way to make you blush!
Whistle, like a fluter, I can whistle far away;
Other birds may sing a little, but they cannot play.

For their notes are very flat, and their variety is none,
And their manners are indelicate and vulgar, I'm afraid;
But for my part, I am ready to be shot at with a gun,
Before I say a syllable that ought to be unsaid.
Whistle, modest birdie, whistle to the winds at play;
Winds may try to toss me, but I have lighter wings than they.

Now I ought to be in mourning for my elder brother's nest,
Which was torn to pieces by a cat, a night or two ago;
But to have so many relatives gives loss of them a zest,
And their going off prevents their always coming to and fro.
Whistle, loving birdie, whistle, till your grief is gay;
'Tis a livelier thing to hop the twig, than to mope upon the spray.

Let me tell you, my own family is enough, and some to spare;
So many now in feather, and so many more in egg!
And their mouths are always open, of a size to make you stare,
And the moment I have filled them, up they come again and beg!
Whistle, father birdie, whistle household cares away;
Household cares would turn me soon from a black bird to a gray.

Lo, my eldest son is bird enough to pronounce a gallant chuck,
When he pounces on a dewy worm, and pegs him like a nail;
And my fashionable daughter is a dainty little duck,
Who has learned the art of strutting with her head upon her tail!
Whistle, happy birdie, whistle a domestic lay:
When a bird has done his duty, let his heart be gay.

Yet in spite of all my labors, and position of high trust,
There are people who are low enough to scout me as a thief!
That idea I repudiate, with infinite disgust,
And assure you, on my honor, that it is below belief.

Whistle, honest birdie, whistle scornfully — but stay,
Here comes the fellow that prowls about with a gun for me, all day?

He is wicked, but the Lord has not enabled him to shoot;
I can dodge him in and out, behind the twinkle of a leaf.
And if I may not wet my whistle with a bit of fruit,
His want of liberality proves him the biggest thief.
Whistle, clever birdie, whistle, to show him the way;
Has that fellow worked as I have, since the break of day?

Why, the lady said, this morning, when she watched me through the blind,
I was welcome to a peck at every strawberry they've got;
He may net them, but I know a trick worth fifty of that kind —
Oh, his finger's on the trigger, and he wants to try a shot!
Silly birdie, cease your whistle, ere it end in wailing —
Golden beak, and eyes of jet, and sweet throat unavailing!

Chuck, chuck, chuckle, chuck! fly away to the shrubbery;
Soon I'll come, with better luck, and have another strawberry.

R. D. BLACKMORE, *in Merry England.*

Working People in England and Scotland.

ONE of the leaders of the Tory party has just declared that the housing of the people — of the poor — is the question of the day, the task to which Parliament must address itself in earnest. Mr. Bright takes a like view. In his recent address at Glasgow, with a touch of his ancient eloquence and reforming zeal, he said:

"What I want to know is about the people, about the millions—about the dwellers in the cottages and in the houses which consist of only one room."

That is what we all want to know about. In answer to the question of the housing of the people, Mr. Bright quoted official statements from the census of the kingdom of Scotland, and what applies to Scotland applies in a higher degree to England and Ireland, for, as Mr. Bright observed, Scotland has been often held up even to ridicule on account of the thrift and economy of its children. And yet, in thrifty Scotland, how are the people housed? From the statement in the census it appears that

"In the city of Glasgow alone, forty-one families out of every hundred live in homes having only one room, and that thirty-seven per cent. beyond the forty-one dwell in homes of only two rooms; thus, seventy-eight per cent., or nearly four-fifths, dwell in homes of one or two rooms; and, further, that in Scotland nearly one-third of the whole people dwell in homes of only one room, and that more than two-thirds, or seventy per cent., of the whole people of Scotland dwell in homes with not more than two rooms."

What is true of Glasgow and Scotland, as to the housings of the working people and the poor, is still more true of London and of all the large cities and manufacturing towns of England. The mass of the people are worse housed now than they ever were. The national expenditure has increased during the last twenty years by more than twenty millions, and the bulk of the burden is borne by the working classes, for the artisan pays in taxes twelve per cent. of his income, whereas, the rich man only pays five per cent. The remission in taxation just made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer is a boom to the rich;

it brings the working-man no relief. He has still to pay tenpence to the Exchequer out of every shilling's-worth of tobacco, twopence out of every shilling's worth of beer, and, worst of all, sixpence out of every shilling's worth of tea.

If the working-classes of the United Kingdom bears so large a share in the burdens of the country, if its wealth and prosperity be due to their labor, it is but right and fair that the Government should take such effective steps as to enable the working-classes throughout the country to be properly and decently housed. The very same difficulty has arisen in Paris, and has led to disturbances and demands on the part of the French working-classes, who are more impatient and less tolerant of sufferings than we are at home. The French Government, alive to the danger of a wide-spread dissatisfaction, has guaranteed the building of artisans' dwellings, regulated the rents, and remitted the taxes on such houses.

Of the squalor and misery endured by families living in homes of one room, it is difficult to speak with patience. In the latter end of the nineteenth century, after 300 years of so-called Protestant enlightenment we find large masses of the people of England and Scotland — men, women, and grown-up children — living in one-roomed homes in a way as detrimental to health as it is to morality — a state of misery which was unheard of in the days of our Catholic forefathers. Speaking of this misery and poverty, Mr. Bright eloquently says:

"What does it mean, when all these families are living in homes of one room, to us who have several rooms and all the comforts of life? It means more than I can describe, and more than I will attempt to enter into; and, as need begets need, so poverty and misery beget poverty and misery. So, in all our great towns, and not a little in some of our small towns, there are misery and helplessness so much as I have described. In fact, looking at the past, to me it is a melancholy thing to look at. There is much of it which excites in me not astonishment only, but horror. The fact is, there passes before my eyes a vision of millions of families — not individuals, but families — fathers, mothers, and children, ghastly and sorrow-stricken, passing in a never-ending procession from their cradle to their grave."

London Universe.

Little Sisters of the Poor.

THE *London Review*, in an article published a few years ago, alluding to the establishment of a house in England by the Little Sisters of the Poor, said:

"We have to speak of an institution which, for originality, grandeur of design, and self-sacrificing Christian devotedness, will bear comparison with any of the far-famed charities of wealthy Protestant England. If every house of the order performed the same amount of good as the one we visited in Bristol, it would be difficult to speak too highly in praise of the institution of the Little Sisters. In the convent we find no fewer than forty patients, men and women, all aged and some lamentably infirm, in fact so decrepit as to be almost as helpless as new-born infants. Yet with unceasing patience and kindness are these poor creatures administered to by these ladies — and we use the word advisedly. In one room we found two poor women seated, who did not rise to receive the reverend gentlemen who so kindly accompanied us. We inquired of one the reason, and found that both were paralyzed. But simply tending and nursing the poor creatures under their care by no means comprises the whole duty of the Little Sisters of the Poor. They have also to provide them with food. To do this they periodically call at certain private houses for broken victuals, and this Lazarus food recooked, and well cooked, too, into the bargain, feeds both the patients and the Sisters conducting the establishment, proving admirably the truth of the proverb, that the poor might be fed from the waste of the rich. We were much gratified by hearing that the most liberal contributors are Protestants, many of whom, on becoming acquainted with the work of the Sisters, have given with great liberality."

The object of the Little Sisters of the Poor is to afford a home to aged people who are fit subjects for charity. No one is received as an inmate of their institutions but those who are over the age of sixty, and who are deprived of all means of support. In every city there are old people of this kind, helpless, forlorn, friendless, many of them tottering on the verge of the grave, worn out, useless to themselves and to the world. They are, however, our fellow-creatures appealing for our sympathy, and surely entitled to the boon of a crust of bread and a shred of covering while shrivering life remains in their aged bones.

Instead of leaving these poor, old forlorn persons to the cold charity of the world, or to the coarse, unsympathetic methods of a public poor-house, deprived of the religious consolations which serve to brighten and cheer the declining years of the aged, and compelled to conform to a cold routine administered by hired and often unfeeling deputies, the Little Sisters, on the contrary, offer them a home, which is indeed a home in the fullest sense of the word, where every comfort is given to them for the body and all spiritual consolation for the soul. They nurse them in sickness, they dress their wounds; they smooth their pillows with gentle hands; they cheer them with kindness and loving words; but even more than all this, they beg for them!

Have you not seen them, these Little Sisters, going about in couples from door to door, pleading and entreating for "a little aid for the aged poor?"

The fragments from your kitchen, old, worn-out and cast-off garments; a few grains of tea for the comfort of the old women, or a paper of tobacco to soothe a veteran smoker — the good Sisters provide even for this want, which in this instance, can hardly be termed a luxury — these and like petitions make up the customary simple appeal of the Little Sisters for alms to support their helpless charge. They receive with the same thankfulness the penny of the poor and the dollar of the rich. They go with the same alacrity to obtain the crusts saved for them by the humble housewife as for the plentiful "scraps" from the finest hotel or lordliest mansion.

Origin of the Order.

The Little Sisters of the Poor can lay no claim to great antiquity for their congregation. It was initiated in 1838, through the pious and charitable zeal of an obscure ecclesiastic in the little village of St. Servan, which lies near the seaport of St. Malo, in Brittany. The people on this coast earn their livelihood and spend their energies upon the sea, which serves to afford them a precarious means of subsistence, and often by its treacherous violence spreads dismay and sorrow in the homes of the poor fishermen who are forced to brave its dangerous waters.

The Abbé Le Palleur, the curé of the parish of St. Servan, moved by the constant appeals made to his charity by the poor people around him, who had been deprived of their natural protectors, from the frequently recurring cause alluded to, conceived the idea or plan of a systematic organization which would provide for these objects of charity. His plan was to make the poor support the poor. There was no question of appealing to the government for succor; and there existed no public asylums in the vicinity available for the needs.

Le Palleur sought out the suitable subjects to carry into effect his charitable design, and the first to respond to his pious appeals were two young girls of his flock engaged in the humble avocation of seamstresses — Marie Augustine and Marie Therese; and they readily entered into his views. They were to devote themselves to the care of the aged people of the

village and neighborhood, and maintain them by their own exertions: and they were to adopt a rule of religious life which the abbe laid down for their guidance. Out of the scanty means at their disposal the two Little Sisters proceeded to hire and fit up an attic as a refuge for their poor *proteges*, the first of whom was an old blind woman, upward of eighty years of age. Soon three other aged persons were added to their charge, and for these the only resource was the income from the needlework of the two Sisters and the alms which these obtained from the poor of the vicinity, where none but poor existed. Such was the humble beginning of this wonderful sisterhood. During ten months they continued to occupy the humble attic, and this period may be termed the probation of the afterward famous sisterhood. The community of Little Sisters had now increased to four, by the addition of Jeanne Jugan, a plain servant girl, who contributed, beside her exertions, six hundred francs, the hard-earned savings of her life, to the charitable work; and Fanchon Aubert, who possessed a small property and a large stock of linen, all of which went into the common fund. Through the means and credit of the last-named recruit the little community were enabled to occupy a much larger room, in which accommodations for twelve inmates were provided.

It now became necessary to enlarge and systemize the means and the methods of support; and no other resource was left but to beg regularly from door to door; and the rule was laid down for them by the founder that this means, and this alone, should be their rule and their reliance. No merely human motives or prompting could have served to animate the Little Sisters in this work, so repugnant to the natural instincts, and so offensive to modern feelings and sensibilities. A supernatural love for the poor and a burning zeal for the love of God were the inspiring motives, and these have served to blind the Little Sisters to this self-consecrated task, from that day to the present.

The French Academy was so struck with admiration for the noble and courageous devotion of Jeanne Jugan, who was foremost in this work of love and charity, that they awarded her the prize of virtue, which in conspicuous instances of the exhibition of this quality is bestowed on the heroine of charity by vote of the distinguished body of the academicians.

Although the number of the Sisters was still so limited, the objects of their bounty continued to increase, and in 1840 they rented an entire house for the accommodation of their aged pensioners, and finally in 1842 they boldly adventured to purchase a large establishment formerly occupied by a religious community.

It is true they had no means to pay for it. Le Palleur sold his gold watch and the silver furniture of his altar, besides other things; Jeanne Jugan had a little ready money, and Fanchon promptly contributed all that remained of her small property. All these combined sufficed to satisfy the first payment, and at the end of a year the house which had cost 22,000 francs was all paid for. It was in this house in St. Servan, that the formal organization of the community was effected, and the humble title of the "Little Sisters of the Poor" became henceforth publicly known as the name of a new order of religious women.

Although St. Servan was the first house, being founded in 1840, the mother house is that of Rennes, established in 1846, and the congregation of the Little Sisters was not regularly approved by the Holy See until 1854. The rule of life and the constitution is that of St. Augustine, modified for the peculiar life of the Sisters.

From St. Servan and Rennes the Little Sisters by the speedy accessions to their community were en-

abled to extend their labors into other and distant provinces of France, and they successively established houses of refuge in Tours, Lyons, Marseilles, and finally in Paris, which they entered in 1849. The following year houses were opened in Angers, Bordeaux, Nancy and Rouen.

American Generosity.

Wherever they have sought to establish houses in the United States, and they already have establishments in nearly all the principal cities, they have unvaryingly met with the most generous reception and encouragement. They everywhere find the American people liberal in their views and generous in their charities; indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that no people surpass those of the United States in the liberality of their benefactions to public and private charities, regardless of creed or nationality. Sometimes, indeed,—happily for the credit of human nature not often,—the Little Sisters meet with a rebuff or an insult; but the "soft answer which turneth away wrath," serves to rebuke, perhaps to shame, the offender.

Method of "The Little Sisters."

Everywhere the story is always the same. Beginning without resources other than their simple faith in Divine Providence and their patron St. Joseph they effect, by some agency which worldlings would call good fortune or good luck, the most surprising wonders. At their first comings to establish themselves in a new foundation they hire a house. Immediately, as if by magic, charitably disposed people proceed to supply it with all necessary furniture and household equipments. When the aged poor are brought in, the Little Sisters go forth daily, basket on arm, and beg from door to door the necessary means to supply their daily needs. By the aid of report, or from actual experience they are soon enabled to find out those in the community who are charitably disposed; they do not scruple to invade the hotels in search of scraps from the tables, and the wholesale meat markets, packing houses and the like are favorite places with the Sisters, and to the credit of the butchers and packers be it said that they rarely are sent away empty-handed from any of these establishments.

Within a few weeks after the Little Sisters have entered into possession of the refuge, the place is filled. When for any reasons a vacancy occurs, there are always applicants waiting to be admitted. The old people regard it as a great boon to be received into the institution, assured that their wants and physical comforts are thenceforth provided for. No distinction is made by the Little Sisters as to creed or nationality. In fact their rules strictly bind them to draw no lines in either particular, sufficient that the objects of their charity and hospitality shall be aged and poor.

Another peculiarity of their rule is that they are forbidden to receive or profit by any stated stipend or income.

A benevolent lady in Philadelphia, lately deceased, made a bequest in her will, assigning to the Little Sisters of the Poor a certain considerable property, together with the annual rental accruing therefrom. The gift of the property they could have accepted, but the condition of also receiving the rental from the same necessitated its rejection. The founders of the Little Sisters of the Poor, doubtless wisely, guarded against the possibility that the Sisters, by the possession of too great wealth, would in time ignore the rule which commands them to support the poor by their labor, and by begging alms from day to day to provide for their present needs.

The Sisters make the rounds among their benevolent patrons at stated times. Several of the principal hotels regularly contribute the "odds

and ends" of food left over from the tables, which, under the skilful manipulation and artistic *cuisine* of the Little Sisters (who are all or nearly all French) is recooked and served to their old pensioners, in a fashion that would make the hotel guests envy the favored ones who often fare sumptuously from the crumbs gathered from the hotel kitchens.

There is another rule which, incredible though it appears, is nevertheless a fact, and it is strictly adhered to, and that is, that in no case shall the Sisters sit down to a meal until the aged poor of the institution shall have been first served and provided for, and then the Sisters must be content to feed themselves upon the fragments that are left after meals. More than once has it happened that while the poor of the refuge had sufficient and even abundant fare, the Sisters would have scarcely enough to eat. Sure this, indeed, is charity of the most heroic type! Their implicit trust and confidence in the bounty and goodness of the God in whom they put their trust is equaled only by their simple and artless faith that all things will be given to them of which they have need, in His good time. W. J. O.

Informers.

THE appearance of Messrs. Carey, Farrell & Co. on the stand at Kilmainham and Green street, and the later advent of Mr. Lynch in London, have furnished a text to the leviathans and minnows of the New York press to argue the unfitness of Irishmen for conspiracy. The average credulous citizen, to whom the editorial pages of the *Herald* or the *Tribune* are as the Gospel, must have long since come to the conclusion that Ireland is the only country which produces that kind of animal, the informer, so completely have the metropolitan Britain-toadying scribes focussed his gaze on gloomy Irish pictures. It never appears to occur to the aforesaid scribes that truth might be served by pointing out that the connection between conspiracy and informers is not peculiar to any country; that it is as wide as the world and as old as civilization.

The American public learned by cable recently that one of the Nihilist prisoners at St. Petersburgh had turned informer on his fellows. A few weeks since, in a Vienna court of justice, as was pointed out in this journal at the time, Engel, a Socialist on trial, confessed all he knew of the conspiracy in which he had engaged, though his confession, unlike the revelations (whether true or false) of Carey, did not secure immunity for the informer, while it was disastrous to his quondam associates.

Till a comparatively late period Italy was the land which was at once suggested by the mere mention of political conspiracy. From the fall of Napoleon I. to the achievement of Italian unity it was honeycombed by secret societies to an extent which no other country ever was. Yet never did the informer ply his infamous trade more persistently than during the period of Austrian domination in the North and reactionary ascendency elsewhere. The Piedmontese insurrection of 1821 was betrayed before its outbreak, and the interminable series of trials which followed its suppression produced an abundant crop of approvers. The abortive Revolution of 1831 had a similar sequel when the supremacy of the native princes was re-established by Austrian intervention. The rising

planned by Mazzini in Genoa and Alessandria, in 1833, was betrayed before it could be carried out, by three soldiers and one civilian, all sworn members of "Young Italy," and when the Sardinian government resorted to systematic means of manufacturing traitors — their plan has been slavishly plagiarized in the Crimes Act — approvers turned up on all sides.

The Savoy expedition in the same year was betrayed by its commander-in-chief, General Ramorino, after he had embezzled thirty thousand of the forty thousand francs entrusted to him by the leader of the conspiracy. The first plans of the brothers Bandiéra, in 1844, were betrayed by informer Miciarelli, and their later plans — those that led them to martyrdom — were sold to the Neapolitan government by informer Boccheciampi. And what is true of Italy is true of Poland, and Hungary, and Greece, and every other country which has struggled by secret means against a tyranny possessing the power to terrify and the wealth to corrupt weak and mercenary souls. Every army in the field has its deserters; and every extensive conspiracy, contemplating desperate deeds, must reckon with traitors, and so dispose its organization and plans as to prevent them from being broken up or defeated by any treason within the bounds of possibility.

At those periods of English history when the succession to the throne was disputed by rival claimants, and plots were hatched by the partisans of dissatisfied nobles and factious ministers, the records bristle with informers. A multitude of instances might be cited, but two or three cases in point will be sufficient. In 1683, through zeal for the Protestant succession, and fear for the result of the King's suspected intrigues with France, a number of noblemen and gentlemen laid a plot for the murder of Charles the Second, and his brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, on their journey from London to Newmarket, at the Rye-house, which was situated between the two towns. The plot failing, a number of the conspirators were arrested. Scarcely were the prison doors closed when several cowardly traitors hastened to save themselves by divulging all they knew, and more than they knew, of what had passed in the deliberations of the party.

Again in March, 1696, a plot was elaborated by a number of Jacobite gentleman, among whom were Robert Charnock and Sir John Fenwick, to murder William the Third as he went hunting at Turnham Green, near London. The designs of the plotters were frustrated through a warning sent by the king by a gentleman named Pendergrass who had been asked, but had refused to join the conspiracy. His warning was backed up by the information of two of the conspirators, Fisher and De La Rue. In a short time nineteen men, all of good social standing, were arrested. Within twenty-four hours after the arrests had been effected, the majority of the nineteen had offered to become King's evidence on condition of being pardoned. Then again the cases of Crone and Viscount Preston, who, during the same reign, were sentenced to death for conspiracy against the life of the King, and who, after much wavering, saved themselves at the last moment by betraying their associates, are examples of what weak men will do to preserve life when confronted by the immediate terrors of death.

The worst that has transpired in the recent Dublin trials — the infamy of Carey and his fellows in iniquity — pales before the comrade-slaying selfishness of those men. For being in most cases men of education, family and position, they must have felt they were handing over names, hitherto honored, to eternal disgrace, and bequeathing a legacy of shame to their children. The Dublin informers, on the other hand, are men in humble circumstances, ignorant, un-

known, without strong family pride, or other sentiments, powerful enough to outweigh in their minds the rescue of their paltry necks from the hangman's noose.

In the matter of political informers no country is in a position to cast the first stone.

N. Y. Irish Nation.

A Golden Jubilee.

"The poor you have always with you."—JESUS CHRIST.

THE Golden Jubilee of the foundation of the world-famous Society of St. Vincent de Paul was celebrated throughout Christendom on the 6th of May. The Society was founded fifty years ago by Frederic Ozanam, a French layman, and was named by him in honor of that great apostle of Charity, St. Vincent de Paul, who died at St. Lazare, near Paris, in 1660, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. St. Vincent was the founder of the order of "Sisters of Charity" and "Lazarist Fathers." The day was observed throughout the Catholic world.

In Boston, the day was made remarkable by the presence of the Archbishop at St. James' Church. He said:

My dear brethren of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, — I have a right to call you my brethren certainly; and it is certainly to me a great pleasure to be here this evening at the celebration of your golden jubilee. When those few men in Paris commenced this great work they certainly could not look forward to such a day as this in half a century; and although we had the past before us, when we commenced this work in the parish of St. James, and although we had a right to hope that it would be increased, seeing how it had increased in other lands, yet certainly we could scarcely have foreseen this — that so many members would belong to this society in this city, and that in these twenty-two years it would have produced such fruits as it has produced. If we had been told at that time that we would come, within twenty-two years, to spend each year some $20,000 or $25,000 in this city alone for the poor, we certainly would have scarcely been able to believe it. And yet you see how God gives increase of the little we attempt to do for charity. Charity is the foundation of your Society, charity will continue it. Without it it must fall — God's charity, not simply almsgiving. You are not a bureau of benefactors; you are not a board of those who give money to the poor. That is not the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. You are to give charity to those who stand in need of it — doing good to them and to yourselves. This is the principle on which the Society was started and on which it must remain, if you wish to keep it the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. St. Vincent de Paul was not one who simply gave money to the poor. He was one who gave it to do good, temporal and spiritual, to them as well as to do good to himself. It is not the number of poor you assist, it is how you do it, and what good you do yourself. This is the principle. Remember then, to-day, at this golden jubilee, in looking with pride at the success of this Society throughout the world, that it is but right to choose members who recall these principles. Place them deep down in your hearts, and see that you follow the same principles as those who passed before you, so that you may hand this down to those who may come after you; so that after the next fifty years they will simply wish to compare themselves to us, and not say

that we had lost the tradition, and that they must go back beyond us to find the true traditions of St. Vincent de Paul. There are certain dangers attending on your Society. One is the danger of having too many poor to attend to, and of having too few members. If you have too many poor and too few members, your time is taken up with immaterial work, and you cannot carry out the real intention of the Society. You see how it works in the Conference. A member has only two or three, at the most, visits a week. This seems but little, but before they made these visits what did they give to the poor? And although those two visits in the week are but a trifle, yet it is a great deal, too, compared with what has been done. If you have too much to do you will do it carelessly. If you have too many to visit you will simply go and leave your gifts and return home. But the true visitor of St. Vincent de Paul goes in as a friend. He loves the poor. He gains the poor man's confidence by his charity, and then he seeks the end for which the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was established. There are those who seek to raise the poor so that they will leave poverty; this is well, but not all. All cannot be raised out of poverty, and when we cannot raise them out of poverty we are not to give them up — not to be led to think there is no use doing anything for them. Give in the spirit of charity and love. Remember the grace which God has for you in carrying out the rules of your Society. Do not forget that God is always watching you, and very often gives you special grace; and you know not what use that grace may be to you for eternal purposes.

The society was fortunate in securing the President of Boston College to eulogize the founder of the society. No priest could do it better. The following is but a brief outline of

Father O'Connor's Address.

Your Grace, Reverend Fathers, Brothers of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul: There is a great oak near the little village of Pouy, in the South of France, under whose cool calm shade, three hundred years ago, as he tended his flock, a little shepherd boy used to take shelter. His careful, kindly nature made his pastoral labor one of love, and, by it, grace was training him to be, later a good shepherd of men, as it had before transformed the fishermen of Galilee into fishers of men's immortal souls. The Shepherd of the oak was St. Vincent de Paul, the Apostle of Charity. But this is not to be *his* panegyric, the echo and shadow of whose glories are heard and seen in every word and act of mercy of zealous Lazarist missionary, and Sister of Charity in all the world where truth is to be taught or mercy shown. It is of a pilgrim visitor to that shrine of the oak of St. Vincent, and of his work and of your own, that we hold the festival to-night; for this is the Jubilee of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. Ozanam was their founder, fifty blessed, faithful years agone, and you are their privileged members. "I send you a leaf of the blessed oak of St. Vincent," Ozanam wrote to a cherished brother thirty years ago; "it will dry in the book where you put it, but charity will never grow dry in your heart." The Society of St. Vincent de Paul was born in a duel — in the vital conflict between nineteenth century irreligion and the enduring Church of Christ. Paris, long the capital of overweening science and the purest faith, of the wildest luxury and most Christian charity, was the battle-ground and birthplace. The scientists of fifty years ago boasted that they were formulating in their schools ideas and systems that would indeed reform the world, banish misery from it altogether, and do for humanity in a moment, what the little Society of St. Vincent could not accomplish in centuries. But, lo! only half a century is gone since the first Conference meeting in the Rue

Petit Bourbon, May, 1833, and while the vaunted systems, philosophical, theological, philanthropical, and the rest of the Sorbonne and the haughty schools have died of inanition, and been followed by others as flimsy and more perishable, Jouffroi, Ozanam's loudest challenger, voicing the general verdict of fact, converted, dying, exclaimed that all their systems and science were not worth one page of the Catholic Catechism. The last bulletin we have seen of Ozanam's little Society records for the triumph of charity and the lasting discomfiture of mere human striving without faith, a marvellous success. It tabulates the charitable works of tens of thousands of Ozanam's, quietly, humbly toiling for Christian Charity's sweet sake. The reports show that the brethren expend annually $1,600,000. Father O'Connor then traced the progress of the Society under the leadership of Lallier, Lamache, Letaillandier, Devaux, Clavé, and De la Noue. . . . Ozanam and his companions seemed to grasp, once for all, the sublimity of the idea of Christian Charity to the neighbor, that love of one's kind that sees in every man the image of the eternal God, making each, insomuch, the equal of the proudest and, therefore, always worthy of brotherly, considerate, gently-given aid, such as is directed in almost every rule of the Society's Manual, to be cheerfully yielded to the poor by the brothers of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. They did not thrust forward themselves or their work as self-assured, novelty-living enthusiasts of an hour, to show the Church of Christ, *how* to do something in the cause of Charity, to prove to the skeptic world that Christ was with her still. They knew from their intelligent, practical faith that She was at once the pillar and ground of truth, and that She is forever the depositary of all the graces and powers for good in the world with which the charity of the sacred human heart of Jesus and the divine love of His Godly nature endowed her for all time. They knew that, as sure there have been from the beginning saints and heroes to do Her work and God's for His beloved poor, so shall there be to the end; and if they would step into the breach the sins of the age had made in the Church's outworks of faith, religion and morals, they must first themselves be true Catholics to the heart's core.

The reverend preacher was listened to with the closest attention throughout his discourse, which lasted for more than an hour. He concluded by recalling the interview of Ozanam and two of his companions with the venerable Archbishop de Quélen, of Paris, whom they had called upon to consult in a matter of interest to the Church. His Grace blessed them and their project, and, clasping the heads of the three at once to his breast, he said: "I embrace all the Catholic youth of France in your persons." Brothers of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, the founder of your Society, in this Metropolitan See, in this very parish, while he was its pastor, now become, by the grace of God and the favor of the Apostolic See, the province's well-beloved Archbishop comes to embrace you all to-night in the great arms of Catholic charity and bless you all for the great work you *have* done. When his God and ours comes forth from His tabernacle home, to ratify this blessing and give His own benediction, all divine, oh! fervently pray Him to bless the greater, more useful, more thoroughly done work, you all have *yet* to do, as brothers of the Blessed Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

Wise Words.— We should lose not one moment in organizing, from one end of Great Britain to the other, an agitation in favor of allowing each religious denomination to share in the public school rate, as it now shares in the grant made from the public taxes.— *Rt. Rev. Bishop Hedley.*

Dynamite and other Explosives.

WHATEVER be the benefits we may owe to scientific discoveries and inventions during this century, there can be no question that the most terrible physical dangers which threaten society at the present day are likewise to be credited to the same source. First and foremost the appalling explosive substances which modern chemistry has evoked, like the genii of the Arabian Nights, are destructive demons, who refuse to be laid again. So much interest attaches, at present, to these dread agents, that we venture to borrow a few facts concerning them from the extremely interesting essay of the scientific correspondent of the *Journal de Bruxelles*. The common characteristic of all these explosives, is that of the instability of their elements — like a child's house of cards, the slightest shock is sufficient to upset the structure, with this difference, that the component gases fly asunder with the terrific energy of intense repulsion, producing violent explosions. Thus iodide of nitrogen requires but the touch of a feather to detonate; whilst others require a blow, or a spark of fire, or a drop of some liquid. The substance called "nitroglycerine" was discovered in 1848 by Sobrero. It is a yellowish oil, produced simply by the action of nitric acid upon glycerine. "Dynamite" is nothing else than a mixture of nitroglycerine with some inert body, and there is quite a variety of dynamites, according to the bodies with which the mixture is made. Thus Nobel's dynamite is a mixture with the fine sand called *kieselguhr*. Among other varieties are to be cited black dynamite, dynamite made with ammonia, gun-cotton, straw, bran, or gelatine, Cologne powder, Horsley powder, lithofractor, pantopollite, fulminatine, glyoxyline, dualine, &c. The manufacture of these substances is carried on to a very large extent for mining and other useful purposes. One firm alone produces over a million and three-quarter pounds per annum.

All these terrible inventions, however, are thrown into the shade by the latest invention of all — the dread "panclastite" — whose explosive power is said to be to dynamite what dynamite is to ordinary gunpowder, or something like $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. Strange to say, this new "resource of civilization" is the invention of an extremely peaceable citizen, M. Turpin, who some time ago received the well-known Montyon prize for the invention of certain harmless paints for coloring children's toys. He made the discovery of his new explosive as far back as the war of 1870, but kept his secret for more than ten years. It appears that there is quite a series of bodies which may be called "panclastites," or "all-breakers." They are formed quite simply by mixing nitrous acid with certain combustible bodies, such as petroleum, and no sooner is the union effected than the explosion takes place. The effect is terrific, far beyond that of any other explosive. Just at present the French Ministry of War is engaged in making experiments with this new instrument of destruction.

GREAT men who are not practical in their religion should not be held up as models for others. Their greatness is accidental, and the sphere of their influences, so far as their learning is concerned, is limited. They amass a fortune by using the gifts so generously given them by God, but they take all the glory to themselves and forget to thank Him to whom they are so much indebted. The scandal given by a so-called great man is productive of far greater injury than that given by a common mortal.

Lake Shore Visitor.

A New Seminary.

A FEW more months and another great educational institution will have been added to the many imposing ones already existing in Boston or its immediate vicinity. For a long period the authorities of the archdiocese of Boston have experienced the want of a local ecclesiastical seminary for the education of candidates for the priesthood, and a few years since, initiative measures were taken looking to the establishment of such an institution. Previous to this it has been the custom, owing to the absence of a diocesan seminary, to send candidates for the sacred ministry to seminaries in other dioceses, many going to the famous institution at Troy, N. Y., and others to the great schools at Baltimore, Montreal and elsewhere. Considerable inconvenience has, therefore, been experienced owing to the students from this diocese being so widely scattered, and it is for this, among other reasons, that it was decided to establish the seminary now in process of erection on Lake street, Brighton district. Before going into detail regarding this particular institution, it may be well to say a few words regarding Catholic American ecclesiastical seminaries in general.

The first Catholic seminary in the United States was established at Baltimore in 1791, by Rev. Francis Charles Nagot of the Society of St. Sulpice, one of the most energetic orders in the church. This institution still exists, and is known as the "Seminary of St. Sulpice." In 1806 the collegiate department, under the title of St. Mary's College, was raised to the rank of a university by the Maryland Legislature; and in 1822 the Holy See conferred upon the seminary the rank of a Catholic university, with power to grant degrees in theology and the sciences. Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Emmittsburgh, Md., is next in point of time, having been founded by Rev. Father Dubois in 1809. Here have been educated some of the greatest prelates of the American church, among them being His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, the late Archbishop Hughes, and many others. In 1811, the learned Father David (afterwards bishop) founded St. Joseph's Seminary, at Bardstown, Ky. In 1818 the first seminary of The Priests of the Mission was established in Perry county, Mo. "It became," writes the Catholic historian, Richard H. Clarke, LL.D., "the alma mater of many of the best educated youth of the Southwest, and the fruitful mother of priests and bishops." In 1831 the Sulpicians established St. Charles' College, one of the best-known seminaries, near Ellicott City, Md. The corner-stone of this institution was laid by the venerable Charles Carroll of Carrollton, when in his ninety-fourth year. Among the alumni of St. Charles' are Bishops Kain, Gibbons, O'Reilly and Gross. In 1838 Rt. Rev. Francis P. Kendrick, bishop of Philadelphia, established the seminary of St. Charles Borrommeo at Overbrook, about five miles from Philadelphia; the buildings of this institution are pronounced by competent judges to be among the finest educational structures in this country. The next seminary established was St. Vincent's, Cape Girardeau, Mo.; it was founded in 1840, and is still in a flourishing condition. A majority of the old clergy of New York were educated at the seminary at Fordham, an institution which has numbered among its professors many scholarly men, who oftentimes taught theology from their own manuscripts. Among these was the lamented Father Maldonado, S. J.,

ex-rector of the university of Salamanca. Another important seminary is Mount St. Mary's of the West, Cincinnati, which was established in 1848 by Archbishop Purcell; the rector is Very Rev. Francis J. Pabisch, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L., a graduate of several of the great Roman Schools. In 1848 was also established, by Bishop O'Connor, St. Michael's Seminary, Pittsburgh, Pa. Four years after the establishment of the institution last mentioned, the Seminary of St. Francis de Sales was inaugurated near Milwaukee; while in the fall of 1856 the Seminary of "Our Lady of Angels," Niagara Falls, N. Y., was founded, and in 1863 it was empowered, by the Legislature of New York, to confer degrees. St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y., was founded by Archbishop Hughes in 1864, the grounds and structure having been purchased from the Methodists. About all the young priests of the dioceses in New York State have been educated at this institution. The rector is Very Rev. Henry Gabriels, S. T. L., a graduate of the University of Louvain. Altogether there are in the United States thirty-three Catholic theological seminaries, with an aggregate of 1,500 students attending.

With regard to the seminary now building for the archdiocese of Boston, it may be stated that a few years ago Archbishop Williams secured a tract of land in Newton, intending to erect the seminary in that city; and plans were drawn in accordance with this idea. Subsequently, however, a better site presented itself in the Stanwood estate, Ward 25, this city. This latter site was deemed, owing to its proximity to the city proper, more easy of access, and therefore more centrally located. The best way to reach the grounds is by taking the cars of the Union Railway Company marked "Oak Square, Brighton." The cars leave the visitor, after a pleasant ride, at the foot of Lake street, which is but a short distance from the seminary. The estate comprises about twenty acres, the land being high and dry and excellently adapted to the purpose for which it is to be devoted. A long winding avenue leads into the estate from Lake street, and is bordered on either side by well-kept rows of spruce and other trees and shrubs, which lend an additional charm to the premises. Trees of chestnut, oak, maple and elm are also found on the estate, and there is likewise a large orchard, consisting of apple and pear trees. Although work was commenced on the foundations some two years ago, the institution was not incorporated until the present month, the following being a copy of the act of incorporation.

Be it enacted, etc.,

Section 1. John J. Williams, William A. Blenkinsop, Thomas H. Shahan and John Flatley, their associates and successors are constituted a body corporate by the name of "The Boston Ecclesiastical Seminary," for the purpose of establishing and maintaining in or near the city of Boston an institution for the promotion of learning and piety and especially for the education of young men for the priesthood in the Roman Catholic Church. Said corporation shall have authority to confer the degrees conferred by educational institutions in divinity and philosophy, and may exercise the powers and shall be governed by the provisions and be subject to the liabilities prescribed in chapter 115 of the Public Statutes and all general laws which now are or hereafter may be in force relating to corporations for educational purposes.

Section 2. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

House of Representatives, March 30, 1883.
Passed to be enacted.
GEORGE A. MARDEN, *Speaker.*
In Senate, April 3, 1883.
Passed to be enacted.
GEORGE G. CROCKER, *President.*
April 7, 1883.
Approved. BENJ. F. BUTLER.

From the time work was begun on the institution, some two years ago, steady and uninterrupted progress has been made, and it is expected that the edifice will be ready for occupancy during the coming fall. When completed the building will be in the form of a hollow square and will have

accommodations for two hundred resident students. The present structure, however, forms but one-half of the square and is all that will be erected now, the intention being to erect the other half when circumstances require it. That portion of the edifice now approaching completion is probably the largest building for educational purposes to be found in this city or vicinity. It is built in the Norman style of architecture, and its huge gray walls, rising far above the tallest trees, together with its two square and two octagonal turrets, present a spectacle of solidity and grandeur rarely met with in this country. The building comprises four stories, and is constructed of pudding-stone quarried on the premises, which is similar to the Roxbury stone, and the trimmings are of brick and sandstone. All the outside work in the nature of conductors, gutters, etc., is of copper, including the facings of the dormer windows jutting out from the roof. The entire length of the building, including wings, is about four hundred and seventy feet, with an average width of fifty feet. The main entrance is on the northeast front, and is approached by a broad flight of granite steps, at the top of which is a finely-constructed stone porch, supported by granite buttresses. Entering the building, one first steps into a spacious vestibule, from which a corridor, twenty feet long, leads into the principal reception room, an apartment forty feet in length by thirty in width; on the left of this room are a number of smaller reception rooms or parlors, which are intended for the use of the students in receiving their friends. On this story are also situated the class rooms, the music hall, the "hall of exercises" and the chapel. This latter apartment is provided with a vestry, gallery, etc., and will seat about three hundred persons. Although constructed in the most substantial manner, it is intended only for present use, or until the other half of the great square is erected. A larger and finer chapel will then be built, and the present one will be devoted to other purposes. The first story also contains a large refectory for the students, and a smaller one for the professors. A grand corridor, fifteen feet wide and about four hundred feet in length, connects the different apartments on this floor, and there is also a similar corridor on each of the other floors, the combined length of the corridors being about sixteen hundred feet. These will also be used for the convenience of the students in unpleasant weather. In addition to the main entrance, which has already been described, there are six other entrances and exits on different parts of the ground floor. Leading into the second story are broad stairways, with numerous landings, and constructed in the most substantial manner. This second story, as well as those above it, will be occupied principally by students rooms and rooms for the professors. Each student will have a room to himself, and these rooms will be considerably larger than those in any similar institution in this country. Each of the rooms in question will contain one large window, and the principle articles of furniture which will be provided each student by the institution will comprise a bed, washstand, wardrobe, two chairs and a desk. Other articles in the way of furniture or other conveniences may be added by the student at his own expense. Each of the professors will have two rooms, and there will also be two for the superior and two for the archbishop when visiting the seminary. On this floor will be located the students' library, and also the principal library of the institution, and there will also be one or two small chapels. The third floor will, as has intimated, be devoted almost entirely to students' rooms; on the fourth floor will be located the hospital or infirmary of the institution, which will be in charge of an accomplished infirmarian. This department will be

provided with every known appliance and convenience that will tend to the comfort of sick students; there will be in this connection an apothecary's room, while a dumb-waiter, speaking-tube, etc., will communicate with the kitchen department. The infirmary, being located in a remote section of the building, will be practically isolated from the rest of the institution. The inside finish of the entire building, except the kitchen department, will be of ash, the floors being constructed of hard pine. Particular attention will be given to the sanitary arrangements.

All the piping used in the institution will be conducted up through the centre of each turret, thus affording, among other conveniences, ample room for repairs whenever such may be found necessary. It is intended to have the system of drainage as near perfection as possible, and, judging from the elevated site of the building, success in this respect will be secured. The servants' department, although in a portion of the main building, is separated from the seminary proper by a stone partition. There are, however, one or two entrances into the main edifice. This department, just mentioned, has its own main entrance, and contains a kitchen, with all the modern improvements, a dining-room, parlor, chapel, dormitories, &c. It is practically complete in itself, and the occupants will, ordinarily, have no occasion to go into the rest of the building. The entire building will be heated by steam and lighted with gas. All the principal rooms are to be furnished with the Eureka ventilator, which allows the admission of an abundance of fresh air without draught, and is the same as used in the Bijou Theatre and many other public buildings. The boiler-room, in the basement, is thoroughly fireproof, and will contain boilers of the most approved pattern.

In a few weeks workmen will be engaged in grading and beautifying the grounds around the seminary, and it is probable that a new avenue or driveway will be constructed from Lake street. In addition to what has been stated above, a large clock will be placed on the outside of the edifice, and there will also be a fine-toned bell for local purposes. The present building will cost about $150,000 and the other half of the square, when erected, will probably cost as much more.

Regarding the course of studies to be pursued in the seminary, nothing definite has yet been decided upon, but it will probably conform, in a great measure, to the course pursued at the "Grand Seminary," in Montreal, and at St. Mary's Seminary, in Baltimore. It is a well-known fact, that the American Catholic clergy are a splendidly educated body of men; nor is this surprising when is considered the high standard of intellectual acquirements required for admission to the regular theological course, and the long years of strict discipline, close application to study, and searching examinations which each student must undergo before being finally ordained to the priesthood. The course generally pursued in Catholic seminaries in this country lasts from four to six years. In some institutions preparatory, or preliminary courses, are established for those students who have not had the benefit of a college education, and this course must be gone through before the regular theological studies are entered upon. In other instances a diploma of graduation from some college or equivalent institution is required; but in every case a good knowledge of the Latin and Greek classics is essential before a student is allowed to begin his regular theological studies. The course pursued at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, which may be taken as an example, comprises philosophy, natural sciences, Holy Scripture, dogmatic and moral theology, canon law, church history, sacred eloquence and elocution, liturgy, ceremonies and Grego-

rian chant: there are also electives, as, for instance, Hebrew and French. The course of studies to be pursued at the new seminary may not differ materially from the above. Regarding the teaching force to be employed in the Boston seminary, it may be stated that at present it is understood to be the intention of the management to place the institution in charge of the Sulpicians.

Boston Sunday Globe.

One of the Catholic Colonies.

The Rev. J. M. Smythe, a bright and talented young Irish priest, has been in charge of the Catholic colony in Greeley County, Neb., since its organization. In July, 1876, Father Smythe was ordained a priest, and the following year he went to Greeley County, and there offered the first Mass that had ever been celebrated in that county. There were then only twelve Catholic families in the settlement, but since then the number has gradually increased, until now there are about 200 families attending his church.

"If a man has consumption," said Father Smythe, to a reporter, "he should at once move to Greeley County. It has the best climate in the world. The only people who die there are doctors and lawyers. The cause of the death of these professional gentlemen is in every instance starvation, for they cannot procure enough money to sustain life, because the people will not get sick or go to law with each other. The people are happy, prosperous, intelligent, and contented. The sod-houses are all disappearing, and in their places are being constructed substantial frame buildings. Last year we built two churches and a pastoral residence, at a cost of $7,000. Well, no, they would not compare favorably in architectural design and finish with the magnificent churches elsewhere, but they are very good for what was a few years ago a howling wilderness. The Catholics are mostly Irish, but we have some Germans, one or two English families, and a New Zealander. Perhaps the latter is the man to whom Macaulay referred when he wrote that a traveller from New Zealand would yet be seen on London Bridge sketching the ruins of St. Paul's. In 1876 not a team of horses could be found in the colony. All the work was done by oxen. We have progressed far enough to dispense with the slow but sometimes useful oxen. There are ten district schools in the colony, and they are well attended. The first settlers had not a very enjoyable time of it. They were generally poor, and had, after settling on a farm, to leave their families behind them and go to the mines to earn money with which to work the land. In the absence of their husbands the women had to work on the farms; and it was not an unusual thing for one woman with a team of horses and a plow to 'break' thirty or forty acres of land. Now all the settlers are in comfortable circumstances, and their future prospects are cheering. We have a good many Chicago people with us; and, incredible as it may seem," said Father Smythe with a laugh, "they are the most pious Catholics in the colony. Mr. Onahan has made us a present of an organ for our church. It is another evidence of his great interest in the colony, to the building up of which he has devoted so much time and energy."

The Late Convention.

ALTHOUGH a young man, Father Conaty, of Worcester, has advanced ideas on the Irish question. In an interview with a reporter of the *Worcester Sunday Times*, he states his views.

"The Irish-American National Convention, he said, was imposing in number and conservative in action. No larger nor more representative gathering of the Irish race was ever assembled on this continent. All classes of our people from the clergy to the mechanics, all shades of opinion from the most conservative to the most radical were represented. To any one who knew the wide divergence of opinion upon Irish national topics and the stubborness with which some advocate their special theories, harmony on anything seemed very doubtful and the outcome was dreaded. At times, during the sessions, when feeling ran high it appeared as if no earthly power could quiet the disorderly elements; but order came, things righted themselves and harmony resulted. Parnell's face appeared everywhere. It was his Convention; his wishes were sought for, his policy was adopted; all or nearly all wanted to strengthen his hands, to omit anything that could possibly compromise him or give comfort to the enemy; to unite, if possible, the whole race in support of the something tangible which the people in Ireland say they want. The English press ridiculed the Convention. Parnell's absence, many said, would kill it, extreme men would capture it, and the Irish would meet to wrangle and fight and disgrace themselves. The American press awoke to the news that 1,200 Irish-Americans, with all the sentiment and impulsiveness of the race, spent three days in convention, discussed practical theories, avoided buncombe, were captured by good common sense, and gave to the world a succinct story of England's misrule, and ended all with a declaration of rights which their papers united in approving, and established on the basis of the National League in Ireland and in union with it, public, open organization which appeals to all Irish-American Societies whatever their special aims, to add to them this one feature of union with Ireland in her present constitutional struggle."

"What was the feeling after the Convention?"

"The delegates were nearly all well satisfied with everything, all were pleased with the apparent harmony and the strong endorsement of Parnell's Constitutional Policy. The press of the country approved of the platform and the splendid hearing of the Convention. Business men interviewed expressed their pleasure with the work. The English press was not pleased and that was a sign to the friends of Ireland that the Convention did well. They had promised a Donnybrook and they found a better than a Dungannon. They may have thought they saw in the Philadelphia of 1883 a vision of the Philadelphia of 1775, and in the declaration of rights of the Irish-American Convention, the legitimate outgrowth of the great document of American Independence."

"How was it that the Convention did not denounce Rossa and dynamite?"

"This was discussed in conference before the Convention and the conclusion reached was, that it was not the action of anybody recognized by the people or the leaders of Ireland, and there was no more need of that Convention denouncing it than for a mass Republican Convention to disavow responsibility for the Star Route frauds, or a New York Republican

Convention to denounce Tewksbury because members of the Republican Party were concerned in both."

"What effect will the Convention have on the societies in our midst?"

"I presume an appeal will be issued by the President and officers very shortly, showing forth the aim and objects of the League and appealing to all Irish-American societies to enter it. No existing society is asked to change its laws or purposes, but simply to become a branch of this National Union for Ireland. Endorsement of the platform is required, and an assessment of at least one dollar for every member is levied annually. The Land League branches are expected to simply drop the word Land and become branches of the League. Already the Philadelphia Temperance Union has pledged its support through its able president, John H. Campbell and many others will follow."

"Then you feel well pleased with the work of the Convention?"

"I certainly do. We certainly have a good platform on which, I think, all can stand who have labored in the Land League; we have a very able board of government — young Irish-Americans of ability, even brilliancy and energy, and ambition enough to make whatever they touch successful. The grand organization of united Irish-America has been started; it remains with the newly elected officers to continue the work so well begun, and with the Irish societies of America to show how much practical sympathy they have for motherland."

A Saint for the Schools.

THE adherents of Catholic education, who are so bravely maintaining the cause of religious teaching everywhere, will learn with interest that a Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, just approved by his Holiness, establishes the validity of the Apostolic processes carried on in the dioceses of Paris, Rouen, and Orleans concerning miracles said to have been performed through the intercession of the Ven. John Baptiste de la Salle, Founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. This learned and zealous priest was born in Rheims in 1651, and died at Rouen on Good Friday, 1719. He gave up all social position, prospects, and his own large private fortune, which he distributed among the poor, in order to devote himself entirely to the work of the Christian education of the young, especially among the humbler classes. His heart bled at the sight of the immorality and irreligion even then so prevalent, and the only preventive of which he knew to be a sound religious training in early life. He gathered around him some kindred spirits and set to work. It would be impossible to trace here the progress of his Institute, its trials and successes. Suffice it to say that it was, in 1725, solemnly approved by a Bull of Benedict XIII., that it is now in the third century of its existence, that it counts some 12-000 members, and that there is scarcely a country in the world in which the spiritual sons of John Baptiste de la Salle are not to be found engaged in almost every department of educational work. Even here in England they have a college — St. Joseph's, Clapham — as well as several elementary schools in Liverpool.

It was in 1840 that he was declared Venerable by Gregory XVI.

Fresh troubles, and Rome's prudent tardiness in such matters, delayed the progress of the cause of beatification. The next necessary step was made in 1873, when the Sacred Congregation in public session, presided over by Pope Pius IX., decided that the Venerable Servant of God had practised the Theological and Moral Virtues in a heroic degree. The Decree recently published is another great advance, but all is not yet finished. The Apostolic processes must be fully and carefully examined *de novo* at Rome before the Sovereign Pontiff invites the whole Church publicly to invoke John Baptiste de la Salle, under the title of "The Blessed." It will be interesting to English and Irish Catholics to know that James II. confided to John Baptiste de la Salle, with whom he was personally acquainted, the education of some fifty young Irish noblemen whose families had loyally adhered to the cause of their fallen monarch.

The Wonder of the World.

SINCE the *Catholic Review* published, some eight or nine years since, the very beautiful essay on Louise Lateau, edited for it by Dr. Walsh, now President of Maynooth College, we have frequently called attention to that wonderful case, apparently the greatest of living miracles. No recent account of her singular life surpasses in interest that written in one of the French Catholic papers by the Abbé Gerre, of Sainte Claude, reprinted in the trust-worthy *L' Echo de Fourviere*. He saw her on the seven hundred and eighty-first Friday of her stigmatization, and had the inexpressible privilege of giving her Holy Communion. It is hardly to be wondered that he was unable to sleep the previous night. In the morning, M. Niels, the Cure of Bois d'Haine, warned him to be careful in administering the Holy Communion, "as it frequently happened that the Sacred Host escaped from the hands of the priest to precipitate itself into the mouth of the stigmatisee. I promised to watch well and to hold tightly the Sacred Host, to convince myself of the miracle." After describing the appearance of Louise Lateau, already familiar to our readers through Dr. Walsh's book, Abbé Gerre continues. "When I entered with the Holy Sacrament the saint was on her couch. After the usual prayers I took the Sacred Host in my fingers and turned towards the ecstatic, when, to the wonder of all the bystanders, it disappeared from my hands, to pass into the depth of the throat of Louise, as if it had hurried to rest in her heart. I was seized with a trembling which I could not control. M. le Cure calmed me, telling me that it was merely an ordinary phenomenon." After the Communion the well-known events of the ecstasy and stigmatization repeated themselves.

Tall M. P's.

Mr. Brewster, who lately took his seat in the House of Commons for Portarlington, is one of the tallest members of the House. His stature is 6 ft. 4½ in. He was introduced by Mr. Tottenham and Colonel King-Harman, who both measure 6 ft. 3 in. All three Irish members sit on the Conservative benches. The two tallest members in the House—Mr. Cotes and Mr. Whitbread, who are 6 ft. 5 in. each—sit on the Liberal side. As the three Irish members walked up the floor of the house they were loudly cheered.

Our Young Folks.

THE CUCKOO.

SOMETHING in the brightness of the sky reminds me that you, my young friends, will soon be listening out anxiously for the welcome note of the harbinger of Summer, the Cuckoo, and in order to quicken your interest in its ever welcome presence, I have gathered together for your amusement, a few of the popular fancies concerning this annual visitant.

On the 21st of April, it is said to make its first appearance; the following old rhyme gives the supposed duration of its stay:—

In April, the Cuckoo shows his bill;
In May, he is singing all day;
In June, he changes his tune;
In July, he prepares to fly;
In August, fly he must.

The Cuckoo occupies an important position in superstitious lore. It was believed that if you heard the Cuckoo first in the morning, and asked the question respectfully, it would repeat its note just as many times as you had years to live.

In connection with this superstition, the following story is told by a Latin writer, as far back as the thirteenth century.

During his morning walk, a young lay brother in a certain monastery heard the cuckoo repeat its call twenty-two times. He at once said to himself: "As I have twenty-two years to live, why should I spend all that time in the mortification of a monastery. I will go into the world, and enjoy its pleasures for twenty years, and then employ the two following, in preparation for death." He went back to the world, and lived joyously for two years, at the end of which he unexpectedly died, thus losing twenty years of the cuckoo's counting.

The Danes so fully cherished this superstition, that they defended the character of their Seer, by explaining that the bird is so busily occupied in answering questions of this sort, which often causes it to repeat its note fifty or sixty times in response to the inquiry of each person, "Cuckoo! cuckoo! when shall I be released from the cares of the world," that it has no time left to build its nest, and is therefore obliged to lay its eggs in that of the hedge-sparrow.

In the middle ages it was the Spring and not the Summer that the cuckoo was considered to represent. Shakespeare in "Love's Labor Lost," mentions Spring as being "maintained by the cuckoo."

In some places the belief is, that whatever direction your face is turned when the Cuckoo's note is first heard, in that direction your home will lie, when the bird comes the next season.

Until recently, it was the custom in certain places for the laborers to leave the field when the cuckoo was first heard, and spend the rest of the day in high carousal, drinking what they called cuckoo ale. In many parts, the peasantry considered it unlucky to be without money in your pocket when you first hear the Cuckoo.

As the people become more enlightened, these and similar superstitions are fast dying out, and it is right that they should, for such absurdities are unworthy the attention of those who are chosen to receive the teachings of the Church.

Still, some useful and salutary truths may be learned from those quaint and simple beliefs of the people, which generally spring from a good and wholesome source, and which were mostly cultivated for some domestic and definite purpose.

The importance attached to the advent of the Cuckoo, might remind us, that all things created by God, have their special use in nature, and their certain duties to perform.

Little birds not only give us pleasure by their sweet musical notes, but they help to preserve the fruits of the earth, by eating the insects which are so destructive, and they should all be treated, especially in this busy season, with as much respect and care, as we cherish that roving favorite, the Cuckoo.

FOUR LITTLE MISCHIEFS.

CHAPTER VII.

BUNKO DOES TWO NAUGHTY THINGS.

I THINK I told you that the little Hazels hoped Farmer Dale would give them all gardens of their own while they stayed at the farm; and so he did, for he was a very kind man.

He marked off a piece of ground about two yards square for each child, and the little garden lay below a high wall which was covered with unripe fruit.

The farmer dug up some roots of simple flowers that could not be hurt by transplanting, and put them down again in the children's beds; each child having a little spade and rake to keep their gardens in order.

All were satisfied but Bunko. He wanted to see his garden crowded with blooming flowers, the best that were to be seen about the place. He grumbled a good deal, and said he did not care about a garden unless it was as handsome as could be.

"Very well, my dear," said Nurse. "You can give up your bed again to Farmer Dale."

However, Bunko did not mean to do any such thing. Instead of that he did something very naughty, which I am going to tell you about.

He got up very early one morning and dressed himself without making any noise. Then he looked in Nurse Green's work-basket, where he found her large scissors, and he ran out to the garden with them in his hand.

It was a most lovely morning, the birds all singing, and the sun shining on the flowers all sprinkled with dew. Bunko marched round and round, and up and down all the garden paths, looking for the finest newly-blown roses, and the handsomest blossoms of all kinds. Wherever he saw a beautiful flower he cut it off almost by the head, and ran away and stuck it down in the mould of his garden bed.

Before breakfast time his garden was all blooming with the finest flowers, but not one of them could grow, of course.

"Come and see my garden," he said to the other children after breakfast "Such beautiful flowers have come up in the night!"

"Have they really!" cried Kitty, and Rosie clapped her hands. "Perhaps they have come up in mine too!" said she. But Rosie's was a very shaggy little garden, and her plants were not likely to take root, because she was always poking at them with her rake.

Bunko led them all off to the garden, and there was his bed completely covered with beautiful flowers.

"How strange!" said Kitty, "and they have such little short stalks too. Did you plant any seed last night, Bunko?"

"No," said Bunko, getting very red. He did not want to tell any fibs about the matter, but he was determined to give every one a surprise.

The children stood all round wondering at Bunko's treasures, when presently nurse Green was seen coming down the path. Then Bunko began to feel uneasy, for he knew that Nurse would find him out.

"Look, Nurse, look at Bunko's garden!" cried Rosie, running to meet Nurse.

"Well, you have a show of flowers, Bunko!" said Nurse, coming up to the spot. "But stay; why these are cut flowers — all cut off by their heads and stuck down in the earth."

"Oh, no, Nurse! Bunko says they grew up last night."

"I didn't quite say that," said Bunko, beginning to shift about from

one leg to the other. "I meant they all got here since last night."

"And my best work-scissors lying on the damp path!" exclaimed Nurse. "Well, you *are* a naughty boy, Bunko. When did you do all this mischief?"

"I don't think you need call it mischief," said Bunko. "The bed looks beautiful, I'm sure. I got up quite early this morning and did it when you were all asleep."

"And stole Mrs. Dale's flowers?"

"I did not steal them," said Bunko ready to cry. "I cut them off quite carefully and stuck them in the ground. They are getting on beautifully here, and there are plenty more upon the bushes still."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what Mr. Dale will say to you," said Nurse.

"Will he be angry?" said Bunko.

"I should think he would, to see you behave so after all his kindness. You had better go and tell him yourself," said Nurse. I know *I* should be ashamed to speak of your conduct."

"I would rather tell Mrs. Dale," said Bunko, after a few minutes' reflection.

"Then go, my dear, at once. She is in the kitchen making such a nice pudding, and all for the dinner of a naughty boy. I don't know how I can allow you to have any of it."

Bunko's face grew very long at hearing this, for he was exceedingly fond of nice things to eat. He turned away and walked down the garden path very slowly, and when he got as far as the outside of the kitchen window, he stood looking in and felt afraid to venture any further.

Mrs. Dale was busy making her pudding, and her hands were all covered with flour. Glancing up, she saw Bunko standing outside the window watching her, and looking very anxious and sorrowful.

She nodded and smiled at him kindly. "Do you want anything, my dear?" she said, but Bunko could not hear her through the window. Then she dusted the flour off her hands and flung the window open.

"Do you wish for anything, Bunko?"

"It isn't that, Mrs. Dale," said Bunko; "but I'm dreadfully afraid you'll be angry. Nurse says you will not give me any pudding when you hear it."

"Oh, come now!" said kind Mrs. Dale, "it must be something very bad, indeed, to deserve such a punishment as that!"

Mrs. Dale knew that Bunko was fond of cakes and puddings, and she was the sort of pleasant woman who likes to give people what they enjoy. She was quite sure before the little boy told his fault, that whatever it might be that she would not deprive him of his pudding.

Bunko, however, did not know this, and his heart was getting heavier and heavier. Nurse had thought the cutting of the flowers such a shocking piece of naughtiness; and Mrs. Dale's puddings were so extremely good, nicer, because newer to him than the sweets he was accustomed to at home. This one, he could see, was a strawberry-jam roll, with the ends left on, which Bunko thought the most delicious thing that could be made.

However, he thought he had better come out with his confession at once, and know his fate.

"I cut a lot of flowers in the garden," he said, "and stuck them down to make my bed look pretty."

"Well, that was rather naughty of you," said Mrs. Dale. "You know you ought to have asked me first."

"I was afraid you would not allow me," said Bunko. "If I thought you would I should have asked you."

Mrs. Dale laughed. "That is frank at all events," she said. "You were determined to have the flowers at any cost."

"Yes," said Bunko, "I wanted to boast over the girls. And they were so surprised at first; only Nurse came and told, they never would have found it out."

"Well, my dear, I'm glad you made your garden pretty for once," said Mrs. Dale, smiling again at Bunko's big, troubled eyes which were fixed on her face; "only you mustn't do it again, because we like our flowers to last on the bushes. You can bring the ones you have cut into the house, and we will put them in water in a jar."

"And —" began Bunko, still looking anxious.

"Well, my dear?"

"Do you think you can let me have my pudding?" asked Bunko.

"Bless your heart, yes!" laughed Mrs. Dale. "Run away and tell Nurse that she must not be too hard upon you!"

"Oh! thank you," cried Bunko, breaking into beaming smiles; and then he flew away as fast as he could, to tell his good news in the garden.

"She isn't a bit angry, and she will give me my pudding, and she says she is glad my garden looked pretty for once, and that Nurse is not to be too hard upon me!"

Nurse shook her head. "I am afraid Mrs. Dale is going to spoil you, my boy," she said. "You must try to be very good after being so easily forgiven."

"Oh! she didn't think it so dreadful at all," said Bunko, quite conceitedly. Having got out of his trouble he began to think he had done rather a clever thing. "Mrs. Dale says she wants these flowers when I have quite done with them, and is going to put them in water in a jar."

"I am afraid you are not a good boy yet," said Nurse; "however, I hope you will take care and not get into another scrape. Kitty, you may help Bunko to gather up the flowers for Mrs. Dale."

"No, I would rather gather them all myself," said Bunko. "Go away, Kitty, and mind your own affairs."

"Bunko did you not hear me speak?" said Nurse.

"I did not want to hear you," said Bunko. "Mrs. Dale is a far kinder woman than you are."

"Bunko put down those flowers, and go away by yourself till I have time to talk to you," said Nurse. And Bunko dropped the flowers out of his hands suddenly, all about the path, and walked off whistling, with his hands in his pockets.

Nurse and Kitty and Rosie then began to gather the cut flowers, taking them all up out of the earth, into which they were loosely stuck.

They were so busy picking out the flowers and shaking the mould off their stocks and putting them together, that they did not notice what little Ba was about. In the meantime she was hard at work, just behind them, tugging at a root of primulas in Poppie's bed, which she thought ought to come up as well as the others. They did not know what she was doing till they heard a fall and a cry, and there was Ba flat on her back on the path, with her little fat legs in the air, and the clump of uprooted primulus clasped in her hands!

The root had given way with her suddenly, and she had fallen, of course.

"Oh, Ba, Ba, what have you been doing?" said Nurse, picking her up.

"Me poof fows too!" winking off her tears and flourishing her root. She meant to say that she had been pulling up the flowers too.

"Ba is too small to poof the fows," said Nurse; and she gave the root to Kitty to plant again; and then they all went in to dinner.

Bunko had his pudding with the rest, and Nurse did not say anything to him about his rudeness to her. She expected that he would come to her at some quiet moment in the afternoon when the other children were not with her, and ask her pardon, as he had been used to do before. But the day passed over and Bunko did not show any signs of repentance.

The next morning Bunko wakened again very early, and he lay thinking of what fun he had had the day be-

fore, and how Mrs. Dale had not thought him very naughty. He had had his pudding, and even Nurse had not scolded him for his rudeness to her. It was very nice being here, he thought, where you could do what you liked and the people of the place did not think you naughty. It was only nurses who thought people so very naughty, and even Nurse Green did not say so much now that Mrs. Dale took his part.

Thinking over all this Bunko made up his mind that he would have a little more fun, and he got up and dressed himself, and went out to look around him.

Into the garden he went as before, and marched about; and he soon began to examine the fruit on the trees, and he felt quite sure that a great deal of it was ripe. Farmer Dale had said that the children were not to touch it till it was ripe; and that as soon as it should be so he would give them a fine feast of it.

Bunko looked at the gooseberries as they hung on the bushes, and noticed that a great many of them had turned red. They were certainly quite hard, but then why should they turn red unless they were ripe? Bunko picked first one, then another off the bushes, and put them into his mouth. They were not sweet, but they had a sharp, sour flavor which Bunko liked greatly. He stopped at one bush eating for about ten minutes, and then he filled his pockets with gooseberries and walked on.

Presently he noticed a branch of an apple-tree loaded with a great many apples, and some of these, though quite green, had streaks of red upon their sides. Bunko said to himself that they were as ripe as possible, and he eat about five or six of them, while he strolled about the garden paths.

When breakfast time came he was not very hungry. Nurse asked him if anything was the matter, but he said, "Oh, no, nothing at all." He looked very pale, however, and could hardly swallow a morsel of bread.

Breakfast was hardly over before Bunko began to twist himself about.

"What *is* the matter with you, Bunko?" said Nurse.

"I think my milk was too hot or too cold, or something," said Bunko.

"It was neither hot nor cold," said Nurse; "just warm — as nice as possible for a little boy's breakfast."

"Then there must have been knives baked up in the bread," said Bunko, for something is stabbing me awfully."

"*Stabbing* you!" said Nurse.

"Oh, oh, *oh!*" roared Bunko.

"What is the matter with the child?" exclaimed Nurse.

"Pains!" shouted Bunko. "Pains! pains! pains! Something is tearing me to pieces!"

He had now wriggled down from his chair and was rolling about. Nurse took him up in her arms, and as she did so she felt the hard gooseberries in his pocket like a lump against her arm.

"What have you got in your pocket, Bunko?"

"Gooseberries," roared Bunko. "They are quite ripe."

"Oh, my goodness!" said Nurse. "No wonder the child has got pains."

She carried him in her arms into Mrs. Dale's parlor.

"Mrs. Dale," she said, "here is a little boy well punished for stealing your gooseberries."

"I didn't steal!" shouted Bunko. "Farmer Dale said I might have some when they were ripe."

Nurse turned out his pocket, and a plateful of hard green gooseberries rolled from it.

"Oh, oh, *oh!*" bellowed Bunko.

"We must give him some hot ginger," said Mrs. Dale kindly, but she was really shocked at this second piece of naughtiness of Bunko's.

By this time Bunko was in such a dreadful state of pain that they had to undress him and put him in a hot bath, and then into bed. Nurse

dosed him with rhubarb, a thing he hated, but he had to swallow it. After an hour or two the pains began to get better, and he fell asleep.

When he wakened he found Nurse sitting at his bedside, and he set up and threw his arms round her neck.

"Oh, Nurse," he said, "I *am* so sorry. I see how bad I have been."

"Yes, dear, you have been naughty and ungrateful to Mr. and Mrs. Dale. But if you are really sorry we need not say much more about it. You have been punished quite enough by suffering so much pain. But I don't think you were sorry for your first naughtiness, Bunko?"

"No, I wasn't," said Bunko. "Mrs. Dale was so kind that I thought it was all right and I couldn't have really been so bad. And then I was rude to you."

"Yes, that pained me very much, dear. But I thought you would be sorry when you came to think of it."

"I suppose God sent me the pains to make me sorry," said Bunko. "And, indeed, I am sorry. I will try never to be so bad again."

So then Nurse and Bunko hugged and kissed, and the little boy was put into his clothes again, and went back to the other children looking quite weak and pale.

That evening he asked pardon of Mr. and Mrs. Dale, and promised not to disobey them any more.

To be Continued.

THE STOLEN CUSTARD.

SUGAR-TOOTHED Dick
For dainties was sick,
So he slyly stole into the kitchen,
Snatched a cup from the pantry
And darted out quick,
Unnoticed by mother or Gretchen.

Whispered he, "There's no cake,
For to-morrow they bake,
But this custard looks rich and delicious;
How they'll scold at the rats,
Or the mice or the cats;
For of me I don't think they're suspicious.

"They might have filled up
Such a mean little cup!
And for want of a spoon I must drink it;
But 'tis easy to pour—
Hark! who's that at the door?"
And the custard went down ere you'd think it.

With a shriek he sprang up;
To the floor dashed the cup;
Then he howled, tumbled, spluttered and blustered,
Till the terrible din
Brought the whole household in—
He had swallowed a cupful of mustard!

FILIAL AFFECTION.

No more charming figure can be conceived than the little Dauphin of France — the unfortunate son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette — bringing his daily offering of flowers from his own garden to his mother's bedside. Throughout the summer it was always a very important point with the child to be up in time to get a bunch of fresh flowers of his own cultivation, to lay upon the Queen's pillow, and he took a never-failing delight in concealing himself in the bed-curtains, to see the gratified smile with which her Majesty opened her eyes upon them. The sweetest and best of the flowers were always for his mother, and he would work with all his tiny strength to keep up a proper supply. His governor would frequently have to interfere with his efforts under a broiling sun, and would beg to be allowed to call the gardener to do the work. "It it too hard for your Royal Highness," he would urge. "No, no," the boy would plead; "please do let me; mamma likes flowers so much better when she knows I have tended them."

"JOHNNY," said the teacher, "a lie can be acted as well as told. Now, if your father were to put sand in his sugar and water in his milk and sell it, he would be acting a lie and doing very wrong." "That's what mother told him," said Johnny, impetuously, "and he said he didn't care."

Useful Knowledge.

THE TREATMENT FOR A COLD.—The *Monthly Magazine* (London) reports Dr. Graham as saying that it is not a correct practice, after a cold is caught, to make the room a person sits in much warmer than usual, to increase the quantity of bed clothes, wrap up in flannel, and drink a large quantity of hot tea, gruel, or other slops, because it will invariably increase the feverishness, and, in the majority of instances, prolong rather than lessen the duration of the cold. It is well-known that confining inoculated persons in warm rooms will make their smallpox more violent, by augmenting the general heat and fever; and it is for the same reason that a similar practice in the present complaint is attended with analagous results, a cold being in reality a slight fever. In some parts of England, among the lower order of the people, a large glass of cold spring water, taken on going to bed, is found to be a successful remedy, and in fact many medical practitioners recommend a reduced atmosphere and frequent draughts of cold fluid as the most efficacious remedy for recent cold, particularly when the patient's habit is full and plethoric. Dr. Graham further says: It is generally supposed that it is the exposure to a cold or wet atmosphere which produces the effect called cold, whereas it is returning to a warm temperature after exposure which is the real cause of the evil. When a person in the cold weather goes into the open air, every time he draws in his breath the cold air passes through his nostrils and windpipe into the lungs, and, consequently, diminishes the heat of these parts. As long as the person continues in the cold air he feels no bad effect from it; but as soon as he returns home, he approaches the fire to warm himself, and very often takes some warm and comfortable drink to keep out the cold, as it is said. The inevitable consequence is, that he will find he has taken cold. He feels a shivering which makes him draw nearer the fire, but all to no purpose; the more he tries to heat himself, the more he chills. All the mischief is here caused by the violent action of the heat. To avoid this, when you come out of a very cold atmosphere, you should not at first go into a room that has a fire in it, or if you cannot avoid that, you should keep for a considerable time at as great a distance as possible, and, above all, refrain from taking warm or strong liquors when you are cold. This rule is founded on the same principle as the treatment of any part of the body when frost-bitten. If it were brought to the fire it would soon mortify, whereas, if rubbed with snow, no bad consequences follow from it. Hence, if the following rule were strictly observed — when the whole body, or any part of it, is chilled, bring it to its natural feeling and warmth by degrees — the frequent colds we experience in winter would in a great measure be prevented.— *Scientific American.*

WHEN buying tin covers for kettles, be sure that they have rings of wire on the top instead of flat handles soldered on, as these will not last any perceptible length of time, and the cover must be thrown aside.

A BRUSH broom case that is useful, and ornamental also, is made by covering a paste-board cut in the form of a broom with silesia, and covering it with a crocheted cover; a ribbon handle to hang it by is a necessity.

A GOOD way to make tarts is to roll the dough thin; cut the bottoms of the tarts with a biscuit cutter; for the top, cut in the same way, only with something round, about the size of a pepper-box cover; cut out one piece. After they are baked, lay the jelly on the bottom piece, and then put the ring, made in the way mentioned, on it.

A LIGHT and very delicate pudding is made by beating six tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with six eggs, a half a teaspoonful of salt, a quart and a pint of sweet milk, sugar and flavoring to your taste. Heat the milk, and then stir the cornstarch, etc., gradually in. It is quickly made, and, if served with vanilla-flavored cream is delicious.

CHICKEN AND TURKEY LIVERS.— The livers of chickens and turkeys are nice fried with a few thin slices of bacon. Cut the liver and bacon very thin; season with pepper and salt. This is a good breakfast dish.

TO LIME EGGS.— To three gallons of water, add one pint of lime and one-half pint of salt; put this brine in an earthen crock and place it in the cellar. Put in the eggs; it is said they will keep a year.

No man can be considered a sound moral teacher unless he somehow impresses people with the truth that feeling good is of no value, except as a condition precedent to doing good — in other words, that righteousness of conduct, not pleasurability of emotion, is the true touchstone of moral character.

The Humorist.

A CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE.— Swift, in one of his pedestrian journeys from London towards Chester, is reported to have taken shelter from a summer tempest under a large oak on the road-side, at no great distance from Litchfield. Presently a man and a pregnant woman were driven by the like impulse to avail themselves of the same covert. The Dean, entering into conversation, found the parties were destined for Litchfield to be married. As the situation of the woman indicated no time should be lost, a proposition was made on his part to save them the rest of the journey by performing the ceremony on the spot. The offer was gladly accepted, and thanks being duly returned, the bridal pair, as the sky brightened, was about to return; but the bridegroom suddenly recollecting that a certificate was requisite to authenticate the marriage, requested one, which the Dean wrote in these words:

> Under an o k in stormy weather,
> I joined this rogue and wench together,
> And none but He who rules the thunder
> Can put this rogue and wench asunder.

A MAN has invented a chair that can be adjusted to eight hundred different positions. It is designed for a boy to sit in when he goes to church.

AN American gentleman once entered the shop of a German barber — this was not in Saxony — for a shave. The barber wrapped an old door-mat, or something of the kind, around our friend's neck, took up a piece of soap, spat on it, and started to lather the tourist's face. The latter protested: "Is it your custom to operate in this way?" he asked. "Oh, no, sir," said the barber; "I only do so with strangers." "Ah, indeed! Well, how do you lather your regular customers?" "I spit on their faces and then rub on the soap."

"AH, parson, I wish I could carry my gold with me," said a dying man to his pastor. "It might melt," was the consoling answer.

"WHAT plan," said one actor to another; "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the surly reply.

"MA, my stomach aches awfully," said an eighth ward boy to his mother yesterday morning. It was but a short time before the school hour. The little fellow made so much ado that his mother concluded to let him remain at home. Half an hour afterward the boy was merrily singing. "If your stomach aches so badly, I shouldn't think that you could sing," said his mother. The boy looked up astonished and replied: "The ache ain't in my mouth."

IF you want to cure a young woman of pestering you for presents, send her something inexpensive, superscribed to "Miss ——, on her 35th birthday."

MILTON was asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the different languages, to which he replied: "No, sir; one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

"I have no wealth," she said. "I can give you only my hand and heart." And then he thought, that if her heart was as big as her hand, she was indeed wealthy.

"POOR man!" said Mrs. Partington, "and so he's really gone at last! Ninety-eight, was he? Dear, dear, to think how if he'd lived two years more, he'd have been a centurion?"

AN old lady who has several unmarried daughters, feeds them on fish diet because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.

COUNTRY parson to a bereaved widow in Yorkshire: "I cannot tell how pained I was to hear that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but now we shall never meet again."

A MICHIGAN girl recently died of heart disease, brought on by an unexpected offer of marriage. Moral, young men: Do not propose too suddenly. There is no knowing what may happen. She may even accept.

VICTIM (to dentist),—"Good heavens! man, that is the second sound tooth you have pulled." Dentist (to victim),—"I beg your pardon, sir, but as you had only three when I commenced, I think I shall, make no mistake this time."

A LEWISTON young lady who went into a store to buy a pair of gloves for her young man couldn't remember what the size of his hand was. She knew, however, that he wore a 14½ collar, if the clerk could tell anything by that.

There were two soldiers in General Grant's army, lying below blankets looking up at the stars of a Virginia sky. Says Jack, "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom. "I had no wife, and I love war." "What made you go into the army, Jack?" "Well, I had a wife, and I love peace."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JULY, 1883.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE POPE AND IRELAND.—Providentially, it would seem, the reported Papal circular discouraging the Parnell Testimonial, unmasked the un-Catholic elements in the national agitation. Such a *furore* against the Pope; such bitter criticism upon his infallibility; and such thorough contempt for everything Roman, as appeared in many "Irish" journals would alone justify the Pope's suspicion, if not conviction, that there are many wolves in sheep's clothing among us.

Nothing is more disgusting to a man of honor than fawning hypocrisy. To pretend to love and honor "our noble priesthood," while secretly despising it; to speak enthusiastically of our Holy Father the Pope, and to take his adverse action or word as a signal for revolt; to talk of the "grand old church" and never to go to the sacraments, are among those cheap inventions by which a thoroughly un-Catholic journalist retains his paper's subscription. Once let our Holy Father speak disapprovingly, though paternally, and we soon see what sort of "children" such men are. Once let the priest forbid a society, of which he knows nothing, to gather in the church-basement, and "our noble priesthood" are denounced as tyrants and despots.

The alleged Papal Circular, was by the extremest test of antipapal criticism, only a letter of advice to the Irish Episcopate. It was in no sense an infallible utterance. It could not be tortured into a condemnation of the National League. It has no relevancy to this country; and, finally, its interpretation and application will not be determined until the close of the month of June, when the Irish Bishops meet at Maynooth.

Whoever has traced the intellectual life of Leo XIII., as manifested in his letters and Encyclicals, such, for example, as his letter to the Bishops of Spain, in December last, is aware that His Holiness has a profound fear of the spread of secret societies, by which he thinks modern Europe is honeycombed. Suppose that this, to speak pleasantly, not irreverently, is the Pope's "hobby"; for even Popes have a right to their "hobbies." Suppose he confounds the Dublin Invincibles, the Dynamitists and other Irish extremists, with the League; and suppose he is told that Mr. Parnell frequently visits Paris, to sit at the feet of such a revolutionary Gamaliel as Henri Rochefort. Who could blame the good man's alarm? His own country has practically lost the faith, through secret societies, which, by alienating men from the Sacraments, cut off the supplies of divine grace. Think of there being a paper published in Florence, called "Jesus Christ," simply to bring odious blasphemy upon the sacred name, by having it shouted through the streets by newsboys, as on sale for a penny!

Let our readers put this terror of secret societies, in the Pope's mind, with what any one, but a true Irishman, would infer from the revelations of the Phœnix Park trials, and the Papal Circular is explained.

His Holiness has been influenced neither by the English government, nor by English cardinals or noblemen. It is an insult to him as a man, to think that he would stoop to be the plaything or cat's-paw of any government. Meanwhile, the Irish bishops are the best judges of the document, and their acceptance, explanation, or recommendation of it must be awaited.

THE BOSTON HERALD AND THE JESUITS. — In a review of Griesinger's history of Jesuitism, the *Boston Herald* takes occasion to express its warm approval of one of those books which Catholics have become weary of refuting. Griesinger's charges against the Jesuits are declared to be "tremendous." There is not a crime under heaven, not a vice in the entire range of human conduct, not a piece of villany known to men, of which they are not accused. The *Herald* says that it is difficult, while reading it, not to be fired with the spirit of the author.

That's just it. Put a match to a barrel of shavings, and they are not difficult of ignation. We have dipped into Griesinger's book, and find it to be a collection of violent essays, special pleading, and a determination to prove the Jesuits devils, on metaphysical principles.

Now, the only way that common sense acknowledges, as fit to determine the character of a man or a society on trial, is the way of evidence. If you are accused of theft, for example, an essay on temptations to steal will not convict you. Your opponent might cite all the cases in the world of men who stole, when placed in precisely your circumstances, and amid your temptations, but court and jury would rule all such speculative reasoning straight out of court.

The Jesuits are celibates, therefore, they are impure; they educate youth, therefore they corrupt them; they have been the confessors of queens, therefore they were responsible for all the evils of government. Such is the pitiable spark of argument which fired the heart of the Boston reviewer. Such is the style in which Anti-Jesuitical books are written; and because thoughtless minds cannot clearly mark the boundaries of the real and the ideal, or discriminate a suspicion from a fact, books are believed, it at times strikes us, simply on the credit of their type and binding, print being in many minds, an infallible vehicle of truth.

As Daniel Webster said of New England, There she is and there will she remain forever; so we may say there is the past glorious and imperishable history of Loyola's wonderful society — a history which has been sifted to the bottom, and but little chaff found. Bring out your *facts*, if you have any: subject them to the laws of ordinary jury trials; and cease giving us fanciful essays about what a man might do, if he were placed in the important and delicate situations in which the Jesuit has too often found himself. Not what he *would* do, but what he *did*, is the question with which such German dreamers with bad liver complaints, as Griesinger, and his admiring Boston critic seem hopelessly unable to grapple.

THE NEW YORK TABLET claims to have a larger circulation than any other Catholic weekly published in the United States. Our two Boston contempories must look to their laurels.

EVER since the removal of the remains of the First Napoleon from St. Helena to the Hôtel des Invalides, it has been the invariable custom to solemnize Mass on May 5, the anniversary of his death, in the chapel beneath the dome under which his ashes repose. This year, however, a practice which has prevailed for near a half a century has been pretermitted, General Thibaudin, the minister of war, having forbidden the Abbé de Cassan, the venerable chaplain of the Invalides, to perform any service in commemoration of the death of the founder of the Napoleonic dynasty.

MAY is an unhappy month for Ireland. In May, 1798, Lord Edward Fitzgerald received his death-wound on being arrested; in May, 1820, the ever-glorious Grattan died in London, whither, against medical advice, he had gone to do battle for Catholic Emancipation; in May 1844, O'Connell was consigned to prison, and in May, 1847, he died. In May, 1882, the dark stain of the double murder in the Phœnix Park crimsoned the annals of Ireland, and in the present May three men died upon the gallows for that crime.

LONDON TRUTH says: Cardinal Manning is still in very delicate health. Suppressed gout is a treacherous malady, and in the Cardinal's case the anxiety of his friends is naturally increased by the fact that his eldest brother, the late Mr. Charles Manning, succumbed to this disease.

LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.—We give an article in this issue of our MAGAZINE in relation to these "Angels of Mercy." A French paper remarks,—"The France which gave the Little Sisters of the Poor to Christendom can never lose the Faith. To despair of her would be criminal indeed."

THE *Pilot* gives the following generous notice of the enlargement of our young contemporary, the *Republic:* "We congratulate the *Republic*, of Boston, on its appearance, its ability, its respectability, and its recent enlargement, which is a consequence of the qualities named. The *Republic* has a rich field to work in. We need a dozen more able Irish-American papers in New England. They will all succeed if well managed. They will not, if they are carelessly, ignorantly, or dishonestly managed. Every Irish-American family should take an Irish-American paper. Journalism cannot thrive on monopoly; it lives by contrast and competition. Bravo, *Republic!* Put in brains and conscience and work, and grow bigger and better every year."

A GENEROUS BENEFACTOR.—The corner stone of the new home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, now building on Main street and Wayland avenue, in the town of Pawtucket, R. I., was laid on May 9th, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Providence. The building will be a spacious brick edifice, costing about $120,000, and will be the magnificent gift of Mr. Joseph Banigan to the Little Sisters as a permanent home for the aged poor. This is putting wealth to a good purpose.

AN OLD CITY.—The 2637th birthday of the city of Rome was celebrated on the 21st of April.

The Circular: Miscalled Pontifical

Its true translation by the N. Y. *Freeman's Journal.*

Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of the Propaganda to each of the Irish Bishops.

Whatever judgement may be formed of Parnelly,* and his plans, it is clear that many in his train have, in multiplied instances, conducted themselves in a manner altogether in conflict with what the Sovereign Pontiff prescribed in his letter to the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, which was embraced in the instruction of this Sacred Congregation, that was unanimously accepted by the Irish bishops in their late meeting in Dublin.

For indeed in these rules it was set forth that it is of imprescriptible right (*fas est*) for the Irish people to seek relief from their distressed condition, and of imprescriptible right for them to strive for their independence (*suo jure contendere*). Yet forever that Divine precept must be guarded, that it behooves to "seek first the Kingdom of God, and His justice;" and that it is vile to maintain a cause, however just, by wicked means.

Moreover, it belongs to all the clergy, and especially to Bishops, to quiet excited impulses of the people at large, and by timely advices to recall them to what is just, and to needful forbearance in all matters, lest by a too hot party spirit (*vehementiori cupiditate*) they may be led to view efforts for public advantage (*emolumenta rerum*) with misguided judgments, or found a hope of public weal on the infamy of criminal acts. Hence follows that no one of the clergy can lawfully disregard these prescribed rules, nor be mixed up in, or aid and abet, movements altogether opposed to prudence and to the duty of soothing passions.

Assuredly it is not forbidden to gather money for relieving the situation of the Irish people. But, from the tenor of the aforesaid apostolic commands, such collections are entirely to be blamed as are flagrantly aimed at exasperating popular passions, so that men may readily avail to abuse these, in starting lawless and disorderly plots (*ad turbulenta consilia contra leges ineunda*). But most especially must the clergy abstain from these, when it appears evident that hatreds are thus engendered, clamors against distinguished men set on foot, and no condemnation uttered in any way of the crimes and assassinations with which infamous men have defiled themselves; and when it is ostentatiously claimed that the measure of a true

* It is at least probable that Card. Simeoni meant Parnell, and not Parnelly.

love of country can be gauged by money contributed or refused, so that men may seem to be urged on by a kind of fear and force. From these considerations it ought to be patent to Your Lordship that the collection of money called the Parnell Testimonial Fund can not be approved by this Sacred Congregation, nor hence can it in any manner be commended or promoted by ecclesiastics, and least of all by Bishops. Meantime I pray God long to preserve Your Lordship.

From the Palace of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda Fide, May 11, 1883.

(Signed), JOHN, Cardinal SIMEONI, *Prefect.*

DOMINIC, Archbishop of Tyre, *Secretary.*

A GRAND ADDRESS.—The *Western Watchman* thus alludes to the address of a gentleman well-known to our readers, one of whose productions appears in this issue of our MAGAZINE: "The address of Wm. J. Onahan, of Chicago, which we publish elsewhere, was a very admirable paper both from a literary and religious standpoint, and the vast audience that listened to it were charmed and edified. Mr. Onahan has been city collector of Chicago during many administrations, and is one of the most prominent men of the Garden City, both in religious and political circles." We will try and make room for this splendid address in our next issue.

A WELCOME HOME.—On his arrival home, after a few weeks of rest, Rev. W. A. Blenkinsop, of SS. Peter and Paul's, South Boston, received a most hearty welcome in the shape of a purse of $1,850 from the congregation at large, and the parochial school children presented their beloved pastor a magnificent floral piece, suspended from which was a dove, bearing in his beak an envelope containing $175, was then placed in Father Blenkinsop's hands. Fr. Blenkinsop cordially thanked his people and little ones for their tokens of gratitude and esteem. When Father Blenkinsop went to South Boston, SS. Peter and Paul's was the only church there, except the little church of St. Augustine; now there are three fine churches besides SS. Peter and Paul's, and the one in the cemetery.

DIOCESAN SEMINARY.—The new ecclesastical seminary for the Archdiocese of Boston, now in course of completion at Brighton, is ready for plastering, and will probably be ready for occupancy within a year. When completed, the theological students of the Archdiocese, who are now sent to the seminaries at Troy, Baltimore, Montreal, and also to the American College at Rome, will receive their theological education at home. The Sulpician Fathers will be the professors of the seminary.

THE crowning of the Emperor of Russia, on the 27th of May, passed of without disturbance of any kind.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE says: "The Pope has the best interests of Ireland at heart, and no one loves its people better."

THE GREAT BRIDGE, uniting the cities of New York and Brooklyn, was opened on the festival of Corpus Christi. The occasion was celebrated with unusual pomp and ceremony.

THE letter of Cardinal Semioni is addressed to the clergy only. It does not prohibit the people from helping the Parnell fund; it is merely the clergy who are instructed not to forward the movement.

THE PROVINCIAL SYNOD OF NEW YORK, summoned to meet in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on June 3d, has been postponed for the present, owing to the temporary indisposition of the Cardinal Metropolitan, who was to have presided at its deliberations.

THE condition of the Queen's health is at present causing considerable anxiety to her medical advisers and to the Royal family. It is quite true that the injury to the knee is getting all right in due course, but her Majesty has been suffering for several weeks past from frequent fits of deep depression, and these, naturally, exercise a very unfavorable influence on her general health.

Three things to pray for — Honor, Country and friends.

THE QUEEN.—Her Majesty takes daily drives in a small pony carriage, which goes at a foot pace, Princess Beatrice walking at the side. A complete apparatus has been arranged, both at Windsor and at Osborne, by which the Queen's chair is brought on a level with the carriage, and so close to it that one step suffices to make the change. While indoors, her Majesty is wheeled about in a chair.

DIAMONDS IN IRELAND.—At a late meeting of the Physical and Experimental Science, the Natural Science, and the Applied Science Sections, in the Theatre of the Royal Dublin Society House, Professor V. Ball made a communication "On the discovery of a diamond in Ireland." A letter from Sir Victor Brooke states, that in 1816, a stone about the size of a swan shot was found in the Colebrook river, which takes its rise in the mountains between Monaghan and Fermanagh, and was brought to his grandmother, the then Lady Brooke. It was taken to West, a Dublin jeweller, who pronounced it to be a true diamond, an opinion confirmed by Storr and Mortimer, and it had been set in Wicklow gold, and kept as an heirloom in the family. It seems the rocks adjacent to the spot are in age nearly identical with diamond-bearing rocks in India.

FOR FOREIGN LANDS. — There recently passed through the city of Dublin a band of holy missionaries, such as Ireland is constantly sending forth from her shores to the end of the earth. Six Sisters from St. Bridgid's Convent, Mountrath, started for Coonamble, diocese of Maitland, Australia. They are in religion Sisters M. J. Synan, Ignatius Fitzpatrick, Gertrude Banaman, Stanislaus Hayden, De Sales Maher, and Catherine Bergin. This order of nuns was founded in the beginning of the present century by the Most Rev. Dr. Delaney. Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, for the religious education of female children, rich and poor. They also take care of the parochial church, in which they read for the ignorant, teach catechism to the children, and conduct the choral services. During his late visit to Ireland, the Bishop of Maitland was struck by the useful character of the work performed by the sisterhood. Shortly after his return to Australia, he visited Coonamble, a town situated 400 miles inland from his episcopal residence, and was surprised at the material progress made since his previous visit, but grieved at the spiritual destitution of the rising generation. He wrote a short and earnest invitation to the Sisters of Mountrath. The only prospect he held out was hard work in a hot climate; but the good nuns nobly responded to his call. The six sisters of St. Brigid, who have left a happy home and a dearly loved country, depart with the benediction of the Holy Father, the blessing of the venerable bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, and the prayers and good wishes of the numerous pupils and friends of St. Brigid's Convent.

DRUNKENNESS AMONG SCHOOLMASTERS. — There can be no question that drunkenness is the bane of schoolmasters. A painful illustration comes to light in England. The headmaster of the large Board school in Wilmot Street, Bethnal Green — a certificated teacher of twenty years' meritorious service, enjoying from the school board an income of upwards of £350 per annum — has been found by Her Majesty's inspector in a state of inebriety; and the managers, after inquiry, report that he is sometimes in a very improper condition. Consequently he has been summarily suspended from attendance at the school, with the alternative of resignation or dismissal. For Protestant and Catholic teachers alike temperance is indeed a cardinal virtue!

PROFESSOR HUXLEY made but a short stay in New York; his arrival was the cause of a highly characteristic conversation between one of the city's amateur scientists and a matter-of-fact friend. The amateur was an enthusiastic admirer of Huxley, and he spoke so extravagantly about him that his friend finally became curious, and asked: — "Who is Huxley, anyway?" "Why, man, Huxley made the important discovery about protoplasm." "About what?" "Protoplasm. It expands the circle of human knowledge, and is valuable in bearing out the theory of evolution." "And Huxley knows all about the life principle, does he?" "Yes; all about it." "And the starting point of vital action?" "Exactly." "Well, see here now, can he take some of that protoplasm, and go and make a man, or a horse, or an elephant with it?" "Oh! no, he couldn't." "Can he take it and make anything at all of it — even a gnat or a fly?" "I guess not." "Well, then, he may just go to thunder with his protoplasm; I don't believe it's worth ten cents a pound, anyhow. 'Pears to me these scientific fellows put on a big lot of airs about very little. Protoplasm, eh! Shouldn't wonder if Huxley came over here to get up a company to work it. Did you say the mine is in England."

Three things to admire — Intellectual powers, dignity and gracefulness.

RUSSIA AND THE VATICAN. — It is officially announced that the Holy Father, on the occasion of the accord which has been recently established between the Holy See and the Russian Government upon many points of grave importance to the interests of the Church in the Empire, has been pleased to confer the Grand Cross of the order of Pius IX. upon M. de Giers, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Dimitri, Minister of the Interior, Baron Alexander de Jomini, and M. Dournovo; and the Collar of Knight Commander upon nine other high officials of the Russian Government. The Czar will also, it is said, confer distinctions on Cardinal Jacobini and the prelates who took part in the negotiations.

PEACH ORCHARD.— The peach farm of of Mr. Parnell, brother of the Irish agitator, six miles below West Point, Alabama, is the largest in the world. The orchard covers 700 acres and contains 125,000 peach and a number of other trees.

THE consecration of Bishop Richter, of the new diocese of Grand Rapids, Mich., on Sunday, 29th of April, by Bishop Elder, of Cincinnati, was an event of no common interest. It was the second time that such a rite was performed in the whole State of Michigan, in which State there are now three prosperous dioceses, although less than fifty years ago, the single diocese of Detroit included what now forms three States and seven dioceses. Unquestionably the American Church is making great material progress, and we believe, with all our draw-backs and failings, it is quite evident that spiritual growth must go hand in hand with such advances.— *Catholic Review.*

A SHIP STORY. — A curious story reaches us from Antwerp. It appears that the ship Three Brothers, Captain Matthyas, is the largest sailing ship in the world. She has been famous for her quick passages; on one occasion she made the voyage from San Francisco to Antwerp in only ninety days. Last October, however, she left California for Antwerp, and great was the alarm when one hundred and ten, one hundred and twenty, days passed without any news of her. The underwriters were in a panic: reinsurances were effected in London at the extraordinary premium of £75 per cent. At last on the 14 inst. she was sighted off Plymouth. The cause of her delay was an extraordinary one. At the moment of sailing from San Francisco, eighteen of her crew of thirty-nine men refused to work. They had been paid their wages in advance, and hoped that Captain Matthyas, being in a hurry to depart, would feel himself forced by their obstinacy to put them on shore and engage fresh hands. They had counted without their host. The gallant captain, although barely recovered from a broken leg, calmly declared that he should sail in any case at the fixed hour. With the aid of a tug the colossal vessel was got out into the open sea. The captain had all the upper portion of the canvas removed, as this demanded more hands than he had at his disposal. He sailed on very slowly, but without deviating an inch from his course. He left the rebellious sailors entirely free in their movements, and met all their attempts to provoke him to a quarrel with equal firmness and politeness. The rest of the crew worked with commendable zeal, and the voyage continued. Within five weeks seven of the rebels, amazed at their captain's firmness, had given in; but eleven remained obstinate to the end. When it became evident that the vessel would be more than a month overdue, Captain Matthyas put these eleven men on bread and water in order to preserve enough food for the working part of the crew. Eventually the *Three Brothers* arrived safely at Antwerp on the 20th inst, when the eleven recalcitrants, the majority of whom were Irishmen, were immediately placed under arrest. Messrs. John Best and Co., the ship brokers, are about to procure a handsome reward for the gallant captain.

THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK'S NEW CONVENT.— The Duchess of Norfolk is about to found a convent of Poor Clares at Arundel, of which order her Grace's first cousins, the Misses Kirwan, are novices. To the conventual institutions in Sussex may now be added the community of Carmelites at Chichester, where a number of valuable memorials of Madame Louise of France, daughter of Louis Quinze, are preserved. The Carthusian monks of Cowfold have now also completed their magnificent church, which will be consecrated on the 10th of May with great ceremony, in the presence of a large gathering of the Catholic aristocracy. The Premonstratensian monks at Storrington are also about to build a great monastery, aided by the Duke of Norfolk.

CUSTER COUNTY, Montana, is the largest county in the United States. Its area is 38,000 square miles. It is larger than the States of Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware and Rhode Island all combined.

THE Catholic Cemetery Association held a meeting at their office, Boston High-

lands, May 9, Mr. T. D. Mulray presiding. The following officers were elected for the next year: Ignatius Ennis, J. F. Dolan, F. J. Graham, J. F. Curley, Patrick Walsh and Michael Wood were elected directors. Mr. C. H. Dolan, secretary of the Association, reported the total number of interments at Mt. Calvery as 28,045; at Dorchester, 26,842, and at Mt. Benedict, 101. The Society is in excellent financial condition.

MET HIS DESERTS.—A violent ending of a murderer has taken place recently in Ireland, which seems to have been overlooked by the scribes of the press, in their eagerness to detail the legal taking-off of the victims of the "Bloody Assizes." It was that of the policeman, Kilbride, who eighteen months ago killed Ellen McDonough, with a stab of his bayonet, during the charge of the police on the people of Belmullet, county Mayo. After the affray in Belmullet, for which the authorities refused to prosecute him, although it was shown that he committed a cool and deliberate murder, he was changed to a station a few miles outside Westport; and while himself and three others were out boating there, on April 27th, the boat capsized. All the occupants were saved except this ruffian, who was thus suddenly called to render an account for the life of the innocent peasant girl he so basely slew.

ALL the newsdealers of Newburyport, Mass., have agreed to discontinue the sale of the Police Gazette and other papers of like character, at the request of influential citizens. Now let Boston newsdealers do the same thing.

VISCOUNT MIDDLETON, in a recent speech in the House of Lords, gave some striking facts concerning the position today of Irish landlords. One large landlord in the West has had his estates — the rents of which were very much as he found them — reduced forty per cent., and, as there are charges on the property, the landlord is now left penniless. The smaller gentry, he said, were for the most part ruined. Four years ago a school of which he had some knowledge, had sixty scholars. It now has seven, for the smaller gentry are quite unable to give their children an education.

CATHOLIC RIGHTS IN GERMANY.—A Catholic reaction is making itself felt in the upper classes in Germany, just as much as in those of England. Dr. Walcker, a professor in the University of Leipzig, has lately published a paper entitled "A Statistical Proof of the Growth of Catholicity among the Nobility of Germany." The author, himself a Protestant, shows that in the course of the present century as many as forty-four members of families possessing sovereign rank have become converts to Catholicity; three of these are princes, viz.: Prince Solms-Braunfels, Prince Isenburg-Birstein, and Prince Löwenstein-Wertheim; then there are eleven counts and twelve countesses. One of these was the Countess of Brandenburg, a daughter of King William II. of Prussia, and aunt to the present Emperor. As a set-off against these forty-four conversions, Protestantism can only claim nine proselytes from Catholicity, all of them persons of minor note.

ENGLAND goes in for making money out of the heathen. She makes them support her missionaries and she is obtaining a monopoly of the manufacture of their gods. Recently a thousand glass deities were shipped from Birmingham, where they cost only 37 cents, to Burmah, and sold for four dollars a piece.

SISTERS OF MERCY.—During the year 1882, the Sisters of Mercy, in St. Louis, among other good works, provided situations for 1,745 domestics; sheltered 5,000 persons in their night refuge; visited 250 sick poor; admitted 660 patients into their hospital; and compounded for outside patients 14,000 prescriptions at the Convent dispensary.

THE citizens of Milwaukee, irrespective of creed, held a meeting over which the Mayor presided, and appointed committees to solicit contributions toward enlarging the hospital in charge of the Sisters of St. Francis.

A BISHOP ELECTED TO THE FRENCH ACADEMY.—Mgr. Perraud, Bishop of Autun, has been received a member of the French Academy. This learned body, the first of the kind in the world, was founded by Cardinal Richelieu some two hundred years ago, and being limited to forty in number, its members are called the Immortals. All shades of opinions are represented in it, but at all times it has held it essential to have, at least, one distinguished member of the Catholic Hierarchy among its own members. Mgr. Dupanloup, the militant Bishop of Orleans; Father Lacordaire, the eminent Dominican; and Father Gratry, the most eloquent of preachers of modern France, they all belonged to the French Academy. The election of Mgr. Perraud last summer was a well-timed demonstration in favor of the Catholic Church and in opposition to the then, and *a fortiori*, to the present

Government of France. Mgr. Perraud succeeds Auguste Barbier, the distinguished poet, and very properly so, for Barbier was a staunch Catholic, as appears from the following words which the Prelate quoted in his inauguration speech, and which are the last that Barbier wrote: I was born in the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church, and I mean to die in this creed of my birth, upon which I look as the most perfect expression of Christianity, that is to say, of religious truth." The reception of a Catholic Bishop as member of the French Academy, at the very time when the Catholic faith is persecuted throughout the length and breadth of France, is looked at by its enemies with ill-contained anger, and it certainly is a signal moral defeat for them.

A HOME FOR WORKING BOYS. — The establishment of a home for the working boys of Boston is a provision made for a long-felt want. The project originated with Father Roche, of Winchester, and meets with the hearty approval of the Archbishop. A house of nineteen rooms has already been secured at 113 Eliot Street, which was opened June 2d. It is under the personal superintendence of Father Roche. A small sum will be charged for board and lodging, so that the boys may retain their feeling of independance. The balance necessary to meet expenses will come from private subscriptions.

AT a meeting of the Directors of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, May 10, Mr. John A. Duggan was unanimously elected Superintendent of the Home. Mr. Duggan is well suited to the place. He is a man of well-known integrity, and the directors could not have made a better selection.

FOREIGN LAGER.—Most of the so-called foreign lager sold in this country is said to be made here. The demand is of comparatively recent growth. A shrewd importer, noting the success which attended the importation of English ales for draught consumption, saw a chance for German beer. He imported a few barrels. They sold for three times the price per glass of native beer. He sent for a large cargo, and the importation become a regular thing. Large brewers control the bottling trade. When they found foreign beer competing with their own, they demanded the right to import foreign beer and supply it to the bottlers. The bottlers, in debt, and under contract to them, could not refuse this. Then the American manufacture of "foreign" lager beer began. This manufacture is one of the most closely guarded secrets of the brewing business. The compounding and coloring of the beer are in the hands of the proprietors and a few confidential employes.

THE *London Echo* explains the position in these remarkable words: "The Irish people have the game in their own hands unless we disfranchise them. If they are ready to vote steady, and subscribe a third of the money they gave O'Connell for fifteen years, they may be as free as Canada or Australia before the end of the century."

EMPRESS EUGENIE.—One of the handsomest Catholic temples which money can build will be raised by the Empress Eugenie at Farnborough, England, in memory of her beloved dead. Between £60,000 and £75,000 will, according to a contemporary, be devoted to this pious purpose; and as the site is now chosen and the ground marked out, little time will be lost in beginning the building operations. The church is to stand at the foot of a clump of firs fronting the park, on the other side of the railway which runs close to the grounds of Farnborough Hill (for so the Empress' new home is called), and the coffins of the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial will be transfered from Chiselhurst as soon as the new building is fit to receive them. This can hardly be under two years and a half, or even three years.

THE AFFIRMATION BILL, introduced in the British House of Commons by Mr. Gladstone, was refused a second reading by a vote of 292 to 289. Mr. Bradlaugh subsequently appeared at the Bar and offered to take the oath of office, but the House refused to allow him. The defeat of the government is significant.

PROTESTANT BISHOP AND A JESUIT FATHER. — The *London Tablet* remarks: "There has been a graceful interchange of civilities at Canterbury between the recently-appointed Anglican Archbishop of that See and the exiled French Jesuit Fathers at Hales Place. When Dr. Benson was at Canterbury for his "enthronement," some of the French Fathers waited on his Grace for the purpose of expressing their sense of the kindness they had experienced since their exile from the members of his communion and were received with great courtesy. And not long since his Grace of Canterbury, in addressing the students of the Protestant Missionary College of St. Augustine in Canterbury, spoke in terms of great respect of the students of the Propaganda at Rome, whose hard lives and rigid self-denial he

urged his hearers to imitate. The Society of Jesus has not had many opportunities of thanking the occupant of the Anglican Bishopric of Canterbury, and we gladly hail the pleasing fact just recorded, as evidence of the growth of a better state of feeling. Curiously enough Dr. Benson was at school at Birmingham with the Rev. Father Provincial of the Society in England, and their personal friendship, formed in boyhood, has ever since been maintained.

THE annual picnic for the benefit of the poor of the Cathedral parish will be held at Highland Lake Grove, on Thursday, July 12.

A BOSTON CHARITY. — The new St. Mary's Infant Asylum, in the Dorchester district was dedicated on Saturday, May 12, with appropriate services. Archbishop Williams was assisted by the Rev. Peter Ronan, the Rev. J. J. Chittick, and the Rev. William Fitzpatrick. Since the institution was founded at the old site, on Bowdoin Street, more than 1,200 children have been cared for. Many of them are enjoying the presence of their Maker. The most encouraging thing for the Sisters is that they entered the building free of debt. We believe that this is the only Catholic charitable institution in Boston out of debt. St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, although some forty years in existence, is still encumbered with a mortgage.

SYMPATHY WITH ONE'S COUNTRY.—A leading daily American paper, the *Commercial Advertiser*, of New York, speaks of the late Philadelphia Convention:

"The 'Irish Parliament,' sitting in Philadelphia, seriously disturbs some of our esteemed contemporaries. It is regarded as an extraordinary performance for such a convention to be held within the confines of a friendly power. These people forget that Joseph Mazzini made London his head-quarters, from which he issued the commands which eventuated in the assembling of the Italian Constitutional Convention, which, February 5th, 1849, declared the temporal power of the Pope abolished and Rome a republic. Before this England had testified to her sympathy with the Greeks by affecting a loan of $4,000,000 for them; and the barbarities practiced on the Greeks were not a bit worse than the story of Irish misrule and oppression. England has always been a haven of revolutionists, and England's purse has always been opened for the sufferings of all people but the Irish. It is useless to discuss this point. There are others that may be noticed. Why should not Irishmen meet to consider the wrongs and necessities of their own countrymen as well as Englishmen who meet to make merry and glorify their land on St. George's Day? Americans meet in every capital in Europe on Feb. 22d and July 4th, for the same purpose. Surely if they may meet for festal purposes, it is more appropriate when their country is suffering, that they should deliberate to consider what may be done to alleviate her pains. The English government contemplates legislation to give a treasonable cast to these deliberations, and some American papers think nothing can be said against it. Yet it is quite safe to say that England will do nothing of the kind; or if she does she will not make any demands on this country, but wait until the men she wants fall into her clutches."

REV. FATHER BOYLAN, of county Cavan, Ireland, was at the Philadelphia Convention. He made a patriotic speech, which set the convention into a tremendous condition of enthusiasm. He said landlordism was starving in Ireland as well as the poor tenant; the landlord had milked the cow almost to death, like the Irishman, and like the Irishman's cow, was kicked to death. Hitherto, he said, the Irish cow had on one horn the Protestants, on the other the Catholic, while the landlord did the milking. Now Pat has put John Bull on one horn and Irish landlordism on the other, while the Protestant and Catholic together milk the cow. The union of all societies and organizations in one harmonious whole reminded a priest of a vision of the prophet when the Divine Spirit was infused into the skeleton. There was a rattling for a time, as the different bones sprang to their joints and took their places. So, too, in this great gathering there is a noise and a commotion, while the bones or different branches and societies come to the main trunk and find their places on the united, unified, glorious body of Irish nationality. One of his loudest applauded sentences was that "all the waters of the Atlantic could not wash out from Irish breasts the love of the green fields, the lakes of beauty, and eternal hills of old Ireland. We can ask God's blessing on the cause, for the object of our movement is the overthrow of despotism, to save a nation, to give industry its just reward, to give every man his home, and sweep away the source of disorder and crime, and place the cause of Ireland on an imperishable basis. Our hope lies in America, and I hope this glorious Republic will be with us heart and hand on the great question; I hope that America is just and generous enough to recognize that poor, persecuted Ireland has some claim upon her. America has the will and the way to serve us, and every Irishman is proud of the country where the ark of freedom so securely and forever rests."

LEPROSY. — We give an article on this very exciting subject in another part of our magazine. *The Catholic Columbian* remarks: "And now comes the startling announcement that the leprosy, that terrible scourge of humanity, not only exists in our midst, but is spreading with alarming rapidity. Recent investigations have developed the fact that the loathsome disease has made such rapid progress within the past few years as to arrest the attention of physicians, who were loath to believe in its existence in the country until the unpleasant conviction was forced upon them by being brought in present contact with it. Sporadic cases have multiplied, and will continue to do so, unless stringent measures are adopted to arrest the progress of the disease. The experience of past times and peoples demonstrates that there is no known remedy for the plague. So it only remains to prevent it as far as possible from spreading. This can only be effected by the complete isolation of the unfortunate victims."

DIOCESE OF LITTLE ROCK. — The Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzgerald has just published his diocesan report for the past year. In his diocese there are 1,334 Catholic families, 23 priests, 33 churches, 36 stations, 11 religious institutions, 14 schools. There were 375 baptisms, of which 43 were converts to the faith. $405.50 were contributed for support of students, $491.15 for Cathedraticum or bishops support. The Rt. Rev. Bishop cannot have a very luxurious living.

RELIGION IN ITALY. — A priest of the diocese of New York, Rev. Father Mooney, a faithful and intelligent observer, as well as a most candid witness, has just returned from Rome, where he spent several months. He said on a recent occasion: "Your city is, numerically, the greatest Catholic city in the world. Your faith and your works are known to the world. But do not think that you have not yet much to do. Do not think that you cannot draw examples and encouragement from your brethren in Rome. Here, in America, we are often content if we hear a hurried Mass on Sundays; that is often quite enough religion for the whole week. But in Rome religion is a work of the whole lifetime. It pervades all thought and all actions. In that City of the Soul there are over 300 churches, and it is impossible to enter any one of them without finding in them devout worshippers petitioning for mercies and graces." During last Holy Week Father Mooney himself visited over seventy of these churches, and found them filled with all orders and classes, from princes to beggar-men, all honoring the Crucifixion, and professing the religion of the Crucified. Father Mooney further said, privately, that he had an opportunity of contrasting the actions of the French peasantry, in the district of Arcachon, with those of the Italians, and there was no doubt in his mind of the greater piety and faith of the Catholic Italians. While it would be gratifying to know that the countrymen of Prudentius were worthier of the traditions of the great Church of Bordeaux, it is a satisfaction to know that the noisier and newspaper Italians are not the true representatives of Catholic Italy. — *Catholic Union.*

SAGACITY OF BEES. — A few pounds of honey had been taken from a hive, about six miles from London, and placed in a closet under lock and key. The window of the room having been left open, the bees obtained admission, and entering the closet, by creeping under the door, removed the whole of the honey back to the central division of the hive, where it was safely deposited in the course of the day. The cells of wax were left entire in the closet. It seems that some of the bees must have observed where the honey was placed, and that, as soon as the information was communicated to the hive, the swarm took this vigorous measure for the recovery of the stolen property. It is remarkable that they should have succeeded so completely, and in so short a time, since the closet was entirely dark, and they could only enter it by a crevice under the door.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN AUSTRIA. — The Ultramontane party, as it is styled, gained a great victory in Austria a few weeks since. Among the so-called conquests which the radical ministry bequeathed to the country ten years ago, there are several anti-Catholic laws, one of which provides that all elementary schools shall be non-denominational, and that compulsory education shall last eight years for each child. Count Taaffe, the present Premier, a man of Irish descent and a staunch Catholic, had been dead against that law when it was passed, and, directly he became Prime Minister, declared openly that he would do all that in him lay to secure once more a Catholic bringing-up to Catholic children, and to do away with the hard-and-fast line of eight years' compulsory education. After several years' labor, he has at last achieved his object. Last week the Lower House of the Austrian Parliament voted, by 174 ayes against 157 noes in favor of the restoration of religious schools, and the reduction of the schooling period from eight to six years. This is admitted by the enemies of Catholicity to be a great and substantial victory of the Catholic Church.

Personal.

Hon. Mr. Auglin, for thirty-four years a leading Catholic of St. John, N. B., has severed his connection with the *Freeman's Journal* of that city and has gone to Toronto to take charge of the *Tribune* published there.

His Grace, the Archbishop of Cashel, has returned from Rome. He is accompanied by the Very Rev. Archdeacon Kinane, P. P., and V. F.

The Holy Father has conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. John Healy, Professor of Theology, Maynooth College.

In a letter of condolence to the late M. Veuillot's brother, the Archbishop of Cashel speaks of the deceased as one of the few continental journalists who were acquainted with Ireland's religious, political, and agrarian condition ; and says he was a defender of her just aspirations amid her trials and poverty. The Archbishop appeals to the French press for continued support of a nation "which can never be diverted from the path of truth ; a nation whose faith can never be obscured, nor its love for God, the Holy See, and the fatherland cooled by any evil influences."

Rev. John Boylan, the Irish priest, whose eloquence created a deep impression at the recent Irish Race Convention, has left Philadelphia for Milwaukee. He will spend several months in the West.

Her Majesty's royal letters patent have arrived in Dublin, appointing the Right Rev. Dr. Walshe, President of Maynooth College, a member of the Senate of the Royal University.

The following Rev. Gentlemen were recently ordained at Rome, Students of the North American College : Rev. Messrs. Talbot and Walsh, diocese of Boston ; Schultz, of Philadelphia ; Howard, of Alton, Illinois ; Connelly, of Baltimore ; Curry, of New York ; Galvin and Lonboy, of Providence ; Crowley, of Brooklyn, N. Y. ; Carroll, of St. Louis, and Tierney, of Richmond.

The clergy of the Diocese of Savannah, Ga., made a handsome presentation to their beloved Bishop on the occasion of his tenth anniversary, on April 27th. The presentation consisted of a pectoral cross and chain, with a purse, amounting in all to $1,000.

Father Burke is staying, during his visit to Rome, with the Irish Dominicans of San Clemente. Dominican festivals have been rife of late — among them the great days of St. Catherine of Sienna and St. Peter Martyr. St. Catherine was named by Pius IX. a co-protectress of the city. The room in which she died has been transported to the back of the Sacristy of the Minerva, the floor only being left in the oratory in Via Sta. Chiara. It is the Minerva, too, which possesses her holy body, and there and at the numerous Dominican churches the feast was kept with devotion.

The *Catholic Review* is informed that the Secretary of the forthcoming Provincial Council of New York, will be Very Rev. Dr. Gabriels, President of the Provincial Seminary, Troy, N. Y.

Cardinal Manning's journey to Rome is, after all, postponed for a time, the medical advisers considering that, though he is much better, the warm season now approaching in Rome would prove detrimental to his health. It is in the meantime arranged that the Cardinal will go for a while to the south coast of England.

Katherine E. Conway, a valued *attache* of this office, has gone to Boston for a prolonged vacation, rendered necessary, we regret to say, by failing health. We hope she may soon regain health and strength by the Eastern sea, whilst Boston literary culture will doubtless prove to her poetic fancy a veritable feast of roses.—*Buffalo Catholic Union.*

Miss Conway arrived in the "Hub" safe and sound, and has so far been improved in health. She is the author of a beautiful volume of poems entitled "On the Sunrise Slope," with an introduction by the Rev. Fr. Cronin. It is for sale by Messrs. Noonan & Co.

According to the *Gerarchia Cattolica*, the edition of which for 1883 has just appeared, the eldest of the members of the Sacred College is Cardinal Bonnechose, Archbishop of Rouen, who numbers 84 years, and has been twenty years a Cardinal. Next to him comes Cardinal Newman, aged 83; and the third octogenarian is Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, 81 years old. The youngest are Cardinal Parocchi and Cardinal Zigliara, aged 50, and Cardinal Czacki, aged 49 years. The Cardinal of oldest creation is Cardinal Schwarzemberg, who received the hat at 33, and has worn it forty-one years. After him comes Cardinal di Pietro and Cardinal Mertel, who have borne their honors respectively thirty and five-and-twenty years.

Rumors are current that the Marquis of Bute intends building a large Catholic cathedral in Partick, for the Archbishop of Glasgow, Scotland.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Thomas B. Noonan & Co., Boston.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE ROSARY, and other Stories on the Commandments. By Agnes M. Stewart. 18mo. Cloth. Ink and gold, 50c.

THE LAMP OF THE SANCTUARY. A story by Cardinal Wiseman, and other stories. 18mo. Cloth. Ink and gold, 50c.

WRECKED AND SAVED. A Story for Boys. By Mrs. Parsons. 18mo. Cloth. Ink and gold, 50c.

CHRISTINE, OR THE LITTLE LAMB, and other stories. 18mo. Cloth. Ink and gold, 50c.

A WILL AND A WAY. A Tale by Lady Fullerton. $1.00.

GERTRUDE MANNERING. A Tale by Florence Noble. $1.00.

AURELIA; OR, THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE. A Tale by M. A. Quinton. $1.00.

TALES OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD AND OTHER STORIES, selected. 12mo. Cloth. Ink and gold. $1.00.

ELIANE. A Tale by Mrs. Craven. Translated from the French by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. 12mo. Cloth. Ink and gold. $1.00.

EXAMPLES OF HOLINESS; or, Narratives of the Saints. 16mo. Cloth. Ink and gold. 60c.

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THE MONK'S PARDON. A Historical Romance of the time of Philip IV. of Spain. From the French of Raoul de Navery. By Anna T. Sadlier. Price $1.25.

Since the name of Paul Fevaul has been withdrawn from the list of French Catholic Novelists, probably none ranks as high as that of Raoul de Navery. A prolific and tireless writer, his works, strange to say, are of very equal merit. One of the latest — and best — "The Monk's Pardon," has been just published by Benziger Brothers. The story is one of thrilling interest, thoroughly Catholic in feeling, and as told by Raoul de Navery, holds the reader's attention from first to last.

Miss Sadlier who has translated it, has added a number of notes, not found in the original, which greatly add to the value of the book.

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The title fully explains the contents of this very desirable book. It was much needed for the various occasions on which the Blessed Sacrament is exposed for the worship of the faithful. The price is 40.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

AN OUTLINE OF IRISH HISTORY: From the Earliest Times to the Present Day, by Justin H. MacCarthy. Price 75 cents.

The Contents are: The Legends; Christianity; The Norman Conquests; Elizabeth; The Cromwellian Settlement; The Restoration; William of Orange; The Eighteenth Century; Emmet; O'Connell; Young Ireland; Fenianism; The Land Question; Home-Rule; The Land League. The author is a son of the Member of Parliament. The book is opportune and will have a large sale. It is pleasant to have a son of so eminent a father enter the field of Irish literature.

John B. Piet & Co., Baltimore.

ADDRESS of Hon. William M. Merrick to the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul of Baltimore, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the society, May 6, 1883.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION: A Pastoral Letter of the Right Rev. Michael Joseph O'Farrell, D.D., Bishop of Trenton. Price 10 cents.

THE IRISH LANDED GENTRY WHEN CROMWELL CAME TO IRELAND, is the title of a volume which Mr. O'Hart, of Ringsend Dublin, author of "Irish Pedigrees," is about to publish.

"Mary's First Shrine in the Wilderness. Rev. A. A. Lambing has published a pamphlet giving a description of "The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin of the Beautiful River," established at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers in the spring of 1754. A brief sketch of the French occupation of that country. A copy of this interesting pamphlet will be sent to any one sending their address to Rev. A. A. Lambing, 48 3rd Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

MUSIC.

White, Smith and Co., Boston.

Vocal: Quartette, "Evening Prayer," by Hodges. "How Beautiful Upon the Mountains," Anthem, arranged by Hodges. "Golden Love," Song, words by Mary Mark Lennon, music by Milton Wellings. "Birds in Dreamland Sleep," Waltz Song, by C. A. White for Contralto, same for Soprano, same for Soprano with Orchestral Accompaniment. "Jerry and I," Ballad by C. D. Blake. "Medley Quartette No. 3 for Mixed Voices," by C. A. White. "She haunts me like a happy dream," Song, words by Frederick Dixay, music by F. Prestage. "Down by the blooming Apple Tree," Song, words by Geo. Cooper, music by J. P. Skelley.

Instrumental: "Gavotte Favorite de Marie Antoinette," by Neustedt. "Marguerite," Romanza, by C. A. White, arranged for Cornet and Piano. "Children's Party Mazurka," by Harry Himelman. "Heart and Hand Waltz," by George Thorne. "Clayton's Grand Galop de Concert," by C. D. Blake. "Forget-me-not Gavotte," by Giese.

The Old Mountain. — The appeal to the members of St. Patrick's Cathedral parish, Newark, N. J., in aid of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburgh, Md., made at the four Masses on the 29th of April, by the Rev. John M. Mackey, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Cincinnati, met with a generous response. No Catholic who loves the faith and reflects upon the merits of that cradle of religion and learning, the services it has rendered to the Church and to the country, and the memory of the great and holy men who have labored there, should for a moment refuse a helping hand when there is a question of restoring that venerable institution to a safe financial basis. Two years ago, when the college became embarrassed, the debt was $175,000; but under the administration of the Very Rev. William Byrne, D.D., Vicar General of the diocese of Boston, and president of the college, this debt has been reduced to $61,000 by generous voluntary abatements on the part of creditors, and numerous donations from the *alumni* and other friends. Father Mackey was a fellow-student in St. Mary's with the Archbishop of Petra. At the solicitation of the Very Rev. President, his bishop has sent him to perform this special work. During the past three months he has been organizing for an active campaign, and the prospects of the success of his mission are reported to be most encouraging. That the college will survive its embarrassment there seems to be no doubt.

Wonderful Increase.—In 1833, according to the Catholic Almanac for that year, there were in the City of New York five Catholic churches, the growth of fifty years. In 1883, in this same city, there are five and fifty more—five for the original number, and a new church for each year of the semi-centennial now matured. In 1833 there were in the entire State of New York and New Jersey seven Catholic churches and 21 priests. In 1883, besides the Mother See, there are seven other Dioceses, 900 churches, 1,215 priests. In 1883 the sacred oil of unction had not yet descended on him who, *with but one exception*, was the first son of his native State raised to the holy priesthood, and yet, in God's Providence, he has lived not only to rear and offer to the Almighty the grandest Cathedral of modern times, but also to see the Church, over which he has been called to preside, in some respects, the most important Catholic city in the world."

The Emperor of Austria. — When Francis Joseph travels he takes a court chaplain and a court altar with him wherever he goes. The altar is an old one. It was made for Rudolph II., and was used also by Ferdinand I., by Joseph I., while he was warring with the Turks, and by the ill-fated Maximilian of Mexico. It consists of a substantial wooden case, with iron fastenings. The cover shows a picture of the Last Supper. When opened, the two sides are turned up to give the altar due length, and four feet which are hidden in the case are lowered. The consecrated altar-stone is then put in the middle of the mensa, the three altar-cloths are laid on, and the cross and wax lights are fixed. The altar accompanied the present Emperor on his journey to Jerusalem, in 1869, and to the opening of the Suez Canal. Dr. Bedar Dudik, travelling chaplain and historiographer, read Mass before this altar on the open sea.

The First Church. — The Catholics erected the first Church in Chicago; the Presbyterians in a very short time afterwards followed suit.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

PRIESTS.

VERY REV. W. J. DUNNE, vicar-general of Hobart Town, Tasmania, and first cousin to Bishop Grace of St. Paul, Minn., died recently. Father Dunne had labored forty years in the Tasmanian missions, having gone thither in company with other young Irish priests from St. Keiran's College, Kilkenny, in 1843. He was instrumental in securing. John Mitchell's release from his Australian prison, and a graceful compliment is paid him on this account in the "Jail Journal."

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. QUIGLEY.—The Rev. Hugh Quigley, D. D., ex-President of the University of St. Mary's, Chicago, and a former resident of Springfield, Ill., died in Troy, N. Y., night of the 29th of April, and was interred in that city. He was born in County Clare, Ireland, in 1818. He was educated in the Catholic schools of Ireland and at the University of Rome, and was ordained to the priesthood in that city. Upon coming to America, in 1847, he was placed over a large parish in Troy; and after ten years of service he was called to Chicago, as President of the University of St. Mary of the Lake, where he remained four years. The University had then arrived at a period of decay, and Dr. Quigley, despairing of building it up, went to Springfield, Ill., where he erected a church costing $30,000, and greatly advanced the interests of the Church in Central Illinois. He also secured the erection of churches at Jacksonville and other places. He next went among the Chippawa Indians, on the banks of Lake Superior, and remained for two years; learning their language and customs, and laboring to convert them to the Church. Dr. Quigley next went to California, where he labored in parishes at Colusa, Eureka, and San Francisco; but the soft climate of the Pacific coast overcame him, and he found himself attacked by diabetis and kidney complaints, and was obliged to return East. He was the author of a number of Irish Catholic stories, among them the "Cross and the Shamrock," and the "Prophet of the Ruined Abbey," etc.

AUSTRALIAN papers record the death of Rev. Father W. J. Dunn, at Coburg, Victoria, for many years Vicar General of the diocese and pastor of the Church of St. Joseph's, Hobart. Father Dunn's memory will be associated with an interesting bit of hitherto unwritten Irish history. He was chaplain of the convict mission in Tasmania, then known as Van Dieman's Land, at the time that Mitchell, McMahan, Smith O'Brien and others, were transported there for their connection with the Irish insurrection of '48. Mitchell was the first man sentenced. He was the editor of the *Irish People*, in which articles of an alleged seditious character were published; and it is an interesting fact, that the author of the most important article or articles was the mother of Oscar Wilde, writing over the *nom de plume* "Speranza," though at the time Mitchell refused to divulge her identity. Father Dunn took a deep interest in the convicted man, and finally could not resist the temptation to assist him to make his escape. A hiding place was found for Mitchell, either in or about the church, probably in the bell-tower; and when he finally started for the seaport he was so effectually disguised that he rode in the same carriage with the Chief Justice or prosecuting attorney, it is not certain which, who failed to recognize him. These facts, many years afterwards, were admitted by Father Dunn, who felt very proud of having contributed his mite to the Irish cause. Father Dunn, who has several relatives and many friends in New York, was born in the parish of Ballycollay, county of Kilkenny, Ireland, nearly seventy years ago. In 1841, when twenty-seven years of age, he determined to devote the energies of his life to mission work in New South Wales. He was appointed to a mission in Windsor, and remained in charge of it for two years. At the end of this time he received an urgent call from Bishop Wilson, of Hobart. He accepted and was appointed to the Richmond mission, where he labored for twenty-one years. In December last he received an appointment to the Victorian mission in New South Wales, and left Hobart, much to the regret of the people there. Father Dunn was a man of universal popularity, making friends wherever he went.

THE REV. J. A. SULLIVAN, chaplain of St. Elizabeth's Convent, Madison, N. J., died of consumption on Tuesday, May 15, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and the second of his sacred ministry.

DEATH OF THE REV. W. KERWICK.—We regret to announce the death of the Rev. William Kerwick, C. C., of Ballyhale, Kilkenny. Father Kerwick, who was in his thirty-fifth year, was for a short time past suffering from congestion of the lungs,

but his early death was not expected by his many friends. He was ordained in 1872, and was thus only 11 years on the sacred mission.

FATHER DEISENBERGER, parish priest of Ober Ammergau, who revised the Passion Play and superintended its decennial production, has just died in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

Rev. CHARLES LYNCH, pastor of St. Francis parish, North Adams, Mass., who sustained a stroke of paralysis on the 28th of May, expired on the morning of the 30th. He was 51 years old. He was born at Bally James Duff, county Cavan, Ireland, and was curate at Pittsfield two years previous to his appointment as parish priest at North Adams, 21 years ago. He originally was attached to the old Cathedral in Boston. The ceremonies attending the funeral of Father Charles Lynch were very imposing, and it was the largest ever held in North Adams. All mills and places of business were closed. Rev. Father Shehan of West Troy, N. Y., the only surviving classmate of Father Lynch, officiated at the High Mass. Bishop O'Reilly of Springfield preached the funeral sermon. Deceased only a few weeks ago transferred the church property to the bishop. He left a will giving all his estate, save a few small bequests to relatives, to the Church.

LAY PEOPLE.

DEATH OF MR. MICHAEL DOHERTY.—One of the best-known of our citizens died on the 16th of May lamented by all who knew him. He was generous to a fault and his purse was always open to the wants of the poor. Mr. Doherty was born Sept. 12, 1826, in the village of Glenmakee, parish of Carndonagh, in the County Donegal, Ireland, and was fifty-eight years old when he died, When seven years old he came to the United States with his parents and three brothers, and settled in Boston, of which he has since been one of the best-known and most prominent citizens. The religious services over his remains were celebrated at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross on Saturday, when a High Mass of Requiem was said for the repose of his soul. After the services, the body was placed in the vestibule, and, as the vast congregation retired they viewed the body. The remains were interred in Cambridge Cemetery. The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in Boston. One hundred and seventy-five carriages accompanied the corpse to the cemetery. Among the mourners were the good Sisters of Charity and the children of the Home, of which he was a most generous benefactor. Mr. Doherty leaves a widow and seven children — five sons and two daughters — to mourn his sad loss. We deeply sympathize with the family in their sad bereavement. Peace to the ashes of our dear departed friend.

JOHN CORNELIUS O'CALLAGHAN, author of the "Green Book," "The Irish Brigade in the Service of France," etc., died recently in Dublin, at the age of seventy-seven years. He was a man of whom Ireland may well be proud. A Dublin paper says truly: "He lived amidst books and manuscripts; was never more at home than when grubbing amongst old parchments, disinterring old documents long buried and hidden away from the eyes of men, and unravelling the mysteries which he found in archives and muniment chests." He knew almost the exact spot in which reposed every old MS. in Europe. Living among the ancients as he did, he had their sayings always upon his tongue, and would walk into a friend's drawing-room quoting Hannibal in such a way as to give the impression that the great general had just left him at the gate. A man to shed tears for the death of a pet canary, and to lash himself to fury over a tale of human injustice or wrong, he had a kind heart, and a just and almost martial spirit. He was one of an old school, now passing away, of a small band of intrepid *savants*, who denied themselves much that is desirable in life in order to toil among the ruins of our language and our past, resolved that all trace of the prints left by noble Irish feet should not be utterly obliterated from the sands of Time. Mr. O'Callaghan was born in 1806, and was the son of a Dublin solicitor. He was educated by the Jesuits at Clongowes, and by them was consoled upon his death-bed. His early works are valuable and interesting, and his services to the *Nation* newspaper are commemorated in Sir C. Gavan Duffy's *Young Ireland*. At the request of the Archæological Society he edited the *Macariæ Excidium*, which remains a lasting monument of his erudition, ability and industry. But the history of the Irish Brigades fighting for foreign countries, and especially in the service of France during the period between the dethronement of James II. and the death of the Young Pretender, was the labor of love on which he expended the energies of the best years of his life. It may interest some of your readers to know that Mr. O'Callaghan was the uncle of Mrs. Henry Irving, the wife of the celebrated tragedian.

MR. JAMES ALEXANDER HENDERSON, J. P., proprietor of the *Belfast News Letter*, died on April 8th, at his residence, Norwood Tower, near Belfast, aged 62 years.

THE death is announced of Sir John O'Shanassy, an old Australian politician, who had been for upwards of forty years identified with the colonization and government of Victoria. One of the framers of its present constitution, he was prime minister of three administrations, and was for twenty-nine years a member of the Victoria Legislative Assembly. Besides being a Knight of St. Michael and St. George, he was made a Knight of St. Gregory the Great by Pope Pius IX. in 1858.

DEATH OF LORD JUSTICE DEASY.—We regret to announce the death of the Hon. Richard Deasy, Lord Justice of Appeal in Ireland, which took place at his residence, Merrion-square, Dublin. The deceased judge had for many weeks been suffering from severe illness, and for some days past the fatal result had been almost hourly anticipated. The late Lord Justice was a member of a very old and respectable Catholic family in the west of the County of Cork, and there he was born seventy years ago. In 1861 he was made a Baron of the Exchequer, and in 1873 the then Conservative Government paid him the rare honor in Ireland of elevating him, though a political adadversary, to the dignity of Lord Justice of Appeal. As a judge, the late Lord Justice was a model of many great judicial virtues. His great abilities won for him, from his brethren on the Bench and from the Bar universal respect, while his amiable and gentle character conciliated both affection and esteem. Judge Deasy was a Cork man of considerable talent and learning, and was upright and impartial on the bench. He was straightforward, and long ago, canvassing his native county, he refused to bind himself to take the pledge against accepting professional promotion. He was a practical Catholic, active in charitable works, and was long the president of a branch of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

HON. R. M. CUTLER, member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, died recently, aged 99 years.

DEATH OF AN ARCHITECT.—It is with sincere regret we have to record the death, at the age of 55, of Mr. John C'Neill, architect, of Glenfield Place, Ormeau Road, Belfast, on the 1st of May, at the house of his London partner, Mr. Vickers, of Glenwood, Dacies Road, Forest Hill. But a few days previous to his death, Mr. O'Neill had come to London on professional business, and apparently in his usual good health. He had the consolation of seeing at his death-bed his two brothers, distinguished members of the Order of the Passion—the Very Rev. Father Alphonsus O'Neill, First Consultor, St. Joseph's Retreat, Highgate, and the Very Rev. Father Dominic, Rector of St. Joseph's, Paris. The deceased was a gentleman of high and well-known professional repute, singularly gifted and modest. After his plans and under his directions have been built, chiefly in Ireland, churches, colleges, convents, schools and charitable institutions, all of which bear unequivocal testimony to his ability and popularity as an architect.

ANOTHER member of a great Irish family in France is dead. Viscount Walsh died suddenly in Paris recently. His great-grandfather, who resided at Nantes, gave Charles Edward the ship that took him to Scotland a short time before the memorable battle of Culloden. His father, Viscount Walsh, was the great legitimist writer whose works are so well known. His cousin was the late Count Theobald Walsh, whose death at the venerable age of eighty-six years, took place a few years ago. His mother was *dame d'honneur* to the Empress Josephine, and his father, an officer in Dillon's Regiment, was shot by the natives in St. Domingo. The only survivor of this illustrious family is the present Oliver Walsh.

DIED, at Rostrevor house, Jarvis-street, Toronto, Ontario, on the morning of May 22, Clarence Aloysius, aged 16 months, infant son of Patrick and Maggie Hughes.

A CENTENARIAN.—An old lady, Mrs. Denny, born at Castletown, County Cork, has just died at Nazareth House, Southend, aged 106.

THE mother of Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, died at New Orleans, La., at the age of eighty years. She was born in Ireland, and came to Baltimore when very young. She married there and was living in that city when her son James, the Archbishop, was born. She was also the mother of John T. Gibbons, of the firm of J. T. Gibbons & Co., New Orleans.

DIVORCE.—It has been estimated that over 2,000 divorces are annually granted in the New England States. Here in New York we have had over our share. According to a statement made by an official of the County Clerk's office, it appears that there were 276 divorces granted last year by the Supreme Court of New York County. Ninety per cent. of those divorced were of American origin; Germans came next. There were a few French people and no Irish. There were but a few, and these German, professing the Catholic religion.

OMNIBUSES were introduced in New York in 1830.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. X. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1883. No. 2.

"I WILL never consent to make any public declaration upon the subject (my religion), and for two reasons: First, because I abhor the introduction of anything that looks like a religious test or qualification for office in a republic, where perfect freedom of conscience is the birthright of every citizen, and, second, because my mother, was, as you well know, a devoted Catholic. I would not for a thousand presidencies speak a disrespectful word of my mother's religion, and no pressure will draw me into any avowal of hostility or unfriendliness to Catholics, though I have never received and do not expect any political support from them." — JAMES G. BLAINE.

A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of Language.

AMONG non-Catholics, a very common and popular theory of the origin of human language is, that it is an invention of man. That theory is very enticing. It is highly flattering to the vanity which is mixed, in larger or smaller quantities, in every man's nature, and it is presented in so pleasing and fascinating a style by writers who are complete masters of the art of expression, that it is hard to resist its attractions. It appears like a lofty and gorgeous edifice resting upon an immovable basis; but when closely approached, and critically examined, it disappears like a mirage. It is but the baseless fabric of a vision. It fades like an insubstantial pageant, and leaves not even a wreck behind.

One would think, from the ardent devotion to truth professed by the "philosophers," that they must constantly have wrought upon materials formed exclusively of that exceedingly valuable commodity. We should not, at all events, expect that they would utterly disregard its strictest requirements.

Now, in the question before us — the invention of language by man — clearly the first thing which sound and right reason demanded to be considered was, the *proof* that man did really invent the first language. No one will presume to say that the *fact* of his having done so, is so clearly and unmistakably made out by incontestible evidence, that we are bound to believe it without further ado. The "philosophers," I allow, cannot be censured for not proving the fact of the invention of language by man, for

impossibilities cannot be achieved even by philosophers; but they can, and ought to be, censured for a gross error in reasoning, and for a slinking evasion of the question at issue.

They are required to prove their thesis, namely — man invented the first language. We wait for the necessary proof. What do we get? We are overwhelmed with a flood of nonsense, detailing the process by which man invented language, when his having done so (for aught we know from the learned defendants) may have been a matter of undeniable impossibility. The following anecdote is *apropos* of our argument. King Charles the Second of England, the "Merry Monarch," being one day surrounded by his courtiers, asked them to explain how it happened, that a fish thrown into a bucket brimful of water thrust no water out of the bucket. The various wiseacres gave divers opinions. One said that the fish swallowed the bulk of himself of water; others gave equally ingenious solutions. One, more sagacious than his fellows, ventured to inquire if such were really the case. The king laughed heartily at the pretty explanations of an occurrence wholly impossible. The philosophers are like the courtiers. They have taken for granted that man invented the first language, and on this rickety postulate they have built their volumnious and tangled explications.

Had they first inquired into the fact of the invention of language by man, or its possibility, they would have been saved much empty speculation.

There is a certain rock in logic termed *petitio principii*. Upon this rock the bark of our philosophic argonauts has struck and foundered. They *begged the question* — assumed as already proved that which it was their province to prove. Their entire argument may be summarized thus: "Man invented language; *ergo*, we will explain how he did it." Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion! Their disciples must have been wrapped in thicker than Egyptian darkness not to see the obvious and absurd fallacy of the vaunted theory.

Now, my argument is this: "Man *did not* invent the first language, because he *could not*."

Before enlarging on it, I must notice a pet scheme of the philosophers — the perfectibility of man. By this is understood that, in this sublunary sphere, man is to attain to perfection. He is supposed to be advancing gradually towards his destined goal of perfection.

According to this attractive scheme, we are now far on our road. Here let me observe, that the advocates of perfectibility ought not to quarrel with me for changing their notions concerning the origin of language. According to them we are progressing in knowledge, and if the philosophers reformed the opinions of those who preceded them, I am not reprehensible in trying to reform the tenets of the philosophers themselves. From the present advanced stage of human progress, let us go back towards the point where man commenced his career. As we recede, we find naturally enough (according to the theory of perfectibility), that men become less and less enlightened,— less civilized until we reach, finally, the "nadir" of the human intellect in

the hypothetical Orsonian savages, who are so singularly supposed to have invented language. It is not improbable that if those primitive inventors could be placed for inspection before the philosophers and were found to be dumb, the philosophers would still be of opinion that they could speak, and that their dumbness was all pretence. The Africans imagine that the ourang-outang has great talents for speaking; but that he pretends to be dumb, lest he should be compelled to work.

Of course, I have no *data* to furnish me with an accurate conception of the organ of intelligence possessed by the extremely ignorant, and, at the same time, most marvellously-gifted progenitors which the philosophers have assigned us. There is, however, every reason to believe that their intelligence must have been below zero. Here we are (if we accept the philosophers' teaching), many thousands or millions of years on the road to perfection, and when we look around and survey our fellow-travellers, we are confounded in mind. Good gracious! we have jogging along with us, cheek by jowl, South-Sea Islanders and Bushmen. If these intelligent and benevolent cannibals have been refined to their present state, by even a six thousand years' process, what state must not the aboriginal inhabitants have been in? It is not too much to suppose them inferior to a mischief-loving monkey. I will hardly aver though, with some writers, that they were endowed with caudal appendages. I might here commence my disproof of the philosophers' theory. I might show that it was absolutely impossible for such creatures to concoct a single word of the most barbarous jargon. But I should be necessarily abstract in such an argument. The thing will look more vivid and life-like if I substitute for the *progenitors hominum* the present tangible South-Sea Islanders. I know that by doing so I am stepping down from the vantage-ground which the perfectibilists, by force of their principle, were compelled to yield me; but I can afford to be generous that far.

Well, let us call to our bar of examination, the swarthy sons of the Southern Hemisphere. They cannot speak on such abstruse questions as these we investigate. But even if they could, we should still prefer our chosen and paramount testimony — that of facts. Words are more deceptive than facts. We may conclude, *a priori*, that the South-Sea Islanders are incapable of forming a language, seeing that to the formation of language are required intellect and memory of a high order. These faculties are only in *embryo* in the South-Sea Islanders. The practical evidences of their ability attest that there are many among them who are unable to count up to ten. It is manifest that I need not apprehend that these men will rise in the might of their luminous intelligence to confute my position; but before I abandon them, let me make the inquiry, "Is language the first want man will experience?" By no means. Whether he is alone or in society, he will experience other wants long before. In fact, language is only a means of communicating those other wants, and, as a subsequent, may be reasonably presumed to be posterior to its antecedent. Hunger is a more pressing want than the want of language. The most loquacious man would prefer silence

for two weeks to privation of food for two weeks. So of thirst. Now, if the faculty of invention existed among the South-Sea Islanders, they would invent something calculated to improve their physical condition. The sense of pain is more acute than the sense of pleasure. Hunger is more acute in its pangs than compulsory silence. The instinct of beasts teaches them to provide for their bodily wants. The instinct of self-preservation also actuates the savages. If they were competent to invent anything, they would first invent something which might help to appease their hunger, a constant and necessary want. Agriculture would be more likely to be invented or discovered, than anything else. They invent language, indeed!

No improvement takes place in a language unless where the people are skilled, to a large extent, in the arts of life. Man is a *rational* animal; but he is an animal, nevertheless, and his animal wants are the most pressing and imperious of his wants. They *must* be attended to. If I was ungenerous enough, I should still hang on to the South-Sea Islander, and show that he could not catch, in a memory notable for the narrowness, and, at the same time, looseness, of its grasp, a sentence of a language which he had not the trouble of originating, and which had been dinned into his ears numberless times; but I merely desire to give the theory I impugn a fair trial, and am not desirous to protract that trial too far.

I will now lay down the South-Sea Islander, and take up, for inspection, the illiterate civilized man. Well, illiterate men have produced many admirable machines, but they have not invented anything in the line of language. This gives additional weight to what we have seen above, namely, that men of linguistic tendencies are superior to men of mechanical tendencies; and that the South-Sea Islander, who cannot invent the machines of our day, cannot *a fortiori* invent language. The whole tenor of history proves that the *vulgus* of any nation, no matter how far civilized, is more apt to deteriorate, to corrupt,than to improve, or embellish,a language. Men forget words without an effort; but they must labor hard to acquire them.

I might also animadvert on the inferiority of the English language to the languages of the Greeks and Romans so far behind us in the career of perfectibility.

I shall take, finally, in refutation of the offensive theory, not the simious supposed ancestors of the human race,— not the obtuse South-Sea Islanders —not the illiterate European or American,— but the men of the highest critical acumen and vastest reach of mind.

Among the intellectual stars that constitute the galaxy of human genius, where is there one, who has made — I will not say a new language — but a single new — *entirely new* — word. You may show me in abundance, men who have made inventions or discoveries of other kinds; Descartes, Bacon, Columbus, Newton, Galileo, Franklin, Stephenson, Arkwright, Mott, Fulton, etc., etc. But where is the inventor of language? *Non est inventus.* He has not been found.

The pseudo-philosophers have a strange argument here which we may

notice. It is this: "Men have formed new words by combining or altering words already known; *ergo*, they could have invented the first language. The philosophers appear to forget that every artisan needs a material to exercise his skill upon. They forget that the lauded combiners or variers of words had a material wherewith to form their combinations or variations. But the inventors of language in the commencement of their arduous undertaking could have had (according to the hypothesis) no such material. There is nothing extraordinary in making a table when the workman has wood, tools, and the requisite skill. But it would be extraordinary and phenomenal if he were to make it without having either material, tools, or skill. The combiners of words are the first case; the inventors in question, the second.

To say that "because men can form combinations and variations of a language already existing, therefore they made the original language," is as absurd as to say "because men can form combinations and variations of matter, therefore they created matter.

To compile the French dictionary required forty *savants*. What conception may we not form of the stupendous work of the invention of language!

If men were, in the beginning, able to invent language, surely the clever and indefatigable men of the modern period should be able to effect something of the same kind.

Is there room for such a thing? Unquestionably there is room for an universal language, which would do more to extend and improve the arts and sciences than all the inventions ever before made.

It will be readily granted that what Descartes and Leibnitz could not accomplish, hardly any human genius could. Descartes pronounced an universal language possible, and Leibnitz labored, through a great part of his industrious life with all the zeal of a would-be inventor, and all the ability of a man of consummate genius to frame an universal language, and labored in vain. Great as these men confessedly were, they could not invent a single new word, that is, one *entirely* new. With the sounds they possessed they could form changes of one sort or another, but there their power ended. Language — spoken language — is a series of sounds. We cannot utter a sound except one which is natural to us, or one which we have heard. If language were natural to us, we need not learn it. Men derive acquired sounds (if I may call them so in contradistinction to natural sounds) from corporeal substances. Where there are no sounds, we can derive none. We suppose that there were no sounds of the human language prior to its invention. A man born deaf has no idea of external sounds. If men, who had no language formed it, why did not Peter the Wild Boy, or the girl mentioned by Racine, form language?

I fancy that no one will gainsay that, generally speaking, men think by means of words. I do not say that they cannot have perceptions, sensations, etc., but I say that they do not think, properly speaking, any more than they see without light, or hear without air. Language, I may safely

asseverate, is a purely intellectual and social appendage. It was given to man, not because he is an animal simply, but because he is an intellectual and social animal. As a mere animal, man can make known his wants by cries and gestures as effectually as any of the irrational animals.

Man is a social animal. As such, language is indispensably necessary to him. To assert that man was sent into the world at his creation without language, would be as foolish as to assert that birds were sent forth without wings, fishes without fins, quadrupeds without legs.

To conclude; man, in order to be the inventor of language must be supposed to exist some interval before its invention. Then, he either had an idea of language, or he had not; if he had no idea of language, he certainly could not have invented what he had no idea of; if he had an idea of language, language must have existed, and if it existed, it must have existed in its subject, man; therefore, if he had an idea of langnage, he had, *ipso facto* language itself, and consequently did not invent it. It was given him at his creation by Almighty God, the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

Oxford, N. J. REV. P. A. TRACY.

Early Printing.

II.

HAVING given the various details attending the invention of the art of printing, down to the date of the death of Gutenberg, who is generally allowed to be its originator, we resume this month our rambling but, we hope, not unamusing chat about the early printers.

Faust and Schoeffer continued to work the first press at Strasburg. In 1457 they produced the earliest Psalter extant, with the names of the printers and the date in the last page, in the form of a colophon, or notice. Another Psalter was printed by them in 1459, and in the same year *Durandi Rationale*, a treatise on the liturgical offices of the Church. The Psalters, according to Van Praet, were printed from wooden types, and the last-named work was the earliest production of the cast types which bore the name of the printers and the date. In 1465, the *Offices* of Cicero issued from their press, and in the following year a second edition of the same work. Shortly after this, Faust went to Paris for the purpose of selling some of his Bibles, and is supposed to have died of the plague there, as, from this period, the name of Schoeffer alone appears on the publications of the original press.

The legend of "Dr. Faustus and the Devil," is said to be derived from the following circumstances: — The shape of the olden types closely resembled the ordinary letters of manuscript; and Faust, in order to keep his invention a secret, tried to pass off his books as manuscripts. But he

offered them for sixty crowns instead of five hundred, which was the usual price demanded by the scribes. So he was considered to have dealings with the devil; and the uniformity of letters in his books were made, by his enemies, to strengthen the supposition. The red ink, also, which ornamented his editions, was supposed to be his blood. The story goes, that, in order to save himself from the stake, he revealed his art to the Parisian judges.

On the breaking up of the original printing companies, the workmen, released from their obligations, of course, spread themselves in neighboring cities, and set up on their own account. The cities where the business was at first most actively carried on were Bamberg, Cologne, Strasburg and Augsburg, besides two or three others. Within a short time books were issued in all these places. Henry Becktermunze began at Elfied in the Rhingan, by printing a Latin and German Dictionary, abridged from the great *Catholicon*, and said to be with the same characters. This was finished November 4th, 1467, by Nicholas, his brother. Nicholas had quite a run on his work, as runs went in those days, for at intervals of two years he got out the second and third editions, followed in 1477 by a fourth. Meanwhile, Ulric Bell, at Cologne, and Pfister, at Bamberg, were energetically prosecuting their labors. Presses were also established in the Low Countries, at Deventer, Utrecht, Louvain, Basle, and at Buda, in Hungary. Besides his edition of the Scriptures, Meletin, of Strasburg, in 1473, brought forth the great *Encyclopædia* of Vincent de Beauvais, ten volumes folio. The patience of the German printers was marvellous. But, notwithstanding the zeal and really excellent skill of all these, the art was making slow progress, and books for a long while were reproduced with infinite pains. As an idea: according to Panzer, only twenty-four different works appeared between the year 1461 and the year 1470. In the next decade, however, the art flourished amazingly.

Italy was the first foreign country to try her hand at the new art. Sweynheim and Pannartz, who had worked under Faust, by the invitation of the monks, set up a press at the monastery of Subiaco, situated in the Apennines. This monastery contained a large collection of manuscripts, and was the more suitable for their enterprise, from the circumstance of the monks being their countrymen. In 1466, Sweynheim and Pannartz left Subiaco for Rome, where, under the patronage of the Pope and other prelates of the Church, they diligently plied their avocation, and reproduced many valuable, and now eagerly sought works. About the same time, Cennini, a goldsmith, established a press at Florence; and John of Spire, a German, set up another at Venice. To Zarot, of Milan, belongs the distinction of having printed the first Greek grammar, by Constantius Lascaris, in 1476. This was followed, in 1480, by Crastan's *Lexicon*, which, from all accounts, was nothing more than a very imperfect vocabulary. Before him no one had attempted to cast Greek types, with the exception of Sweynheim and Pannartz, who, in some of their publications, had taken the trouble

to have them shaped. Other printers merely inserted the Greek words they came across with the pen. Thus, though his book was worthless, to Zarot, of Milan, belongs the glory of having used them first in the footing of other types. In 1480, the Hebrew characters also made their *début* in separate types. Two Jewish Rabbis, Joshua and Moses, are credited with being the first who attempted them, at Saccino, in the Duchy of Milan.

To sum up, between 1471 and 1480, according to Panzer, twelve hundred and ninety-seven books, were printed in Italy alone. Two hundred and thirty-four of these were editions of ancient classical authors, while the rest were chiefly devotional, ecclesiastical, liturgical, or, in some or all of its many ways, subservient to the interests of the Church, who was the most vigorous promoter, encourager, and patron of the new art.

Poland made a little progress at first, though there was a sudden and remarkable decline. Between 1465 and 1500 there is no evidence that a single work emenated from the Polish press.

In 1469, Ulric Gering and two others, who had formerly been employed as pressmen by Faust, were induced, at the instance of Fichet and Lapriere, rectors of the Sorbonne, to come to Paris and begin printing. The *Epistles* of Gasparin de Barziza was the earliest result of their labors. Between 1470 and 1480, France produced several works. Thus, an edition of *Cicero ad Herrennium* appeared at Angus in 1476, and another of Horace, at Caen, in 1480. There is a dispute among French writers as to the first book printed in their language. Some declare that it is *Le Jardin de Lévotion*, by Colard Mansion, of Bruges, which appeared in 1473; while others contend that this date is fictitious, and that the honor is due to *Le Roman de Bandoin Comte de Flandres*, published at Lyons, in 1474. One of the most important works of this decade was *Le Grands Chroniques de St. Denis*, a large volume printed in Paris in 1476.

The first book published in Spain was a curious work on the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin. It appeared at Valencia, in 1474, in the form of a poetical contest between thirty-six poets. In 1476, we find printing carried on in Barcelona, Saragossa and Seville, and in 1480, at Salamanca.

Space forbids to trace the progress of the art in all the civilized parts of the globe. It passed rapidly from Europe to Goa, to the Philippian Isles, to Mexico, and thence, toward the latter end of the 16th century, to Lima. About the same period, the Vatican and Paris printers began to introduce the Syrian, Arabian, Persian, Arminian, and Coptic characters.

HUGH P. McELRONE.

THE Bishop of Ossory, Ireland, is to give the total abstinence pledge to all children at the time of their First Communion and Confirmation. They are to promise to refrain from intoxicating liquors until their twenty-second year.

Irish Place-Names.

II.

In my last paper I called attention to some place-names in Ireland formed by the use of *Bally*, a Town. If you do not object, let us take another look into "Dr. Joyce's Irish names of Places." In every country in the world "Fort" is a common prefix in local names. We have Ft. Dade, Ft. Yuma, Fortress Monroe, and so on without end. In the Irish language *Dun* is the word used to denote a fort, fortress, castle or fortified place, as also the residence of a chief, and therefore the prefix *Dun* is often found in Irish place-names. There *Duns* were almost always of circular form, and being intended to enclose accommodations for a great number of persons, though sometimes built of stone, were oftener large circular earthworks, enclosing a military camp, or what was sometimes like a small town. The word is variously written dun,doon,down,don,and sometimes donny. "These syllables form the beginning of the names of more than six hundred townlands, towns and parishes" in Ireland. The great "Rock of Dunamare" in the Queens County, chips of which are religiously carried by Leinstermen all over the world, as mementos of the "old place at home" is Dun-na-Masg, the fortress of Masg, grandson of Sedna Sithbhaic, while the Dunsinane of Macbeth is Senan's fort. Downpatrick, the fort of St. Patrick; Donny carney the fort of Carney, but Donny brook, of Donny brook Fair, is not the fort of the brook, but is *Domnach Broc*, the church of St. Broc. Donegal, is *Dun-na-gall*, the fort of the foreigners or strangers, the Danes.

The addition of *een* denotes small as well as a sign of endearment. Doon, a fort; Dooneen, a small fort; Down, a fort; Downeen,a small fort, sometimes called Downing, the name of one of our celebrated American landscape gardeners. Doonan, also means a small fort. Doonard, a high fort. Doonass, the fortress of the cataract, cascade or falls. Dunmore, the large fort; Doonbeg, the small fort; Dooncaha, the fort of the battle; Doonisky, the fort of the water; Doonooney, Una's fort; Dunowen, Owen's fort; Downamona, the fort of the bog; but in Donabate, don is from *Domhnach*, (church) meaning Church of the boat.

Domhnachmaighedachlaoine is a very suggestive name. It is pronounced Donagh-moy-da-eleena, and means the church of the plain of the two slopes. The "lazy monks" who compiled the Annals of the Four Masters, always lovingly and conscientiously wrote the name out in full, as above, but it is now commonly written and known only as Donagh, to the great relief of many.

But the old Irish people had another word for fort, viz. *lios*, *les*, *lis*, and more than fourteen hundred names of places in Ireland begin with *lis*. *Liosnabaintreabhaighe*, means the widows' fort, certainly safe, if necessary to

pronounce the name in a call for surrender, (as a private "tip" though, to any one needing it, we will mention that it is pronounced lis-na-bointry). Lisaquill the fort of the hazel; Lis-arearke, the fort of the elevated view or prospect: Listaggart, the fort of the priest; Lisbane, the white fort; Lisbarnet, the fort of the gap; Lisboduff, the fort of the black cow (*bo*, a cow; duff, black. *Ru* is red. Brian *Bo ru* is Brian of the red cows). Lisboy, the yellow fort; Liscahane is Cahan's or Kane's fort. Liscahill, Liscanar, Liscarroll explain themselves. Liscartan, the fort of the forge; Lisclogher, stony fort; Liscannel, the fort where strange lights are seen at night: Lisdachon, the fort of the two hounds; Lisdarush, the fort of the two promontories; Lisdaulan, the fort of the two blackbirds; Lisdavok, the fort of the two bucks; Lisdavraher, the fort of the two friars; Lisdoo, black fort. *Lisfarbegnagommaun* is another of these frightful-looking words; but as the "ugly toad bears a precious jewel in its head," this-repulsive looking word has a whole world of fairy beauty in it. Ireland is a mystical land. Like Prospero's island, it "is full of noises, sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not."

In popular belief, it is filled with fairies; good people; "queer" little folks that come out in the moonlight and walk in the hallowed precincts of forts and raths, indulge in all manner of merry gambols, tricks, turns and fancies. Now a wedding, then a dance, a picnic, a frolic, or, it may be, a fairy hurling party. Hurley, in Irish is *coman* or *gcommaun* Lis-fear-beg-na-gommaun, means the fort of the little hurlers. Lissarinka, the fort of the dancing. Sometimes the little fellows fight and their screams are heard, whence Lis-na-cragh, the fort of the screaming.

As there was Doneen diminutive of Doon, so there is Lisheen and Lissen diminutive of Lis, and it is also written Lissan and Lissane, and a plural of this form occurs as Lessanny (little forts). The English have the word in Lessans, and there is Ballylesson in Down, the town of the little fort. Lisheenaleen, the little fort of the flax; Lislea, the gray fort; Lislerane, the fort of the elm.

Of course, there is a Lismore and a Lisbeg, the large fort and the small one. Lismore has a very interesting connection with Irish literature, from the fact that one of the, at one time, lost books of Irish history, was discovered there in a very singular manner. In 1814 the Duke of Devonshire, owner of the castle of Lismore had some repairs made. In re-opening a doorway which had been walled up, the workmen found a box, imbedded in the wall, containing an old Irish manuscript and a "superb old crozier." The manuscript was written on vellum; is about a thousand years old, 262 pages, and is a collection, or transcript, of a number of different books or histories. This collection is called now the Book of Lismore, because of its discovery there. There is a lengthy and interesting account of it in O'Curry's Ms. Materials for Irish History," p. 196. Many of our young Irish-Americans may not know that for a long time during a certain period of English misrule in Ireland it was a crime, punishable by death, for any one

to have one of these old Irish books, in his possession. This is why these books were so carefully concealed, and the placing of the Bishop's crozier with this one, is significant as showing that the same hand which protected the religious of the country strove also to preserve the history of its people.

Lismullin, fort of the mill; Lisnabilla, fort of the ancient tree; Lisnacreery, fort of the branch tree; Lisnacroppan, fort of the hillock. But this list of lisses would "stretch to the crack of doom;" and as we must draw the line somewhere, we'll draw it right here at this very *lis*, and go on to something else.

The ancient Irish not only had a great many forts, but they had a great many names for a fort. They called them Raths also, and so the prefix *rath* runs through all the combinations like the others, there being some eleven hundred names beginning with this word in some of its forms. Rath is pronounced *raw* and, in writing, it is, to suit the pronunciation, often contracted to *ra*, *rah*, *ray*, etc., and with the diminutive *een* becomes raheen, etc., and when used as a termination is *rath*, *ra*, *raw*, *ragh*, *raigh*, or *raugh*, according to the fancy of the original nominator: thus Bal-rath, the entrance to the fort is Belra in Sligo; Belragh, in Tyrone; and Belraugh in Londonderry. Of course, there is the inevitable Rathmore and Rathbeg. There is also Rathbaun, Rathduff, Rathglass, Rathreagh, Rathroe, that is, white, black, green, gray, red, and the other usual colors. The Kenny's have their fort in Rathkenny, and so of Rathmullan, Rathcahill, Rathcormac, Rathronan, and so on forever. The Bishop has his fort in Rathaspick, but Rathbaggart does not appear. Rath Kieran is honored in Rathkieran, and some of those who have seen the play of Arrah-na-pogue may think that Rathpogue means the fort of the kiss, and evolve at once a legend of love in connection therewith; but it means "spooks." *Pooka*, Pogue, was a mysterious sprite, "an odd mixture of merriment and malignity," much more of the latter than the former in fact. Shakespeare, who laid everything under contribution, took him in, under the name of Puck, and, delineating only the merry side of his character, "conferred on him a kind of immortality he never expected" nor deserved. Pooka was a goblin who, though playful at times, had an unpleasant penchant for pitching lonely travellers off the river-crossings, dark and stormy nights, and so "there are many places all over Ireland where he has left his name to attest his former reign of terror." Rathnafushogue has nothing "bird-like" about it to an American eye, yet *fushogue* is the Irish for sky-lark, and the name is therefore sky-lark fort. Raymunterdoney is fort of the family of Doney.

There are many other raths, among them that of the editor when a contributor hangs too long on one idea. Let us change.

One moment though:

"The bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on, etc.

What is Shandon? Don't you see the *don* in the termination, *don* a fort! *shan* is old; the old fort.

What then is the peculiar and particular difference in meaning between *Dun* and *Lis* and *Rath*, some may ask. Impossible to explain in a line or two. You'll have to get a Joyce and work over it, if you care much to know.

I will say, however, that the impression made on me by my reading in the matter is this: When it was sought to establish a stronghold, a fortress, a rallying point for the chief or head of a tribe, after determining the part of the country where it was to be located, they first selected a smooth, level place for the central spot, where the houses were to be placed, and this was called the *Lis*. They then threw up, all around it, for defence, a circular earthwork, called the *rath*, and there was only one place of entrance through this into the *lis*. When completed the whole was called a *dun* or fort. In support of part of this, Joyce, p. 261, quotes from the Book of Ballymote as follows: — (a person who was making his way towards the palace) "leaped with that shaft over the three *raths*, until he was on the floor of the *lis*, and from that until he was on the floor of the King-house." This shows plainly enough that *rath* there meant breastwork, and that there were three lines of them in the fortification in question. Joyce further says, p. 267, "The primary meaning of the word *dun* is "strong" or "firm." In ancient Ireland, when a place was made strong, so as to be able to resist attacks, it was called a *dun*, as we would call it a *fort*. One had a strong hold on his possessions when he had such a place, and the place itself came to be called the stronghold, or fortress, or fort. Still, plain as all this may seem, Joyce, p. 260, says: — "It is highly probable that originally the words *lios*, *rath*, *dun*, etc., were applied to different kinds of structures; but however that may be, they are at present, and have been for a long time, especially the two first, confounded one with another, so that it seems impossible to make a distinction. The *duns*, indeed, ... are usually pretty well distinguished from the lisses and raths; but we often find, even in old authorities, two of these terms, and sometimes the whole three, applied to the very same edifices."

Cathair (pron. Caher), means a circular stone fort, and wherever one of these existed it, of course, had its name. More than three hundred of these names are preserved "all in Munster or Connaught, except three or four in Leinster, — none in Ulster." Many of the original Cathairs or Cahers are still standing. Some of the names are Caheragh, Caherass, Caherconlish, Caherduggan, Cahermoyle, etc. Cahereen, small caher.

Cashel is another word for a circular stone fort and, alone or in combination, is found in more than a hundred names of places in Ireland. The great place of that name is Cashel of the Kings, the Rock of Cashel, "once the capital city of Munster, and the chief residence of its Kings." Some of the combinations are Cashelfean, fort of the Fianna, or ancient Fenians, Cashel-na-vean, Cashel-finoge, etc.

Brugh (pron. Bru), signified a palace or distinguished residence. Bruff, in Limerick, is a corruption of this word. The diminutive *bruighean* (now pronounced *bry-an*), signifying also mansion or great house, is even more common than its original. Bruighean-da-Choga, celebrated in Irish history as far back as the first century, still remains, at Bryan-more-upper in Westmeath. It is a fort about two hundred feet in diameter. "In more recent times the word *bruighean* has always been used by the people to denote a fairy palace — for the old forts were believed to be inhabited by the fairies."

Mota is considered to be adopted from the English *moat*. Ballymote, the town of the moat.

Grianan means a beautiful sunny spot; a bower or summer house, derived from *grian*, the sun. It is, however, generally used as meaning a royal seat, or King's residence. These residences were called *grianans* (pron. *greenan*), and resembled the cahers in construction, that is, being circular stone buildings. The ancient Irish built every thing in circular form. It was hard to get them to adopt the quadrangular plan even for churches, and they compromised only by having leave to build a round-tower by the side of them. There is Greenan-Ely, Greenanstown, Clogreenan Castle, etc. *Greenoge* is the diminutive.

Aileach (pron. *ellagh*), signifies a stone house, or fort, from *ail*, a stone. The most celebrated of these is Greenan-Ely, the palace of the Northern Hy Neill Kings, near Derry, great ruins of which still exist. Ely represents the pronunciation of *ailigh* the genitive of *aileach*.

Teamhair (pron. *tawer* and *tower*), means about the same as *grianan* and signifies an elevated spot commanding an extensive view. The genitive is *Taragh*, Tara which recalls the great Tara in Meath, seat of the Irish Kings. Towermore, Towerbeg, Taur, Tawran, Tavraun, and the diminutive Tevrin are all founded on this word, denoting that they are high places.

Faithche (pron. faha), was a level green plot in front of ancient Irish residences, used for games, exercises, reception of visitors, etc. It is much used in making up names of places. Faha-na-soodry, the green of the tanners. It is made *foy* in some places, as Foyduff, Foybeg, and Foymore, (black, little, great), and Foyfin the fair or light-colored green. Ballynafoy, the town of the green. Ballynafeigh, Ballynafey, Ballynafie and Ballynafagh, all mean the same as Ballinafoy. The diminutives are Fahan, Fahane, Faheen, Foyoge, and Fihoge, and Lough Foyhin is the lake of the little green.

Mothar (pron. *moher*), means the ruin of a building. *Mohera* is the plural. Moher-a-creevy, the ruins near the large tree. Mohereen, a small ruin. Moheragh, a place abounding in ruins; *Drum* is a ridge, Drummoher in Clare and Drummoher in Limerick, the ridge of the ruined fort.

Crannog, a word derived from *crann*, a tree, means first a structure of wood, aplied to wooden houses placed on artificial islands in lakes. "These islands were formed in a shallow part by driving spokes into the bottom, which were made to support cross beams; on these were heaped small trees,

brambles, clay, etc., till the structure was raised over the surface of the water.

On this the family, and in many cases, several families, lived in wooden houses, sufficiently protected from enemies by the surrounding lake, while communication with the land was carried on by means of a small boat. The word *crannóg* was very often and is now generally understood to mean the whole structure, both island and houses. These lake dwellings were used from the most remote ages down to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and they are frequently mentioned in the annals," Joyce, 288. The name Crannoge remains in many places where the lake has disappeared. Crannoge-boy, the yellow wooden house; Cool cronoge, the corner or angle of the wooden house.

Longford in Ireland does not mean a long ford, for those are English words, and the name is old Irish from *Longphort*, meaning a fortress or encampment. The name was in use in Ireland before the English language was known there.

Teach (pron. tagh) means a house of any kind. Tagheen in Mayo, from *teach*, house, and *chaein*, beautiful, is beautiful house. Tagh boy, yellow house; Ta duff, black house. The form *tigh* (pron. tee) is in more general use, and usually appears as *tee*, *ti*, and *ty* Teebane, white house; Teemore, great house; when *tigh* is joined with the genitive of the article, it almost always takes the form of *tin* or *tinna*, much used. Tinna-hinch, the house of the island or river holm; Tin curragh and Tin curry, the house of the *curragh*, a marsh; Tinnascart and Tinnascarty the house of the *scart*, or cluster of bushes.

The site on which a house stood is often denoted by the combination *ait-tighe* (aut-tee), the place of the house, written generally *atti* or *atty*. Atti dermot, the site of Dermots' house. Atti duff, the site of the black house. Attantee (*ait-á-tsean-tighe*) the site of the old house. Atshanbae (*ait-tsean-both*) the site of the old tent. Attavally, the site of the *bally* or village. If you look in Webster for the derivation of the word shanty, you will find this, "Said to be from Ir. *sean*, old, and *tig*, a house." S before *e* and *i* has, in Irish, the sound of *sh*.

Both (boh) signifies a tent, *booth*, or hut. Shanbo in Meath, Shanboe in Queen's County, and Shanbogh in Kilkenny, all mean old tent or hut. Bodoney in Tyrone, means the tent of the church, *doney* from *Domhnach* church. Bohola in Mayo is from *both-Thola*, St. Tolas tent. Bohaboy in Galway, yellow tents. Knock is a hill, so that *Knock-na-boha*, in Tipperary, means the hill of the hut. Bohann and Hohoge, diminutives, mean a small hut.

Badhun (*bawn*). "Beside many of the old castles, there was a *bawn* or large enclosure, surrounded by a strong fence or wall, which was often protected by towers; and into this enclosure the cattle were driven by night to protect them from wolves or robbers. The ruins of some of them may still be seen in a state of tolerable preservation. The syllable *bawn* is of very usual occurrence in local names."

The foregoing is drawn mainly from ch. I. part III, of Joyce's Irish Names of Places. There is much in it that I have not extracted. The curious in such matters will find in Joyce a mine of entertainment and instruction.

San Antonio Colony, Fla. Feast of St Athanasius, 1883. D.

An M. P. in Boston.

JOHN BARRY, Member of Parliament for Wexford County, was in Boston recently, and was interviewed by *The Pilot*. Mr. Barry is probably the best known Irishman in England, being a resident of that country for over thirty years. He is one of the largest manufacturers of floor-cloths and linoleums in Great Britain. His works, which are at Kirkcaldy, in Fifeshire, Scotland, cover seven acres of ground, 320 men being constantly employed by the firm, which is styled John Barry, Ostlere & Co. Mr. Barry named his works the "Forth Works," after the Barony of Forth in the County of Wexford, where he and his father's granduncle, Commodore Jack Barry, "the father of the American Navy," were born. Mr. Barry's father and the Commodore first saw light in the house *and room* near Tacumshin, in the vicinity of Carnsore Point, which is twelve miles southeast of the town of Wexford. His tried patriotism and other sterling qualities have endeared the member for Wexford to the Irish race in England, Scotland and Ireland. He is a Nationalist of the most pronounced type, and a faithful adherent of the Parnell policy in the British Parliament. He was always exceedingly popular with the people. In his day — although yet in the prime of life — he was considered a great athlete. In 1866 he won the four-mile champion walking match in Kensington Oval, London, the prize being a valuable silver cup. He was recognized as one of the best amateur wrestlers in the North of England. Mr. Barry's election for Wexford County in 1880 was the most notable Irish political event of that year. He was opposed by Chevalier Keys O'Clery, a man of pretty much the same type as special envoy Errington. O'Clery was supported in his candidacy by some clergymen, and when Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, O'Kelly, and Barry went to Enniscorthy they were received by a howling mob with threats, and hustled through the crowd. In getting to the railway station, after an ineffectual attempt to address the voters, Mr. Parnell had his pantaloons torn all up the leg.

An incident that showed the metal and determination of the future M. P. occurred here, which changed the whole current of popular opinion, and gained John Barry the enthusiastic support of the mob that a few minutes previously were stoning him. It happened as follows: When the party of gentlemen who went to support Mr. Barry's candidacy arrived at the railway

station, after being howled out of town, Mr. Barry refused to leave, although pressed to do so by Mr. Parnell, who remarked, "Well, Barry, if they kill you, which seems probable, get one of your friends to telegraph, so that I may send down another man to beat O'Clery." "Never mind," said John Barry, "I shall not leave now, it would look like cowardice; I shall go back to the hotel. Good-bye, gentlemen." On his way back to the hotel the mob closed around, pelting him with pieces of clay and small stones, and howling, "Down with the opponent of the Chevalier!" Finally a couple of stout and seemingly determined patriots jostled against Mr. Barry and gave the word for a personal onslaught. Barry could not stand any more of that kind of horse-play; he jumped some paces to the front, threw off his hat and coat, up went his "dukes," and he shouted, "Come on now, half a dozen of you at a time, and I will show you what a Wexford Barry can do!"

The boldness of the action and the fearless attitude of the man held the crowd for a while in suspense, when finally some one in the mob raised the shout, "Hurroo for Barry! He has the blood in him!"

The shout was taken up by the others, and they cheered him to his hotel, and continued to do so throughout the evening. He was returned to Parliament a few days afterwards by a vote of 3,000 against 400 for Chevalier O'Clery.

Joaquin Miller on Convent Education.

JOAQUIN MILLER, the Poet of the Sierras, writes as follows in the New York *Star:* "Four years ago I took a little girl of mine from Oregon and put hr in the Loretty Convent School, at Guelph, Ontario. She was a wayward little thing, quite without culture, discipline, or any idea of obedience; then she was all shaken up with the ague; and the long journey made her quite ill, too. But the place is so high and dry and entirely healthy that the child soon became strong and healthy and hardy. In the whole four years I have not paid over ten dollars of doctor's bills. And this girl, who so liked the freedom of the hills and was so lawless, soon became one of the most patient, industrious and well-disciplined children in the world. All by kindness, too; not one harsh word was ever spoken to her, so far as I know. And she from the first was in love with these gentle teachers, all from the Mother Superior down.

"As to the dread some Protestants have of their children becoming Catholics, I can only give my experience here for the information and guidance of others. I am not myself a Catholic, nor do I profess any particular creed; although I think I see some good in all. But holding with an eminent Englishman — that 'man is a religious animal'— and knowing in my own heart that religion is as strong an element for good, and is as necessary to the perfection of a soul as is the sentiment of love, I desired that my daughter should be religious. And I desired, too, after some years of reflection, that she should choose her own religion. After a year or so of observation and reflection she chose to be a Catholic. But so far from her being persuaded or influenced to this, she was put on a long probation. And even then I had to give my written permission before she could be accepted. Pardon this detail; but it is important for all to know these facts."

The D'Altons of Crag: A Story of '48 and '49.

It is quite certain that Mr. Charles Baring recognized the dog, and therefore was aware that his complicity in the robbery was known to one person, at least; but many more things than that were known to "Crichawn," and the last bad deed made no great difference. There is no question of Mr. Charles Baring's hatred both of Mr. Meldon and "Crichawn;" and with a fair chance of getting rid of both, it would be well if they had their prayers said. But "the Captain" was wise enough to conclude that, great enemies as Meldon and "Crichawn" were, the law and the hangman were greater.

Mr. Charles Baring accidently performed a good work the day of his arrival. Mr. Giffard D'Alton had the house in an uproar, and the servants flying from before his face. Too much turf had been found in the kitchen grate; and he had seen with his own eyes (he swore a hundred oaths), — he had seen a beggar leaving the court-yard with a well-filled bag. Of course, that was the plunder of Mr. Giffard's "honest means," by the robbers around him, who would "send him to the workhouse at last," and then Mr. Giffard raised his eyes and hands to the sky, and invoked all the maledictions that injured justice without a conscience could invoke upon his foes "unto the thirtieth generation."

Mr. Giffard D'Alton's passion, however, had not reached its climax until he discovered that the hunter was not in the stable. Where was the hunter? Mr. Charles had "taken the animal with him one morning." The man who gave the information was to go and be ——. The same man was in league with the "scapegrace nephew." The horse had "been by this time sold," and James, the groom, had a large share of the booty.

"By —— the whole —— set should be sent to Botany Bay. Thus the courtyard was ringing when, bright as a mirror, in came the animal regarding which he had made so many announcements; and peace was shortly proclaimed, to the consolation of the servants. Thus Mr. Charles Baring did great good without intending it.

Nelly Nurse, on being summoned by Mr. Baring, gave him all the knowledge she thought right to be communicated; and told him how Miss Amy had gone in Mr. Meldon's carriage, on a visit to Mr. Meldon and his daughter. Now, this being so, we will follow our friend Amy, and leave Mr. Charles to the enjoyment of his uncle and the Crag.

Mr. Meldon's house, though not new to Amy, is new to our readers. Let us sketch it. Lying against Slievena-mon, but not upon it, the shadow of the great mountain seems to rest patronizingly upon the dwelling. It is two stories high, and has verandahs and Venetian blinds, and from the outside you can behold the rich hangings. The drawing-room curtains are of rich purple damask, and the parlor ones are the richest of rich merino. The furniture comports with the hangings, and the whole house glows with the rich tastes of a man of culture, who wishes to surround his beautiful child with images of her own beautiful soul.

In the carriage which brought away Amy are Mr. Leyton Seymour and Clara Meldon; the box-seat is occupied by Mr. Meldon, and his devoted servant "Crichawn."

Three gentlemen pass by, and "Crichawn" raises his whip to the leaf of his *sombrero* in salute.

"Who are those gentlemen?" asked Mr. Meldon.

"One is Mr. M——," answered "Crichawn;" "the other is Mr.

O'G——, and the third gentlemen is wan I never saw before."

"He looks a man of courage and daring. His head is raised as if to defy a storm."

At this moment Father Ned Power came along.

"Just the man I wanted. Who is that noble-looking gentleman in the middle? Look yonder."

"Alas! answered Father Ned, "that is O'B——, the bravest, truest soul in the world, but the most deceived by his followers."

"Why by his followers?"

"Well, by the enthusiasm which exaggerates everything in a moment of excitement, and moves souls like his to action that must be ruinous."

"I hardly understand."

"Well, you are well acquainted with some movements and hopes openly advised and inspired by our press. These arise very much from local reports which spring from meetings and conjectures; and when the time of action comes, such noble fellows as he will pay the forfeit, and accomplish nothing."

"Which side are you on, Father Ned?" asked Mr. Meldon laughing.

"I belong to the great 'waiting' party," answered Father Ned. "I will not irritate where I cannot give a blow; and I will not give a blow which may be returned by a thousand, and give my enemy a thousand times more power than he ever had before."

"Come, Father Ned, we will finish this discussion, or your volume of information, after dinner. I have kept you too long from Miss D'Alton. You knew Mr. Seymour before."

Father Ned stepped into the carriage like a man who was at home and who knew he was.

The time until dinner was spent in lounging around a richly blooming garden, although the flowers gave notice that their life was not to be very long; and Amy and Clara discussed poetry and "work," and, of course, music, while the gentlemen entertained themselves in the various modes and manners which people of their education enjoy.

We will not trouble the reader with a description of the dinner — a thing which is very tantalizing to a man who is hungry, and who cannot transform the viands of thought into something more palpable if not more poetical. It passed off admirably; and Father Ned declared that Mr. Seymour was one of the finest men in the world.

The ladies had not long to wait in the drawing-room, where both were delighted to find their friend, the "Queen of the May." She wore her favorite white and blue — the dress she wore at the school examinations the summer before.

It was quite evident that the sympathy of Mr. Meldon was strongly Hibernian; and he dwelt on landlord tyranny and class ascendancy in Ireland as if he were a native of Munster. Mr. Seymour was very much the same — only he had a great tendency to "venture" all sooner than continue in the vassalage of a prostrate nationality. Amy looked at him with astonishment, and in spite of all her parental training, she caught a spark of the fire of his thought.

After some vehement condemnations of the misgovernment of the past, Clara ventured to remark that poor Poland had suffered more even than Ireland; "the chains were heavy and sharp, and degradation was constantly the companion of the whip and the sabre!" almost cried Clara.

"There is my daughter! Clara, you are a little rogue! You want Mr. Seymour's song, 'The Minstrel.'"

Clara smiled and rose. She approached Mr. Seymour like a petitioner.

Mr. Seymour, on his part, rose and bowed. He raised the harp from its position near the southern window, and placed it beside the piano. He then gave his arm to Clara, who sitting behind it, looked like a vision of beauty, through thinly veiling clouds. She swept the strings with a power

astonishing in one so young. The prelude was grandly full; yet you heard the wail of melancholy running through rushing harmonies that swelled up in magnificent chorus! Mr. Leyton Seymour stood near her, and began. With a fine tenor he gave —

POLAND'S LAST MINSTREL.

And he called for his sword and his lyre;
And a tinge o'er his brown visage stole,
For his dark eye was flashing the fire
That raged in the depths of his soul!

And he sang: "Poland on to the fight!
On! on! with the sword of the free!
Oh, the sword of the freeman is bright!
And heaven and hope are with thee!"

* * * *

And he called for his sword and his lyre;
And his visage was worn and wan;
And his dark eye no longer flashed fire,
For his spirit was broken and gone.

And he sang, —'was of Poland again:
It was peace to the great and the brave,
And I thought more melodiously then,
Tho' his song was the song of the grave.

* * * *

Peace! peace to the minstrel who sang
All the glories of freedom and died,
With the sounds of her fame on his tongue,
And the lyre of his love by his side!

It was vain to depict the effect of this song upon Amy D'Alton. The blood of the Barrons was hot, and in poor Amy's case constant repression of home made the reaction terrible. She grew pale with downright excitement, and had she not been ashamed she would have besought Mr. Leyton Seymour to sing it again.

"Poor Poland!" sighed the fair young woman.

"There's a singular illustration of accepting enemies' gifts," observed Mr. Meldon.

"Enemies' gifts? I do not understand," observed Mr. Seymour.

"The Russian power bribed the occupiers and cultivators of the land by what is styled liberating them from feudal slavery; and when Poland had lost cohesion by the division between owners and cultivators, the enemy made slaves of both — slaves, as far as the Tartars could, in mind, body and religion."

Mr. Meldon spoke with great bitterness.

"Ah, well," cried Father Ned, "the ladies are not going to stop their sweet music for our dry history. Miss D'Alton will sing one of our own melodies."

"I think Ally Hayes and myself have sometimes ventured a duet, having Nelly Nurse and my cousin for an appreciative audience," answered Amy. "What says the 'Queen of the May?'"

The "Queen of the May," only blushed and rose. She was taken to the piano by Mr. Meldon, her kind and devoted patron. Amy stood by, and Mr. Leyton Seymour turned the music. "Flow on, thou shining river!" was charmingly rendered.

After the applause and thanks had ceased, Mr. Seymour said the "shining river" reminded him of the Glen leading up to Mr. D'Alton's, and the singular apparition stated to have occurred there some time ago."

"Father Ned Power," Mr. Seymour said, "do you believe in apparitions?"

"Well, it would be difficult to deny apparitions and admit the Holy Scriptures."

"Father Ned, what of the Pookah's hole?" said Father John.

"I am not going to involve myself in conflicts with the fairies," said Father Ned; but there was a wicked light in his eyes — which might mean that Father Ned knew a great deal more.

Amy had for some time been looking over a portfolio. She started with a slight exclamation. Clara was by her side.

"I see you like that sketch," remarked Miss Meldon.

"Oh, 'tis most beautiful. Is it fancy, or has such a sketch an original?" Her eyes dilated at the view.

What was it? It was a mansion by a lake, that spread itself out like an inland sea. There was a narrow

at the head — far, far away; and this narrow was spanned by a bridge so light and beautiful that it seemed made for spirits to pass over. The mansion was regal in its looks and luxuriant in every surrounding.

Clara evidently enjoyed Amy's wonder; and Amy, raising her eyes, saw the quizzical look of her young friend.

"Oh, you have seen that place, Clara? I see you have."

"I know who made the sketch, at any rate," answered Clara, laughing; and she turned her eyes towards Mr. Leyton Seymour.

"Oh, Mr. Seymour! The sketch is yours! Is it taken from nature?"

"It is, Miss D'Alton. That sketch is of a beautiful home, beyond the Atlantic; and the tints are those of the Indian summer, which correspond with your harvest. Indeed the perfection of the sketch would demand a few of the aborigines and a canoe or two along the shining water. I think of adding them to-morrow."

Amy waited for more information. She waited in vain.

"The proprietor of such an establishment must be rich, and might be happy," Father Power put in; but Mr. Seymour made no remark, and the company were too polite to force a confidence to which no one had any claim.

Amy was full of thought, and built many castles in the air. This was evident — that Mr. Seymour was an artist, had been in America, and had known the country and people; and who knows, after all, but the beautiful mansion belonged to himself.

"But what is that to me?" she inquired of her busy set of feelings, and, as usual, she laughed at herself— laughed at her own absurdity.

A loud ring at the door announced a visitor.

"Crichawn" came in and handed a card to Mr. Leyton Seymour. Mr. Seymour looked astonished, but said nothing. Amy felt alarmed — she knew not why.

Mr. Seymour rose from his chair and moved towards the door; but Mr. Meldon at once said, "Any friend of yours is welcome here."

Begging pardon, however, Mr. Seymour adhered to his original design and approached the door. "Crichawn" held the bolt in his hand tightly. He stooped over to Mr. Seymour and whispered very distinctly:

"He ought to come in only he'd frighten the ladies — and Miss Amy. But no matter," said 'Crichawn;' "no matter; you don't care a pin for him;" and he slipped into Mr. Seymour's hand a revolver.

The visitor was Mr. Charles Baring, who had lost the five hundred pounds on the race day in Tramore; where, for reasons more Mr. Meldon's than his own, Mr. Leyton Seymour was present and betted on the various matches.

Mr. Seymour had overheard James the Pilgrim's words, and he felt the time of action might be coming.

He kept the pistol very plainly exposed in his right hand.

"You come out armed, sir," were the first words spoken by Baring.

"I nearly always carry arms about me, sir. I have been living in wild, undisciplined regions. But you want *me?*"

"Yes, I want to warn you."

"What means that language to a stranger, sir?"

"I tell you, sir, you are well know; and I tell you to keep clear of my house and of Miss D'Alton."

"Miss D'Alton!"

"Yes, sir; Miss D'Alton is affianced to me and ——"

"Stop, pray; has Miss D'Alton affianced herself to you?"

"A more proper person has affianced her to me — her own father."

"Oh," Mr. Seymour replied, "fathers very vainly do things of that kind in a free country. Miss D'Alton is her own mistress."

"Oh, her money! You know it! You rascal! You cheat! You blackleg! Have you courage to meet an

injured man — her own flesh and blood? Are you a man of honor?"

"Mr. Baring, I will meet you anywhere, by night or by day, alone or in company," answered Mr. Seymour, calmly.

"Well then, well then" — and he choked though he made himself intelligible — "bring — one — one man — to the centre of Cool-no-muck, after to-morrow at seven in the morning — one man to witness your last breath — seven in the morning mind! Will you come, sir?"

"Certainly;" and he added very quietly, "I shall bring two dozen leaden bullets."

They parted.

"*Mo gradh thu!*" (My love you are), said "Crichawn," who had heard every word.

CHAPTER XI.

SHOWING HOW THERE WAS NO DUEL AFTER ALL. — THE SHADOW OF THE "FEVER TIME" AND THE CHARITY BEGOTTEN OF SORROW.— AN IRISH HURLING MATCH THIRTY YEARS AGO.

We will make no mystery about the duel, which never came off at all. The next day but one, Mr. Charles Baring found himself in a raging fever, and fighting a duel, in which the chances for the time were pretty evenly balanced between death and life. The danger of losing all mental coherency was imminent; for already Mr. Baring had commenced to rave; and therefore Amy D'Alton dispatched a messenger in all haste for Father Ned Power. But the young man would see no priest; he was "in no danger," he said; he would still be able to "avenge himself on his enemies;" and he over and over cursed some name between his ground teeth which the nurse thought was like "Cunneen."

Amy was in deep affliction, of course, particularly as he had refused the consolations of faith, and, unhappily, reasoning with Mr. Baring was now out of the question. She could only pray and suffer, poor child. Sympathy, at all events, within the Crag, had died, the day of her birth.

But Mr. Meldon was now doubly attentive, and Mr. Leyton Seymour was evidently deeply moved. It need not be said that Amy was not allowed into the sick room, and, indeed, the medical men wished her away from the house, if it were possible. But Amy would not leave her father, and the old man could not be induced to stir. A great change, however, was visible in him. The shadow of a coming doom seemed to have spoken an effective warning; and Mr. Giffard D'Alton swore seldom and complained little during a month.

The fever became dreadfully epidemic during July, so that the hospitals in towns and cities became so crowded that numbers of beds were laid in open sheds in the yards; and in rural districts people tossed themselves in fiery delirium on straw laid along the roads.

Father Ned was in great requisition; and, finally, became simply a wonder to the world. His "rounds" averaged twelve hours a day, and the people prepared for death twenty and even two score in four-and-twenty hours. He was sometimes obliged, in the cabins, to remove one or two from the bed, and, having heard their confessions in a corner, to bring them back in his arms, and place them beside the sufferer who had been heard last. And then the dead heat of the fevered atmosphere, the raging thirst and the raging agony — oh! all these were things which those who witnessed them can never forget.

And yet there were consolations in the heroism which one met from time to time. Girls who had been schoolfellows or companions to Mass or to the "pattern," on their knees begged for leave to go and nurse their young associates, and often got the same, as parents and others saw that their hearts would break if refused the consolation of being by the sick bed. They shared the agony as the flushed

cheek and reeking head and body showed the furnace burning within, and when they heard the shriek of misery they could not allay. Nay, in many cases, they imbibed the contagion, and brought it to their homes and died; but no examples of danger could appall the soul of blessed friendship in woman.

And we must be just to the young men. We have seen a dozen young fellows who took turns in watching and nursing the friend of their own age, whom fate had left without a mother or sister, or other female relative. After their day's labor they prepared to sit out the lonely hours of darkness and dire distress; and came to club their earnings at the end of the week to help the sufferer through his trial.

Clara Meldon often — very often — came to see Amy D'Alton, notwithstanding fever was in the house; because the ladies loved one another, and hearts like Mr. Meldon's associate a great power of preservation with sincere love. But, what was extremely odd, Clara became a favorite with old Mr. D'Alton. After two or three visits, during which he had seen her and heard her, he absolutely called her "Clara;" and said that when things improved he would like to "see her for a long visit at the Crag." The servants were astounded to see old Mr. D'Alton accompanying her and Amy to the carriage; but when they heard that he had presented her with a little oil-painting of the Madonna that had hung in his chamber for forty years, they said "the old master will soon die!"

Well, the "old master" did not soon die; and Charles Baring in about a month, was able to rise from his bed. His anger had been appeased by his sickness, and he even expressed a sense of the absurdity of his proceeding with Mr. Leyton Seymour.

It will be readily surmised that Clara Meldon shared Amy's visits among the poor, and accompanied her to the Church and Sunday-school. Father Aylmer and Father Ned had at all events a pair of "Sisters of Mercy" in their way; and their example had an influence a thousand times greater than even their benevolence.

When Mr. Charles Baring had become convalescent, he was permitted to accompany the ladies and sometimes become their whip; but "Crichawn" was always one of the company, wherever Clara happened to be; and, although a very changed man, at least apparently, the grudge or fear regarding "Crichawn" outlived his indisposition.

One sunny Sunday morning, they all drove to Mass, and mingled with the crowd whose faith was drawing them up the hill. There was the fair white edifice, "the chapel," formed like a cross, and there were the old clustering trees around — and, above, was the majestic mountain stretching its arms right and left, as if embracing the house of God. Young maidens in twos and threes, or two or three of them accompanying one young man; and the old women with their becoming blue and grey hoods and white borders; and the groups of robust manhood whose elastic step bespoke the spirit and energy of gallant Tipperary, all proceeding in long line to "the chapel" in which their fathers and grandfathers prayed long ago, formed a sight which a right-hearted Irishman would enjoy even amid "the fever" and "the distress" and "the disturbances."

All along the road to the church, conversation is always active, and many a plan laid down for the day and the week, and maybe for the lifetime. The events of the past week had been of a stirring nature, and gave occasion for many comments and many hopes and fears in that large congregation; for, very probably, many of them had deep engagements, and certainly all had sympathies strained to all their tension

by holy interests and attachments at that time.

We have said that there was a large sum of miscalculations. People in this place, though few imagined that those in another place were a multitude, while those in the "other place" equally exaggerated the number of their neighbors; and hence enthusiasm was deceived by enthusiasm, with as honest a soul as ever animated honest men.

Many welcomed young Baring, and every one had prayers to send after the ladies, and kind expressions of gratitude. They neared the place where the blessed mansion stood; and now a little incident brings us to the knowledge of a new acquaintance. On this Sunday, nearly opposite the church, and on the opposite side of the way, a poor man was suddenly struck down with epilepsy. The scene was awful — the foaming of the mouth — wide open eyes that looked as if they saw the demon — and lips bleeding in the hold of the wretched sufferer's own teeth as they moved from the upper lip to the lower! The heaving was so great that three persons could not hold the poor fellow. A pony phaeton came up the road, in which sat a lady in mourning and by her side a gentleman in mourning also, who looked like her son, they were so like one another. They were in that relationship; and as they approached the spot where the sick man lay, the lady sharply cried out "Leonard! Leonard!" and she pointed to the direction of the crowd, just parted, to give the poor patient air to breath. "Oh! Mr. St. Lawrence!" cried several voices. "Mr. Leonard!" they repeated.

The gentleman, so named, flung the reins to his man, and instantly ran to the door of the church. He returned in a moment with a large key from the church gate. Hastening to the epileptic, he gently opened a passage over and down along the spine of the poor man, slipped in the door key, and then paused. The recovery of the man was instantaneous, and the crowd seemed stricken with awe. Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence, however, explained to them, in a few words, that for the present the disease was arrested; but that the specific was only for temporary relief.

"What a fine young fellow!" Mr. Meldon exclaimed. "By Jove, that is a man in a hundred!"

Another moment, and Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence, hat in hand, was by the side of the carriage, paying his respects to Amy D'Alton. Of course, a little conversation took place before he joined his mother, who, on her part, had been paying her respects as best she could to the people of the Crag. She did not know Mr. Meldon or Clara.

Mr. Meldon had evidently been much struck by the manners and address of the young man, and immediately asked Amy for information.

"Well," Amy said, "Mrs. St. Lawrence has been bereaved of a husband who deeply loved her: and generally lives in Dublin. She has a small property in her own right here; and occasionally her youngest son, Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence, accompanies her here to look after it.'

"She has another son, then?"

"Oh, yes; her eldest son's name is William. He lives in the county Kilkenny, where the chief property lies."

"He is the heir?"

"Well, the property is not entailed, and, what is curious enough, he enjoys it as a gift of the young gentleman you have just seen."

"A gift of his brother?"

"Yes; for some reason or another, the father disinherited the eldest son ——"

"Oh, he drank," interrupted Mr. Baring.

"However it was, his father left all the property to the younger son; and, after the reformation, Leonard made the whole thing over by deed upon William."

"By Jove!" said Mr. Meldon, "and how does he live?"

Amy smiled, for she saw Clara's eyes filled with tears of admiration for the stranger.

"Gave up all?"

"Every farthing; but, sir," she continued, turning to Mr. Meldon, "Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence is a rising young barrister, and likely to take an exalted place in his profession."

"He will," said Mr. Meldon emphatically.

Mr. Baring was greatly bored, and he was not strong.

Coming home from Mass, there was more opportunity of knowing the St. Lawrences; but we will suspend all communication regarding them until we have disposed of some incidents necessary for our progress.

Seeing a large number of persons turning up the Clommel road, and also that a number of them had "hurlies," Mr. Meldon expressed a strong wish to be present at a "hurling match." All were of a like disposition, and the carriages followed the people now on their way. The surmise proved correct, because two fields from the road, some hundred men divested of their coats stood in groups of various sizes, leaning upon their hurlies and talking of the chances of the match.

The people on the hedge at once cleared the whole space before the two vehicles, so as to leave a perfect view. Simple individuals made a line outside the hedge and leaned their heads upon their hands, having got elbow room on in the group.

The hurlers now formed. They had their left wing and their right wing, and the centre massed with men facing one another. The symmetry was beautiful, and the plan of action a military study. Wings, skirmishers, and centre were understood all to keep as near the places which they occupied as was possible, and the game was carried on by every man doing his utmost to send on the ball to his companion in arms; while the opposing side was to intercept and resist. It was exciting even to look at it! Alas that Ireland's noble games should have passed away! and that the things lifeless and without science that invade us under the patronage of English fashion should be so acceptable as they appear to be!

"The ball is up! Hurra!"

Who can describe the game — the intense watchfulness of the crowded hedges! — the cheer on cheer as this side or that seems to prevail, and the marvellous strength exhibited by some of the combatants! Such scraping, and twisting, and sudden stoopings, and rising of scores together! and then some fine fellow having won his way sends the ball spinning into high air over the heads of all. The other side seems beaten, but not at all. With a bound like an elastic ball, a man is seen in the air, stops the ball with his hurly, and drops it into his hand! Another lift and another "vacancy" and the ball goes back in the opposite direction; until it is again recovered and again ascending the air.

But there is a by-play of a wonderful character. Two, from time to time, find that they are too equally matched to gain the advantage of sending the ball to the hurley, and they deliberately lay the hurlies by and try who is the better man in a wrestling match. The exhibitions were sometimes most beautiful — beautiful in the forbearance with one another in presence of so many spectators, and beautiful in the symmetrical developments which manifested themselves in the course of the friendly strife. The wrestlings, in fact, created more of a *furore* from time to time than the main match itself.

It was remarked that one man changed his place rather frequently, and whispered his antagonist or his partner. This hurler continued to get up and down and across, which

was rather against the laws of the game.

"Crichawn" stooped down to Mr. Meldon and whispered him. The words were: "That man is calling a meeting."

Mr. Meldon seemed to understand.

One of the hurlers — one who had upset every opponent — leant upon his hurly, waiting for the ball. "Crichawn" saw his face for the first time; and instantly obtained leave to go near the hedge and have a clear view. He placed himself near two men, who were dressed extremely like one another, and who, as he had seen, were in occasional communication of a confidential kind with a third. "Crichawn" listened.

"That is Hartnett, the man wanted," "Crichawn" heard the third man say. "Crichawn knew who the hurler was. In fact, he was in "the proclamation;" and it seemed a daring thing to come into such close proximity with a police station.

"Crichawn" fell against the third man by accident of course, and the man suddenly turned round. He was a member of what was called a "Felon's Club." The hurler's fate seemed settled. He had been sold, and for money: because within a brief time this same man got office in the police force, and became a "half sir." It is some consolation to know that he betrayed his villainy and lost his character by being proved afterwards to have shot his own finger off one night, and called his rascality an outrage upon him by "the rebels."

The game finished, the victors embraced the vanquished, and all cheered for the next merry meeting. The two detectives simply watched the break-up and kept their eyes upon their victim. "Crichawn" kept his eye upon them.

Amid the plaudits of the assemblage, in small gatherings, having donned their clothes, they go towards the gates or spring lightly over the hedges. The man who was "wanted," poor Hartnett, with two others, at length left the field. No stir was apparent among the officials. They took the matter very easy. They had only to see where the young man would put up for the night; and would not even interfere with his dinner appetite.

"Bad look to ye!" said "Crichawn" to himself; "and to the thraitor," he added.

He beckoned to an old friend, and they talked a while together.

"Jim you will come down about ten, to the house; an' I'll meet you there."

"Sartin!"

"Come," Mr. Meldon cried, "time to move off, my friends." Then turning to Mr. Leonard St. Lawrence, he added, "I am extremely glad to know your good mother and yourself, and I shall be glad to know more of you."

"We shall do ourselves the honor of calling on you to-morrow, Mr. Meldon," the lady said.

"I *am* so glad!" whispered Clara; and then reddened at her imprudence. However, she was *not* overheard.

The family or families were really happy, and Mr. Charles Baring quite tolerable. He and his cousin were left at the Crag, and Clara and her father turned towards their home. In due time "Crichawn" was able to go to his sister-in-law's, and he pretended to scold his niece for "being sich a Quaker." She would not go to the hurling match.

Jim enters.

"Well?" "Crichawn" asks.

"I served M——, body and bones, for a half sovereign; an' I made 'em take their book oaths they niver would tell my name; an' I sent 'em directly to the house, only four miles astray from where he is; an' I tuk *him* six miles an' a half the other way; an' he's near Turles now!"

"*Beanacht do Mhuire Mhahair orth sa*" (The blessing of Mother Mary on you!) said "Crichawn."

CHAPTER XII.

SHOWING MR. CHARLES BARING'S CROSSES.—WHO "THE YOUNG PRIEST" WAS; AND THE VALUABLE INFORMATION THE "FELON CLUB" MAN GAVE THE POLICE.

Mr. Charles Baring found his difficulties rapidly increasing, and the means of relieving himself lessening just as fast. He had exhausted not only the liberality of Mr. Cunneen, but he had made engagements of an extravagant kind with many people beside; so that in fact either his uncle's death, or his marriage with his cousin became a matter of dire necessity. One result of these complications was that Mr. Charles Baring became importunate with poor Amy. She never for one moment gave Baring a hope — though she never offended or wounded him. Latterly, however, she was obliged to become emphatic enough; and finally she endeavored to avoid him. It was quite clear that she suffered; still only Nelly was fully aware of the cause of the pain. There was one more who knew it well and who shared the confidence, entirely for Amy's good; and that one was "Crichawn." He told Mr. Meldon, from whom he concealed nothing; and he knew that Mr. Meldon would prove a "friend in need."

As we have stated, Mr. Charles Baring hated "Crichawn," and hated him principally because he feared him; and although Baring was surrounded by a gang, half robbers and half day-laborers, they could not be induced to risk an encounter with the determined athlete, of whom the most wonderful exploits were related.

What was Mr. Giffard D'Alton's position in this affair so intimately connected with his affections? Well, the father of Amy D'Alton absolutely would never think of parting with her, even if a prince desired her hand. As has been stated, Amy's fortune was in her own right, and in whosoever's right it was, as long as she was unmarried, old Giffard had a *chance* of becoming its owner; and, for that chance he would sacrifice her over and over again. The curse of Judas Iscariot was upon him.

One or two causes intensified the hidden hatred of Mr. Baring for "Crichawn." The first was that one day, by a mere accident, he met Mr. Baring coming away from a house in Great Patrick Street, Waterford, which house was anything but popular at the time: and Mr. Baring was in one more important item of knowledge in "Crichawn's" power. The second was one in which Mr. Baring's self-respect and self-love was sorely wounded — wounded so as hardly to be cured. He had one day become aware of his cousin's intention to walk to some distance in order to see an old woman — aunt in fact to poor M——, the disguised "hurler." By a circuitous route Baring was enabled to meet her and to join her on the way. She showed an evident reluctance to proceed, and was apparently turning away, when, bursting into a frightful passion, Baring forgot himself so much as to seize her rudely by the arm. An involuntary cry was the consequence; and with the cry "Crichawn" stood upon the spot.

"You infernal d—l, you are always where you are not wanted! Be off out of this or I'll knock you down."

"Faith, I think," answered "Crichawn," "I'm wanting enough; an' for the knocking down, there isn't a man of your name able to do the same."

"I'll let you see, you vagabond," shouted Baring, and he rushed wildly at his antagonist. He might as well have rushed against a stone wall. In a moment Baring lay upon the ground, absolutely foaming with rage and disappointment. But the unfortunate fellow's disgrace became complete when "Crichawn," having taken from his pocket a piece of whipcord, while he held Baring's two wrists in his left hand, coiled the cord round and round the unfortunate man's limbs until he had perfectly handcuffed him.

Amy had escaped, and Baring

swore an oath of dire import! If his opportunity ever became equal to his determination, woe to "Crichawn."

We have said poor M—— had an aunt in the neighborhood. He had; and as she had no son and he no mother, they were like mother and son. The love he bore the old lady was chivalrous and romantic, and that love had never been tried or alienated, but grew and grew on till it was quite absorbing. When M—— had been a while "upon the run," he remembered all the kind words and kind deeds of her who had nursed and cared for him; he risked all, once more to see the aunt, and to have a talk with the young men of the country round. Perhaps going to the hurling was a wise course enough, as no one thought of his coming into the field, and the hurling-match where he was known was the very last thing he would be supposed to take share in; but M—— was in real danger shortly afterwards.

When "Crichawn" came home, he met Mr. Meldon and made no secret of the encounter.

"Miss D'Alton must have a large amount of patience and courage," he said.

"Patience and courage!" repeated "Crichawn;" "isn't Miss Amy an angel out an' out; an' she's a Barron, you know — a Barron of the ouldest stock — an' then — oh, sir, she has God on her side, you know!"

"Crichawn" went to bring out the drag, when, of all the people in the world, whom should he meet but the member of the "Felon Club!"

"You arn't going to join?" said the "patriot."

"Faith, I hav'nt time, *avic.* But are you determined to fight?"

"Fight!" he answered; fight! I will slay and kill a hundred men; and if I had a hundred lives I'd give them up for Ireland."

The patriot drew forth a brilliant dagger, and he raised it just as Macready used to raise the dagger in "Virginius." "I am now in search of M——, as fine a fellow as steps in shoe leather."

"Isn't he gone to London?"

"Oh, no. Though you arn't one of us, I can trust you. "Here," he said, "come, I'll show you the club can value an honest man. I make you a present of the dagger."

"Oh, thank ye; but Mr. Meldon is awful about the law, an' he'd give me the door if he found that beautiful thing in my hand or my box. (Bad look to you! you want to sell me too, you vagabond," thought "Crichawn").

The "clubman" followed "Crichawn" to the door, and saw the master and man drive away.

The direction taken was to Father Aylmer's, where, of course, Mr. Meldon often went. Along the road Mr. Meldon spoke to "Crichawn" upon the danger of the times, and proved to him that he was not at all ignorant of the "clubman's" character.

"He's going to meet Mr. M——," said "Crichawn."

"Where?"

"O, troth, I don't know that; an' more betoken I hope, Mr. M—— will keep a side o' the country between him an' the vagabone."

Just then Mr. Seymour, who was riding by, drew up. After the usual greetings he informed his friend that he had been summoned to Dublin, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country. "The Abbeyfeale affair looks like being in earnest," he concluded.

"No robbery was committed?" Mr. Melden asked.

"No — nothing but goverment papers of some value to the State. That fact — that no robbery was committed — is most significant of the class and resolution of the men."

Mr. Meldon paused.

"Well, Mr. Seymour, I think the Government is simply trying to get an opportunity of seizing a few. The daring and honorable would be dangerous, indeed; but do *you* believe in the multitudes of followers?"

"No; and, moreover, I have a good reason to believe in the number of spies. You go to the priests?"

"Yes."

"Then I will turn back with you."

They found the priests, both of them at home, and full of information regarding the country, and full of sad thoughts at the miseries of the poor. As for poor Father Aylmer, he had given everything away; and the charity of the Meldon's would soon be required for himself. Father Power had grown very thin; yet his health continued vigorous. The surroundings of the place seemed, in Mr. Meldon's eyes, to have all caught a look of gloom, as if they all shared the feelings and condition of the occupants.

"I don't know, my son," Father John said—"I don't know what is to become of the poor. Labor is not to be had and food is dear, and the strength of the nation is flying away. Oh, sir, 'tis killing! killing! to see the food going out in ships, from the quays of Waterford, and to know that the men who wrought the earth, who sowed the seed and cut down the harvest, are weak with the hunger or dying of the red fever that springs from the famine."

"I saw a little girl to-day," said Father Power, "eating salt."

"Salt?" cried both together,

"Yes! salt to enable her to drink water that she might have something to fill her stomach."

The gentlemen took out their purses and made up their minds that a few families should be relieved at any rate.

"Crichawn" came in and handed Father Ned a note. Father Ned read the note and handed it to Father Aylmer, who demanded of "Crichawn" who brought it.

"He's wan of the Felon Club, your reverence, an' a great patriot."

The note ran:—

"Dear Father—I am quite aware that you know where my unhappy nephew is just now, and that you can tell me. I have important tidings to communicate to him, and the bearer will be a trusty messenger. Give the word to my messenger if you cannot write."

The "patriot" was called in.

"Who told Mrs. Considine that I knew where Mr. M—— was to be found?" asked Father Ned.

"I do not know, sir; but she is very anxious to send a message to him, and she thought that you could help her in the matter."

"Oh! say to her I am surprised at her credulity. Good-day, sir."

The visitors stayed a considerable time, and had such lunch as the poor priests could afford. To this little meal two strangers were admitted. One of the two apparently was a young priest. The other, to Mr. Meldon's consternation was poor M——.

"The Reverend Edmund Burke," Father Ned began. "Mr. Meldon, our neighbor, Father Burke. He's a young fellow going to the North American mission," he added.

"Indeed."

"Yes, sir; and leaving a widowed mother and lonely sister behind him."

Mr. Meldon and Mr. Seymour both looked bewildered. The fact was that the young man wore a very secular ring, and his face all around looked like a countenance that, a few days before, had worn a very bushy beard!

"I have apparently surprised you," said M——.

"Let us waive all mystery," answered Mr. Meldon. "I saw you some time since on the hurling field; and your prowess and appearance induced me to inquire all about you."

"'Crichawn,' I am aware knows all about me."

"Yes We are going, gentlemen," Mr. Meldon added. "We are thinking of a few days' relaxation at Dalkey or Kingstown, and I came to say 'Good-bye.' My friend here is

half the attraction; and my daughter also wants to go. The ladies will come to-morrow."

The clergymen accompanied the visitors outside the door, and saw the "Felon Clubman" only just walking away.

"Look sharp, Father Aylmer," said Mr. Meldon. "I fear that dog has been listening, and your guest is in danger."

"Say your *guests*," added Mr. Seymour.

Father Ned Power smiled.

"There's the man of travel," said Father Ned.

"No great merit," replied Mr. Seymour. "His stock is on crooked; he wears a diamond ring; and he has the wrong 'quarter' of the Breviary, — the Spring 'quarter' at the end of Summer! Dress him better, Father Ned."

Father Ned beckoned down the ears of both gentlemen —

"That's Hartnett, that single-handed stopped the mail," said he.

Father Ned begged five minutes, at the end of which time he came forward and gave a note to "Crichawn." They soon overtook the "Felon Clubman." "Crichawn" called out to him, and he approached.

"Father Ned," whispered "Crichawn," "knows all about what *you* want; but he would not trust any strange hand with the knowledge; so the master promised to send me to Mrs. Considine with the letter; an' I'll go right away as soon as I leave the gentlemen at the house."

And "Crichawn" was as good as his word.

Within a mile or so of Mr. Meldon's, they encountered a trio on the highway which would have amused them, had there been less danger and more tolerance. Two of the men were dragging the third by main force towards a field, where a great lough of dingy water spread itself out not very attractively. As soon as the drag came in sight, the man in the middle cried out most agonizingly, "Help! help!" The two assailants paid no heed to the man or the strangers, but kept dragging him along. When Mr. Meldon and party came near them, it was perceived that the unfortunate victim had a heavy book tied between his shoulders by a strap around his neck, and was obliged to employ his hands in holding it up to avoid strangulation.

The two gentlemen got down, and eagerly prayed the assailants to desist and give up this dangerous breach of the peace; but both declared that the "Souper" should get his "duck."

"What on earth," cried Mr. Seymour, "do you mean by such violence, and in the open light of day?"

"Oh, save me! save me!" cried the unhappy "Souper!"

Looking at the young men they saw that they were thin and pale; and the dark lines around their eyes made a shocking contrast with their pallor. They had the appearance of hunger.

For awhile they were too much excited to give any explanation, and the "Souper" could say nothing but "Save me! save!" The elder of the men at length spoke, and said in a tone of suppressed passion that this man was a "Souper," and, "as if the d——l told him when our food was runnin' out, he came one day to offer us tickets for soup and bread, and money for clothes for our little sister if she would go to his school."

"Well," Mr. Seymour asked, "what crime is there in in that?"

"Crime," cried the young man, "crime! Is there a blacker crime than to ax us to sell Christ an' His Holy Mother for our stomachs, as the vagabone did himself!"

"Their own good! their own good!" cried the "Souper."

"Hould your tongue, you dirty d——l," cried the younger of his captors. "No one belongin' to you was ever honest? Your grandfather sould the whole counthry in '98."

And they gave him another shake.

"Look, sir," said the elder, turn-

ing to Mr. Meldon. "He came first and found us poor, an' he made us offers of money and Bibles. The ould man, our father, was sick and hungry the same time, and he came in with his bribe to us.

"The word of God!" cried the "Souper;" but the younger man literally stopped his mouth.

"See, sir," continued the man who spoke first, "Our old father died, and more betoken Father Ned gave him a decent berrin'—God bless Father Ned! and Father Aylmer!" he cried emphatically.

"The clergy knew you were so badly off!" Mr. Meldon asked.

"Oh, don't talk of the clergy! They gev the people all they had, an' they left their own table poor enough, an' sometimes empty, to divide their share with the poor. Oh! God bless the clergy!"

"How they love one another!" murmured Mr. Seymour.

"As I was saying, sir, this 'carnation of Ould Nick came the day after the funeral an' we tould him to be off; and then in three days after, he heard little Mary was sick and he came again. Well we let him pass until to-day, an' our little sisther was far gone, on'y we had a few pence of Father Aylmer's money to pass the day. The little colleen was so frightened when she saw the 'Souper' an' hard him say something about Holy Mary, something bad, that she fell down on the flure like one goin' to die. 'Tis the mercy of God we didn't kill the vagabone on the spot, but we made up our mind to duck the villain well an' to choke him with his false Scripture."

Mr. Meldon intimated that the "Souper" was certainly wrong in the time he chose, but they were too violent in the manner of vindicating themselves.

"See, sir," the young man said, "the valleys round Slieve-na-mon are the churchyards of martyrs. Our fathers' blood was poured out like wather for the blessed faith; an' many a wan like my own father was working on the ground he might own, because he wouldn't bring a blush to the faces of the dead. Our good father died sooner than listen to the devil's imps; an' maybe little Mary is dead now; an' knowin' all, an' thinkin' all this, wasn't we come to a purty pass when the gran'son of the spy would come to our cabin to offer us soup an' lies for the church of St. Patrick! Oh, by———"

The poor fellow had worked himself up to such a fit of passion that no one can say what would have come of the sudden gust of memories and experiences, if the two gentlemen had not interposed, and begged them to leave the "Souper" on a promise that he would never again come to their dwelling. "Crichawn" ventured with great respect to add that the "Souper" ought to promise never to be seen in that part of the country.

Mr. Leyton Seymour kept musing while "Crichawn" was making his speech. He then addressed the "Souper."

"Do you really think that you can purchase sincere conversions?"

"No, indeed; but anything is better than the Roman Apostacy," the "Souper" answered.

"Now, my good man, if you be offensive you will not deserve protection," Mr. Seymour said. "The expression is rude and false," he said emphatically.

"Oh, of course you——"

"I, sir, am not a Roman Catholic; but I have had an education which you seem much to need. This purchasing of conversion is an abomination! It is transforming a number of people into liars against God and against man; and preparing for a state of things that will make life, property and order unsafe. Kill the conscience, and what remains but mere force, and, in such a condition, society goes to pieces."

"Father Ned! Father Ned!" cried both the young men together;

and sure enough there was Father Ned coming up.

Father Ned saw the situation at a glance and laughed, only 'twas as people laugh in famine and fever times. May the reader never live in such times we pray.

"You have fallen on the poor family to whom I am bringing your money, gentlemen."

"What! is little Mary the little girl who was eating the salt?"

"Rock salt," replied the priest.

The "Souper" took his book-oath to leave that side of the country and to go Christianising where the consciences would not be so robust; and the priest addressing the young men said: "Good news for the old woman."

"Thank God, Father Ned."

"I have four golden sovereigns those gentlemen gave me for her. She can now buy a little shop, and release her clothes and send Mary to the school."

"Oh, Mary," cried the younger boy. "Poor Mary."

"What of her!" asked the priest.

"We left her for dead on the floor!"

"For dead!"

"Oh!" Mr. Meldon said, "perhaps it was a mere faint from fright and weakness."

"Let us all come up," Mr. Seymour proposed.

The proposal was accepted, and they made for the cabin where dwelt the Tobins — once the owners of the property. The two gentlemen had a new experience. It was that of a misery known only in poor Ireland, where wretchedness springs as directly from misgovernment and bad laws as riches and abundance; but the latter two are all on one side. The cabin was low; the thatch was here and there broken so as to show the coarse wattles forming the roof; the floor was blackish clay and a collection of ups and downs by holes. There were two apartments. The kitchen contained a dresser and three or four broken plates, a pot, an infirm can, and a straw bed in a corner covered with an old blue counterpane. There was no fire, only what the poor called "greesach," ashes yet red. The old lady was sitting on a "boss" knitting, and the joy of all was great when they found little Mary, weak enough to be sure, but in no danger. Little Mary was thirteen, and had blue eyes and fair hair, which, when loose, fell to her feet.

When Father Ned announced her good fortune, the poor woman at once fell upon her knees and prayed as only those who know the Irish language could comprehend. Father Ned again introduced the project of the shop, and she listened. She begged of him to let her speak Irish to him; she could speak English she said, but she never felt satisfied with English. Father Ned said he could tell the gentlemen, her benefactors, what she wished to convey. However after some few sentences, he interrupted her; the woman rejoined; and Father Ned argued; but at length he raised his hands half in wonder and half in deprecation.

"She says, gentlemen, that God sent her the money *to share it!*"

"*Go dirach*," answered Mrs Tobin, when Father Ned had gone so far. That was a direct confirmation.

"I reminded her that the coming time would require all she had, and more; and then about the rent. She answered me that she was worse off yesterday and the day before, and as God did this, He could help her by and by."

"*Shin e mar tha she*," confirmed Mrs Tobin.

"I told her," continued Father Ned, "that God loves the virtue of prudence so much that he would not accept charity without it; but Mrs. Tobin declared the neighbors gave their share to her, and that she believed nothing was more prudent than to be grateful and to trust in God!"

Mr. Meldon walked right up to

Mrs. Tobin and took both her hands in his.

"I agree with you!" he cried; "you are a noble woman, and God has heard your words to-day."

In four or five days one of the young men was at Mr. Meldon's, having taken charge of the garden; and little Mary sat in the drawing-room with Clara, who was teaching her a lesson.

The aunt of poor M —— looked a little puzzled with Father Ned's note; but a wink from "Crichawn" was enough. The "Felon Clubman" heard the note read; and ran off to his high priests. The unfortunate police had a most out-of-the-way journey, and were laughed at. Father Ned, decidedly, was not "loyal" that time.

To be Continued.

The Earth and Moon.

Our celebrated Roman astronomer, Father Secchi, S. J., in his published works, treats in the clearest manner of the celestial bodies, their connection with each other, and the laws which govern their movements, and rule the successive phases of their existence. No scientific writer excels him in the power of explaining in a clear, popular style, the great discoveries of this age, in which he himself took such a considerable part. From his writings we learn not only that the great mass of glowing gas, which formed our earth in the earliest stage of its history underwent a process of cooling, by which the mass was ultimately to become, at least partially, solid; but also the process of growth due to the gathering in of meteoric and cometic matter; and that in this early gaseous stage it was preparing, as it were, to become a *sun*. This gaseous globe probably extended beyond the smaller aggregation out of which the moon was at length formed. In her next stage our earth is said to have been a sun, and at that period the moon may have been the abode of life, our earth affording all the necessary supplies of light and heat required for the wants of organic life in the moon. At any rate when the earth's contracting gaseous globe first began to have liquid or solid matter in its construction the earth must have been a sun, so far as the emission of heat and light were concerned. Later on it is believed that the earth presented the characteristics which are now recognized in the planet Jupiter, and that hereafter it may pass through a stage similar to that through which our moon is now passing; though it is hardly probable that any two spheres in the universe have ever been exactly in the same condition, or that any change undergone by one has corresponded precisely with any change undergone by another. Moreover, our earth, while in the sun-like stage, was a gaseous mass within a vaporous and changing shell, and, as the process of cooling went on, the vapours forming the shell became denser, and as the shell thus became more dense, the space within it grew less, while the whole earth contracted until it became a molten mass. These changes progressed until but a small portion of the earth remained gaseous, and as the cooling still went on, large portions of the earth became solid. The present surface of the earth may be compared to the flesh clothing of the living body: it does not wear out, because, through the life which is within it, it undergoes continual change. But just as the body itself is consumed by natural processes, immediately after life has [illegible] om it, so, when the internal [illegible] he earth, which may be ca[illegible]e, shall have passed away, [illegible]e

will grow old, as doth a garment, and along with this inherent terrestrial vitality, will vanish, by slow degrees, the life which is upon the earth. In considering the past history of the earth we find a time when she was a sun rejoicing in the strength of youth, then later on, a time when her condition resembled that of the planets, Jupiter and Saturn, whose dense atmosphere indicates that they are still loaded with the waters which are to form the future oceans of those majestic globes. When the earth's inherent heat shall have passed away and ages shall have elapsed since she was the abode of life, it is supposed that her desert continents and frost-bound oceans will in some degree resemble the arid wastes which astronomers discover on the moon's surface. This earth may lose, as completely as the moon has done, her internal heat; the rotation of the earth may in hundreds of millions of ages be reduced by tidal action into agreement with the period in which the moon completes her monthly orbit, every form of animal and vegetable life may perish from off the face of the earth. Still, permanent traces of the long ages during which her surface was clothed with life, and full of inherent vitality will ever distinguish her from the moon, where the epoch of life was undoubtedly much shorter. The moon is better known to us than any other heavenly body, because it is so near us. We can see marks upon it with our naked eyes, and by the help of the telescope it is distinctly made out that these are no other than mountains and valleys: even the shadows cast by the mountains can be seen, and when the moon is not full, the border next to the dark part is seen to be jagged all along, and notched with deep hollows, and marked with sharp projecting points. Sometimes the peak of a high mountain is seen, beyond the extreme edge of the bright part, catching the sunbeams, and glittering, as a bright speck, in the midst of the dark field. But all the mountain ranges in the bright part appear of a beautiful creamy white color, shining in the sun's rays, casting shadows of the deepest black on the side turned away from the sun, while these shadows get longer or shorter, according to the position of the moon with regard to the sun. These mountains are very numerous; more than a thousand have actually been measured, by means of their shadows, and some been found to be 23,000 feet high, not much inferior to the mountains of the earth. They are, most of them, cup-shaped in form, and the hollow within the cup is three or four times as deep as the mountain is high. The larger ones have flat bottoms within the cup, from the centre of which rises a small steep conical hill. In short, we look down into volcanoes, which are now burnt out, while the marks of the lava streams can be clearly traced with powerful telescopes. But there is no sea, no sign of water in the moon, no clouds, no sign of an atmosphere. In speaking, however, of what is seen in the moon we can only speak of this side of the moon, the side turned towards the earth. The moon turns round from West to East upon its axis, as do the other bodies of the solar system. But she turns in such a way that the same face is always turned towards the earth, and we can never see the other side, except a little way over the border. The moon is a world without water, and therefore without ice, cloud, rain, or snow, without rivers and streams, therefore without vegetation to support animal life: a world without twilight or any gradation between the fiercest sunshine and the blackest night: also without sound, as sound is a vibration in air. No sign of life, animal or vegetable, has ever been discerned in any part of it. It is a mere cinder, a collection of sheets of rigid slag and inactive craters.

Such are the conclusions at which Father Secchi arrived after years of

patient, careful observation of all the phenomena, not only as revealed by his powerful equatorial telescope, but also by the spectroscope. From time to time he made careful drawings, with his own hand, of the moon and of her craters, which he presented to the Royal Astronomical Society of London, and in 1858 he procured photographs of the moon in its various phases, which, as well as his drawings, have been freely used in our illustrated astronomical manuals.

Father Secchi, in his latest work on the stars, refers to the shock given to the imagination of men by the first revelation of the vastness of creation, and says that the minds of this generation have been equally staggered by the immensity of time, beyond all possible calculation, which is revealed in the discoveries of geology and of physical astronomy. This immensity of time being as startling to the mind as the first ideas of the immensity of space, we are lost in the effort to conceive of the million of ages through which our earth has passed in the geological formation which we touch with our hands. But one discovery helps us in the apprehension of another, and we learn how the work of the Almighty and Eternal Creator is accordant with his power, and though not absolutely infinite in space or eternal in time, yet both in time and space it presents an immensity passing our comprehension.

There is a corollary to be drawn from our scientific researches which will encourage Catholics to follow them up to the utmost. What is the effect produced on the mind of the Catholic with regard to his Creator while he realizes to the full limits of his capacity the universe of creation, whether we regard its extent in space, its duration in time, or its variety in the order of its parts? It is that God is thought more of; that a higher estimate is made of His attributes; that God, to use the words of the Blessed Virgin, is magnified. When we have imagined the earth on which we live in its original state of gaseous immensity of space; when we dwell on the ages upon ages which have elapsed to bring it to its present state; when we watch the introduction, era after era, of a new element of life, whether vegetable, animal, or rational, which came in successively and miraculously to inaugurate a new condition of things, and when we recollect that these amazing extensions of space, of duration, of marks of wisdom, are simply nothing compared with Him, who brought them all out of nothing, surely our ideas of the greatness of God are enlarged, and the study of Nature, instead of making us worshippers of Nature, brings home to us the nothingness of Nature in all its greatness, and the greatness of God, compared with Whom, all the greatness we have contemplated in Nature is zero. So it is with Catholic truth in the moral world. Magnify her who was chosen to be the Mother of God to the utmost, and what do you do but magnify her Son? Dwell upon that one astounding fact, that Mary became and continues to be as long as she exists, God's Mother: invest her with all the attributes of holiness and perfection consonant with her character as Mother of God; call upon the angels and archangels, the cherubim and seraphim, to look up to her and praise her as their Queen or Empress, since God himself has honored her with an honor transcendently higher than all the choirs of angels together could bestow upon her; let the fervid devotion of the contemplative compose, if he will, a Psalter of the Blessed Virgin, or apply to her, with the necessary changes, the *Te Deum* or the *Benedicite;* what is the effect of all this on the Catholic mind? It is the glorification of her Son, compared with Whom, her Creator and her God, Mary is zero. And the more you magnify her, the more the Catholic feels you magnify God: all that is said to the greater glory of the Blessed Virgin is to the greater glory of God.

M. B., in *Catholic Progress.*

The Bonnie Green.

AIR: "The Boyne Water."

'TWAS in the spring of "'98,"
As the sun was westward sinking,
A cavalier stood in the gate
Of Dublin Castle, thinking.
The shades of evening, far and wide,
Their sombre hues were flinging,
And in the lonely street outside
The children were a-singing —
"Up with the green, the bonnie green,
Up with the green forever;
Up with the green, the bonnie, bonnie green,
We'll fight for the green forever."

"My soul! but that goes well," he cried,
"And there are brave hearts sighing
To see, above the battle-tide
The green flag proudly flying.
The soldier's sword alone hath power
Our cursed bonds to sever;
Then God speed on the battle hour,
And the bonnie green forever.
"So up with the green, the bonnie green,
Up with the green forever;
Up with the green, the bonnie, bonnie green,
We'll fight for the green forever."

"Well, war is nothing strange to me;
Across the Rhine I've wandered,
And fighting 'neath the Fleur-de-Lis
The brightest years I've squandered;
But now I'll make for Erin's sake,
My heart's first true endeavor, —
To right the wrong we've borne long,
And lift the green forever.
"Then up with the green, the bonnie green,
Up with the green forever;
Up with the green, the bonnie, bonnie green,
We'll fight for the green forever."

. . . . . .

He fought and fell; was it in vain,
And shall the nations find us
A race of slaves who kiss the chain
With which the mongrels bind us?
Shall we endure the scorn and wrong,
And smite the tyrant never?
Shall the flag that led our warriors on
Lie in the dust forever?

"Oh! up with the green, the bonnie green,
The time is *now* or *never;*
Oh! up with the green, the bonnie, bonnie green,
We'll fight for the green forever!"

OWEN T. MULDOON, in *United Ireland.*

The Light of the West.

IT is the eve of the fifth century of the Christian era. A vast darkness is slowly closing in over the known world; one by one the landmarks are disappearing — the philosophies, the arts, all the schools, all the barriers against the savagery of the outside wilderness, are crumbling to pieces in the relaxing grasp of a sensual civilization. Slow and sure the waves of barbarian conquest rise around the wreck of empire, and the mighty fabric of Roman power is tottering to its final fall.

The unity of the Roman Empire is gone, anarchy and tumult are supreme; factions, consuming each other in the capital, scarce cease their conflicts when the Goth is at the gate. Men of mean parentage or obscure birth are raised to the Imperial dignity, only to fall by poison or the dagger; the great names have become shadows, the triumphs of human genius, the trophies of vast ambitions, the monuments of colossal power, are slowly sinking beneath the waves of a nocturnal sea.

The Roman soldiers are leaving Britain, the first Frank has entered Gaul. From the frosty summits of Alp and Apennine, long lines of savage enemies look down upon their prey. The time of the barbarian has come; one thousand years of slavery have now to be avenged. Along the vast frontier sounds the dull roar of coming multitudes; the boundaries of distant provinces tremble with the tramp of steed, and from Cumbria to sunlit Numidia the outposts of the old civilization are listening to the shrill trumpets of kings and chieftains summoning savagery to vengeance.

They come, gigantic Gothic footmen, from dim lands of marsh and forest beyond the Vistula; they come, in hordes of Hunnish horse, lithe-limbed and agile, from the vast plains that stretch into the sunrise beyond the Caspian; they come in ceaseless crowds of Vandals and Visigoths, of Heruli and Franks, across Carpathian steep and Pannonian plain, up the valleys of great rivers, over the wintry waves of Baltic and Euxine; they come, like lava from the mountain, to burn and wither the earth — like floods of winter, to ravage and submerge the land; they come, led by Alaric and Genseric and Attila, and a thousand nameless leaders, moving in the might of multitudes — to the wreck of Rome.

While thus, in whirlwinds of flame and blood, the reign of Imperial Rome is about to close, let us carry our thoughts into a lonely island of the Western Ocean, upon whose shores the Imperial eagle had never rested, and whose green valleys now lie, in this end of the fourth century, untouched by the waves of ruin that sweep the Empire from Britain to the Euphrates.

It is early morning in summer; rising from deep-indented shores, green hills merge into mountains over whose topmost peaks the sea mists slowly trail, the russet hillsides glisten in the sunlight with the sheen of water on smooth rocks. Freshness is over all the land; freshness varying through many passing moods of sun and shadow — of winds that come

straight from the crests of sea-waves to catch perfumes on furze-covered capes and heathery hillsides; freshness of valleys that are deep in green grasses and yellow flagger lilies; freshness of streams where shallows sparkle in sunlight, and great curves of tranquil water are fringed with meadow-sweet; freshness of green rushy banks by lake and river, where the tall grey heron stands motionless, and the swallows skim, and the broad leaved water-lilies are golden isles to tempt the dragon-flies to rest.

Summer is coming early to this island, and all the woods and glades are speaking his advent in voices of bird and brook and breeze, as sweet in sound as woods and waters are fresh in sight.

The lingering cuckoo floats his note from glade to glade, so softly sweet that all the poetry begotten of man's brain in spring-time's honor, since the world began, is but music's mockery in comparison.

Let us take our stand in fancy upon the hillside, midway between the sea-mist on the rugged crest and the green valley at the mountain foot; above us, the heather, beginning to tinge with the purple of summer, is sleeping in sunlight; still higher the white folds of sea-mists are lifting themselves from the topmost teeth of crags that hold their feathery fragments, dissolving into space; high over all, black specks against blue heaven, a couple of golden eagles are soaring in great circles upon moveless pinion.

Below lie outspread all the jewels that lake and stream, copse and meadow, smooth-rounded hillside, tree-covered island, can deck the face of the earth with. Far off, between hills, a glimpse of blue sea stretches to the sky-line. Around us the mountain holds, in deep glen and along the bank of rushing stream, clump and copse of hoary oak, scarred with the slowly accumulated sinew of centuries; of birch tree, upon whose silvery stem the sunlight glistens through the green of early leaves; of yew and hazel bush; of holly, still bright with berries of last year's autumn; and hawthorn, still glowing with white blossoms of a lingering spring.

In an open glade between the woods, where the grass of the lower mountain is beginning to give place to hardier heather, a flock of sheep spreads out over the hillside; above them on the mountain is the solitary figure of a man, one in the first prime of life. A large wolf-dog lies at his feet, for the woods and glens hold many a prowling animal in their rugged fastnesses.

From his station by the big rock, the shepherd has in sight the entire ground over which his sheep are feeding. At times his eyes wander across the vast scene of wood, lake and valley lying beneath, and now and again he scans with wistful glance the distant strip of blue sea, bounded by the remote horizon. Then, as though that glimpse of far-off ocean had stirred his soul to other memories, he kneels upon the mountain side and bows his head in long and fervent prayer. Strange sight, this solitary shepherd thus kneeling in prayer upon the lone mountain of this Western island! The rugged rock yields him altarstep; the heather and the hawthorn give him incense; the dome of heaven is his church roof; and up above the mountain tops, above the white clouds, all the matchless music of the summer goes floating heavenwards, higher than the eagles soar, bearing his prayer to the throne-step of God. But we must go back deeper into the bygone.

Ninety years earlier, in the very beginning of the fourth century, there had come a solitary wanderer to the ocean end of Rome's great highway in Northern Gaul, where now, somewhere north of Amiens town, the white cliffs of Boulogne face the narrow strip of sea. For three hundred years before, along this broad paved highway whose

miles were measured from its golden post set in the Roman Forum, myriads of men moving in the might of arms had passed to conquest; hither had come Cæsar, Agricola, Suetonius, Severus, and Adrian, with hosts of cohorts, legions, and armies, marching to do battle with fierce tribes in northmost Britain; but now all these have passed away, and only a solitary pilgrim, with staff and cleric's robe, dust-marked and travel-worn, comes, bearing to this verge of Northern Ocean a strange and lustrous light — that light, the same which three hundred years before had first shone, "filled with the brightness of God," upon lowly shepherds keeping midnight watch on the cold hills of Bethlehem. So had this light hitherto been borne, through all the intervening years, to wherever in Southern space this wandering pilgrim had caught its radiance, and, filled with its glory, had turned him northwards to bear it to the furthest bounds of Empire. He was only doing what many a nameless and forgotten pilgrim had already done — what many a nameless pilgrim had yet to do; he was carrying the "brightness of God" a little further, ere it was time for him to lie down beside the Roman Highway and to rest.

And what had this light been doing, as thus in the hands of the poor and lowly of the great Pagan world it came gleaming along all the roads of Rome! Ah, that indeed would be a story difficult to tell. It had fallen through the rusty gratings of damp dungeons, gilding the captive's chain until the fetter seemed soft as the clasp of angels' fingers around weary wrists. It had stolen into the dreams of millions of tired slaves, until their worn features brightened, and their dry lips moved in the ecstasy of its gleam. It had shone upon the heart of the victim in the arena, so that torment and terror came unheeded to human bodies soul-steeled in the white radiance of its lustre. It had hovered over timid women in the amphitheatre, clothing their nakedness in shining garments, blinding them to the glare of famished animals, giving to them a constancy that made Pagan soldier and centurion poor cowards in their craft of courage. This, and a thousand times this, it had done over all the vast dominion of Rome; for these scenes in prison or amphitheatre were visible signs of the great change wrought in the interior life of man on earth — hill-tops double-steeped in the "brightness of God," standing out along the horizon of a new creation. And now, as we have already said, this light has reached the end of Rome's great road, its bearer to be here received, as elsewhere others, with contempt of governor, derision of populace, and finally with death at hands of headsmen; but here, as elsewhere, the light itself to spread silently among the hearts of men, and to kindle in souls fresh rays, which are to be borne onward through space of seas to the shores of far-off islands. It was about the year 302 when Firmin, torchbearer and saint, laid his tired head upon the block at Amiens. How well the harvest grew upon his grave — how quick the torch was carried forward beyond the Roman roadways, we have now to see.

Thirty years go by. The great road is still pressed by footsteps of cohorts, passing to do battle far north in Britain against wildest Pict, or to oppose the nearer but more persistent pressure of Frank invasion from the fens and forests of the lower Rhine. It is winter time; snow lies over all the wide plateau, as far as the eye can reach east and west of the Roman road. But the scene we would recall has already been told by a master in words that can scarcely be heard too often. He says:* — "Somewhere about this spot" (a hill, half a mile south of Amiens city), "or in the

* Ruskin.

line between it and St. Acheul, stood the Ancient Roman gate of the Twins, whereon were carved Romulus and Remus being suckled by a wolf, and out of which, one bitter winter's day, ... when Clovis was baptized, had ridden a Roman soldier, wrapped in his horseman's cloak, on the causeway which was part of the great Roman road from Lyons to Boulogne. And it is worth your while, also, some frosty autumn or winter's day, when the east wind is high, to feel the sweep of it at this spot, remembering what chanced here, memorable to all men, and serviceable in that winter of the year 332, when men were dying of cold in Amiens streets — namely, that the Roman horseman, scarce gone out of the city gate, was met by a naked beggar, shivering with cold; and that, seeing no other way of shelter for him, he drew his sword, divided his own cloak in two, and gave him half of it. No ruinous gift, nor even enthusiastically generous. Sydney's cup of cold water needed more self-denial; and I am well assured that many a Christian child of our day, himself well warmed and clad meeting one naked and cold, would be ready enough to give the whole cloak off his own shoulders to the necessitous one, if his better-advised nurse or mamma would let him. But the Roman soldier was no Christian, and did his serene charity in simplicity, yet with prudence.

"Nevertheless, that same night he beheld in a dream the Lord Jesus, who stood before him in the midst of angels, having on His shoulders the half of the cloak he had bestowed on the beggar.

"And Jesus said to the angels that were around Him, 'Know ye who hath thus arrayed me? My servant Martin, though yet unbaptized, has done this.' And Martin, after this vision, hastened to receive baptism, being then in his twenty-third year.

"Whether these things ever were so, or how far so, credulous or incredulous reader, is no business whatever of yours or mine. What is and shall be everlastingly so — namely, the infallible truth of the lesson therein taught, and the actual effect of the life of St. Martin on the mind of Christendom — is very absolutely the business of every rational being in any Christian realm."

Here, then, in thirty years, the seed planted by Firmin has grown into a stately tree; already, under the dead husk of Paganism, the hearts of men are Christian, and at the furthest fringe of the Empire a Roman knight can be a soldier of the Cross. Another thirty years pass by, and still greater has become the change. It is no longer the lowly and the outcast who carry the sacred light; the catacomb has been exchanged for the hill-top; the cross has been stamped upon the standards of Rome; and over the shattered systems of twelve centuries — over the wreck of Pagan rule, and the ruin of Pagan temple, the sunrise of Christianity is flashing light upon the crests of the Western Ocean.

Among the mass of material that has come down to us from Roman times, there is little that shows the life of a Roman citizen in the provinces of the Empire — his every-day existence — his buying, his selling, his hours of indolence or of exertion. The great machinery of the national existence is fully unfolded to us. There is no lack of the collective vice or virtue of an epoch — no want of detail in the surroundings of the central figures; but the inner life of a Roman province or a Roman city lies hidden forever, save where, preserved under the cinders of volcanoes, it has been exhumed by the pick and shovel of the modern excavator. Strange that to irruptions of barbarians, and an eruption of Vesuvius, we should owe both the darkness of our ignorance and the light of our knowledge of the every-day life of the Roman world.

But of all the dark times of that Roman world, the darkest is this twilight hour immediately preceding the

final disruption of the barriers, about the year of Christ 365. The gloom of that great disaster, in which the apostate Emperor had lost life and army, far down in the remote regions of the lower Euphrates, had spread over the Roman world, carrying messages of terror to Roman citizens, and joyous exultation to bordering barbarians along 4,000 miles of frontier.

A hundred fierce tribes sprang to arms. The Picts, the Scots, and Attacotti, passed the walls of Severus, and poured down upon the frightened inhabitants of Britain; the Saxons swept the eastern coasts; the Western Sea "foamed with the hostile oars" of the Irish rovers; and only within the fortified cities of the island could the broken remnants of the Roman legions find safety.

During four dark years the northern barbarians and their Saxon and Irish allies revelled in all the luxury of life which Roman dominion had created in Britain. But at last there came a change. The end of the great Empire was not yet to be. Another generation had to pass away ere the impending mass of outside Gothic power will summon courage sufficient to hurl itself at the heart of Rome. Tribes which had panted on the Vistula for the plunder of Roman provinces paused as they neared the Danube; chiefs who vaunted of easy conquest on the Elbe grew wary as they beheld, across the Rhine, the standards of Rome. It was now, while the gloomy masses of Germanic manhood held back, daunted on the threshold of the Empire by the spectre and the shadow of the Roman name, that there passed into Britain a large Roman army, to avenge the insults and defeats borne during many years at the hands of northern invaders of the island. Of the progress of this army we have but scant and conflicting record. Vague and dim the rescuing legions loom as they march northward into the wilds of Caledodia amid the swarming hosts of light-armed Gaels, whose southern limit of conquest the ocean alone had stayed. But the Roman legions were no longer Romans. Heruli from Pannonia, Franks from the lower Rhine, formed the flower of the army. Nor was there along the vast length of the Imperial frontier, from Danube mouth to mud and moraine of Rhine's wide delta, a hardy tribe of barbarians which had not some stalwart representatives among the legions of Theodosius. And so much to our purpose this fact, however widely it may seem to lie beyond the scope of the story we would here tell.

And now it may well be asked what connection can there be between the lonely shepherd, the Roman officer, giving half his cloak to the shivering beggar on the road outside the present city of Amiens, in 330, and the march of the army of Theodosius thirty-seven years later into Britain? Only this much, that three positive facts relative to that shepherd come to us from that far away time with whatever of certainty there is possible to history. The first, that he, the lonely shepherd, was a Roman youth taken prisoner by sea-rovers on some part of the coast of Gaul or of Britain; the second fact, that he was either the nephew or grand-nephew of that Roman horseman whose cloak was halved with sword-cut on that memorable winter's day outside the gate of present Amiens; the third, that this same shepherd was the son of an officer in the Roman army, sometime stationed in Gaul and sometime in Britain. Here then, around Amiens, at the end of the great Roman road, and at the end of the last century of Roman Empire, we have with certainty one central point linking together the widely severed scenes in the shepherd's life which for many hundreds of years have taxed the minds of those who have tried to picture the gloom of dim and distant centuries, and to place in certainty of sequence the story of Patrick, Apostle of the Gaels and Light of the

West. "He was born in North Britain, in 372," writes Usher. "By the shores of the Irish Sea," says Jocelyn. "Not far from the Western Sea," writes Probus. "At Banaven, in the territory of Tabernia, my father dwelt, and it was there that I was made prisoner," says Patrick in his "Confession." But who shall now identify Banaven, in the territory of Tabernia? Various attempts have been made: Boulogne, Dumbarton, Armorica, Tours — all have found supporters to their different claims. But it is only by a close study of the movements of the Roman legions in Gaul and Britain in the last half of the fourth century, that we begin to see the link that exists between the facts of relationship and parentage, which clearly centre in northern Gaul, and the suppositions regarding Patrick's birthplace and scene of captivity, which have vexed the minds of historians and biographers. Let us pause a moment to inquire how the movements of Roman armies and the composition of the various legions can help us as side-lights on our way. But first we will set down the facts of relationship and parentage which have descended to us undisputed.

Martin, by profession, Roman knight or soldier; by birth, barbarian of Dacia; by nature, God's noblest man, in Roman Empire or without it — is serving in northern and eastern Gaul throughout the middle of the fourth century, where also are quartered at this time the three legions called the Celtæ, the Heruli, and the Batavians or Franks; the Celtæ recruited from the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland; the Batavians from Franks of the lower Rhine; the Heruli from a warlike people dwelling on the borders of Dacia and Pannonia. These three legions, themselves barbarian, formed the strength of the Roman army against the unknown mass of outside barbaric force, then dimly stretching from the Rhine to the Volga. That the legionaries regarded themselves as fixtures in Gaul is certain, for their engagement in the Imperial service was strictly conditional upon their never being called upon to serve beyond the Alps; and that they had with them in Gaul their wives and family belongings, is also clear beyond doubt, from the fact that when Constantius, despite this public pledge of service only in Gaul, summoned them to march to his assistance in the Persian War, "the wives and families of the soldiers" were transported in post wagons from the northern garrisons on the road to the Alps. This was in 360. Here, then, we have Dacian and Batavian soldiers — all of them "Franks" or Freemen, in contradistinction to Romans, or Subjectmen — living with their wives and families in that wide region which to-day forms North-eastern France, Luxemburg, Belgium and Lorraine. Seven years from this date — viz., in 367 — Julian having meantime disappeared, and the Cross again become the standard of the soldiers, these same veteran legions, Heruli and Batavians, have crossed from Gaul to Britain, and are pushing back, under Theodosius, the Caledonian tribes beyond the wall of Severus, in northmost Britain, giving to Rome, even in her decadence, a new province beyond the Cheviot Hills. So much for the nationality of the legionaries, and the movements of the legions during this decade of years, 360 to 370. Let us now see how these nationalities and these movements suit the purpose of our story. We have already said that the shepherd on the Irish hills was either the nephew or the grand-nephew of the Roman knight, Martin of Amiens, once of Dacia; and also that he was the son of a Roman officer (nationality uncertain, but probably Frank), sometime stationed in Gaul and sometime in Britain. Yet one other fact regarding his parentage. His mother, Conchessa by name, had been taken captive by the Franks in her youth, about 365, and became the wife of one Calphurnius, son of her

captor. Conchessa, member of a Roman officer's family (Roman officer being a Pannonia, and therefore probably in Heruli legion), is taken prisoner by Frankish Calphurnius, who must therefore be fighting against Rome, in or about 364; but Calphurnius is a Roman officer a few years later, certainly in 372; he must then have changed sides during these intervening eight years. Let us see if again the history of the Roman legions can help us to solve this apparent contradiction.

We have already alluded to the general uprising of bordering barbarians which followed the death of Julian and the disasters of the Persian War. The first efforts of the Emperor Valentinian were directed to repair and repress the damages and the incursions of the formidable bands of Alemanni and Franks, which had penetrated deep into the Rhenish provinces of Gaul. Here is what Gibbon says: "Before Valentinian could cross the Alps the villages of Gaul were in flames; before his general, Dagalaiphus, could encounter the Alemanni, they had secured the captives and the spoil in the forests of Germany. In the beginning of the ensuing year (364) the military force of the whole nation, in deep and solid columns, broke through the barrier of the Rhine, during the severity of a northern winter. Two Roman counts were defeated and mortally wounded, and the standard of the Heruli and the Batavians fell into the hands of the conquerors, who displayed with insulting shouts the trophy of their victory." Then follows the account of the campaign undertaken by Valentinian to revenge these disasters, which had taken place on the ground where Metz and Châlons now stand. The Herulian and Batavian legions were led by the Emperor in person, and, after a series of desperate battles, forced the Alemanni across the Rhine, and re-established the Imperial boundary at that river, where, we are told, he raised "numerous levies of barbarian youth" for the future protection of the empire. Here, then, we have the Franks raiding far into northern Gaul in 363, defeating the legion composed of Martin's countrymen, Heruli, and carrying them captives to the Rhine. We have the Frankish legion in pursuit the following year, and we find it recruiting largely on the frontier from the same barbarian tribes so lately at war with Rome. Three years after this, we have these two legions in Britain under Theodosius, their chief scene of operations for some years later lying around the wall of Severus.

Is it trespassing too far into conjecture to point out this chain of historical events as holding within it the solution of all the apparent contradictions in Patrick's relationship, parentage, birthplace, and scene of capture — bringing together Martin's long residence in Northern Gaul — Frankish father and Pannonian mother (Martin's neice) — subsequent service of father in Roman Legion — movement into Britain and residence behind the frontier wall of Severus? And, if we go a step farther, and place "Banaven in Tabernia, by the shores of the Irish Sea," somewhere on the coast of Cumberland, where Whitehaven — *i. e.*, "Banaven" — stands to-day — does not such identification suit the probable contingencies of the shepherd's capture by rovers from Northern Ulster, rather than the usually accepted scene by the estuary of the Somme, where so frequently it has been placed? Having said all this, trying to pierce the dim vista of the centuries, we will go back to the young shepherd and his flock on the hills of Erin. Captive from Gaul or from Britain — it matters little which — he has henceforth to be dealt with through life upon conditions which no longer need to be read by the light of Roman history. Henceforward he becomes a living reality in the world's story; his figure ever more to loom big above the

years. He stands before us at this time in these, his own words: "After I had come to Ireland," he tells us, "I was daily tending sheep, and many times in the day I prayed, and more and more the love of God and the light of His faith and fear grew in me, and my spirit was stirred, so that in a single day I have said as many as a hundred prayers, and in the night nearly the same. When I dwelt in the woods and on the mountains, I was called to prayer before the dawn by the snow, the ice, and the rain. Nor did I suffer from these things, nor was there sloth in me, for the Spirit was burning within me."

Burning, as a solitary light, was this shepherd's Christian faith on those wild Irish hills. All around is the darkness of Paganism. From north to south, from east to west, the Druid is supreme in the island. The great idol of Guthard stands erect on the plains of Cavan: and the sun, as he tops the eastern hills, or sinks into the vast ocean in the west, pours his morning and evening beams upon millions of his worshippers.

For six years the life of the hill, the life of the valley and the plain, was the shepherd's lot. Captive from his home and his people; condemned to labor among strangers at the bidding of a stranger; exposed to whatever storm the wild winds might bring him, he dwells amid the misty mountains of Ulster, forming in his mind one fixed resolve — that the bondsman would deliver his masters from the chains of their idolatry, and from the darkness of Paganism the captive would set free his captors.

The years pass on — the youth has grown to manhood. Still sleeps the summer heather in the sunshine, the sea mist still trails along the hill-top, and morning after morning the grey strip of ocean lies athwart the severed hills; glimpse of freedom and home, sweet to the shepherd's eye as sunlight through prison bars would be to weary captive. Yet think not that these years of servitude have been wasted — fragments of time, broken bits of life flung into the vast gulf of the past; body and brain, soul and sense, have grown and ripened, become purified, steeled, strengthened, and solaced — growing in the spaces of mountain and the solitude of the woodland, strengthening in the freshness of the spring, ripening in the fulness of summer sunshine, steeled by the wintry tempest, purified by the prayer of lonely nights, and solaced by that same voice which, four hundred years before, first spoke to shepherds keeping night watch on the hills of Judea: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all people."

And now these things have done their work — the solitude and the seasons, the sunset and the storm, can teach no more. It is time that the young man should go forth to other scenes: far away by the broad current of the Loire, where Martin now, from sword and crozier resting, is waiting for the final peace — further off still, where Germanus dwells at Auxerre, and out in the blue waves of the Mediterranean, where the rocks of Lerins are soon to bloom with flowers and fruit at the hands of Honoratus and his followers. But there is still another scene to be visited by the shepherd, grander than aught else the world can show: a scene never again to be looked upon by the eyes of men after ten years shall have passed away. It is Rome, before the barbarian has placed his foot within her Forum. In this year, 400, the great city stands in all her matchless magnificence, crowning her hills, spreading into her now lonely Campagna, and opening her twelve colossal gates through stupendous walls which are more than twenty miles in circuit. How infinitely far apart it all is! This lonely island in the western sea, where never Roman soldier has set his foot, where the rude pillar-stone stands amid the storm-swept gorges of the old grey hills, and the gigantic cromlech rises upon

the misty sea-verge of windy promontories; and then this vast Imperial city, seated on her seven hills, sated with the plunder of the world during seven centuries of dominion — grand beyond all human grandeur, her temples, her palaces, her amphitheatres; rich beyond all other richness, her gold, her silver, her precious gems; all waiting in the twilight of this, the eleventh hour, for Alaric and his hungry Goths.

One night, lying asleep in hut or cavern, amid the Ulster hills, the shepherd is dreaming of his far-off kinsfolk in Gaul. "Thou fastest well; thou shalt soon go to thy country," a voice seems to whisper to him. "Behold! thy ship is ready." And, rising from sleep, he sets his face towards the south, travels day by day until the sea is reached, and, after many vicissitudes by land and sea, is at last a free man in Gaul. And now a long thirty years go by; freedom and friends, long unknown, are sweet, and for a little while they tempt the man to loiter on the road he has chosen.

It would be so much easier to sit down by Loire-side vineyards, where the chimes ring sweetly from Marmoutiers towers, and the vesper song floats on the broad waters, as the sun sinks beneath the long reach of golden river.

Yes, it would be pleasant; but it was not for this that hunger and tempest had been borne on the Irish hills — it was not for this that the snow and the rain had called him to prayer in the long nights of winter. Again in the midnight hour a voice whispers in his sleep — this time a voice raised in supplication — "Come back to us and teach us — come back to us and walk again among us," they seem to cry to him from some far-away shore. "I thought," he tells us, "the voice was the voice of the Irish coming to me from the woods of Foclut, near the shore of the Western Sea."

But how is he to teach a nation? "The lips of the priest shall keep knowledge, and they shall seek the law at his mouth, because he is the angel of the Lord of Hosts." Knowledge: the frail bark that now holds its flickering lamp, is struggling amid dark and tempestuous seas. The Vandals are over-running Spain — two hundred thousand Goths look down upon the Arno from the rocks of Fésole — the Burgundians are penetrating far into Gaul. Behind, in gloomy succession, come Alemanni, Suevi, and yet further off the Hun looms dark against the sunrise. But great men stand on the deck, ready to lift the frail vessel well over the waves beneath which the Roman world is forever to perish. St. Ambrose at Milan, St. Germain at Auxerre, St. Augustine in Africa, St. Jerome in Asia, and countless soldiers lost in the stream of Time, are placed full in the path of the barbarians, to conquer with the Cross what the sword of Empire shall fail to vanquish. Mark this difference between the missionary of that day and some missionaries of this! No mere enthusiasm for the task of heathen conversion was enough — an enthusiasm which frequently evaporates, leaving a comfortable cleric with a comforting wife to survey a well-filled quiver and an empty church. No, they managed those things differently in the fifth century. Let us see how the shepherd proceded to store his brain with the "knowledge" which was to be given forth to those who were to "seek the law at his mouth," when the voice of the Irish "called him from home." In the College of the Lateran at Rome, at Lerins on the Tuscan Sea, at Auxerre in Gaul, for nearly thirty years he studied to prepare himself for the task. From "the mother and the head of all the churches of the city and the world,"* he learns the great lessons of Faith and Doctrine; from the toilers of the Lerins rocks he catches the true spirit of human labor, of charity to all men, of patient and unselfish toil.

*Inscription over the door of the Lateran.

In Germanus he sees the best type of the ruler and the leader of men, one who, as Roman governor, had studied the characters of subject and hostile races, and whose dignity could awe the rough Burgundian into reverence. Such the master and the schools in which the shepherd Patrick studied for nigh thirty years. Think over it well, ye modern missionaries, who marvel why the heathen hears ye not, and the walls of Paganism fall not down before your psalm song!

And now these thirty years of study and preparation have passed away; he is again in Erin. The Easter Eve, 433, is falling dark and cold upon all the realm of Ireland — dark and cold because to-morrow is sacred to the idols — and it has long been ruled in Druids' law that on the night preceding the great feast of Teamhair no fire is to burn on hearth or hill — no light is to gleam from palace or hovel until the flame of the sacred pile, kindled by the king on the green "rath" at Tara, shall be seen burning over the plains of Meath. So the twilight comes down, the light lessens in the west, and the wide landscape is wrapt in deep and solemn gloom, as though it had been a land in which man's presence was unknown. While yet the sun was high in heaven, the missionary had quitted his boat in the estuary of the River Boyne, and had passed on foot along the river valley towards the interior of Meath. Evening found the little band encamped upon a grassy ridge on the north side of the Boyne, and overlooking the winding channel of that river. To the South, some miles away, the hill of Tara was in sight. The March evening fell chilly upon the pilgrims; but the hill-side yielded store of furze-fagot and oak-branch, and soon a camp-fire blazed upon the ridge, casting around a wide circle of light into the momentarily deepening sea of darkness. What memories of far-off nights on the Antrim hills come to the pilgrim over the mists of thirty years, as here he stands in the firelight, on Irish soil again. How much has passed since last the furze-faggot warmed his lonely shepherd's bivouac! How much has yet to be in all yon grim surrounding gloom ere his task shall be accomplished! Never in all the ages of the world has the might of savage man been more manifest on the earth. Already the Vandal king is in Carthage; the Visigoths are seated at Toulouse; Attila has reached the Rhine, having ridden his charger over the ashes of the Eastern Empire.

But here, in the light of this solitary fire, stands an unarmed, defenceless man, who, even now, keeps this Easter Eve as a vigil of battle against the powers of Pagan darkness, throned over yonder in all the might of armed multitudes.

The darkness deepens over the earth; the March winds smite the faggot flame, and around the lonely bivouac the breezes come filled with the vast sadness of the night. Feeble to outward sense must seem the chances of the coming struggle. But the inner sense of the Great Missionary may this night be looking upon a different vision. Beyond the bleak ridge and circle of firelight — out beyond void of darkness, perchance those deep-sunk eyes are beholding glimpses of future glory to the Light he has come to spread; and it may be that his ear, catching in the echoes of the night wind the accents of ages yet to be, is hearing wondrous melodies of sound rolling through the starlight. Look well upon that fire, Great Messenger of God to the Gael; the flame thou feedest with the furze and the oak-faggot is a light never more to die from this island. Kings of twenty lines shall rule the ridge of Tara, where now the Pagan monarch is watching, with jealous eye, the fire thou hast kindled. Wars and devastations, inroads and invasions, shall sweep the land, and its hill-sides shall see fire and famine, and its valleys shall hear

wail and lamentation ringing through myriad ages yet unborn; but never, through the vast catalogue of thy children's sorrow, shall this light of thine be quenched. Nay, the tears, and travail of coming generations shall be but fresh fuel to spread over God's earth this holy flame — beyond the shores, beyond the oceans, into continents yet unborn, the sacred light will touch the hill-tops of Time until it merges at last into the endless radiance of Eternity!

One other scene out of many from that far-away time, and we have done. The fifth century is near its end. The task has been accomplished, the old man's course is nearly run. No idol stands erect in Erin. Meadow and mountain, flagger-lilied valley and heathery hill-top, hear the chimes of vesper-bell as the sun goes down. On lonely sea rocks, and treeless, wind-swept capes, the hermit has his cell, and from shore to shore the green island in the Western wave is wholly Christian.

There is a legend of olden time which tells of a vision seen by the Apostle a short while before his death. In that vision he is shown the future of the island for whose good he had done so much. The sight, full of sorrow, of trial, of suffering, of anguish, wrung the old man's heart, and he cried aloud in the darkness; "Will God thus cast off his people forever?" and then a voice answered through the night, bidding him look out into the distant future, for beyond the gloom there was light, and beyond the sorrow there was hope.

Yes, there was light far away in the West — out in the great ocean — far down below the sunset's farthest verge — from westmost hill-top the New World lay waiting for the light. It came — borne by the hands of Ireland's starving children. The old man tottered with the precious burthen from the fever-stricken ship; the young child carried the light in feeble hands to the shore; the strong man bore it to the Western prairies, and into the cañons of snowy sierras; the maiden brought it into the homestead to be a future dower to her husband and a legacy to her children: and lo! ere famine's night had passed from Ireland, the Church of Patrick arose o'er all that vast new world of America, from where the great St. Lawrence pours its crystal tide into the daybreak of the Atlantic, to where California flings wide her golden gates to the sunsets of the Pacific. Nearly fourteen hundred years have passed away since, on the 17th of March, 493, Patrick passed from earth to Heaven. Empires have flourished and gone down, whole peoples have passed away, new faiths have arisen, new languages have sprung up, new worlds have been born to man; but those fourteen centuries have only fed the fire of that faith which he taught the men of Erin, and have spread into a wider horizon the light he kindled. And if there be in the great life beyond the grave a morning trumpet note to sound the *réveille* of the army of the dead, glorious indeed must be the muster answering from the tombs of fourteen centuries to the summons of the Apostle of the Gaels.

Nor scarce less glorious can be his triumph when the edge of sunrise, rolling around this living earth, reveals on all the ocean isles and distant continents, the myriad scattered children of the Apostle, whose voices, answering that sunrise roll-call, re-echo in endless accents along the vaults of heaven.

W. F BUTLER, in *Merry England.*

When about to cook anything, get together everything that you expect to use. See that the fire is right to begin with, and remember that as much depends on the baking as on the making.

Try eating onions and horseradish to relieve dropsical swellings.

Incidents of the Recent Executions in Dublin.

The Sisters of Mercy from Golden Bridge Convent, whose Superioress is a cousin of the late Thomas Henry Burke, attended Brady daily from the day of his condemnation till six o'clock on Sunday last. His greatest difficulty in preparing for death was that he could not forgive Carey. On Sunday evening when the Mother Superior was taking leave of Burke, he thanked her warmly for all her goodness to him, and begged she would go on the 14th to visit and console his mother. Having promised to do so she said, "And now I want you to promise me something. Say you will grant my request." He became greatly agitated, knowing what she meant. At last he said, "I will." "It is," she said, "that you will forgive Carey, and will make no speech at the gallows." He threw his hands above his head and wrestled with himself, and finally exclaimed bitterly, "It is hard, but I do forgive him hoping that God will forgive me."

A gentleman employed a youth to hold his horse, and spoke with him about the execution. "What a frightful thing," he said, "to think of a fine young fellow like that putting himself into the hands of the common hangman!" "Och, indeed, sir," was the answer, "it's little matther about that now. It's his poor sowl we're thinkin' about!" Another little story of a different kind I may as well repeat. A friend of mine met a young girl walking up and down the road by the prison, wringing her hands and wailing pitifully, "Oh, my boy, my poor boy!" "That," said some one, "is the girl who was to have been married to Brady."

It is long, very long, since such an execution took place in Dublin before. The mind flies back to the hanging of Robert Emmet for rebellion, on the 20th of September, 1803, aged twenty-four years. Emmet, who dreamed of honorable warfare, had a horror of assassination, and, on the news of the murder of Lord Kilwarden, turned on his steps to try to control the mob that knew not how to behave like an army. He was heavily ironed, and placed in Newgate, from whence he was removed by midnight to Kilmainham. His trial occupied but one day. When an attempt was made to disconcert a Crown witness, Emmet interrupted with "No, no; the man's speaking truth." He whispered to his counsel, "Pray do not attempt to defend me. It is all in vain." He had offered to plead guilty if the Government would give him up an intercepted letter to Sarah Curran. His speech before sentence has often been remarked as one of the most thrilling pieces of oratory delivered under like circumstances. His execution took place the day after the trial. The night was spent in writing a long letter to his brother, explaining and justifying his conduct. In the morning he wrote a letter to Richard Curran respecting his love for his sister Sarah. About one o'clock he was taken from Kilmainham to Thomas Street, where, at the corner of the pavement by St. Catherine's Church, a scaffold had been erected. Ascending the steps with firmness, he addressed the crowd in a sonorous voice; "My friends, I die in peace, and with sentiments of universal love and kindness towards all men." Emmet, who was a Protestant, rejoiced that his insurrection had not compromised the Catholics or their cause. He was buried first in a strange old graveyard, with a strange name, "Bully's Acre," from what source derived none can tell. It is a peaceful spot just beside the fine old avenue of elms leading to the Pensioners' Hospital at Kilmainham. In this ground, which was also

the burial place of the old Kilmainham Templars, is a curious tall stone with ancient carvings, said to mark the spot where Brian Boru, his son, and some of his warriors were interred after the battle of Clontarf. Afterwards the remains of Emmet were removed either to St. Michan's Church or old Glasnevin churchyard. Daring boy as he was, thinking to make a justifiable war, Emmet would (to use a vulgar phrase) turn in his grave if he knew that the treacherous knife and cowardly dynamite were being used in the cause of Ireland by men who call themselves her sons.

It is satisfactory to know that Curley, before dying, wrote a touching letter to his wife, in which he counselled her to keep her children away from "company." He also openly warned his brother-in-law to stick to his work and beware of secret societies.

Industry, Labor, Art and Science.

We take the following passages from a Pastoral of the present Pope, when Archbishop of Perugia. He took up the question, "Is the Catholic Church hostile to the progress of industry, art, and science? Is there, as her adversaries declare, a natural and irremediable incompatibility between the Church and civilization?" These were the questions which the Cardinal set himself to answer, and his answer was, "No; the Catholic Church is hostile to no phase of progress; is not incompatible with civilization even in its purely material aspect." He went even further, and took pains to explain to his flock what civilization is, its merits and advantages, and these explanations were not given as a theologian but as a political economist. He said:

"A celebrated French economist, Bastiat, has grouped and shown as in a picture the multiplied benefits man finds in society, and it is a wonder worthy of admiration. Consider the humblest of men, the poorest laborer — he has wherewith to clothe himself, well or ill, and shoes for his feet. Think how many persons, how many agencies, has to be put in motion to furnish this clothing or these shoes! Daily every man places a morsel of bread to his lips; behold here what labor; how many hands it has taken to reach that end, from the husbandman who painfully turned the furrow to confide to it the seed, to the baker who converted the flour into bread! Every man has rights; he finds in society lawyers to defend them, magistrates to make them sacred by their sentence, soldiers to compel respect for them. Is he ignorant? He finds schools, men to write books for him, others to print and publish them. To satisfy his religious instincts, his aspirations towards God, he finds those of his brethren who, laying aside all other occupation, give themselves up to the study of sacred lore, renouncing business, pleasure, home, the better to discharge these lofty duties. But this is enough to prove to you clearly that society is indispensible in order that our wants, which are as urgent as they are varied, may be satisfied."

Having thus pointed out the advantages of association and the division of labor, Mgr. Pecci went on to explain progress and define civilization as follows:

"Society, being made up of men essentially perfectible, cannot remain at a standstill; it makes progress and perfects itself. One century inherits the inventions, discoveries and

improvements of its predecessor, and thus the sum of physical, moral, and political benefits grow marvellously. Who would compare the miserable huts of primitive peoples, their rude utensils, their imperfect tools, with all that we of the nineteenth century possess? Nor is there any more comparison between the articles produced by our ingeniously constructed machinery and those toilsomely wrought by the hands of man. There can be no doubt that the old highways, unsafe bridges, and long and disagreeable journeyings of old times were not the equals in value of our railroads, which, as it were, fasten wings to our shoulders and have made our globe smaller, so near to each other have they brought its nations. Is not our era, by the gentleness of its manners, superior to the rude and brutal days of barbarism, and are not reciprocal relations on a more friendly footing? From certain standpoints, has not the political system been improved under the influence of time and experience? No longer is private vengeance tolerated, or torture; and the petty feudal tyrants, the wrangling communities, the wandering bands of free companions — have they not all disappeared? It is, then, true that man in society goes on perfecting himself in his physical comfort, his moral relations with his fellows, and his political condition. And the different degrees of this successive development to which man in society attains are civilization; this civilization is new-born and rudimentary when the conditions under which man grows more perfect in this threefold sense are but partially developed; it is great and high when they attain a larger development; it would be complete were all the conditions perfectly satisfied.

After this passage, which G. de Molinari says, in the *Debats*, that it makes the reader fancy he is listening to one of Michel Chevalier's lectures at the Collége de France, the Cardinal goes on to ask whence proceed progress and civilization. They come, above all, from labor. Labor was despised by the most illustrious of ancient philosophers, but "Christianity elevated, honored and sanctified it. Jesus Christ, the true Son of God, submitted himself to a poor artisan of Galilee, and in the carpenter's shop of Nazareth did not disdain to set his blessed hand to labor." The apostles supported themselves by their labor; and later, when the barbarian hordes swept over Europe, the monk tilled the soil they had ravaged, and resuscitated industry. Still later the Catholic republics of Italy became the centres of trade, commerce and arts.

Ionia, the Black Sea, Africa, and Asia were the theatres of the commercial relations and military expeditions of our ancestors; there they made important and fecund conquests; and while abroad their flags floated wreathed with glory and terror, at home they did not remain idle. They cultivated the arts, and their traders, by every honest means, added to public and private wealth. Manufactures of wool, silk, jewelry, colored glass, paper, at Florence, Pisa, Bologna, Milan, Venice, Naples, gave lucrative employment to thousands upon thousands of workmen, and attracted to those markets the gold and competition of strangers.

Of course the Church does not believe that all should be sacrificed to the multiplication of riches — the health and lives of men, the feeble strength of childhood, — and Cardinal Pecci protested against the "modern schools of political economy, infested with unbelief, that regard labor as the supreme end of man, and man himself as a machine more or less valuable as it is more or less productive." M. de Molinari, commenting on this, points out that economists do not regard labor as an end but as a means, and that they are thoroughly in accord with their "eminent confrère of Perugia" as to the necessity of limiting the hours of

labor, and securing days of rest for the artisan as well as avoiding the exhaustion of children; they, like the present Pope, believe that charity is necessary; they favor the widest possible spread of education, detest war and uphold the freedom of commerce, and with sorrow contemplate "the enormous number of victims made by the privation of education, by physical infirmities, by war, and the convulsions of trade."

After repelling as an odious calumny the accusation against the Church that "she instills into the heart a mystical contempt of earthly things," and commends an asceticism which would exclude all material amelioration of the lot of man, the Cardinal sets himself to refute the still more venomous calumny which causes the Church to be considered the enemy of science. This pretended enmity, he says, is not only absurd but impious, for it involves the supposition that the Church fears lest science may succeed in dethroning God. So far from dethroning him, science can only make manifest his power and redouble the love he inspires by the full harmony and magnificence of his works.

See and judge for yourselves. What is there that the Church can desire more ardently than the glory of God and the more intimate acquaintance with the divine Workman which is acquired by the study of his works? If the universe is indeed a book, on every page of which are inscribed the name and wisdom of God, it is certain that he will be most filled with love for God, will come the nearest to God, who will have studied this book most deeply and most attentively. . . . What reason can there be that the Church should be jealous of the marvellous progress our age has made by its studies and discoveries? Is there in them anything which, looked at from near or from far, can do harm to the ideas of God and of faith whereof the Church is the guardian and infallible mistress? Bacon, so distinguished in the walks of physical science, has written that a little knowledge leads away from God, but much knowledge leads back to God. This golden saying is always true, and if the Church is afraid of the ruin that might be wrought by the vain ones who think they understand everything because they have a slight smattering of everything, she has full confidence in those who apply seriously and profoundly to the study of nature, for she knows that at the bottom of their researches they will find God, who in all his works displays himself with the infinite attributes of his power, his wisdom, and his goodness.

Then the pastoral letter brings to the support of the author's position the evidence of Copernicus, of Keppler, of Volta, of Galileo, even of the Protestant Faraday, "who saw in the science to which he applied himself with such passion an agency whereby to reach God." Finally, it pays homage to the marvellous efforts of science and the sublime spectacle it offers in rendering man master of the forces of nature, in kindling within him a spark of the fire of the Godhead.

"How splendid and majestic does man seem when he reaches after the thunderbolt and lets it fall harmless at his feet; when he summons the electric spark and sends it, the messenger of his will, through the abysses of ocean, over the precipitous mountains, across the interminable plains! How glorious, when he bids steam fasten pinions to his shoulders and bear him with the rapidity of lightning over land and sea! How powerful, when by his ingenuity he seizes upon this force, imprisons it, and conveys it by ways marvellously combined and adapted to give motion — we might almost say intelligence — to brute matter, which thus takes the place of man and spares him his most exhausting toil! Tell me if there is not in man the semblance of a spark of the Creator when he invokes light

and bids it scatter the shades of darkness!

But the Syllabus? Has not the Syllabus condemned science and civilization? No; it has not condemned true civilization — that whereby man perfects himself — but it does condemn "the civilization which would supplant Christianity and destroy with it all wherewith Christianity has enriched us." "It is not directed against civilization and science, but against atheism and materialism."

The Last of the Gladiators.

In a solitary cell, somewhere in the East, lived a recluse named Telemachus, occupied day and night with the work of his salvation. He had a great zeal also for the salvation of others, or he would have been a saint in no possible sense of the term. "No one," it has been truly said, "goes alone either into heaven or hell." In this way, man was not created to be alone. If he is solitary, as Telemachus was, in the outward surroundings of his life, let him take care that this comes by some clear indication of God's most holy will; and let him beware lest solitude shut up his heart from others, concentrate his thoughts and interests merely upon himself, make him cease to yearn and pray for his neighbor's best good — his eternal welfare. The great moral philosopher of the Greek world lays it down that he who is solitary, by his own free choice, is either more or less than man. He cannot remain self-poised, as the iron coffin of Mahomet was said to be in the cave of Mecca, equi-distant from the strong magnet of the roof, and the equally strong one of the pavement. He must rise to more intimate union with God, and thus acquire great intercessory power for others; or he must sink into an absorbed selfishness, and so lose the power of praying well for himself, and others.

The mind of St. Telemachus often turned to Rome — now, in some ways, and in some ways only, become Christian Rome. The Eternal City set the fashion to the world; and whatever remains of pagan corruption still found a place there, was sure to be reproduced in the provinces of the empire. People are always too glad to find some countenance in high places for their sins, peccadilloes, follies. An evil king produces an evil court, and an ever-extending atmosphere of harm. And so, the mistress of the world, who had been the corruptor of nations in her pagan times, still remained a great power for evil, if in any way her Christianity should be found wavering, inconsistent, insecurely grounded. Among other deeply-rooted corruptions, and foremost, perhaps, of all, the shows and bloodshed of the gladiators still went on in the amphitheatres of Christian Rome.

It was this horrible sanguinary remnant of paganism, in the very heart of Christian Rome, that engaged the shuddering thoughts, and animated the prayers of St. Telemachus in his far Eastern cell. Special vocations have ever been sent from heaven to this or that individual among God's servants, to do his work in a given direction. Such vocations have been lifelong, or for a time. With Telemachus, the vocation he felt ever growing within him, to put down the Roman games, was life-long when it once began; for it was to end only with his life — nay, to end it. Put down

the games? Why, according to all human reckoning, you might as well expect some shy, retiring student to close his book, and undertake a voyage into Spain, to put down the bull-fights! And so the student might, more than probably, if he had single-hearted devotion enough to carry his life in his hand, like St. Telemachus. Only that bull-fights, however barbarous and unworthy of a civilized nation, are not to be compared with unchristian contests, where the blood of man must of necessity be shed, and where none, whether slayers or slain, can engage without mortal guilt. It was the murderous slaughters in that arena over which the hermit mourned with a constant passionate sorrow.

This burning fire, "shut up in his bones," at length became a motive power, and drove him westward. We cannot tell the length of his journey to the great Mother City, nor the exact course of it; how much by land, how much by sea; what time it occupied; what hardships and perils he endured. Rome — Rome! He scarcely breathed freely till he caught sight of the distant Capitol. Then he knew — for he could scarce have been ignorant of what his mission included — knew that his long travel and his life were to end together. It was during the winter: for his martyrdom took place with the New Year's day; and we may be sure he did not allow the opportunity of the first gladiator's show to elapse without executing the purpose that brought him.

The descendants of Romulus and the disciples of St. Peter are bent on filling up the "measure of their fathers" by blood and savage exultation in the huge slaughter-house which they are packing to its utmost on this New Year's Day. For, when Telemachus made his way in, a scene such as Rome could alone furnish burst upon his view. Not in Verona, not in Pola, not in Arles, not in any other amphitheatre of the pagan world, could be found an assemblage at once so numerous and so splendid. We, who wander among the ruined arches of the Coliseum, find a difficulty in picturing to the imagination what it was in the days of its splendor. The rough, massy blocks of travertine were overlaid, within and without the building, with white marble. The external walls were adorned with numerous statues. Within, the benches went circling round, tier over tier, till they reached a height that was only less imposing than the lateral extent. Nothing met the eye that was not gorgeous and gay, artistic, costly, and luxurious. The cushioned marble, indeed, is at the moment hidden by the splendid array of those who occupy the seats, according to their rank. The stately Senate is there, and the company of Roman knights; matrons in rich attire; all that Rome holds of honored in society, eminent in literature and art, valorous in war. One space, however, there is — not empty, indeed, for you could not anywhere drop a pin — but filled by others. It is that portion of the magnificent oval sweep once allotted to the vestals. There they had sat, in their spotless white robes, complacent or excited spectators of the bloodshed; delighted, as ladies in Toledo and Madrid delight to-day when one animal gores another, but reserving a very special delight for the moment when two brawny swordsmen, equally matched, had for some time inflicted and sustained ghastly gashes, and when one at last was down. "*Habet!*" "He's got it?" the recognized approval of a palpable hit, then gave place to the still more exciting moment of verdict on the fallen man. Shall he live, or shall he die? The victor bestrides him as he bleeds apace; lifts his own heavy casque, that he may see the spectators leaning from their seats above and mark whether they hold up their thumbs in token of mercy, or — fatal sign — depress them, as or-

dering the death-stroke to be given. Has the vanquished slave contented the majesty of the people? Has he done well enough for the *lanista*, or tutor of the fatal sword-play, to come in with his attendants, and bear him off — roughly, belike — for a chance of recovery from his wounds? Or has he faltered, and shown a symptom of the white feather? Has he blunderrd — the barbarian — and missed a good stroke? Down go the thumbs, by scores of thousands; vestals' thumbs included. Down comes the heavy two-edged blade, and another soul has flitted into eternity. The vestals are gone, but their place is filled by Christian senators, Christian knights, and, more than possibly, Christian matrons. The ordeal of the thumbs may also have passed away; it could scarcely have been that the games still licensed a cold-blooded murder after victory. Nevertheless, like Mercutio's wound, that remained a grave reality, and needed no exaggeration — the deathly gashes, the hellish passions, the murder shared in by countless approving spectators — these are enough, and these remain.

It reminds us of the chronicles of some among the kings of Juda, who were unable to extirpate evils that had taken hold of the people during previous reigns. "The heart of Asa was perfect all his days," but the high places were left in Israel. Josophat "walked in the way of his father Asa, and departed not from doing the things that were pleasing before the Lord; but yet he took not away the high places, and the people had not yet turned their heart to the Lord the God of their fathers."

All this looks as if it would last forever. It has survived the fall of paganism; it is deeply rooted in the popular passions. What shall bring it to an end? A poor, unarmed man, or armed only with faith, sublime determination, readiness to offer himself an holocaust. An old man, probably; aged, certainly, by austerities, if not by years. He bides his time, on one of the topmost benches, among that expectant throng. Do not look for him among the lower and favored seats, the "dress circle," that affords the best, because the nearest, view of blood. He is not near senators, knights, or stately dames. Seek him away up there, where the poor are grumbling, because, perched so far off, they cannot hope to observe with distinctness the working features and writhing limbs of men in their death-agony. He sits there in his rough garb of an Oriental recluse. After one horrified gaze, around and below, he learns from his neighbor that the silver trumpets of the Prætorian guard will ring out the signal for the gates to be unbarred on to the arena, when the first pair of gladiators will advance from opposite sides. That is enough for Telemachus. Not one drop of their blood, he has determined, shall stain the fine, white, carefully-sifted sand of that open space. He closes his eyes, and occupies himself with prayer. It is his last, so we must allow him a moment or two. Curious looks are bent upon him, and whispered comments go round, according to the dispositions of the observers. "A monk come to see the games!" "A queer sort of monk, eh?" For people, in proportion as they are bent on their own indulgence, are severely critical of others coming to share it; and many a man whose life is by no means that of the Church's Calendar, becomes, for the nonce, a very Cato on what he considers an incongruous amusement in the case of the man next door.

But hush! There goes the *fanfare* of the trumpets! and all the flutter and the small-talk subside at once into a breathing silence. The ladies' tinkling ornaments are still! no face among the hundred thousand but is turned to one or other of these fatal barriers.

They open heavily. By the one, steps into the arena the crested war-

rior with his ponderous armor; yet its weight does not render his firm step less elastic or ready. He is a model of an athlete, that tawny-bearded Dacian, from beyond the Danube; his very first appearance elicits a murmur of applause, especially from those who have betted heavily on him. Others, meanwhile, find their favorite in his opponent, a lithe and wiry form from Numidia, bronzed into

"The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,
To which he is a kinsman, and near bred;"

as shaking his net loose, brandishing with dexterous skill the cruel-looking trident, he advances with light yet measured step, as though treading the measure of some courtly minuet, towards the centre of the arena.

Telemachus sprang up in a moment. Now, he thought, was his time!

"Sit down, barbarian!" sternly whispered his neighbor.

"Disturb the games, thou ruffian?" growled the man on the other side.

"Pitch him over!" began to be the general sentiment.

But it was not their rebuke that made the hermit resume his seat. He had been ready to rush down and spring into the arena. Another glance showed him that some preliminaries were still to be observed.

The two victims of savage, half-converted Rome advanced until they stood within six or seven paces of each other. Then, at a signal from the *lanista*, they faced round towards the Imperial "tribune" or stage box (if so it may be translated), furnished with soft, luxurious cushions, on which the head of the State might recline at ease and see the slaughtering go on below.

It was empty, of course. No emperor had graced the games since the Cross was planted on the domes and porticoes of the Eternal City. Even during the brief revival of Paganism under Julian the spirit of Christianity was sufficiently felt to keep the scandals of the amphitheatre uncrowned by the presence of the supreme "Pontifex."

Nevertheless, the ancient custom prevailed: and even as, to-day, on board ship, the sailor touches his hat as he passes the poop where the captain *may* be standing, so in the arena, the two on whom our eyes are fixed raise their weapons towards the vacant marble of that gemmed and inlaid couch, and exclaim, with loud, unfaltering voice: —

"Hail, Cæsar, Emperor! They who are going to die, salute thee!"

Then, amid the breathless attention, they face each other take each other's measure; each endeavoring to read in the eyes of his opponent what first movement he designs. A few snow-flakes whisper down from the pure sky and rest on their shoulders, unheeded.

The heavy armed now bends forward, covering himself up to the eyes with his shield. His muscular right arm is drawn slowly back, each sinew taut, as the fingers grip the massive sword.

But the watchful Numidian is prepared. He can spring aside, like the panther of his native jungle. A moment would fling the net over his adversary; the trident is brandished hither and thither. His backers are confident, and so is himself.

A rush and a bound, not *in* the arena, but down into it. A spare form hurls itself from the topmost benches, descends with rapid flight the sixty or eighty steps from tier to tier, vaults from the high barrier into the open sanded space, darts between the gladiators, spreads out an emaciated arm toward each, and stands there, panting.

"In the name of the Crucified, stay!" This he would have exclaimed; but the exertion has been too much for his frame, worn out by fast and vigil; it has deprived him of the power of speech.

No need of words; his silent act has answered the purpose of his long

travel—saved many lives, won for himself the martyr's crown.

After the first astonishment, one howl of rage rises from the crowded benches. It is the roar of a human volcano, and startles the vultures that are wheeling over the neighboring plain. The vast amphitheatre holds a savage, maddened, revengeful mob.

"Down with him! down with him!" It is not thumbs that are now inverted as a sentence of death; this time the people become both judges and executioners. Every missile that comes to hand; fragments of marble, wherever a bench or step can be loosened, torn up; daggers madly hurled into the arena; spectators leaping down, at the risk of their necks; first a score or two, then hundreds at once; then, a wild surging sea of human forms, pouring itself down like a cataract over the barrier from every part of the vast oval. Senators, knights, artisans, the dregs and scum, crushing and being crushed, trampling and being trampled, they converge with mad hate and vengeful disappointment upon the prostrate and now lifeless Telemachus. They spurn him, they tread on him, they buffet him; and in less time than these words take to read, they have torn him from limb to limb.

But he has accomplished his mission. While among the Angels he sings his first antiphon: "Worthy is the Lamb Who was slain!" the news has reached Honorius in his palace; and the Emperor, determined to seize the occasion, at once forbids these sanguinary spectacles forevermore. From that day, no gladiator shed his blood in the amphitheatre of the Roman Empire.

Rev. W. H. Anderdon, in *Irish Monthly*.

The Late Sir John O'Shanassy.

We briefly announced the death of this distinguished Irishman in our last issue. We are indebted to our able contemporary, the *London Weekly Register*, for this sketch of his memorable life:

"The son of Mr. Denis O'Shanassy (a publican and land agent who met with a violent death), Sir John O'Shanassy was born in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, in the year 1818, so that, at the time of his decease, he was in his 66th year. After marrying, in 1839, Margaret, daughter of Mr. Matthias M'Donnell of Thurles, Mr. O'Shanassy emigrated to Victoria, then known as Port Phillip, and experienced many of the hardships incidental to a career of struggle in an infant settlement. His first employment, like that of the Claimant, is said to have been in connection with a slaughtering establishment. The discovery of gold in the year 1851 changed the face of Victoria, and gave birth to the city of Melbourne, which, in the short space of thirty years, has become a magnificent capital with 300,000 inhabitants. Amongst the first to cast in their lot in the new metropolis was Mr. O'Shanassy, who opened a draper's shop, in Elizabeth street. Ultimately, however, he relinquished business and devoted his attention to pastoral pursuits, in which, though he was fairly successful, he never rivalled the great shepherd kings, such as the Tysons and Chirnsides, Sir W. J. Clarke and Sir Samuel Wilson — the present occupant of Hughenden. After taking a prominent part in the municipal affairs of Melbourne, Mr. O'Shanassy aspired to political honors, and was a member of the first Legislative Council — the precursor of that full

measure of parliamentary government which was shortly afterwards conceded to the colony. In the framing of the present constitution, which secures to Victoria the fullest measure of free self-government, Mr. O'Shanassy took a leading part, being returned to the popular Chamber on the formation of the dual Legislature; and he was premier of the first administration formed under responsible Government in 1857. On two subsequent occasions he filled the high position of Prime Minister of Victoria.

Mr. O'Shanassy, besides his reputation as a secular statesman, had in the meantime so far won the esteem of his fellow-countrymen in the colony as to become the recognized mouthpiece of the Catholic party in all questions where their religious interests were affected by the politics of the day. That he sometimes used the vast power thus placed in his hands capriciously, and with too little regard for the sensibilites of others, may be admitted without detracting from the striking ability and sterling qualities which he brought to the service of his co-religionists during so many years. His devotion to the Catholic cause was all the more praiseworthy, involving as it did, during twenty years, a constant exclusion from office and frequently complete political ostracism. In 1856, when the present Sir Charles Gavan Duffy sought a home in Melbourne, Mr. O'Shanassy was one of the first to give him a cordial welcome and extend him a helping hand. In particular, he was the leading spirit in a movement which resulted in Mr. Duffy being presented with a testimonial amounting to some six thousand pounds, expended in the purchase of a residence for the ex-editor of the *Nation*. When Mr. O'Shanassy formed his first Administration, he still further evidenced his friendship for Mr. Duffy by appointing him Minister of Public Works, and later on Minister of Lands, under his Premiership. In the latter capacity Mr. Duffy, whose views on territorial questions were decidedly of a Liberal texture, came into collision with his chief, who naturally inclined towards the squatting interest, and who, brooking no rival near his throne, accused Mr. Duffy of enunciating important professions of public policy without consultation with himself as the head of the Cabinet. Mr. Duffy therefore retired from the Ministry, and from that time forward a breach was created between the two Catholic statesmen, which continued down to Sir Charles Duffy's departure from Victoria three years ago, and was infinitely injurious to the interests of the Catholic party in the colonies while it lasted. In 1858 Mr. O'Shanassy was made a Knight of St. Gregory by the late Pope. In 1866 he visited England, being presented before his departure from the colony with a service of plate of the value of £1,500. In 1870 his services to the State were recognized by his Sovereign, Mr. O'Shanassy being appointed a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and promoted to a Knight Commandership in 1874.

On his return to the colony Sir John re-entered public life, though his retention of a seat in Parliament was not by any means continuous. In 1880 he was returned to the Lower House for Belfast, but lost his seat at the general election which took place in February last. Sir John had for some years been a sufferer from diabetes, and his fatal malady was embittered by what he felt to be the ingratitude of his late constituency. An omnivorous reader, Sir John, although entirely self-taught, was eminently well-informed on the politics of modern times. He was one of the two or three Victorian statesmen who, as speakers and legislators, would have made a figure in our own House of Commons had his lot been cast in this country.

Telescopes were invented in 1590.

My Own Native Lee.

I've lived and I've loved by the balmy Blackwater,
Glen, upland, and glade I have tracked the year through,
With fond ones and true, friends the nearest and dearest,
And oft all alone, with a joy ever new.
Every bend and broad reach a new beauty out-bringing,
From the hills to its own little isle by the sea,*
Yet ever a low voice keeps singing and singing:
O stream of the streams is my own native Lee!

Dear Liffey! how long by thy side have I rambled,
From Howth and Killiney, up-stream, far and near;
Through boyhood, through manhood, how gaily pushed onward,
Shoulder to shoulder, with friends ever dear:
Every chime of our hearts in sweet harmony ringing,
While brighter the sunshine seemed gleaming on thee!
Yet ever a low voice keeps singing and singing,
O stream of the streams is my own native Lee!

Through the Vale of Three Waters — by the Nore, Barrow, Suir,
I've wandered, and lingered, my wanderings o'er;
By Boyne-Water, Bann, Foyle,†— lough and stream, all so blithesome;
By Erne's rushing waters, and Shannon's brave shore.
Every field of great deads unto memory clinging,
Every gray hallowed spot, through long vista I see,
While ever that low voice keeps singing and singing,
O stream of the streams is my own native Lee!

O stream of the streams! in thy arms close embracing
Thy city of kindliness, culture, and mirth;
Of manhood as worthy, of womanhood gracious,
And gentle and pure, as are found on the earth:
Home of Art and Religion — O "Beautiful Citie!" —
Every turn, a fresh native charm, rounded in thee!
Lough!‡ Cove! clustering islands! shores, waters enchanting?
Still haunting my heart, though afar from the Lee!

Where wandering ever, by Rhine or by Tiber,
Through the Iron-Gate down-borne, or up the Blue Nile,
Or by banks of the Tagus, with fruit and flower laden,
That voice of the heart keeps aye singing the while:
Everywhere to the exile, by far Yarra-Yarra,
La Plata, or Hudson, or happy and free,
Amid Thousand Isled verdure — keeps singing and singing,
O stream of the streams, the old river to me!

E. O. R., in *Irish Monthly*.

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* Commonly known as *Cable Island*.

† The Boyne has Virginia Water, the Bann Lough Neagh, the Foyle and the Erne each its own fair Lough.

‡ Lough Mahon, so called, that expansion of the Lee, between Glanmire, (*anglice* "Valley of Delight") and Horsehead.

Short Articles of Interest.

The Three Crosses.

Swift, in his journeys on foot, from Dublin to London was accustomed to stop for refreshments or rest at the neat little ale-houses at the road-side. One of these, between Dunchurch and Daventry, was formerly distinguished by the sign of the *Three Crosses*, in reference to the three intersecting ways which fixed the site of the house. At this the Dean called for his breakfast, but the landlady being engaged with accommodating her more constant customers, some wagoners, and staying to settle an altercation which unexpectedly arose, keeping him waiting, and inattentive to his repeated exclamations, he took from his pocket a diamond, and wrote on every pane of glass in her best room:—

TO THE LANDLORD.

There hang three crosses at thy door;
Hang up thy wife, and she'll make four.

Pneumonia—Its Prevention.

THE prevalence of pneumonia in many parts of the country has led to the interviewing of a number of prominent physicians in New York, as to the cause and prevention of the disease. Dr. William A. Hammond mentioned as a contributing cause the well nigh universal habit of living in over-heated rooms in the winter. When it is necessary for persons living in such an atmosphere, to go out, "the great difference in the exterior temperature strikes upon their organization, the cold penetrates them, and pneumonia kills them." Dr. Hammond keeps his office and reception-room at a temperature of sixty-four degrees, and thinks it greatly lessens the danger of taking cold upon going out. He likewise mentioned the excessive use of alcoholic drinks as "opening the door for the disease." Another physician classified pneumonia as "not contagious but a traveller," and has found in his practice that persons taken with it "are generally in a low and weakened condition, either from mental anxiety, or from overwork, or from a state of the weather." Winter dampness predisposes people to the disease, he said, though a cold system seldom does more than develop it from conditions already existing in the system. The preventive measures suggested can be summed up in the always applicable advice: Keep yourself in good condition; do not habitually overwork, or under-exercise; avoid sudden chills, or take prompt measures to restore the circulation; drink and eat temperately; breathe pure air; and don't rob nature of sleep. So may you "defy the foul fiend."

Aigrette De La Mer.

Few people, till they get to Cannes, know that the smaller island lying southward of St. Marguerite is really the more famous of the two, and, as the cradle of monasticism in the West, can lay claim to a foremost place in the history of Christendom. It was here that Honorat, being turned aside from his purpose of leading the solitary life of a hermit in the Syrian desert, founded the cell which was destined to be the nucleus of so many monastic communities. The little island well deserves its pretty nickname—the "Aigrette de la Mer" which its fertility won for it; but the monks were not left in peaceable possession of their little paradise. They suffered so much and so often from the descents of the Saracens, who, on this Mediterranean shore, played much the same part as the Danes did on our Northern seas, that they were driven to building a strong fortified

keep as a refuge for their persons and property. The towers of this castle are still standing, most picturesquely placed on the southern shore of the islet, with the sea washing its battlemented walls. The brown-frocked brothers from the newly-built monastic buildings are generally to be seen cultivating the island or carrying produce down to the shore for embarkation to Cannes. Permission to visit the monastery is sternly denied to ladies, though the rule of the Order is so far relaxed as to allow them to go over the ruined chateau in company with the Brother who is told off to act as cicerone, and to tell the story of the old buildings to curious visitors. His efforts to make himself intelligible to stray comers who know little French and still less of the history of the religious orders must often produce a smile. One Englishman to whom Cistercian and Reformed Benedictine were as idle words, broke in on the old man's speech at every pause, with the earnest inquiry, "I say, monk, tell me, are you a Brother or a Friar?"

The Wearing of the Green.

A paragraph in the New York Graphic notes the fact that there will be twenty Irish-born representatives in the next House of Representatives, and only seven German-born representatives, although the German population of the United States is considerably the larger. These Milesians are wiry, nervous, enterprising, active, and to some extent unscrupulous. Their blood has been kept warm in the fatherland by the necessity of continued exertion against oppression and to get the food to live. They do not in most instances toil there to get rich, but to keep themselves from starving to death. They are sharp-nosed and aggressive. They have fought through generations to live, and the larger ambition, to get honor and to get rich, follows naturally. They have fire in their eyes, and their hands maws are capacious, as the result of the continued struggle they have been unable to avoid. There are people that would have died out under this long injustice and apprehension. They would at least become submissive, like the transplanted African. They would at least have rested their chins on their breasts and looked up meekly to all the rest of the world. But this is a restless, ambitious, fiery race, as indomitable as it is witty, and as sharp as if the grinding it had been subjected to had not been for the purpose of dulling so much as brightening and making keened its edge. It is impossible to destroy such a people as this. It comes out of its daily and nightly horror with a brighter face, a more manly spirit, a sharper wit and a more vaulting ambition. It is marvelous that such a people should not have risen and overpowered its oppressor long before this, regardless of the vast difference in numbers, and that its island should not have grown into green and blossoms and fruition for its own and no other people's benefit. These Irishmen are penetrating every avenue of American civilization. All things considered, they are distancing, in proportion of numbers, not only Germans, but Americans. They can hold more offices and transact their duties more profitably to themselves, and sometimes more profitably to the public, than our slower thinking and slower going citizens. They ought to have a republic all alone to themselves.

A Bit of Romance.

Miss Blaine this time last year did not know of the existence of her now liege lord. Just as the gay season was concluded at Washington last winter she went to Leavenworth, Kansas, to pay a visit to her friend, the wife of Gen. Dunn, who was Miss Morrill, of Maine, before her marriage. There she met Colonel Coppin-

ger, and her stay was rendered so agreeable that it lengthened into six weeks. Since her return an active correspondence was kept up, culminating in an engagement before the new year. When Mrs. Blaine was in New York, this year with her daughter, the Colonel met them by accident, and formally asked for the hand of Miss Alice. The Blaines were considerably astonished, and more so when the groom-elect desired an immediate marriage. There were many difficulties to overcome, but the happy couple started in with such determination that the wedding-day was announced over a month ago, and active preparations for its brilliant ceremonies were put in progress. The bride is a fine-looking young girl, with straight features and dark hair, her profile resembling her mother's. She is of medium and graceful figure. She has not taken kindly to society, and did not make her debut until her father was in the cabinet and then her appearance was rare. In early life she gave evidence of a vigorous intellect, and has since been regarded as serious and thoughtful, very different from the average society girl. For several years she has evinced a decided liking for the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and it is regarded as a culmination of her wishes in that particular that she was pleased to marry with the blessing of the Church. This is said to have been one of the strongest objections on the part of her parents against her union with a Catholic, as necessarily a priest of the Church should perform the ceremony. The groom is about forty-eight years old, nearly twice the age of the bride. He is a fine-looking man, with gray hair, and is faced well, marked with lines showing his exposure on the field. He is a native of Cork, Ireland, and comes of a family first in deeds of valor and benevolence, of whom many distinguished members are yet in their old ancestral homes. His family record shows a line of names — a bishop, priest and nuns — prominent, in religious life in Ireland. He came to this country when twenty-four years of age, one of ten, sent for by Archbishop Hughes to command Irish volunteer armies. He served with distinction here, and later, when an officer of the Papal guards, received special commendation from Pius IX. He is now on Gen. Pope's staff, stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., where after the bridal tour, he will take his bride and resume duty. When asking for the hand of his bride of her parents, to whom he was a total stranger, he modestly said that he referred them to his superior officers and his war department record. It is surmised from their acceptance that both were thought sufficient.

The Rich and the Poor.

Archbishop Croke preached a sermon recently on the different positions of man in society, in the course of which he said that there must be happiness and misery, wisdom and folly, wealth and poverty — the master and the servant depending upon and relieving each other — the Greek and the barbarian, the wise and the foolish are scattered promiscuously in every direction around. What a strange and startling variety of conditions one is sure to meet with in the world! Some are poor but contented; others are rich but wretched, because wicked or reviling. Some have too much, others too little. Some want for everything and others apparently wanting for nothing. Some wear diamonds and rings of unknown value upon their fingers, are waited upon by a numerous retinue, and have their persons adorned with the most costly ornaments — others friendless and unknown, steal on through life, no one heeding them, and the wind and the weather assailing them on the way. Some driving in chariots gilded and gay, others traveling on foot unheeded. Some

have many friends, others are without them. Some are respected by their fellow-citizens, others are dreaded or despised. For some every enterprise succeeds, for others there is nothing but disaster. In a word, there are some few who seem to be the especial favorites of Providence, and there are others whose only inheritances are sufferings and tribulations, wretched outcasts, born and destined to live, as it were, in poverty, and to die, perhaps, without pity. God gave gifts and talents to every man, and to those whom He had given wealth He would demand a strict account. The rich should rather have a feeling of apprehension than of congratulation, and he instanced several parables in the Bible to show the dangers that accrue to man from the possession of wealth. Was it not written there, "Blessed are the poor, for their's is the kingdom of heaven?" St. John the Baptist was poor, so was the reputed father of the Saviour; so was the Blessed Virgin, and it was with the poor Gallilean that Our Lord worked his first miracle.

A Good Example.

Recently in New Orleans there was buried a colored servant of the Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, recently elected Episcopal Assistant Bishop of Mississippi, from the rectory of Trinity Church. A nice coffin had been provided. The bier was placed in the large dining-hall of the rectory, around which lighted candles were placed, as is the custom in Roman Catholic burial, the negro boy having been baptized a Catholic and attending St. Alphonsus church. A priest from that church was sent for before the boy's death who administered to him the usual sacraments, and who officiated at the services held over the body at the rectory. Four white boys acted as pall-bearers, one of whom was the Rev. Dr. Thompson's, who, with the rector's family, accompanied the body to St. Alphonsus church and to the cemetery.

Kaiser Wilhelm Gorges himself.

What a life that of the Kaiser of Prussia has been. Born in 1797, he was a boy at the period of Prussia's deepest degradation; at the age of seventeen he entered Paris with the allied armies, then fell into obscurity. His fame began at the age when other men began to outlive their fame. Reports of serious illness often come to us, but the iron constitution of the Hohenzollerns brings him round. His trouble is indigestion, caused by love of sauerkraut. He has an old servant as old as himself. "Stephen," said the Kaiser the other day. "What have you for dinner?" "Sauerkraut, sire," he replies. "Go bring it to me." The attendant gives a military salute and returns with a huge plate of smoking sauerkraut and an immense colossal sausage. "Ah, that smells good!" the Emperor cries, and in a quarter of an hour sauerkraut and sausage are out of sight. In the evening doctors were called in in haste, the court was alarmed and the foreign embassadors were at their wits' end. Sausage and sauerkraut are standing menaces to the peace of Europe.

Arrow root is recommended as the thickening for custards and sauces of all kinds, both for puddings and for meats. It is preferred to cornstarch by many on account of the flavor.

An appetizing hot sauce for meat is made by taking one can of tomatoes and adding to it two onions chopped fine, a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, cinnamon, cloves, salt and a little nutmeg to suit the taste. Let the tomatoes, onions, etc., boil for ten minutes, then take from the fire and add a large cupful of strong vinegar.

The Coronation of the Tsar.

Moscow finished its coronation preparations on the 28th of May, on the morning of which day, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, accompanied by Lords Clanwilliam and Wolseley, arrived at the old capital of Russia. The houses are beautifully decked with streamers and flags of all sorts, while from each balcony descends Persian or Kurdish carpets. It seems that asphalt or wooden pavement is simply unknown at Moscow, so the authorities have had to spread a layer of sand of some inches in depth over the stones which form the three mile route of the Imperial procession. The Metropolitan Church of Moscow is the Uspensky Cathedral, and in this church is one of the most celebrated sacred pictures in Russia. It is that of Our Lady of Wladimir, who at one time saved Moscow from great danger. It was in the days of Tamerlane, who, having devastated Astrachan, marched on Moscow. The Metropolitan remained in his cathedral day and night; but still the Tartar hordes pressed on. At last he thought of the sacred eikon of the Virgin at Wladimir, and he brought it to Moscow. When the procession with the sacred face approached the city, the whole population went out to meet it, crying out, "Mother of God save our Russian land," and that very day, without any apparent cause, Tamerlane struck his tents and retreated, even more swiftly than he advanced. At the place where the populace met the sacred picture, a monastery has been built, which is called "the meeting." Among other relics at this famous church are the bones of SS. Andrew and John Chrysostom. On either side of the Royal dais in the Cathedral, but nearer to the eikonastasis, are the ancient seats of the Tsar and Patriarch. Among the costly plate which decked the banqueting hall, are some handsome presents sent to the Russian Tsars by Queen Elizabeth and Charles the Second of England. On Tuesday the Tsar made his formal entry into the city of Moscow, starting from the Petroffsky Palace to the Kremlin, and proceeding through a double line of soldiers, which extended the whole distance of four and a half miles. As a spectacle of unrivalled magnificence, the procession was a complete success, and it is very satisfactory to record the fact that the Tsar was received with loyal enthusiasm by the dense masses of people who crowded the sidewalks and gazed from the windows and balconies of the houses. The weather was, however, not perfect — a little rain fell at intervals, and the clouds were lowering and heavy. The Tsar and his brilliant suit left the Palace at one o'clock, and a little after two the second salvos of artillery announced the fact that their Imperial Majesties had passed through the Tver Gate, and had entered Russia's ancient capital. As seen from the towers of the Kremlin, the view of the approaching procession must have been superb. First, came the scarlet-coated troopers of the Tsar's body guard, and, following in quick succession, were the squadrons of Tsarina's Pskoff Dragoons, Cossacks of the Don, and a numerous and highly picturesque cavalcade of representatives of Asiatic races subject to Holy Russia. The amazing variety of uniforms, headdresses, and arms used by these warriors was succeeded by the deputation of the nobles of Moscow. Then came the lackeys of the Court, full a hundred strong, all clad in green and gold; and close on the heels of this battallion of Russian de la Plushes were the dark-skinned Arabs of the Household. Sport was represented by the Imperial Huntsmen, and after them followed

the Grand Master of Ceremonies in a gilt chariot; then there were the gentlemen of the Chamber, in their feather-edged cocked hats; and after a long procession of gilded coaches came the Chevalier Guards in white tunics, shining cuirasses and silver helmets, surmounted by gold eagles, with out-spread wings. A small detachment of Gardes à Cheval followed, and then, well in front of his staff, rode his Imperial Majesty Alexander III., mounted on a white charger, and wearing the newly-adopted headdress of the Russian army, a low Astrachan busby. The Tsarina, followed in an old-fashioned low-hung chariot drawn by eight magnificent horses. In the second coach after that of the Empress rode the Duchess of Edinburgh. The Tsar halted at the gate of the Kitai Gorod, which leads to the portals of the Kremlin itself, and where is the shrine of the Iberian Madonna. Here he was met by the First Vicar and a number of the clergy, with processional cross and holy water. In fact, as each church was passed, the clergy emerged from its portals, bearing crosses and the holy eikons. Arrived at the Kremlin, their Majesties, having received the homage of the Senate, proceeded to the Cathedral of the Assumption, where a solemn *Te Deum* was sung. After numerous religious ceremonies and prostrations before the holy eikons, the Royal and Imperial party entered the private apartments of the Kremlin about half-past four, where they were presented with bread and salt by the Court officials. The actual ceremony of Coronation took place on Sunday. The State entry of Tuesday was a noble pageant, but its best and happiest feature was the unquestionable loyal enthusiasm displayed by the people themselves.

It appears that the first such ceremony on record was that of Vladimir Monomachus, Grand Duke of Muscovy, in 1114, all the regalia for which, including the crown, known as "Vladimir's cap," were sent by the Greek Emperor Alexius Comnenos. This coronation took place in Kiew: but that of Demetrius in 1498 was the first celebrated in the Upenski Sobor, or Church of the Assumption, at Kreml, built by the Italian Fioraventi. From the crowning of the first Tsar, Ivan the Cruel, in 1547, to that of Peter the Great, the Metropolitan had the right of placing the crown on the head of the monarch, but Peter and his successors place the crown on their own heads. Tsar Fedor, in 1584 was the first to be annointed with holy oil, and various other insigna have gradually been added. Fedor II. was the last ruler to wear Vladimir's cap; as his two sons, mere boys, were both crowned Tsars together, it became necessary to make a new set of regalia, exactly alike for both princes. Peter the Great (the younger of the two brothers) was the first to crown his Czarina, the celebrated Catherine I., whose crown, besides 2,564 brilliants, contained the great Pekin ruby of fabulous value.

We copy the above remarks from the *London Tablet*. The *Weekly Register* has this on the "Czar Crowned."

It was no light cause which brought the Emperor of Russia from the seclusion in which he has been lurking ever since his father's horrible death, to stand as the hero of a ceremonial which made him the most gorgeously conspicuous figure in the Dark Continent of the Russias. His dominions reach half round the earth — where the earth's girth narrows, to be sure; nevertheless, the breadth and length of the vast Empire are geographically appalling. In sight of this world the Czar has been set, during the perilous days of the ceremonial: he who had hidden for two miserable years from the little crowds of his modern capital of pleasure — he and the unoffending and most pitiable lady, whom her fate has made wife and mother of Romanoffs. The necessity of the coronation and the evils of

delay were indubitably enormous; and we must hope that the impression upon the masses of that Dark Continent, who hear and see nothing except a pageant as signal and as noisy as that which has just taken place, will be such as to repay for the terror and the risk. Nihilism is however unhappily not dead. Although it has not fulfilled its cruel threat of murder in the midst of the consecration and coronation, it would be idle to suppose that the precautions taken have been the operative cause of the Czar's safety. It is too well known that the Secret Society has spread during the past year among the classes nearest to the throne; and since the last Czar was shattered by dynamite, in 1881, the punishments dealt out have not been precisely of that forbearing, reluctant, and discriminating kind, which makes penitents of criminals. No one, in fact, can tell — except, perhaps, the Nihilists themselves — to what the safety of Czar and Czarina has been due, and why there was no blood on the barbaric gold and ivory and the exaggerated splendor of Moscow, but only the memory of blood — the blood of Catholic priests flogged to death in Poland, not long ago, and that which marks the thousands of falling footsteps across a quarter of a world to the Siberian prisons and their death in life.

Modern Unbelief.

THE great sin of our day is the want of faith. It is the tendency and chief sin of the age. That awful independence of God, which would not permit His Name to be mentioned, might be traced to one of the three great fountains of sin mentioned by St. Thomas. There were the ignorant who had never heard God's word, and for whom God had provided the zealous missionaries who went forth with their lives in their hands, abandoning all the luxuries and happiness of life, and tasting all the bitterness of death long before its time, in their holy labor of love. If they found even the slightest element of civilization they rejoiced, for it made their work comparatively easy. They were but shallow philosophers who said that human knowledge was incompatible with a belief in God, and that the Church was afraid of the advancement of science. Again, there were men who denied God in their lives through weakness, and yielding to the passions of the flesh, succumbed to their appetites, and attaching themselves to the material order of things, degraded the immortal soul within them, and, deprived themselves of the faculty of realizing the unseen. Man's nature was such that the soul and body, united in him, must act one with the other. Either the soul, strengthened by grace, subdued the body, and purified the passions, until the body was fit for the glory that was to come; or the body got the better of the soul, and made it the handmaid of its vice, till the sinner could no longer understand the things of the Kingdom of God. When they considered the unbridled luxury that was abroad, it was not difficult to account for a great deal of that infidelity which was the tendency of this unhappy age. Again, men sometimes gave themselves with such a profound mental devotion to the researches of science that, in gazing on created life, they lost the faculty of perceiving the uncreated. As a man fixing his eyes on the flame of the blast-furnace he himself had lighted became so

dazed as to be unconscious of the shining of the noonday sun, so the scientific man of these days, the devoted disciple of nature, of that inductive, experimental philosophy which has attained such wonderful results, gazed from the human light around him, and, inflated by the success of his own researches into that system in which he lived, in the pride of his heart and the folly of his mind, denied the existence of the Creator, because he had seen and discovered so much of the created. The Church of God was commissioned to give knowledge to the ignorant, to the weak the strength of her strong and tender hand. To the man of science she came asking for only one shred or tittle of reason for his denial of the uncreated, the eternal, and the unseen. She warned him that no one needed faith so much as the man who makes the pursuit of knowledge the object of his life. That was the Church's mission, and in many ways she carried it out. She spoke of God in her Liturgy, in the beauty of her shrines, in such teachings as those of the beautiful Chapels of the Rosary in that great Church. The unbeliever entering these would feel that he was in the abode of One greater than himself; the frail man there gained contrition and strength to amend his life; the learned man walking round that Church, and seeing the emblems of Dominican life and Dominican devotion, was reminded that for over 700 years that ancient Order had existed. It had produced one man who came to London, with his fellow friars, as a humble priest. That one man surpassed all other philosophers in knowledge, soared and towered above them all in every element of knowledge with which his age was acquainted, and for 600 years had remained the glory of the Church of God. That man was St. Thomas Aquinas. Father Burke then referred to the devotion of the Rosary, which originated with the Order of Preachers, and which taught devotion to the Life of Christ. It was thus that the Church of God proclaimed His knowledge and spread it. As the heavens proclaimed the glory of God, and the firmament announced the work of His Hands, so every blessed and consecrated stone there preached and proclaimed to them the glory of God.

THOMAS BURKE, O.P.

Grand Dominican Church in England.

THE beautiful church in Southampton Road, Haverstock Hill, was solemnly opened on June 7th. The sacred edifice is the only church belonging to the Order of Preachers in London. In 1861 Cardinal Wiseman invited the Dominicans to return to London, and entrusted to their charge the Kentish Town mission. He desired that they should be permanently established in London, and he himself selected the spot on which the priory and church now stand, telling Father Proctor to buy the ground and build there, "for one day there would be a flourishing congregation in the neighborhood." The work was begun in 1863, and in 1867 the library was opened as a temporary chapel, but was eventually found far too small for the increasing congregation. The new church, mainly built of brick, in the style of the thirteenth century, consists of a nave and choir, terminating in a polygonal apse, with lofty windows; the aisles flanked by side chapels, according to the prevailing type of the larger

Dominican churches. The interior length is 200 feet, the nave of eight bays being 140, and the choir 60 by 30 feet in width; the height from the floor to the lower part of the roof is 60 feet. The roof is arched and boarded, with transverse and diagonal ribs. Each aisle is 16 feet in width, and the fourteen lateral chapels 15 feet, with triplet windows. The arcaded clere-story is supported on lofty stone columns and arches, and has a light treforium gallery of iron. The Rosary, or Lady Chapel, built like the apse, on the original base, is approached by an external porch, and connected with the north aisle of the choir; it has clustered columns, stone springers, timber groining, and deeply recessed arches for the altars, coupled lancet windows and sex-foiled circles. The principal front of the church has a a double doorway to the nave, flanked by the porches of the aisles, and surmounted by a lofty window of four compartments, with geometrical tracery, and a rose window in the gable. Fifteen chapels are dedicated to the mysteries of the Rosary, one to our Lady, one to St. Dominic, and one to St. Joseph.

The scene within the magnificent cathedral-like church was one that will long linger in the memory of those whose privilege it was to be present. Memory went back, for the moment, to the time when in England's happy days of Catholicity it was in this country a not uncommon thing to see long lines of holy monks, clothed in the venerable habits of their Order, wending their way through cathedral aisles to the sanctuary of God. As the grand organ pealed forth the melodious strains of the dedication hymn, the procession emerged from the sacristy at the Gospel-side of the altar, and, passing down the aisle, passed up the centre of the nave to the sanctuary. The procession included over fifty members of the Dominican order, clothed in the usual habit of their congregation, followed by representatives of the religious orders of the Franciscans, the Capuchins, the Oratorians, Passionists, Redemptorists, Augustinians, Carmelites, Jesuits, the Order of Charity, the Pious Society of Missions, as well as a large number of secular clergy. Altogether there could not have been less than 300 priests, either present in the church or taking part in the procession. The end of the procession was graced by the presence of no less than seven Bishops. On the entrance of the procession the vast congregation rose *en masse* and joined in the dedication hymn. The music was Gounod's Mass of the Sacred Heart, which was beautifully rendered by a full choir. After the first Gospel, just as the clock was striking twelve, the famous Dominican orator, the Very Rev. Father Thomas Burke, O.P., ascended the pulpit, and delivered one of his most eloquent and impassioned discourses.

What He Would Have Done.

A LITTLE boy, between four and five years old, was one day reading to his mother in the New Testament, and when he came to these words, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have their nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," his eyes filled with tears. His mother inquired what was the matter. At length he said: "Mamma, if I had been there I would have given him my pillow.

A JOCOSE old fellow declared that his wife told the truth at least three times a day. Said he: "Before rising in the morning, she says. 'Oh! dear, I must get up, but I don't want to.' After breakfast she added: 'Well, I suppose I must go to work, but I don't feel like it.' And she goes to bed saying: 'There I have been on the move all day and haven't done anything.'"

Five Men Hanged.

The fifth of the Cavendish and Burke victims, Timothy Kelly, was hanged at Dublin on the 9th of June. The Cork Examiner has this reflection on the victims and the results which followed: — The tragedy moves on from act to act, and is always repeating the same unvarying lesson. Whether we regard the inception of the conspiracy, the means by which it was kept alive, the agencies through which it was broken up, or the dreadful *finale* which attends its destruction, what is taught is unmistakable. This plot drew into it men who did not appear to have been previously of bad character, or evil disposition. In the first instance, they surrendered, for purposes they did not know, their consciences and their right to estimate the criminality or otherwise of the deeds in which they were to engage. They might, indeed, have guessed that only foul things would be generated in the darkness in which they suffered themselves to be enveloped. As it is, they were actually drawn into acts that inspired the civilized world with horror, and have wrecked, for a long time to come, that Irish liberty in whose misused name they plotted. It is probable that the punishment of their misdeeds was not deferred until the period when they were committed to prison. Judging from certain external indications, from the time of the Phœnix Park assassinations, the assassins and their accomplices must have lived in an atmosphere of terrible suspicion and mutual distrust. It is impossible to imagine one of these men looking up at the proclamation of a reward of ten thousand pounds for the discovery of the murderers without believing that he began to speculate as to which of his comrades would be tempted to betray him. That these speculations resulted in several of the assassinations which alarmed and horrified Dublin there seems to be little reason to doubt and there is no question that several of the band lived in mortal terror of being suspected and being meted out the doom that had already befallen others on whom suspicion had fallen. There is no doubt that this apprehension ultimately formed an important part of the means by which the revelation was brought about; but before it acted it is not difficult to fancy what a period of mental anguish many of them must have passed through. The whole affair is one of the most melancholy episodes in our history; but there is, perhaps, no part of it more miserable than the rush of informers which took place once it became quite clear that light had been let in on the conspiracy. Rarely have ever the records of the acts of approvers contained anything baser than the conduct of one at least of that ignoble band. The only emotion, however, that it ought not to inspire is surprise. When men unite for crime their moral sense is sure not to be much improved, and the man who seduces others into murder is not likely to prove the most trustworthy of companions. The end that has overtaken the confederacy is awful and impressive in the profoundest degree; and yet it is nothing more than ought to have been anticipated. Those who entered into such plots in the belief that they could secure immunity either by concealment or intimidation, betrayed an inconsiderateness almost childish in its simplicity, and which contrasts strangely with the desperate purpose that underlay their schemes. Let us hope that the retribution which has overtaken them may, at least, have the beneficial effect of impressing on men's minds the peril that is inseparable from such confederacies, if they will not do better and remember that they are forbidden by the law of God and of His Church.

Curious Customs in Rome.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Tablet* speaks of the Feast of the Apostles SS. Philip and James the Less, Minor Protectors of Rome, which was celebrated on May 1, in the Constantinian Basilica of the Holy XII. Apostles, where their bodies repose beneath the High Altar. Owing to the great concourse of visitors from all parts of Italy for the spousal rejoicings, and the many roughs naturally congregated hither, it was deemed more prudent not to open the crypt as usual, nor did the wonted procession of relics take place within the church. Cardinal Nina pontificated at High Mass, assisted by the rector of the National Spanish church of Sta. Maria di Monserrato; the service round the altar being performed by the alumni of the North American College. This church was formerly the scene of an odd observance, sanctioned by the occasional presence of the Pope himself, as related by Macellus Alberinus in his *Sacco di Roma*, 1527, as follows: May 1, 1523, the newly elected Pope, Clement VII., came on that morning, on the Feast of SS. Philip and James, to the church of the Holy XII. Apostles, and, after pontificating mass, remained that day and night in the Palace Colonna. On that day, May 1, he assisted at the ancient, but stupid, custom observed by the Colonna family, who, from the windows of their palace looking into the church, cast into the Basilica birds and winged animals of every species, which were eagerly caught by the people thronging the temple, whilst from the roof of the sacred building, a pig was suspended by a rope, a prize to the successful climber; tubs, vases, &c., filled with water, being cunningly ranged about the ceiling in such guise as to deluge with their contents the eager contenders for the desired boon. The scene was naturally one of the utmost merriment and uproar, far more befitting, says the chronicler, the market-place than the house of God, and would seem incredible to those viewing antique usages with modern eyes, had he not historical proof of the like custom being carried out in other churches throughout Italy. That year, he adds, the populace were more than ever enthusiastic over the amusement, probably from intuitions of its future abrogation.

The Romans early manifested affection and veneration for the porcine race, and were wont to draw happy auguries from those animals from the days of the mysterious sow (Scrofa) with her thirty little pigs, of Alba Longa, whose name:

> From a white sow and thirty sucklings came.

They were later made use of in sacrifices, in contracts, in lustrations, and in expiations, and served as insignia in the Vexilla of the Legions. The sow still figures in the arms of Albano, and a bas-relief representing her amidst her family, encrusted in the wall of a house above a fountain, had given title to one of the principal streets of Rome, Via della Scrofa. Swine were formerly kept at Campidoglio in numbers so great as to require more than one guardian, hence we find mention in the book of the old Roman statutes of the *Custodes porcorum*, for whose support a certain tax was imposed upon the Jews yearly as penalty for the sale of Jesus Christ for thirty pieces of silver. In 1268, Charles of Anjou, then Senator of Rome, sent from Sicily, together with other provisions, 1,200 swine for the use of his kitchen, accompanied by a diploma, addressed to his Camerlengo, Hugh of Byzantium. Down to quite recent times

among the Carnival diversions was the senatorial procession to Monte Testaccio, when six carts, covered with red cloth, containing each two pigs, well cleaned and shorn, and securely bound, were dragged to the top of the said mount, thence precipitated down the declivity to the base, where the populace, sword in hand, contended for the prey, generally cut to pieces in the struggle.

China.

Miss Bird has written a very interesting book about portions of the Celestial Empire. She visited Hong Kong, Victoria, and Canton. In her letter, dated January 6, 1879, she says :—

"Almost the first sight that I saw on arriving in this quarter, which is in Canton itself, was a number of Christian refugees — old men, women, and children — who having fled from a bloody persecution, which is being waged against Christianity about ninety miles from Canton, are receiving shelter in the compound of the German mission. It was late in the evening, and these poor refugees, who had sacrificed much for their faith and had undergone great terror, were singing hymns and reading and worshipping in Chinese. In the place from which they came a Christian of wealth wished to build a church, and last week he was proceeding to do so when the heathen, instigated by the district mandarin, seized upon him and four other Christians, and, when he would neither say the word nor make the obeisance which is regarded as equivalent to denying Christ, they wrapped him in cotton wadding soaked in oil, tied him to a cross, and burned him, no extremity of torture availing to shake his constancy. They cut of the arms and legs of the four other persons, tied crosses to the trunks, and then burned them. This deed, done so near Canton, has caused great horror among the foreigners both here and at Hong Kong, and the deepest sympathy is felt both with the converts and the missionary priests. It is estimated that there are seven hundred and fifty thousand Romish Christians in China, many of them of the third or fourth generation of Christians, and in some places far in the interior there are whole villages of them. The Portuguese and French missionary priests, who devote themselves for life to this work, dress, eat, and live as Chinamen, and are credited with great devotion."

The account given by Miss Bird of Canton is very picturesque. Indeed, she pronounces it "the most overwhelming, interesting, fascinating and startling place" she ever saw. But the manners and customs of the inhabitants are so different from ours that we should probably require years to become habituated to them. In the matter of food only we should need a long probation :—

We went, the author says, to a "dog and cat restaurant," where a number of richly-dressed men were eating of savory dishes, made from the flesh of these animals. There are thousands of butcher's and fishmonger's shops in Canton. At the former there are always hundreds of split and salted ducks hanging on lines, and pigs of various sizes roasted whole, or sold in joints raw; and buffalo beef, and numbers of dogs and cats which, though skinned, have the tails on to show what they are. I had some of the gelatinous "bird's

nest" soup, without knowing what it was. It is excellent; but as these nests are brought from Sumatra and are very costly, it is only a luxury of the rich. The fish shops and stalls are legion, but the fish looks sickening, as it is always cut in slices and covered with blood. The boiled chrysalis of a species of silkworm is exposed for sale as a great delicacy, and so are certain kinds of hairless, fleshy caterpillars.

Pope Adrian's Alleged Bull.

The bull attributed to Pope Adrian IV., "bestowing on the adventurers of Henry II. the right to rule and ruin Ireland," is pronounced by Rev. Father Burke, the distinguished Irish orator, a "forgery and a thundering Irish lie." [See his notes on Froude's Lectures, page 199.] Whoever fabricated that bull, it certainly couldn't have been Pope Adrian IV. Because, according to O'Nial and the majority of the Irish chieftians, it was issued subsequent to the martyrdom of St. Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury. In their memorial to Pope John XXII., O'Nial and the Irish chieftians complain that the fabricator of that bull "conferred the sovereignty of Ireland on Henry II., the murderer of St. Thomas whom, for that very crime, he ought to be deprived of his own crown." [Fordun Scotichronicon XII., 28, 29, 30, vol. iii., p. 908; Abbe McGeoghegan, History of Ireland, p. 332.] Now it is an historical fact that Pope Adrian IV., —"the only Englishman who occupied St. Peter's Chair,"—died twelve years before the murder of St. Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury. Whereas, the alleged bull makes him live after the Archbishop's murder! [See Lingard's History of England, vol. iii. p. 16.]

We shall give a still more conclusive article on this subject from the learned Bishop Moran of Ireland, in our next issue.

Culture.

There is a vast amount of rubbish afloat in these days to which the name of culture is given; but for which devil's drift or drivel would be a more fitting title. Men and women prate about everything, from God, the human soul, the world of matter, eternity, to a new wash for the hair, or the neatest thing out in bonnets, with equal zest and equal profundity. Puppies who hardly know how to read assume the air of placidly despairing atheists, and girls according to no less an authority than Lord Beaconsfield "prate protoplasm in gilded saloons." Conversation has assumed a vague, nasty, effeminate tone, with no bone or marrow, or common sense manhood in it. Men and women and things are "lovely," "sweet," or "perfectly delightful," or "quite too awfully horrid," or "impossible," instead of being honestly right or wrong, good or bad. Delicate words and phrases are constructed to cover bold indelicacy or bold indecency. A guazy veil is thrown over naked sin, and a superfine sense of a refined world is shocked that decent people cannot gaze with calm eyes at indecency so gracefully veiled. This is the new culture, the development of the esthetic sense of which we learn so much. It shows itself in modern art and the favorite literature of the day; the one jejune or debasing or low in itself; the other meretricious and elaborately corrupt. It becomes more and more a duty to study Catholic literature, to frequent as much as possible Catholic society, or, better still, to multiply truly cultivated Catholic homes and firesides.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

VERY TRUE.—Some people try to make out that they know everything; but it is not every one who is aware that when a man has been seen for several days with a cloud upon his brow, very soon after he is altogether mist.

Our Young Folks.

FOUR LITTLE MISCHIEFS.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRETENDING TO BE FAIRIES.

It was beautiful sunny weather, and the children were out of doors all the livelong day taking pleasant walks in the shady woods or playing under the trees nearer home.

The farmer's men had already begun to cut hay down in the great meadow, and Bunko and Jock were often there, as the farmer liked to take them with him and to show them how the hay-making was done.

Kitty and Rosie were often left to make plays for themselves, for Nurse did not like them to go down to the meadow without her. In the daytime, while Ba took a sleep, Nurse would sit beside her, and then Nana would take her sewing out under a tree and allow the two little girls to frisk about at their will.

One day Kitty was tired of all the plays she had invented. Poppie and Bet were still at school, and Rosie, though a dear, good, little thing, and always ready to do anything Kitty told her, was not quite quick enough, or old enough to be always a satisfactory companion for Kitty.

Kitty had been lying under a tree turning over the pages of an old fairy-tale book and looking at the pictures. Suddenly she jumped up and cried out,

"I have it! Rosie, you and I will pretend to be fairies!"

"But we aren't fairies," said Rosie.

"Of course not. That's the fun of it," said Kitty. "If we were we needn't pretend."

"No," said Rosie; "we'd be real fairies then."

"We are going to pretend," said Kitty.

"Oh yes; we will pitend," said Rosie.

"Now, just look here," said Kitty showing a picture in the book. "There's *no* difference between that fairy and us except that she has wings and stands upon one leg with a long rod in her hand. That's her wand, and you see how she points her other toe."

"What is it pointing at?" asked Rosie.

"Oh, nothing!" said Kitty. "What does that matter?" Now, Rosie, try if you can stand on one leg and point your other toe. I'm afraid you're too fat."

"Am I?" said Rosie looking disappointed.

"I think so," said Kitty. "Fairies are always thin like me. But perhaps there might be a fat fairy now and again. Try if you can stand on one leg."

Rosie tried, and with great difficulty drew up one little, short, fat leg, and stood shaking and wavering on the other.

"Now hold out one of your arms, and here is a rod for a wand. You must slant yourself off as if you were just going to fly away. This way, you see."

And Kitty threw herself into the attitude of the fairy at once, and stood so quite triumphantly.

Rosie tried to imitate her, but over-balanced herself and rolled over on the grass.

"That is it, you see," said Kitty shaking her up again, "you're too fat."

"I'm too fat," echoed Rosie disconsolately.

"You must try again," said Kitty. "There, that is better. We must take off our pinafores and put wreaths of flowers round our heads. That will make such a difference, you know, that nobody will know us. I will be a good fairy and you will be a bad one."

Rosie's little red lip went down. "I don't want to be a bad fairy," she said.

"Oh, you little goose! As if it mattered. It's only pretending, you know."

"Oh, yes, it's only pitendin'!" said Rosie, cheering up.

"I would let you be the good one if you liked," said Kitty, "only the faries who grant the wishes and things in the pictures are always thin. I don't know whether the bad ones are fat or not; but at all events it will make more variety if you are bad; as you see I *have* to be good."

"Very well," said Rosie, "I will be bad."

That point settled the little girls sat down to make the crowns of flowers which they were to wear on their heads as fairies. Large white daisies with round gold hearts, and sweet-smelling woodbine, and wild pink roses out of the hedge were all woven together very cleverly by Kitty, who had a great love for flowers, and could arrange them very nicely. When Rosie's wreath was finished Kitty put it on her little sister's head.

"It *is* nice," said Kitty, "and you do look too pretty to be bad. But it can't be helped."

"No, it can't be helped," repeated Rosie contentedly.

Then Kitty finished her own crown and put it on, and skipped away to a pool of still water under the trees and looked at herself.

"I am *exactly* like a fairy!" she cried, clapping her hands. "Oh, Rosie, if we had only some stiff paper to make wings!"

"Mrs. Dale has some," said Rosie, "I saw it in the cupboard in her parlor."

"Oh, dear Rosie, do run and ask her to give us some, and to lend us her scissors. Tell her we want it for a play; and we shan't litter, because it's out of doors."

Off went Rosie and found Mrs. Dale just sitting down with her sewing in the parlor after a busy morning's work.

Rosie's little dimpled face came peeping in at the door, and a pair of brown eyes as soft as velvet were raised beseechingly to her face.

"Please, Mrs. Dale, Kitty and I are making a play, and will you give us some of your stiff white paper and the loan of your scissors? It isn't to litter the house, because we are out of doors."

"Bless the child! of course I will. But how much do you want? What is it for?"

"Oh, it's to make wings," said Rosie, "but that is a great secret. Nobody would believe in us if they knew our wings were paper."

Mrs. Dale gave Rosie two or three sounding kisses on her dimpled cheeks, and said something to herself about angels going about without wings every day; but Rosie did not hear what she was saying, being quite intent on doing Kitty's errand successfully. In Rosie's eyes there was no one so clever or so delightful as Kitty.

In a few minutes she was off again, running as fast as her little fat legs would carry her, back under the trees with a parcel of paper in her arms and a pair of scissors (safe in a leather sheath) in her hands.

"Splendid!" said Kitty, spreading out the paper on the grass, and beginning to cut out the wings. "They go like this," she said, looking at the picture attentively, and then making great cuts. "There, I think that will do. Now, we must have some pins to pin them on."

Again Rosie ran to Mrs. Dale and begged a few pins. She came back with a nice little round pin-cushion all stuck round with bright pins.

"Now, Rosie, off with your pinafore and let me pin on your wings!"

Rosie's pinafore was soon upon the grass, and Kitty set to work to fasten two great flaps of stiff paper on her shoulders.

"You see we must stand with our

faces to the people always, or they might see the pinning," said Kitty.

"Do real fairies not have their wings pinned on?" asked Rosie.

"No, you little silly! Of course they grow out of them."

"Oh!" said Rosie.

"There now! this is the right place. Give me a long pin — "

Rosie screamed. "The pin has gone into my back."

"Oh, dear, what a thing it is to be only people! If you were a real fairy you would never have felt that stab."

"But I'm not real," sobbed Rosie, "and it did hurt."

"There, now!" said Kitty, mopping up her tears and kissing her, "your wings are on all right, and don't cry any more."

There was even more trouble about getting on Kitty's wings, for Rosie was not so handy as Kitty, who got a few stabs with pins herself before all was arranged. The wings and crowns on, their remained only to pluck up a pair of nice rods, and peel them till they looked quite white.

"Now we are finished," said Kitty; "we ought to have stars on the end of our wands, but I am afraid we cannot get any."

"The stars only come at night," said Rosie, shaking her little head.

"And even then we couldn't get at them," said Kitty sagely; "they are a great deal too high up."

"I saw one in that tree last night," said Rosie. "If somebody climbed he could have caught it."

"Oh, dear!" said Kitty, "what a little goose you are! The stars are all in the sky. We must only pretend we have got them on our wands."

"Oh yes, we will pitend!" said Rosie.

They now started off and ran towards the high mossy bank, on the top of which they intended to appear as fairies. Tall trees stood here and there along the bank, and down below it lay the great meadow where Farmer Dale's men were cutting the hay. They climbed up the bank. Kitty was up in a moment, but Rosie stuck fast in the middle of the slope, and Kitty had to stretch down and haul her up.

"You really are too fat for a fairy!" said Kitty, "even for a bad one. But I must make the best of you. Now, stand on one leg, Rosie, there's a dear, and point your toe like this. Look at me, and do the same as I do."

Kitty "slanted herself off" like the fairies in the pictures, pointed one toe, and extended her wand. Rosie stood beside her waggling on one fat little leg and trying to point her toe, while her wand dropped like a fishing-rod.

"Oh, Rosie, *do* try a little better!" cried Kitty, striving to look round at Rosie without turning her own head. "Oh, dear! the men in the meadow see us and are stopping their work. They really do think we are fairies; and oh, what fun it will be!"

"They don't know we're pitendin'!" said Rosie, waggling more than ever.

"They're going to stop working and come to ask for wishes. Now, Rosie, I am going to grant them all their wishes, so you mustn't interfere, as a bad fairy, you know. Bad fairies always spoil things; but you mustn't."

"No, I won't," said Rosie; "but I wish they would come. My leg won't stay steady any longer."

"It hasn't been steady at all," said Kitty scornfully. "You are wiggle-waggling all the time. But I will speak to them, and perhaps they will think it is your badness — bad fairyness, you know — that makes you tremble and shake. Oh, here is Farmer Dale himself coming to look at us, and he seems quite frightened."

The farmer was indeed walking slowly up the meadow with his eyes fixed on the two little curious figures perched on the bank, and not the smallest sign of a smile on his face.

As soon as he had come within a few yards of them he stopped and stared.

"Why, these be fairies!" he cried out, quite loud.

"There now, Rosie!" whispered Kitty, "you heard what he said. I do believe we *are* fairies this minute. And he thinks we are."

"I'm breaking down, Kitty. Oh, I'm breaking down," murmured Rosie, in tones of distress."

"If you do I will never speak to you again," whispered Kitty; "just when everything is happening so beautifully. Can you not feel that you are a fairy and that will keep you up?"

"No, I can't," said Rosie, "I'm only pitendin."

"Well, hold up a little longer till I speak to Farmer Dale."

"Mortal! approach!" cried Kitty in her highest treble voice, "I am a good fairy. Do not fear."

"Oh, Kitty, I *can't* hold up," wailed Rosie in a whisper.

"If you can't then, you must roll down the bank and they will think you have vanished," said Kitty. "Fairies vanish."

Rosie instantly dropped her little tired leg, and scrambling down the back of the bank, sat contentedly in the hollow on the grass below, listening with admiration to Kitty making her speeches.

"My sister cannot bear the sight of mortals, and so she has vanished," said Kitty, still speaking in what she thought was like a fairy's voice. "But I am a different kind of fairy. I come to do you good. I will grant you any wishes you please."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Mr. Dale, lifting his hat.

"Oh, he never would speak like that if he didn't believe I was a real fairy," thought Kitty, but to her horror she suddenly felt that she, too, was beginning to waggle, and hoped Mr. Dale would make haste.

"Speak!" continued Kitty, "tell me your wish."

"Well!" said Farmer Dale, while a broad grin broke out all over his face, "my first wish will be that Miss Kitty would get a little sense."

These words came upon poor Kitty like a thunder-clap. Mr. Dale knew that she was only Kitty, pretending, after all. Her pointed toe dropped to the ground, her wand fell from her hand, and she immediately "vanished," slipping down the bank in a hurry, and nearly alighting on poor Rosie's head.

"Oh, Rosie, come home quick, He is laughing at us so dreadfully. He knows we were only pretending."

"It's very nice pitendin', though," said Rosie, "if you didn't waggle. We can do it again to-morrow, Kitty."

But Kitty did not like being found out. All the fun had gone out of the play for her, and she no longer felt herself a fairy.

"Come home, Rosie, fast!" she cried, and set off running towards the house.

Poor Rosie ran after her as fast as she could, but she could not keep up with Kitty, and besides one of her shoes stuck in a damp, rutty place, and she went running on without it.

Nana who was coming to call them home to tea, met her trudging along in her crown of flowers and her wings, with a shoe on one little fat foot and only a stocking on the other.

"Well, Miss Kitty is a curious little girl," said Nana, taking Rosie up in her arms and going back to look for the lost shoe.

"Where has she gone off to now?"

But Kitty was behind a large tree-trunk pulling off her crown and wings, as she did not want to be laughed at when she went in to tea.

CHAPTER IX.

BUNKO IN THE HAYSTACK.

After this came good times in the meadow for Kitty and Rosie too, for Nurse used to bring them there herself. A crowd of men and women

were busy making the hay, which was all spread out over the ground, and had to be tossed about a good deal, so that the sun might dry every bit of it. Men with long pitchforks lifted it and flung it up in the air, and women in sun-bonnets took it in their arms and shook it all over the place.

All the children got pronged sticks and went about shaking and tossing the hay like the rest of the people; and I can tell you it was great fun.

Then Mrs. Dale would send their lunch to the meadow in a basket, — fine slices of sweet home-made bread and butter, and cans of milk, with tumblers to drink out of; and the children were so hungry that they thought nothing had ever tasted so nice before. After lunch the work began again, and even Ba rushed about with a stick in her hand, poking at the hay, and thinking that all these people were playing a funny game to amuse her.

After all this fun had gone on for some days the men began to carry the hay away to the higher end of the great meadow, and to build it into an enormous haystack; one of those great, long, tall ones which are as big as a house. After they had been building at it for some time they had to get ladders, to place against the lower part that was finished in order to go on with the upper part.

Bunko and Jock found the greatest delight in watching the men at work, and stood by helping them all they could. They were always wanting to climb the ladders and do some of the work up there, but the men told them they had better not, for sometimes the ladders were not quite steady, and little boys were not accustomed to their shaky ways.

Jock being older, and having more sense than Bunko, agreed that the men were right, and the men, seeing that he was obedient, gave him many little jobs to do for them, which kept him quite happy. One of the men even held the ladder for him once, and allowed him to go up to the top and see what an unfinished haycock was like in its upper story. Jock came down quite satisfied, and went to work again, handing up the hay on a pitchfork.

Bunko then begged that he might be allowed to go up too, and again the ladder was held by a careful man while he went to the top. Bunko stood on the top rung and looked at the top of the haycock.

"Oh! what a delicious place to make a play in!" thought he. "If I only could come here by myself for awhile when the men are away!"

He came down the ladder again and stood watching the work, and then he got tired of that and ran away to play somewhere else.

In about an hour he came back to see how the haycock was getting on, and found nobody near it. All the men were gone to dinner, and Jock had gone with them, having begun to look upon himself as one of Farmer Dale's hard-working servant men.

Bunko saw the ladder leaning against the haycock, and thought how nice it would be to climb up now and prance about on the top of the hay, and play there as long as he liked, while the men were away.

He examined the ladder carefully, and fixed it well into the ground, and pushed it steadily against the haycock. Then he put his foot on it, and it felt quite firm. Up he went, step by step, and arrived safely at the top.

Standing on the top rung, he looked over into the middle of the haycock. There was a nice hollow place in the centre, and banks of hay all around it. Bunko put one knee on the close-packed hay on a level with the ladder, and cautiously dragged both legs, one after another, up on the highest part of the cock. Then he turned himself round and looked down. Oh! how high up he was, and as safe as possible!

Then he plunged down into the nice

soft hollow in the top of the haycock, and began to dance about and sing with glee.

After this he made all kinds of plays for himself. He pretended that he was n a great ship all alone on the sea, and he hauled ropes and pulled sails about till he was tired. Then he was on a desert island, and was building a hut for himself with piles of hay.

At last, when he was quite tired out, he lay down in the hollow place to rest, and thought this was the nicest bed he had ever lain upon. He lay on his back watching the birds that sometimes flew past, high over the haycock up in the sky. Then he wondered when the men would be coming back from their dinner, and thought what fun it would be to lean over suddenly and look down at them and shout "Hurrah!" from the top of the haycock. And then suddenly Bunko fell sound asleep.

The warmth of this nook and of the summer air, and the sweet, rich smell of the hay had been too much for him, and there he lay as fast asleep as if it had been the middle of the night instead of mid-day.

After he had slept for some time the men came back from their dinner and began their work again. One of them went half way up the ladder and called to the other men to toss the hay up to him.

"Come on, lads!" he cried, "toss away!" And Bunko heard the voice in his sleep, and thought he was in a ship such as he had made in his play, and that the sailors were shouting to each other.

The next moment a great bundle of hay was tossed into the middle of the haycock and covered up half of Bunko's body.

Bunko in his sleep began to feel dreadful hot, and he dreamed he was in a house that was on fire.

"Toss away, lads!" cried the man on the ladder again, and Bunko dreamed that the firemen were shouting to him to jump out of the window. And then another great lot of hay was pitched right into the haycock and completely covered up Bunko.

He was very nearly smothered now, and certainly, if another bundle of hay had been thrown upon him before he wakened he would have been stifled to death, and never could have wakened in this world again.

However, the dream got so dreadful this time that Bunko wakened himself by shouting with all his might.

He was greatly frightened at finding himself buried in the hay, and began pushing it away and getting a little air to breathe, as fast as he could.

At last he got his head up, and roared out with all his strength.

"I'm in the haycock. Sam, I'm in the haycock. Don't throw any more hay till I get out!"

Sam threw down his pitchfork. "As sure as I'm alive!" he said, "that young rascal has played us a trick."

"Get me out! Get me out!" roared Bunko. "My legs are ever so far down in the hay!"

"I suppose you can get out as well as you got in," said Sam, who thought he would tease him a little.

"I can't!" cried Bunko. "My legs are no use at all. They're down at the bottom of the haycock, and there's nothing but my nose above the hay."

"Well, stay there, then!" shouted Sam. "It makes the hay good, aud keeps it sound, to have a fat little boy built up in it." And Sam grinned down at the other men, who were all laughing at the foot of the haycock.

Bunko gave a wild yell. "Oh, I'll be drowned! I shall be drowned!" he cried, "and nobody will help me out."

"Don't frighten the child into fits," said one of the men below. "He's only a baby after all."

"I'm not a baby!" shouted Bunko; "and I'm not frightened into fits. You wouldn't like it yourselves though you are big men; and

you have no right to murder me. I tell you I'll box you all round as soon as I get out of this."

The men all laughed at this, and some of them said:

"He's a plucky little chap after all. You mustn't tease him any more, Sam."

And then Sam stood on the top rung of the ladder and dived his two long arms into the loose hay in the hollow of the cock and hauled Bunko up by the shoulders.

"My, but you are piping hot, boy!" said Sam, as Bunko's round fat face came to light, looking as red as a boiled lobster.

"I'm going to fight you as soon as you have time," said Bunko in the most determined manner, as Sam placed him safely on the gronnd.

"All right, my man. After supper, when the sun has gone down, and we are all a bit cooler. It's too hot just this minute for a boxing-match! isn't it, Bunko? Run home now, lad, and get your dinner."

"Is it our 'dinner-time yet?" said Bunko, startled.

"I think it is indeed. And Nurse is scouring the country looking for you."

"I suppose I had better go then," said Bunko quietly, and set off running as fast as possible towards the house.

To be Continued.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SCAPULAR.*

It is now just fifty years since Mary Clarke, daughter of a respectable farmer of County Derry, Ireland, emigrated to this country. Her parents were strict Catholics, and the sentiments of our holy religion were early imprinted upon the youthful mind of the young girl by her pious mother. They were members of the Scapular Society of the parish, and careful observers of its rules. Their devotion to the Ever-Blessed Mother of God was, in fact, unbounded. In the morning they commended themselves to her protection, and at night, before retiring to rest, the Rosary was recited aloud in the family circle. The month of May was, of course, a month of special devotion; and even in early childhood Mary had her little altar, which she decorated with choicest flowers, and there she would kneel and humbly offer up her infant prayers to the Queen of Heaven. She daily placed herself under her protection, and that good Mother never abandoned her. The Blessed Mother of God never forsakes her children, but, on the contrary, in their severest trials and afflictions, ever brings them comfort and consolation.

The last injunction of Mary's mother to her when parting was: "Never neglect your devotion to the Holy Mother of God."

The voyage from Ireland to America was not so rapid in those days as now. Those leviathans of the deep carrying their cargoes of living freight were not propelled by steam-power over the wide expanse of the Atlantic. The mariner depended solely upon the wind to fill his spreading sails, and drive his frail bark over the boisterous billows.

For two days after the departure the weather was highly propitious. The sun shone from a cloudless sky upon the placid waters. Everybody predicted a favorable voyage. But our predictions are oftentimes vain. It was the third day. The ship was sailing at a rapid rate, and everybody on board was in the best humor. Suddenly a little speck appeared in the west. It was small, but ominous. The captain gave the order to "reef the sails," and the passengers were ordered below. Every one was thunderstruck, and wondered what it all meant; the

* The above story was narrated to the writer a short time ago by a clergyman whose veracity is unimpeachable, and who was well acquainted with the Clarke family.

weather so delightful, the sky so cloudless, and the sea so tranquil! But suddenly the winds rise. The azure becomes overshadowed, and the noonday sun obscured by murky, threatening clouds. The billows swell and roar as if in madness. The crests seem mountain peaks with snow nestling on their summits — those mighty mountains of water heaving to and fro, and dashing against one another with an inconceivable force, breaking up into thousands, only to re-unite and form waves more gigantic than their predecessors. At sea in a storm! He only who has experienced it can form an idea of a tempest in mid-ocean. The creaking of the vessel, the flapping of the sails, the howling of the winds, and the roaring of the waters, are calculated to strike terror into the most hardened heart.

But what a change on board! The hilarity which had prevailed a short time before was changed to fear and trembling. Pallid cheeks supplanted countenances suffused with joy and merriment. Cheerfulness ceased, and sadness was depicted on every brow. Every one expected that his final hour had come. Some were praying, some weeping, and others, in most harrowing accents, bewailing their unfortunate fate.

Mary was in her berth, prostrate before a little statue of the Blessed Virgin, humbly supplicating that Patroness of the afflicted to intercede for her and her fellow-passengers that they might be saved from a watery grave. She invoked that "Star of the Sea" to guide their frail bark to a harbor of safety. She was not dejected as the others, because religion sustained her. What a solace is religion to those in sorrow, in affliction, in danger! She alone was calm and collected in the midst of the clamor and confusion around her. She depended upon the mercies of God, which never fail. He may, to try our patience, abandon us for a short time to sorrow and affliction; but when we have passed through this ordeal we become still more and more objects of His love.

A sudden impulse seized Mary. She glided like a spirit up the hatchway upon deck. The seamen endeavored to restrain her, but in vain. Standing for a moment upon deck she gazed upon the rolling billows and the sombre sky. Opening the bosom of her dress, she coolly removed the scapulars from her shoulders and threw them, with a firm faith, into the seething waters, and then retired to her berth to pray once more. Listen! There is a lull. The howling of the wind is no longer heard; it has exhausted its energies. The fury of the tempest has ceased. The agitated waves gradually subside, and that broad expanse of waters becomes tranquil.

What joy to all on board! The past few hours had been a period of suspense, agitation, terror. All regain their former cheerfulness, everything again "goes merry as a marriage bell." On the return of sunshine the clouds are soon forgotten. So with these voyagers. After the storm, instead of entering into conversation with her fellow-passengers on the perils through which they had passed, Mary prostrated herself before her little statue of the Blessed Virgin and with a grateful heart returned God thanks for the mercy extended to her and the others on board.

Next morning at dawn she arose, and went on on deck. What a contrast to the previous day! The glorious sun was rising in the east and spreading his effulgence over the waters; the sky was clear and cloudless, and not a trace of the storm could be discerned. Looking down, Mary's surprise may be easily imagined when she found at her feet the very scapulars she had cast into the seething waters the day before. Lifting them up, she fondly kissed them, and thanked the Great God again and again for His goodness and mercy.

Useful Knowledge.

POTATO SALAD.— Two tablespoonfuls of mustard, four of vinegar, four of salad oil or melted butter, a little salt and pepper. Mix the oil and mustard and then add the vinegar. Add a small onion chopped fine and half a dozen cold potatoes chopped ; also a hard boiled egg. Mix all well together. It is an excellent relish for cold meats.

POTATO SOUP.— A quart of milk, six large potatoes, one stalk of celery, an onion and a tablespoonful of butter. Put milk to boil with onion and celery. Pare potatoes and boil thirty minutes. Turn off the water and mash fine and light. Add the boiling milk and the butter, and pepper and salt to taste. Rub through a strainer, and serve immediately. A cupful of whipped cream, added when in the tureen, is a great improvement. This soup must not be allowed to stand, even if kept hot. Served as soon as ready, it is excellent.

HAPPY is the woman who can have for use in cooking, genuine, freshly made buttermilk. The following recipe for crullers is a proof of this : Half a pint of buttermilk, a small teacupful of butter, two cups of sugar, and three eggs. Beat the eggs, and then add the milk and sugar. Half a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little hot water, should then be added. Grate half a nutmeg and stir in with a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon of good strength. Work in flour enough to make a firm, smooth dough. Roll this and cut out cakes in fancy shapes, or twist like ordinary fried cakes. Fry in hot lard.

THERE is probably nothing which gives greater pleasure to a certain class of people than the mere fact that their meat is cut as it ought to be. It is true that, generally speaking, too little attention is given to the subject of carving. Few gentlemen commence early enough in life to attain complete success. If it were only thought to be worth while, our boys might all be taught to bone a turkey, or to slice the roast of beef or lamb with grace and perfect ease. A carving-knife and fork were among the gifts at a wedding not long since, and a legend on a card accompanying it might have been quoted from Montaigne, so full of wisdom was it : "Always cut your meat the right way of the grain."

IT is considered by some excellent authorities in cooking to be a great improvement on the ordinary manner of boiling ham if it is soaked in cold water over night In the morning wipe it off ; if there are any rusty or discolored spots scrape them off. The ham should be cooked very slowly ; on this depends the sweetness and flakiness of the lean ham. Some whole cloves and a bouquet of herbs may be added to the boiling water with good effect. When the ham is done, set the kettle off the fire and let the ham remain in the water until it is cold. It will absorb a great deal of the juices that have boiled out. Then lay it in a large dripping pan, and spread a mixture, made after the following directions, over the ham : Take half a cupful of brown sugar, a teaspoonful of browned flour : moisten it with a little sweet cream, or, if your conscience will allow it, with port wine. Then set the pan in the oven, and let the ham brown. When cold, cut it in very thin slices, and the flavor will be delicious.

HOT WATER AS MEDICINE.— The habit of drinking strong tea or black coffee (says the British Medical Journal), directly after dinner is especially bad, and certainly interferes with digestion. At breakfast-time a healthy man has all his sleep in him, and surely it is then unscientific to him to inflict upon his system strong tea or coffee. At tea-time tea or coffee may well be indulged in moderately. The bulk of the day's work is done ; the body not only wants rinsing out, but fatigue is felt, which may well be counteracted by the use of a mild stimulant such as tea, and bed-time is not so near that sleep is thereby interfered with. Most nations that drink coffee largely get a sallow skin. I should say drink hot water at breakfast. Those who dine late and make their dinner their main meal need a diluent drink an hour or two afterward ; and if they drink tea it keeps them awake or makes them irritable and nervous. I find for myself that dining so idly as I am obliged to do when I have done my work (7.30 p. m.), and often needing to work from 9 to 11, a tumbler of hot water brought into my study or laboratory is the best and wholesomest drink, and after a few evenings it will be as much relished as the usual draught of tea. The hot water assists to complete the digestion of residual food, it acts upon the kidneys and rinses out the effete matters, and thus will be found to wake one up sufficiently, and neither to injure the stomach nor to keep the brain awake after bed-time. In cold weather warm water is by far the best drink at dinner time, and in hot weather a draught of warm water is far wholesomer and more cooling than cold or iced water.

The Humorist.

WHAT a man wants — all he can get. What a woman wants — all she can't get.

PHILANTHROPIST to tramp: "Why don't you work?" "It would be folly." "How so?" "Well, you see, when I work I become thirsty, and then I spend more money on beer than I earn."

A MAN at a hotel fell the whole length of a flight of stairs. Servants rushed to pick him up. They asked him if he was hurt. "No," he replied, "not at all. I am used to coming down that way. I'm a a life insurance agent.

"WAITER, this fish is not fresh!" "Well, sir, perhaps it isn't, sir — quite possible, sir!" "What, in a restaurant like this?" "Why, certainly, sir. You see the boss can't always be on hand when they catch the fish!"

A PROFESSOR was expostulating with a student for his idleness, when the latter said, "It's of no use; I was cut out for a loafer." "Well," declared the professor, surveying him critically, "whoever cut you out understood his business."

IT was once observed to Lord Palmerston that a certain M. P., always in debt, intended to bring in a bill. "Let him," cried the Premier; "but it would do him more credit, and prove more satisfactory to certain parties, if he were to take up one."

POOH! — Supposing (if such an event could possibly "come off") all the musical instruments were to run a race, why would one of the string species be sure to come in first? Why, because the wind instruments must be "blown" before they can even begin, and any one can beat the drum.

ONE day, at the table of Cardinal Richelieu, Bautru, seeking to amuse him, inquired of one of the strangers present, "Monsieur, excuse me, but how did they value asses in your country, when you set forth?" "Those of your weight and size," was the happy retort, "at ten crowns."

"Wife," said a man, looking at the telegraph wires, "I don't see, for my part, how they send letters on them ere wires without tearing 'em all to bits." "Oh, you stupid!" exclaimed his intellectual spouse, "why, they don't send the paper; they just send the writin' in a fluid state."

A LADY at sea, full of delicate apprehensions in a gale of wind, cried out among other pretty exclamations, "We shall all go to the bottom. Mercy on us! how my head swims!" "Madame, never fear," said one of the sailors, "you can never go to the bottom while your head swims."

A YOUNG lawyer appeared before a Washington judge with his umbrella under his arm and his hat on, and in his agitation forgot to lay either aside when he began speaking. "Hadn't you better raise your umbrella?" the court kindly suggested.

A BUTCHER presented a bill for the tenth time to a rich skinflint. "It strikes me," said the latter, "that this is a pretty round bill." "Yes," replied the butcher, "I've sent it round often enough to make it appear so; and I've called now to get it squared."

"I TELL you what we will do," said Fenderson, "let's go into the newspaper business; you furnish the money and I'll furnish the brain." "Agreed," replied Fogg; "if we both put in our whole capital we shall have the satisfaction to know that we can never lose anything."

A CASE OF CHARITY.—One of our millionaires was walking homeward, when he encountered a lame man with a greasy paper in his hand. As the pair came to a halt, the lame man asked: "Will you do me the favor to read this paper?" "Can't do it; left my eye-glasses at home," was the reply. "Then I will state the contents to you," said the lame man. "No use — no use. I'm so deaf that I could catch more than one word out of three." "I am a poor man with a wooden leg, sir." "Yes — I see — I see. Lots of poor men have no wooden legs. You are lucky, and I congratulate you. Must have cost you fifty dollars, and I presume it's a very nice leg." "If you had any clothes, sir?" "Yes, but I haven't." "Or old boots?" "I'm wearing my old boots, you see. You are just six months too early to get them." "I haven't had a meal since yesterday." "Nor I, either. We are cleaning house, and for the last three days, I have had to eat a cold lunch off the piano." "Then you couldn't spare a nickle?" "How can I? Ain't I walking home because I haven't money to ride on the car?" "Is that so? Then we are both hard up." "Of course we are." "And, seeing you are the worst off, here's a cold sassage I got at the house below, and here's a nickle to ride on the car. I tell you, sir, us poor folks have got to have more pity for the rich and do better by 'em, or we'll all go to the poor house."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1883.

Notes on Current Topics.

ASSISTED EMIGRATION.—The humiliating spectacle presented at Castle Garden, of the emigrants "assisted" by the British Government to this country, should convince every man of the brutality and fiendish spirit animating the enemies of Ireland. Having pauperized the country, England sends the results to this land. America is expected to enact the part of the Good Samaritan to the wounded man that fell among robbers. Such a policy, in this enlightened age, should call forth the execration of mankind.

Every government is bound by the very principles of self-preservation, to help its subjects in distress. When storm and flood lately devasted a part of Germany, the people looked properly to the government for aid. What would they have thought if the Emperor proposed to ship them to America?

The poverty of Ireland has been traced, logically and undeniably to the methods of British legislation. England is responsible for it, and should be made to bear its burdens. No encouragement has been given to Irish manufactures; no helping hand to struggling industries; no reward held out to toil, or to agricultural improvement. To better one's holding was the signal to raise the rent. The linen industry was systematically destroyed. An exhibition of Irish linens and laces, to the opening of which the Queen and the Prince of Wales were recently invited, was curtly denied the Royal presence. Every plan that could stifle Ireland has been employed, and barbarity itself shudders at the methodized purposes and designs to starve, madden, and expatriate a people.

Yet England has the audacity to announce to the world that she has befriended, and even treated Ireland better than herself. A scribbler in the May *Blackwood's Magazine* finds fault with England's lenity to Ireland, and declares that Britain's greatest wrong to Ireland has been its tenderness and considerateness to the sister isle. The *London Times* lately spoke of Ireland's "black ingratitude" to England.

Whoever wishes to see English consideration for Ireland, let him look upon the assisted emigrants. To add to this injustice, the British Government disclaims any official responsibility for these emigrants, who are now classed as persons aided by private benevolence to seek a more prosperous shore.

The poorest country in the world would not drive its subjects forth into a strange land, without some help, some protection, some political right.

If a change of residence be deemed necessary by national counsels, why not send the Irish to Canada, or to Australia, which are flourishing British possessions? Why select America?

We have not forgotten the awful scenes of the fever ships, or the expatriation of the famine years. We know what this assisted emigration means — death to thousands, whose only crime it is to have been born on a soil which was stolen from their fathers. Let an Irishman leave his country,

as a man, a patriot, a free agent, if he chooses; but never let him leave it as a beggar, dependant on the begrudged dole of England's "bounty."

JOHN DEVOY'S TRIAL.—We are of opinion that the prosecution in the Devoy trial for libel, wholly failed to establish malice. Whatever difference of opinion exists among Irish patriots as to the methods advocated by Mr. Devoy, no one believes that he is mean, or malicious, or that personal spite urged him to the course which, unhappily, has placed him in imprisonment. It will do him no permanent injury, — no injury at all, beyond personal inconvenience, which his friends and the subscribers to his paper should seek to relieve.

There has always been trouble about funds contributed to the Irish cause; and the trouble has come from the lack of giving a simple and clear statement to an authorized body of representative Irishmen — as was done at the National Convention in Philadelphia. Bad as it is to tell everybody what has been done with the money, it is worse to tell nobody; to put off all inquiry with vague statements, and to allege the need of extreme caution and secrecy whenever a question about the distribution of funds is even faintly raised.

Besides, there is a false idea among Irishmen, that the sums subscribed to the cause aggregate an enormous total, when nothing of the kind is the case. Fabulous sums have been credited to the Fenian leaders; and imaginary millions were placed to the credit of the Land League. The fact is, that only a small proportion of the Irish in this country, or at home, either, for aught we know, give anything at all. An extremely large proportion give nothing, except advice and abuse.

The amount of money there was contributed to the League was infinitely below the known Irish population of the United States.

All this goes to show the need of lucidity in statement and accounting, on the part of Irish leaders. Mr. Devoy's trial is a positive benefit to the cause, if it makes treasurers and receivers of deposits as careful of Irish money as they are of their reputation.

THE CONVENT GRADUATE.—The interest which Catholics take in the higher education may be inferred from the list of commencements appearing at this season, in Catholic journals. The sects have a few prominent colleges; but convent schools by the score are found in every Catholic diocese. This culture among the young folk has its dangers, if it be not fully accompanied with decided religious influences; and of the wide and active sphere of the latter, there happily can be no doubt.

It is a pity that so many of our bright girls are deprived of the advantages of the Public Normal Schools, by reason of its objectionableness on religious grounds. The list of graduates of these schools, in the vicinity in which this is written, shows German and English Protestant names in abundance. There is no question of the excellent technical training imparted in these schools, at the public expense, and largely from the pockets of Catholic taxpayers. The convent education is frequently limited in its benefits to the recipient alone; as Catholic girls are deterred from applying for positions in the public schools.

It seems to us that American fair play would have a chance of displaying itself if the State would aggregate our Catholic schools to the public school system, and open a teacher's career to our convent girls. Of their capacity there is abundant proof; but what use is their education, if it have no opportunity of being imparted or exercised.

Besides, the religious orders of women occupy the positions of teachers, as a rule, in the parochial schools. Our good girls cannot become teachers unless they become *religieuses*.

To educate a woman in manifold accomplishments, is a perilous experiment where her acquired tastes and developed talents are left without their proper objects. This is a serious question in which the Church is deeply interested. A girl who would be happy in her plain education and unaspiring nature, is made wretched by a highly finished training, which becomes an ele-

ment of discomposure in the commonplace sphere of life to which a lack of opportunity afterwards dooms her.

THE POPE AND EUROPE. — The varying fortunes of the faith in different countries may be fully studied at the present moment. France is on the edge of the precipice of infidelity and down-right atheism. Germany witnesses the restoration of the Church to her old rights and immunities. The same remark applies to Russia. Ireland failed to accomplish the boding prophecies and wishes of anti-Catholicism, by not seceding from Rome. It would take more than a political letter to bring about that secession.

Yet, with apparent success crowning his negotiations with secular powers, the Pope is far from satisfied with the condition of European society in its religious aspect. There is no concealing the fact that the Catholic faith is steadily losing a controling power over the conscience of Europe. No form of Christianity, moreover, takes its place. The work of infidel education is seen in empty churches and communion-rails. Only women are found among devout Catholics.

True, sanguine and optimistic writer and preachers assure us that religion is strong in rural parts, and that great cities are not the standards of either general good or evil. But Jules Simon, the French statesman, comes in to substantiate the declarations of high ecclesiastical authority, that the rampant infidelity of the first French revolution was piety as compared with the stolid scepticism of the present day.

Cardinal Manning is authority for saying that there is more cold-blooded, heartless unbelief now in England than ever before, and that it is on the increase. A century ago, the populace would have hooted a man who publicly professed his disbelief in a God. Now, they return him to parliament. Scepticism was formerly confined to philosophical coteries and debauched intellects. Now, it pervades the masses.

Italy flies into demoniac rage at the mere mention of the name of Christianity. The papers exhausted the lexicon of Italian expletives, in ridiculing Ireland for even reading the Pope's letter, and not dismissing it, as Italy would have done, with a roar of contemptuous laughter, hisses, and curses.

The only consolation for a Catholic is that such a state of apathy, infidelity, and immorality, by rousing the spirit of prayer and penance in the church, is changed by Him who alone can change the hearts of the children of men.

But if the foundations of faith are destroyed in a nation, as seems to be the rapidly approaching condition of France, there is no hope of a renewal which necessarily implies faith. It would not be an improbable prediction, that if France abandons Catholicity, Central and Southern Europe will follow her example.

Is it not a terrifying thought that sin, private and public, personal and national, has brought this doom upon a once great Catholic nation? And if we imitate the sins of a dechristianized people, why should we escape the dreariest of fates, the living without God, in this world, or the next?

ROBBERY OF SACRED VESSELS. — In consequence of the numerous sacrilegious robberies which have lately taken place in the churches of his diocese, Cardinal de Bonnechose, Archbishop of Rouen, has been obliged to publish special regulations for the custody of the Eucharistic elements and the sacred vessels. In the diocese of Paris also, and many others in France, the same robberies have become more and more frequent.

THE CATHOLIC STANDARD of Philadelphia has done a great work for the poor of Ireland. Through its powerful influence it has collected $10,539.74. This amount was turned over to His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop, and by him forwarded to Ireland. Long live the Standard of the cross.

It is thought that Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton, Pa., will succeed the late Archbishop Wood. All the property of the late Archbishop has been left to his successor.

MR. PARNELL claims, with apparent reason, that the next election he will return with no less than eighty members at his back, and no abatement of policy or demand.

CARDINL MCCABE has so far recovered from his recent indisposition that he has left Dublin for the Isle of Wight. *The people hope he will remain there.*

RELEASE OF THE INFORMER CAREY.—James Carey is still a subject of various rumors; and, in different ways, his name is kept before the public. It is now ascertained that he was out of Kilmainham for several days, and was lodging in the neighborhood of Rathgar and Harold's Cross; but, his residence having been discovered, although he did his best to conceal it, he has returned to Kilmainham, where he is safe. He had some ejectment proceedings pending in the police-courts against tenants who refused to pay rent, and they were called on Tuesday, but he did not appear, and they fell through.

GOOD advice to colored people, and to other races as well. Gov. Butler in a letter of advice to the colored people, says: "It is of more consequence to the colored man that he shall have peace and prosperity in the community where he lives than who is President or who is Senator or Representative to Congress. In a word, vote for all good, honest and true men who are now your friends, and vote against all men, who, by their conduct, have not shown themselves your friends, however loud or persistent their promises may be. Remember that the Holy Scriptures say, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

LOURDES.—According to the *Annals de Notre Dame de Lourdes*, one hundred and sixty whole trains and sixty-four reserved carriages besides the solemn processions that arrived on foot, brought a hundred and fifteen thousand pilgrims collectively to Lourdes last year, not counting the smaller parties and individuals, who were innumerable. 35,200 Masses were celebrated in our Lady's sanctuary from January till November, and 30 Bishops visited the Grotto. The number of sick people carried to the fountain goes on increasing, and miracles continue. Father Picard is of opinion that seven or eight hundred conversions were the result of the great national pilgrimage of France. Amongst others, a Protestant minister made his abjuration.

A MAYOR PUNISHED FOR HIS UTTERANCES.—The Mayor of Moscow is a bold man. When addressing the Czar on behalf of the municipal body, he expressed the hope that the sovereign would institute a constitutional *régime*. Russia was still a ruined temple, as Peter the Great had called it two hundred years ago. Then an architect was indeed wanted to gather together the scattered stones and build up an edifice; but now that Russia was free, the actors had changed their parts. "Power," he continued, "is no longer where it was. Power now belongs to us, the representatives of the people. Without us the State can make nothing out of our adminstrative institutions. The initiative advice and guidance in this matter ought to come from us as the representatives of the people. All must wish that we here gathered together should be deeply impressed by the idea that the future fate of Russia is in our hands, and that with that idea we should disperse to our respective places, there to act in the spirit of enlightened unity in view of the reforms which are absolutely necessary." These remarks were doubtless very disagreeable to the Czar, and the telegraph offices were, in Russian fashion, forbidden to transmit any reference to the affair. It is needless to add that the too candid Mayor has had to resign his office.

THE stream of American tourists, which was diverted from Ireland during the late period of disturbance and agitation, has again set in.

THE Pope has appointed a sub-congregation to superintend the interests of the Church in Ireland. This means, simply, that Rome does not want to make mistakes with regard to the state of ecclesiastical affairs in Ireland; nor does she wish to pass upon the grave questions arising in that country in a cursory and hap-hazard manner. A Roman sub-committee on Irish affairs means representation for Ireland at the papal court. — *The Western Watchman.*

"IT WAS A GLORIOUS VICTORY."—The election of Mr. Healy for the county Monaghan, is the most important event in Irish political history of the century, equal in importance to the Clare election. He beat the whigs and tories, and had a majority of ninety-five votes over both. Mr. Healy addressed a large crowd of people by whom he was received with great enthusiasm. He said that landlordism had been trampled under foot, and that the election represented the demand of Ulster for speedy reform in the land laws. He had little doubt that before many years every farmer in Ireland would be the owner of his holding. Mr. Healy said the victory of the Parnell party would lead to a reopening of the land question and other great reforms, and his hearers would see the day when Irishmen would make laws on their native soil.

SUNDAY, May 6, was the first anniversary of the Phœnix Park murders; prayers were offered up in all the Catholic chapels in Dublin for the repose of the soul of Mr. Thomas Burke, and the scene of the assassination was visited by large numbers of persons. Opposite the Viceregal Lodge two crosses of ivy leaves and wallflowers, placed by unknown hands, denoted the places on the slope and the footpath where Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke fell.

"I HOPE Irishmen will take warning and keep away from the secret societies."—*Thomas Caffey's dying words before his execution.*

NUMBER THREE.—It has been generally remarked that there is an ominous coincidence in the number of the majority by which Mr. Gladstone was defeated and that by which his Irish University Bill was rejected and the doom of his first administration sealed. An it is odd, as the *St. James's Gazette* adds, that "three" should of all other numerals be the unlucky one for the Minister who uses it so freely for purposes of analytical exposition. A singular instance of this tendency to triplets was to be found in his speech at the inaugural banquet of the Liberal Club. There were three tasks which the Government had to face; the Irish difficulty was threefold; and the points to be regarded in finance were three.

AT the Westminster Police Court, a schoolmaster was charged with being on enclosed premises for the purpose of committing a felony. A police constable who was on duty in Kensington Gore heard a rustling noise in a mews, and on proceeding to the spot from whence the noise proceeded found a hat upon a wall. Looking upwards, he discovered the schoolmaster perched on the boughs of a sycamore tree, and requested him to come down. The schoolmaster at first declined to descend from his elevated position; but ultimately, with the agility of a kangaroo, leaped from one garden to another, falling, however, from a wall in the course of his flight, and cutting himself rather severely. He was at last captured, but gave no explanation of his proceedings beyond stating that "when the constable's lantern flashed on him he lost his wits." His brother also, who appeared on his behalf, could only say that "his conduct was perfectly unaccountable." The magistrate discharged him, observing, that "it was not only a case of a 'schoolmaster abroad,' but of a 'schoolmaster up a tree.'" "The story," says a contemporary, with an effort to be amusing, "is in all respects a curious one. Little is known of the habits of schoolmasters at night; and perhaps it is their practice in the silent hours to 'go to roost' on the branches of sycamore trees."

THE Very Rev. W. Ring, O. M. I., of the Church of the English Martyrs, Tower Hill, Eng., has been appointed Provincial of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in the United Kingdom. The new Provincial has a wide and high reputation as a zealous missioner. On the death of the late Very Rev. Father Cooke, O. M. I., Father Ring was appointed to succeed him as Superior of the Tower Hill Mission. It was under his personal supervision that the beautiful Church of the English Martyrs was erected, together with the spacious schools attached. For some years past Father Ring has been almost wholly engaged in the work of missions and retreats in various parts of Ireland. Numerous confraternities have sprung up in these scenes of his labors, and remain great and permanent monuments of the good work he performed. Seven years ago he founded the Orphanage of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel at Stradbally, Queen's County, which has been the means of counteracting the once active proselytism of the locality, and of saving to the Church a large number of children. Father Ring, it will be remembered, is Chaplain of the English Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

THE O'NEILLS.—Much interest is felt in the statements called forth from the Vicomte O'Neill de Tyrone by certain mistakes made in the sketch of the O'Neill's and Shane's Castle, published in our July issue. The substitution of Sir Thomas for Sir Francis was a clerical error, as was also that of the word Shane for Slane, a village in the county of Meath. The account of Sir Francis and his misfortunes is to be found in the *Vicissitudes of Families* by Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King-at-Arms; the suggestion that the present Vicomte O'Neill de Tyrone might be his descendant, and thus the Catholic representative of the old O'Neills was only a guess. The Vicomte's statement as to his Portuguese kinsmen, Henry O'Neill, Viscount of St. Monica, and Torlades O'Neill-y-O'Neill, is most interesting, and I can only rejoice that a mistake was made, since it has brought us this message from the exiled descendants of Conn of the Hundred Battles, and Niull of Scythia. Vicomte O'Neill de Tyrone was good enough to visit Ireland some years ago, to acknowledge the services of the Irish Ambulence during the French and Prussian war; and he is still remembered with warm regard by those who had the honor of receiving him as a guest.—*Weekly Register.*

VALIANT WOMEN.— The *London Universe* relates that in Milan, in the Aveyron Department, of France, the Radical Mayor recently published a decree prohibiting all religious processions. The annual procession of St. Marc was to have taken place, and the Mayor of Milan had made previous arrangements for preventing it. A large body of police and gendarmerie were brought to the spot to that effect. The Catholic women of the district, however, were not to be baulked. Upwards of two thousand of them met together outside the town, and when they had formed their ranks they entered the place and held the procession in the customary manner, praying for the conversion of their persecutors. To have two thousand women locked up and tried for praying was too much even for the Radical and infidel Mayor of Milan, who was afraid that all France would cry Shame! So he ordered the police to keep up a passive attitude until the law was broken. No such thing, however, happened: the procession passed off quietly, and Monsieur le Maire has made himself supremely ridiculous.

ACCORDING to recent statistics there are in China 41 Catholic Bishops, 644 European and 552 native priests, 34 colleges, 34 convents, and a Catholic population of 1,092,818. The total number of Protestants is equal to one-fifth of the Catholic population.

THE NEW FRENCH SIEGE CANNONS.— Experiments have recently been made near Lille upon the new seige and marine cannons cast at Fives. Each of these terrible instruments of destruction weighs 48 tons and is nearly ten yards in length. But what is peculiar in the construction is, that the steel coils which generally serve to strengthen ordinary cannons, are here replaced by layers of iron wire. They are rolled round the cannon when red hot, and the contraction they undergo in cooling gives them an extremely powerful grip. These wires are 3½ millimetres in diameter and each cannon requires 130 kilometres or more than 80⅞ miles of such wire. The price of each cannon is £24,000.

A LAND OF PEACHES — In the neighborhood of Sydney such fruits as the peach, nectarine, apricot, plum, fig, grape, cherry, and orange, are as plentiful as blackberries. If a peach stone is thrown down in almost any part of Australia where there is a ltttle moisture, a tree will spring up, which, in a few years, will yield handsomely. A well-known botanist used formerly to carry with him, during extensive travels, a bag of peach stones, to plant in suitable places, and many a wandering settler has blessed him since. Pigs were often fed on peaches, as was done in California; it is only of late years that they have been utilized in both places by drying or otherwise preserving them. A basket load may be obtained in the Sydney markets, during the season, for a few pence.

WHO WERE THE REFORMERS? — The influence of the reformation was felt in Ireland as in other European countries, but the number of those of purely Irish origin who embraced the doctrines of the so-called Reformers, was small, indeed; the majority of those professing the Protestant religion in all its varied phases, at the present day, are nearly all descendants of importations from other countries. These supplanted the aborigines, and drove them to remote districts. This was especially the case in some parts of the North, where for a lengthened period the Catholic religion became almost extinct; but the light is once more shining with great brilliancy, and the religion of the saintly Patrick is again bursting forth into all the beauty and effulgence of noonday.

A CHINESE GIANT. — In the small hours of Saturday morning the House of Commons had a strange visitor in the person of "Chang," the Chinese giant. His conductor, a Dublin man, sent in his card to Mr. W. O'Brien, the member for Mallow, who on going out to the lobby was astonished to see the gigantic Chinaman advancing towards him. "I am Chang," said the giant laconically. "How are you, Mr. Chang?" said Mr. O'Brien, with great presence of mind. After a little conversation, during which Chang displayed a perfectly Oriental languor of manner, Mr. O'Brien decided to introduce him to the House, and procuring a seat under the clock, "Chang" immediately remarked the thin attendance of members. Those who were present, however, honored him with their undivided attention, while Mr. Trevelyan was engaged in explaining the provisions of the new Constabulary Bill. A Scotch member, whose curiosity overcame his natural reserve, walked across the floor to Mr. O'Brien, and asked who his enormous friend was. Mr. O'Brien promptly replied that he was a coming candidate for an Irish constituency, and a native of a district with an unpronounceable name in the county Tipperary, where he was considered rather small for his age.

CARNEY HOSPITAL.—We learn from the annual report for 1882, that the hospital is in a flourishing condition. When Sister

Simplicia took charge of the hospital it was deeply in debt — some fifty or sixty thousand dollars — it is now but $10,791.96. During the year 1882, 890 patients have been treated, 390 males and 500 females. 242 of these were incurables, and would not have gained admission into other institutions. In the out-patient department, 1,665 were received and treated. 11,509 individuals in all have been treated since the foundation of the institution.

THE ASCENSION. — Ecclesiastical annals relate that the early Christians used to burn lights the entire night of the Ascension, upon Mount Olivet, whence arose the popular custom, observed on the night of the Ascension, to place in the window of any house a light, together with bread and water, in the pious belief that the Lord would bless them, as He blessed the whole world at large, in mounting into Heaven in sight of his disciples.

A LIZARD STORY. — We are informed that one of the lizards, about a foot long, belonging to the Clifton Zoological Garden, "swallowed another not much shorter than itself, but not having taken the precaution to bite off its head, it began scratching when it got down, and actually scratched a hole in the side of the other, through which it emerged in safety, while the voracious one died of the injury, and was speedily eaten up in return by its relations.

THE PHRASE, "It takes nine tailors to make a man," originated many centuries ago. It was known before the time of Queen Elizabeth, who, one day, on receiving a deputation of eighteen tailors, addressed them, "Good day, gentlemen both." Its origin is explained in this way. Once upon a time a homeless orphan applied for assistance at a fashionable tailor's where nine journeymen were employed. The boy's condition stirred the benevolence of the nine, who each gave him one shilling. With this slender capital the youth started in the flint business, and in time became very rich, and retired from trade. Then, instead of having a coat of arms, he emblazoned upon his spoons and panels the grateful motto, "Nine tailors made me a man."

THE "DRAMATIC FATHER" OF MR. PARNELL. — According to Mr. Boucicault, he, and neither Mr. Parnell nor Mr. Davitt, was the parent of the Irish Land League, and he has suffered much in the cause of his country. He states his case thus: "It was the agitation I made four years ago, with my plays, in London and Dublin, that gave b'rth to the Land League. I am the dramatic father of Parnell. Why, it's notorious, ain't it, that they wouldn't let me play 'Arrah-na-Pogue,' in Ireland, and that to say a word for the downtrodden peasantry meant so many brickbats for the actor or author who dared it? My memorial to Parliament embodied the principles of Home Rule. My plays embody the principles of freedom and resistance to tyranny."

A SINGULAR CASE of conscientious regard of duty, in the latter part of the reign of George III., was once recounted. A non-resident incumbent came into the neighborhood to which he was paid to minister, and, to the surprise of his parishioners, suggested very considerately that he would perform the service. He had a very pious intention, no doubt, but the offer was an embarrassing one, for the weather had been showery and uncertain, the harvest was coming on, there was no proper barn accommodation and the church was full of peas — so very reluctantly the churchwardens had to request their pastor to defer divine service — till the peas could be conveniently removed.

A BAGPIPE Bishop in old Cromwellian times in Ireland. The Most Rev. Dr. McDonnell, Bishop of Kilmore, one of the saintliest of men, and a Prelate of magnificent personal and mental gifts, traveled through his diocese day after day and year after year as a mendicant player of the Hig'land bag-pipes. In the cover of this occupation he ordained, baptized, gave the Sacraments and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass to his people, and carried the Cross in triumph through the shadows of the baleful time. Everywhere in the country analogous examples of devotion were to be found, and under their inspiration the people remained loyal to their country and their God.

CORK EXHIBITION. — The approaching Cork Exhibition seems likely to be a great success. All parties and all classes join in endeavoring to promote it. The Lord Lieutenant has sent £50 as his subscription; and, on the other hand, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, with several other members of his Corporation, are to attend the opening ceremony. The "beautiful citie" on the "pleasant waters of the river Lee," will be the gayest of the gay during the exhibition. The first great Irish exhibition was in Cork, in 1852, and we have no doubt that the Irish southern capital will again prove that she has a good claim to the admiration of all who are able to appreciate manly energy and noble self-reliance.

JUDGE BARRY. — The promotion of Judge Barry, of the Irish Queen's Bench, to be a Lord Justice of Appeal, has been well received on all sides. There was a suspicion that Judge Lawson would have been the man thus honored, but the *Freeman's Journal* pointed out the unfairness of having the Irish Appeal Court entirely Protestant, as it would have been had Judge Lawson succeeded to Lord Justice Deasy. Mr. James Murphy (a Protestant, though bearing a Catholic name), has been appointed to Judge Barry's place. Mr. Murphy is a son-in-law of the late Judge Keogh, and has been at the bar thirty-four years. His practice, for a considerable time, has been as a crown prosecutor, and he had the chief part in the trials of the Phœnix Park murderers.

AMERICAN COLLEGE AT ROME. — The *Catholic Review* says: "From the American College in Rome great blessings ought to flow out to the Church in America. That has been the expectation of those who sowed in tears and expectation. Now it seems as if the harvest promised to be abundant. A correspondent describes for us the consoling sight he witnessed in the Cathedral of Rome, St. John Lateran's Basilica, on Trinity Sunday, of twenty-five of its students raised to the various orders of the ministry; eleven of them being made priests.

THE HOLY SEE has invited a number of the American Archbishops to Rome, to consult on various matters of grave importance to the welfare of the Church in America, and to prepare for the holding of a Plenary Council. Among other topics for consideration will be education, clerical, secondary and primary; the tenure and administration of Church property; clerical discipline and training, etc. Their Graces will reach Rome at the end of October, and will probably remain in conference two or three months.

PARNELL regards the Propaganda's Circular to the Irish bishops in the light of a great national boon, inasmuch as it removes the religious character from all movements in behalf of Ireland, putting men of all distinctions of creed on the same footing of equality. In view of this, he claims the agitation of grievances becomes a question of national polity, and will now enlist a new and powerful *factory factu* that, working hand in hand with the old elements, will soon effect complete emancipation. The great leader's utterances are temperate, and in striking contrast to the wild and inconsiderate speeches of many would-be patriots who had much less cause to complain.—*Catholic Columbian.*

GEN. PHIL. SHERIDAN succeeds Gen. Sherman as General of the Army of the United States. The friends of the General, in Chicago, have purchased for him the house of Judge Aldis, of Vermont, member of the French-American claims commission, for $43,000, and will present to him when he goes to Washington.

THERE is a curious custom at Florence on Ascension Day of buying crickets, which are sold in little straw cages, and carried home to bring luck to the household. The custom owes its origin to an old legend that when our Blessed Lord ascended to heaven a cricket lighted on His foot, and was carried up with Him.

THE Paris correspondent of the *London Daily News* says that at the Catholic Congress on Sunday, Lord Denbig, appearing as a delegate from the Catholics of England, made a speech which was much applauded by M. de Chesnelong and all the most bitter opponents of the Republic in France. "This kinsman of the great Fielding," adds the correspondent, "thought it good taste, while passing through Paris, to comment upon the national motto, to be seen on all the public buildings — 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,' — in the following fashion: 'Yes — liberty to do evil, equality in insulting God, and fraternity with scoundrels.'

THE JEWS. — A correspondent writes that the Bishop of Königsgrätz has issued a circular warning his clergy against participating in demonstrations against the Jews. His Lordship adds: — "All true Catholics must be thankful to Providence for allowing the Jewish people to live among us still. If this people did not exist there would be many indifferent and lukewarm Christians who would not scruple to deny the admirable history of man, as it is told in the Old Testament and testified to by the Jews of our day, who would declare the Holy Bible to be one great falsehood invented by the priests; and would thus shake, and perhaps destroy, the faith of many millions of true followers of the Holy Church.

THE DAYS OF PERSECUTION PASSING AWAY. — The return to religious peace in Germany is shown in various ways; in no manner, perhaps, so conspicuously as in the Corpus Christi processions, which, for the most part, were suspended during the ill-blood excited by the fierce persecution which is now slowly subsiding. At Wiesbaden the Corpus Christi procession was attended by thousands of all classes of society, who rejoiced once more in being able

to make, without fear of offence, a public profession of their Faith. The peasantry, too, from miles around, favored by the fine weather, streamed in thousands into the city, singing hymns and litanies, and bearing flags. In many of the smaller towns, likewise, the customary processions were once again held. The houses were decorated with a rich profusion of flowers; in the street altars were erected, and green boughs and flowers were strewn along the streets through which the procession passed, whilst the church bells as of yore rang out their gladdening peals. School children, clad in white garments, sang hymns, and countless masses of the people, the peasantry from the neighboring villages, in their quaint picturesque costumes, filled the streets, kneeling as the Sacred Host was borne under a canopy, with a fervor of faith which persecution has only served to quicken.

THE pathetic death-bed verses of Louis Veuillot, editor of the *Paris Univers*, lately deceased, are thus translated: —

Place at my side my pen,
The Christ above my heart,
This volume at my feet, and then,
The coffin nailed, depart!

When the last prayer is said,
The cross plant over me;
And on the stone that marks my bed
Carve, "I believed — I see."

Say 'mongst yourselves, "He sleeps;
Done all that he devised":
Or rather say, "He vigil keeps
Where dreams are realized.

Jesus, my hope! on earth
I never shamed of Thee.
Before the Throne, in my sore dearth,
Be not ashamed of me!

A SCANDALOUS sacrilege is reported to have been committed in Scotland. A large crucifix had been erected in a piece of ground adjoining St. Mary's Church, Dundee, the cross being about twenty feet in height, and the figure of Our Lord almost life-size. The Protestant population gathered in large numbers night after night before what a non-Catholic journal describes with unconscious irony as "the objectionable symbol," and apprehensions were entertained that a riot would ensue. A few mornings ago the sacred figure was discovered heavily coated with tar, but the perpetrators of the outrage have not been discovered. Much indignation is naturally felt among the Catholics of Dundee and Lochee.

MARRIAGES frequently occur in strange places and under very peculiar circumstances. Some people look upon marriage as a huge joke and wish to have it surrounded by an air of novelty or romance that would savor of a want of common sense. A few days ago a man and woman were married on a suspension bridge. It was a novel place and gave to the ceremony a peculiar tinge that made it real funny. Two other fools were married at a picnic and wound up their festive day in real earnest. Others go up in a balloon, take a minister with them, and thus make the bargain. It seems with such brainless mortals there is no such thing as reality in life. The troubles, and quarrels, and jealousies, and infidelities, and drunkenness, and deceit, never come up before them, and the divorce mill is not thought of. A few years of married life generally knocks all the romance out of such contracts, and too late the parties find out that bridge, picnic, and balloon business was not so funny after all. — *Lake Shore Visitor.*

IT seems that after a long and disgraceful delay the Government has consented to help in building a respectable courthouse in Dublin. The present old structure is simply an abomination. It is badly situated, inconvenient, ill-ventilated, and dirty. The Dublin Courthouse is for the city and county, and (under a special Act) sometimes for cases from distant parts of Ireland. The new building will cost about £40,000, of which the Government will pay £13,500, and lend the rest, on easy conditions, to the city and county of Dublin. The offer has been accepted by the Dublin Corporation on behalf of the city.

REDUCTION OF RENTS. — The Blue-book containing a return of the judical rents fixed by Sub-Commissioners and Civil Bill Courts, as notified to the Irish Land Commission during the month of February last, has just been issued. It shows that in that month judical rents were fixed by Sub-Commissioners in 1,990 cases, comprising an acreage of 62,247 statute acres, the tenement valuation being in all £32,108, the former rent £43,129, and the judical rent £34,504. During the same period the Civil Bill Courts fixed judicial rents in seven cases, comprising 235 acres in all; the tenement valuation was £107 altogether, the former rent £155 and the judicial rent £120.

IN the years of 1771 and 1772, the number of emigrants from Ireland to America was 17,350. The Midland States at that period was half Irish.

THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR ON DRINK. — An example has been set to all our Christian and civilized Governments by the Dusky Queen of Madagascar in regard to the greatest curse which afflicts the human race — drink. The pagan sovereign of a pagan people, in a proclamation forbidding her subjects to sell or drink intoxicating liquors, says: "I cannot take a revenue from anything that will debase and degrade my people." This sentiment is as noble as the conclusion is logical. It is unseemly that the financial prosperity of a Government should be made to depend upon the degradation of the people and on the poverty of families, ruined by drink, or that the surpluses in the Budgets should be ensured by having the hard earnings of honest labor sunk in whiskey and rum.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT is not coming to America just now. He is at present in London, making arrangements for the delivery of a course of lectures in different large towns in England and Scotland ; but his labors during the next twelve months will be chiefly devoted to establishing educational institutes in Ireland. He could not be employed in a better way.

A TUNING-FORK PIANO.—Distracted fathers of families ought to be glad to hear that pianos of the future are to need no tuning. A firm in Leipzig has succeeded in inventing a "tuning fork" piano, in which the notes are produced, not by wires, but by a series of tuning forks. When a key is struck a threefold action takes place : a damper is raised from the tuning fork, the latter is struck with a small hammer, and at the same time brought into contact with the sounding board. The tone is said to be strong and sweet, and in some respects more like the note of an organ ; but the greatest improvement, as before hinted, is that the new instrument will not need tuning.

A CORNER STONE CUT FROM THE ROCK OF THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANI.— Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan, of Richmond, Va., has been travelling in the Holy Land. In a recent letter he says : "I have had the great good fortune of procuring the corner-stone of the new Cathedral here, cut from the rock of the garden of Gethsemani, the most sacred part of Mount Olivet, quite close to the spot of our blessed Saviour's agony. Having procured permission for the work, I saw the stone with my own eyes, cut from the rock. It is a fine stone 20 inches by 15 inches. I consider it a great happiness to have been able to procure it from so sacred a spot. It will be shipped in rough to you, except one side, upon which the seal of the Franciscans will be placed."

REV. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH says that agnosticism is contracted from eating lobster salad. It is not at all surprising. St. Jerome ascribes the Pelagian heresy to eating cabbage.

PROVIDENCE has wisely ordered that the withdrawal of the Irish priesthood from the strife of politics has not taken place until the people were educated to a safe self-guidance. The withdrawal of the clergy in 1844 was a serious blow to the repeal agitation, because it deprived O'Connell of his ablest lieutenants. But the retirement of the priests in 1883, leaves the movement undisturbed and uninjured. The people are able to steer ahead and sink their enemies without the patriotic priesthood. — *Catholic citizen.*

MERRY ENGLAND, is the title given to a new magazine, Catholic in tone, recently started in London. The editor is Mr. Wilfrid Maynell, a gentleman well known in literary circles. Our readers can judge of the merits of the magazine by the articles which appeared in our July issue, and in the present number. The price is one shilling (twenty-five cents), or $3 a year. Address John Sinkins, 44 Essex street, Strand, London, W.C.

CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY has donated $10,000 to Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, in memory of Archbishop Hughes.

A very remarkable statement was recently made by Mr. Merrylees, the manager of the North of Scotland Steamship Company, on the occasion of the launch of the steamer "St. Rognvald" at Aberdeen. Responding to the toast of his health, Mr. Merrylees incidentally alluded to the fact that since the company had adopted saints' names for their vessels, "they had, strange to say, suffered no loss ; while previous to that, when they christened their vessels with the names of royal personages and of the aristocracy, they were not so fortunate."

WE direct the attention of our readers to the large advertisement of James T. Patterson, in our advertising pages. If you wish to have a happy home you should purchase one of Mr. Patterson's organs ; it will be a new attraction and altar of affection at home, and your children will bless you for such an ornament and fountain of pleasure. Every organ is warranted for six years. Send for a catalogue and examine the prices. Address James T. Patterson, Bridgeport, Conn.

Personal.

THE Holy Father has conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. John Lyster, President of the Sligo College.

CAPTAIN and Brevet-Colonel M. V. Sheridan, brother of the lieutenant-general of the army, has been promoted to the rank of major and assistant adjutant-general, vice Gen. Mitchel, of Major-General Hancock's staff, deceased.

CARDINAL M'CABE continues to make daily progress towards recovery at Ventnor. His Eminence, who now walks out regularly, and for an hour at a time, will shortly leave the Isle of Wight for Harrogate.

HIS Holiness has appointed the Rev. Dr. Carr Bishop of Galway. The nomination is in accordance with the wishes of the diocese, Dr. Carr having been presented as dignissimus.

CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY, who has been very feeble in health for some time, has executed a power of attorney, authorizing Monsignores Preston and Quinn to act for him in the Archbishopric of New York. The Cardinal is seventy-three, and, it is thought, slowly failing.

RT. REV. JOSEPH RADEMACHER was consecrated in the Cathedral of Nashville Tenn., on Sunday, June 24th. The consecrator was Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, and Bishop McCloskey, of Louisville, and Bishop Chatard assistants. Bishop Gross,, of Savannah, preached the consecration sermon.

MR. J. E. REDMOND, M. P. for New Ross, guarantees £1000 towards the Parnell fund from Australia. W. A. Redmond, his brother, will be the Parnellite candidate for the borough of Wexford.

THE Very Rev. N. Congiato, S. J., long and well known on the Pacific Coast, has been appointed Provincial of the Order in that section of the country.

A MARRIAGE has been arranged between Sir Charles Wolseley, Bart., of Wolseley, Staffordshire, and Miss Murphy, eldest daughter of Mr. D. T. Murphy, of San Francisco, U. S. A., and of 49 Queen's Gate.

MR. DILLON has been urged by his political friends to re-enter political life. His health has greatly improved, but he fears yet to reside in Ireland. He will spend the winter in Colorado; and if, as his physicians expect, his health is completely re-established, he will contest Tipperary at the next general election, in opposition to Mr. J. P. Smyth.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT has, at the request of Mr. Parnell, joined the committee of the Irish National League.

CARDINAL NEWMAN has returned to the Oratory at Birmingham. His Eminence during his visit to town was the guest of Lord Coleridge.

Mr. J. F. Small, Parnellite, has been elected to Parliament, unopposed, for the County of Wexford.

THE late Colonel Vaughan, of England, had eight sons, by his first wife, five of whom dedicated themselves to the altar. One of them is Archbishop of Sydney, Australia; another bishop of Salford, England, and a third Bishop of Plymouth, England.

THE Earl of Fingall was married recently to Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. George Burke, J. P., Danesfield, county Galway. The marriage ceremony took place, by permission of Cardinal McCabe, in the private chapel of his residence, Rutland Square, Dublin, and was witnessed by the numerous relatives and friends of the contracting parties. The bridesmaids were Lady Henrietta Plunkett and Lady Mary Plunkett, sisters of the Earl of Fingall; Miss Burke, sister of the bride, and Miss Keenan, daughter of Sir Patrick Keenan. Mr. Ashurst Gradwell, was the best man of the bridegroom; and the bride, who looked charming, was given away by her father. After the ceremony the wedding party drove to Delville House, Glasnevin, the residence of Sir Patrick Keenan, where *déjûner* was served to a large number of guests.

MR. JUSTICE BARRY has been offered, and has accepted, the office of Lord Justice of Appeal in Ireland. The judge, who is a Catholic, was called to the bar in 1848, took "silk" in 1859, was created Serjeant-at-law in 1866, and became a Justice of the Queen's Bench in 1872. His great legal knowledge, varied attainments, and eminently judicial mind render Lord Justice Barry a worthy successor to the late Lord Justice Deasy, whose lamented death we recently chronicled. Mr. Justice O'Brien has been transferred from the Common Pleas Division to the Queen's Bench; and Mr. James Murphy, Q. C., who was called to the bar the year after Lord Justice Barry, and who, for more than ten years, has filled the rather unpopular office of Crown Prosecutor, has been appointed Judge of the Common Pleas Division.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

LEAVES FROM THE ANNALS OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY. In three volumes. Vol. 2: Containing sketches of the Order in England, at the Crimea, in Scotland, Australia and New Zealand. By a Member of the Order of Mercy, authoress of the "Life of Catherine McAuly," "Life of St. Alphonsus," etc., etc. Price, $1.50.

The first volume of this book appeared some time ago and was well received by the Catholic public. In these volumes the reader will learn the wonderful work of this Order, established for educational work, hospitals, orphan asylums, etc. The late Dr. Brownson said of the founder of this Order: "We place Catherine McAuly in the first rank among foundresses; unsurpassed by any of them in varied intelligence, in strong practical sense, in clear insight, and in what seems to us true heroic virtue."

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

THE IRISH MELODIES: National Airs, etc. By Thomas Moore. With a Memoir and Notes by John Savage.
A neat edition of Moore's Melodies.

Stephen Meany, New York.

CATILINE: an Historical Play, in Three Acts. The Rival Runners, a Farce, in One Act. By Arthur J. O'Hara, A. M.

This is No. 2 of Short Historical Plays and Farces for colleges, schools and literary associations. They are intended for male characters, and are well spoken of by those who witnessed their performance.

ROSE PARNELL, the Flower of Avondale. A Tale of the Rebellion of '98. By D. P. Conyngham, LL. D., author of "The O'Mahony, Chief of the Comeraghs," "The O'Donnells of Glen Cottage," "The Irish Brigade and Its Campaigns," etc., etc.

We believe that this is the last book written by the talented author, who died a few months ago. The hero of the story is but the type of the dashing, daring young Irishman, who fought and bled and died for God and Fatherland. The book is neatly gotten up and sold for $1.25.

Thorndike Nourse, Detroit, Mich.

BROWNSON'S WORKS. Price, $3.00 a vol.
Four volumes of the works of Orestes A. Brownson have been published. The two first volumes have already been noticed in our Magazine. In a future issue the work will be noticed more at length.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MANUAL OF THE TABERNACLE SOCIETY; or, The Association of the Perpetual Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament and the work for Poor Churches. By Rev. Joseph V. O'Conor.

Persons desiring to know all about this excellent association should address the Convent of Notre Dame, West Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

All the above books can be had of Messrs Noonan & Co., as well as of the publishers.

MUSIC.

White, Smith and Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Why Does Mother Stay So Long," words by Geo. Cooper, music by C. A. White. "God Bless the Little Ones at Home," words by Arthur W. French, music by C. A. White. "Kissing Sunbeams," Song, by C. A. White. "Dead Leaves Rustling," from Opera of Neva by C. D. Blake and C. A. White. "Colonel Gralt," Military Song from same. "Marguerite," Romanza by C. A. White. "Mountain Cot Fare Thee Well," Song by D. G. Johns. "Answers," Song, words by Dora Greenwell, music by Jacques Blumenthal. "Eggs for your Breakfast in the Morning," mixed Quartette, words by H. Linn, music by C. A. White. "On Bush and Tree," Vocal Concert Polka by C. D. Blake. "Ruth," Sacred Song, words from the Scriptures, music by Lizzie Hartland. "Pretty Little Mag," Song and Dance by Mas Sacul music by Carl Riche. 8 choruses from Arminius by Max Burch. No. 1, "What is't that looms." No. 2, "We are the sons." No. 3, "We Freedom born sons of Nodan. No. 4, "Ye gods." No. 6, "With roar as of torrents." No. 7, "Freya Gracious Mother." No. 8, "Hark, Hark," chorus of women. No. 10, "Germany's sons shall be renowned."

Instrumental: "An Evening walk," morceau for the Piano by G. D. Wilson. "Newport Waltzes," by Wm. E. Greene. "Fresh Beauty," waltz by E. H. Bailey. "The Blue Bird," Transcription by G. D. Wilson. "My Queen," waltz, arranged by Charles Coote, Jr. "Parar," for Piano by Herbert G. Sharpe. "The Graces," piece for 4 hands by L. Strealbog. "Fairy Dream Schottishe," for 4 hands, arranged by Carl Riche. "Iolanthe," Potpourri for 4 hands arranged by C. D. Blake. "Don't Laugh," waltz by Gilia Gioraunini.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOPS.

James Frederick Wood, Archbishop of Philadelphia, who has been seriously ill for some months, died Wednesday night, June 26, at ten minutes past eleven o'clock. He was fifth Bishop and first Archbishop of Philadelphia, and was born in that city April 27, 1813. His parents were English, and came to this country four years before the birth of the Archbishop. His father was a merchant and importer, and determined that his son should secure the best education the schools could afford. Accordingly at an early age James Frederick attended school in Dock street; afterward he went to England and entered a grammar school attached to the church of St. Mary de Crypt, at Gloucester. He remained in England five years. In 1827 he went to Cincinnati to take a position in the United States Bank, of that city. He entered as a clerk, but gradually rose until he was promoted to be cashier. After serving eight years in this bank he was engaged by the Franklin Bank, of Cincinnati, where he served for three years.

On April 7, 1836, he embraced the Roman Catholic faith, and was baptized by the Most Rev. John B. Purcell, Archbishop of Cincinnati, by whom he was confirmed in the same year. He then resigned his position in the bank and went to Rome to study for the priesthood. He spent a few months in the Irish College, of which at that time Cardinal Cullen was rector, and then entered the College of the Propaganda. This was in 1838. After nearly seven years of study, during which he was appointed by the authorities of the college Prefect of Discipline, he was, on March 25, 1844, at the age of thirty-one, ordained priest by Cardinal Fransoni, Propaganda.

He returned to this country in October of the same year, and was appointed assistant rector of the Cathedral of Cincinnati. After filling this position for ten years he was appointed pastor of St. Patrick's Church, in the same city. While discharging his duties as pastor he received the Papal bull appointing him Coadjutor Bishop of Philadelphia, with the right of succession. On the 26th of April, 1857, twenty-one years after his reception into the Catholic Church, and thirteen years after his ordination to the priesthood, he was consecrated Bishop by Archbishop Purcell. He at once went to Philadelphia and entered upon the episcopal duties, taking special charge of the financial affairs of the diocese. Under his administration these flourished, and means were secured for continuing the erection of the cathedral and sustaining other works. Before the completion of the cathedral he erected the present cathedral chapel and organized the cathedral parish, which is now one of the strongest parishes in Philadelphia. On the death of Bishop Neuman, Jan. 5, 1860, Bishop Wood succeeded to the episcopal title and full administration of the diocese of Philadelphia, and devoted himself with characteristic energy to the additional duties devolving upon him. The Cathedral was dedicated in November, 1864; the Cathedral chapel was enlarged; many churches were completed and others commenced, and additional religious orders introduced. The Catholic Home for Destitute Orphan Girls was established and other educational institutions were strengthened and enlarged. The Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo was also erected and was opened for the reception of ecclesiastical students in September, 1871.

He made a number of visits to Rome, and was there as a member of the Œcumenical Council, which was convened December, 1869. He was also present at the canonization of the Japanese martyrs in 1868, and at the celebration of the eighteen hundredth anniversary of St. Peter and St. Paul, in 1867. He was also present at the opening of the Vatican Council, December 8, 1860, and attended its sessions for several months, until compelled by illness to return home. Before leaving Rome, however, he placed upon record his faith in the dogma of papal infallibility and his desire for its definition.

The Funeral. — On Tuesday, June 26, the funeral of the lamented Archbishop took place from the Cathedral. Bishop O'Hara of Scranton, Pa., pontificated at the solemn pontifical requiem mass, assisted by Bishop Shanahan of Harrisburg, Bishop Mullen of Erie, Bishop Tuigg of Pittsburg, and many priests and deacons of the archdiocese. Among the ecclesiastical dignitaries present were: Coadjutor Archbishop Corrigan of New York, Archbishop John J. Williams, of Boston, Coadjutor Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati, Bishop Becker of Wilmington, Bishop Wiggar of Newark, Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, Bishop Laughlin of Brooklyn, Bishop McNerney of Albany, Bishop Wadhams of Ogdensburg, Bishop Gilmore of Cleveland, and Bishop O'Connor of Omaha. Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore preached

the funeral sermon, in which he highly eulogized the many virtues of the deceased archbishop.

Archbishop Wood left all his personal property to the church. The only personal property found among the effects of the deceased was $800 in money, which, together with the insurance of $10,000 on his life, will go to the Church.

Archbishop Purcell died early Tuesday evening, July 3, at the Ursuline Convent, adjoining St. Martin's, O. He was severely stricken with paralysis June 29, and continued in a speechless condition. He was past eighty-three years of age, and was a native of County Cork, Ireland. He studied for the Catholic priesthood in his native country, at Mount St. Mary's, Emmettsburg, Md., and at St. Sulpice, Paris. From the time of his ordination, in 1826, till 1833 he was professor and president of Mount St. Mary's, the alma mater of some of the most distinguished American Catholic clergymen. In 1833 he was made bishop of the diocese of Cincinnati. The funeral took place on the 11th of July.

Death of Archbishop Blanchet.—Most Rev. Francis Norbert Blanchet, formerly Archbishop of Oregon City, died at St. Vincent de Paul's Hospital, Portland, Oregon, Monday, June 11, 1883. Archbishop Blanchet was one of the most noted men of this century. He was about 88 years old. He was a French Canadian. Oregon in the early part of this century was under the jurisdiction of Quebec, and Fathers Blanchet and Demers were sent as missionaries to that country from that See. They arrived at Fort Vancouver, November 24, 1838, and these two faithful priests, having an eye single to the glory of God, labored amongst the Indians almost unaided for six years, enduring all kinds of hardships, not the least of which was hunger, with the poor Indians of that coast. Father Blanchet was one of the most energetic and fearless of men, and to his foresight and energy is the Church, in that region indebted to its great prosperity today. He was the inventor of what is called the "Catholic ladder," a kind of chart, in which was shown the history of mankind, particularly of the Church, by centuries. It was teaching religion by object lessons, and the Indians, young and old, would set down before it, and listen to the missionary explain it, while he pointed with a long stick to the "ladder" to impress the events on the minds of his hearers. Not only was it used to instruct the Indians, but the whites also.

Rt. Rev. Bishop John McMullen, of the diocese of Davenport, Ia., died on the 4th of July, after an illness of more than a year. He was greatly beloved by his people there and much respected by the entire community. The funeral took place on Friday, July 6.

Right Rev. John Strain, D.D., Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, is dead. He was born Dec. 8, 1810, and was translated to the archiepiscopal See of St. Andrews and Edinburgh in March, 1878.

PRIESTS.

Very Rev. Thomas Walsh, V.G., of the diocese of Hartford, Conn., died in Meriden, after a brief illness, on the 2nd of July, in the 54th year of his age, greatly lamented by all who knew him.

Rev. William Devlin, of St. Joseph's church, Albany, N.Y., died in that city June 11th.

Rev. O. O'Hare, rector of St. Joseph's Church, Cairo, Ill., died after a long and lingering illness on Monday, the 18th inst.

Rev. Father Sullivan, for the past sixteen years pastor of St. Thomas' Church, Beloit, Wis., died Monday, 18th inst., of rheumatism of the heart. He was ordained December 16, 1859.

The death is announced, May 3, of the Rev. John Dunphy, P.P., who for a number of years has had the pastoral charge of Ballycullen, Queen's County, Ireland. The Rev. Fr. Dunphy was a native of Aghavoe, in that county, and was the eldest of eight brothers, of whom not less than four devoted themselves to the Church.

The death is announced of the Rev. Michael Mooney, C.C., which occurred at his brother's residence Lacken, between Tramore and Waterford, after a long illness, in the 55th year of his age and 27th of his sacred ministry. He had been long a curate in Cahir, but for the last few years was attached to the Church of Trinity Without Waterford.

The diocese of Northampton, England, has to mourn the loss of one of its oldest and most venerated priests in the death of the Very Rev. Thomas Canon Seed. About a year ago, whilst chaplain of St. Mary's Abbey, East Bergholt, he was suddenly seized with paralysis of the right side, and thus rendered unfit for further duty. He found a home with the great friend of his life, Canon Collis, of Shefford. Whilst apparently in his usual health, he had another attack of paralysis, which was not at first thought to be so very dangerous. This occurred June 1. On the Wednesday following, however, he became worse, and so the last rites of the Church were administered to him whilst still in a concious

state, and able to make the responses himself. Gradually sinking, he expired at four o'clock on Thursday morning, June 7.

SISTERS.

MOTHER REGINA MATTINGLY, the Superior of the Sisters of Charity, of Cincinnati, Ohio, died at St. Joseph's, the Mother House of the community, in Delhi Township, Hamilton County, on Monday, June 4, at 11 o'clock, A.M., after a protracted and painful illness of nearly twelve months.

LAY PEOPLE.

WE regret most deeply to announce the very sudden death of Sir George Bowyer, Bart., at his chambers in the Temple, London. He had been ailing for some weeks; the familiar figure, constantly seen in the Strand and other thoroughfares in the neighborhood of the Temple, grew more and more bowed; and the approach of heart-disease must have given him some warning of the end which came with such suddenness at last. For on the 7th of June, when his laundress entered his room in King's Bench Walk, she found him quite dead. The medical man who was immediately sent for, stated that he must have died some hours before. In its desolation, his death recalls many of the saints of the Church of which he was a devoted and childlike member. He sat in the House of Commons as member for Dundalk, for fourteen years. Sir George was unmarried, and the title goes to his brother, also a barrister, but, unfortunately, not a member of the Church of which Sir George was a distinguished ornament. He became a convert to the Church in 1850. The remains of the lamented baronet were removed from the Temple to the Church of St. John of Jerusalem, in Great Ormond Street, which, with the hospital attached, he erected some years ago, at a cost of £20,000. After a solemn Requiem Mass, sung by the Very Rev. Father Fenton, at which representatives of the Order of St. John and of the Maltese nobility (including the Earls of Granard and Ashburnham, Mr. Wegg-Prosser and Mr. Cashel Hoey) attended, the body was taken to Abingdon, for interment in the family vault.

EUGENE CASSERLY died at San Francisco, June 20th. His illness was nervous exhaustion and a softening of the brain. He was born in Ireland in 1822, and came to New York with his parents in 1824. His father, who was a successful teacher of Greek and Latin, gave him a good education. He graduated from Georgetown College, D. C., with the degree of M. A., entered a lawyer's office in New York, and was admitted to the bar in 1844. He practiced his profession for several years, and did also a good deal of work for the newspapers. He was Corporation Attorney in 1846–47. In 1850 he removed to San Francisco and built up a good practice, interesting himself also in local and national politics, and became one of the foremost lawyers in California. He was elected United States Senator for California in 1869. During the war he was a consistent opponent of the rebellion. He resigned in November, 1873, and resumed practice in San Francisco. Ill health was the cause of his resignation. His familiarity with international and constitutional law, his proficiency in modern languages, and his experience in legislative matters, made him one of the best members of Congress. The deceased gentleman had several relatives in New York. He is said to leave a large estate. Some thirty years ago he was the New York correspondent of *The Pilot*. His father was also a contributor to that paper.

DEATH OF GENERAL CHAS. EWING.—Gen. Charles Ewing died at his residence, 1222 Connecticut avenue, Washington, D. C., June 20, 1883, at two o'clock after an illness of about two weeks of pneumonia. Charles Ewing was born at Lancaster, Ohio, March 6, 1835. His father, the late Thomas Ewing, is well known as a senator and cabinet officer, at different periods from 1830 to 1851, and better known as a lawyer at the Bar of Ohio and in the Supreme Court of the United States, down to the closing year of his life, 1871. The mother of the General was a descendant of the Boyle and Gillispie stock, both Catholic families, emigrants from Donegal, Ireland. She was a cousin of the mother of Hon. James G. Blaine. Gen. Ewing always adhered to the religion of his mother, and has never failed in aiding in the work of the church to the extent of his means. He was brave, as his army record shows, almost to recklessness; generous to a fault, and a firm, devoted friend. Among his brothers and sisters he was the favorite, and in his own family the virtues of a husband and father shone forth in an eminent degree. When death met him he did not flinch, his chief regret was that of leaving his children, but he accepted the chalice of affliction, and receiving the sacraments of the Church, died resigned to the will of God. His death breaks the family circle, it being the first among a family of six brothers and sisters. All his brothers and sisters attended the funeral.

JAMES WASHINGTON SHEAHAN, one of the most widely known journalists in the West, and for many years a leading editorial writer on the *Chicago Tribune*, died on the 17th of June, after lingering at the point of death for many weeks.

His ailment was extreme nervous prostation and a general giving way of vital functions. The funeral took place from the Cathedral of the Holy Name on Tuesday morning. A ripe scholar, a thorough gentleman, and a kindly, whole-souled, good-natured man. He was born in Baltimore, Md., Feb. 23, 1824, of Irish parents, was educated in the public schools at Washington, and afterwards at the Jesuit College, Frederick, Md. He was admitted to the bar in 1845, but never practised at that profession. By accident he became a journalist — a reporter of the proceedings of congress and correspondent of the Eastern journals. He came West in 1854, at the instance of Senator Douglas, and established the Chicago *Times*, and in December, 1860, the Chicago *Evening Post*. In 1866 Mr. Sheahan accepted an editorial position on the Chicago *Tribune*, with which he was connected till his last illness. He leaves a large family. One of his daughters is the wife of Mr. James Walsh, manager of the Western Indiana Railroad Company.

THE death is announced of Colonel William C. Patterson, of Philadelphia, ex-president of the Pennsylvania railroad company. He was a son of Francis Patterson, who had to flee from Ireland on account of his association with Robert Emmet. He was in his 71st year.

WE are sorry to have to record the premature death of Dr. Edmund O'Leary at his residence in Fetter Lane, London. The deceased was a scion of a respected old Tipperary family, skilful in his art, true in soul, gentle in manners, and a mirror of brave sincerity. Irishmen who remember Dr. O'Leary's behavior in the dock when sentence to penal servitude for his connection with the *Irish People* in 1867 will not refuse a prayer with *gra* for the soul of his brother. R. I. P.

INTELLIGENCE of the death of Sir A. E. Kennedy, Governor of Queensland, has been received at the Colonial Office from Aden. Sir Arthur died on his passage from Sydney to London. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, but did not proceed to any degrees. In the famine of 1846 he was employed in Ireland under Sir John Burgoyne's Relief Committee, and subsequently as Poor-Law Inspector. He was afterwards Governor of the Gambia, of Sierra Leone, Western Australia, Vancouver's Island, West African Settlement, Hong Kong, and Queensland. His last official act was the sanctioning of the annexation of New Guinea by Queensland.

UP to the 4th of July, the Parnell fund had reached £17,065, — or $85,300.

NATIONALITY OF CARDINALS.—Some complaints having recently been made by the German papers of the preponderance of Italian and Roman Cardinals in the Sacred College, the Roman correspondent of the *Germania* makes an interesting calculation of the relative proportion at the various elements of the college. Out of 62 Cardinals only 32 are Italians, including 7 Romans. Of the 30 foreign Cardinals, France claims 9, including Cardinal Zigliara, who is a Corsican; Austria, Hungary, 7; Spain and Portugal, 4; England and Ireland, 4; besides two Germans, two Poles, one Armenian, and one American. Thus the Sacred College is fairly cosmopolitan in its members.

THE IRISH IN ENGLAND.—It is said that emigration is rare among the large Irish population resident in England. We believe it is so, from the fact that it is seldom we are called upon to send money to England, while we send remittances to most every town in Ireland.

We would again direct attention to a reply to Ingersoll by Rev. Louis A. Lambert. Wherever Ingersoll holds forth, this book should be circulated as much as possible particularly among those outside the Catholic Church. Bound 50cts., paper cover 25cts.

THE first Catholic church in Philadelphia was built in 1729. A handful of Irish Catholics, brought over by a Miss McCawley, worshipped in it. In 1883 there is a magnificent cathedral, besides forty-four churches, fifty-three chapels, two colleges, twelve convents, twenty-two academies, thirty-six parochial schools, and fourteen hospitals and asylums. In the whole Archdiocese there are 253 priests and a Catholic population of 300,000.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL said: "Let us be affable, but never flatterers; for nothing is so vile and unworthy as flattery."

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT, who, prior to his recent imprisonment, resigned his connection with the National League Committee, has rejoined it at the request of Mr. Parnell.

AUGUST.—Among the great festivals of the year, is the Assumption of the B. V. M., on the 15th of August. The Catholic who does not observe this day, does not deserve to have MARY for his mother.

Very Rev. THOMAS. N. BURKE, O. P.

BORN Sept. 8th, 1830. DIED July 1st, 1883.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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WHAT Irishmen require more than anything else at present, is sound political education which will temper patriotic enthusiasm with patience, and teach that patient, plodding perseverance on a slow but winning line of action, is the only sure road to victory in a just and moral cause. Impatience of results and passions mastery over judgment and discretion are our weak points politically; and in the present state of the national movement we are made to see the disastrous results that follow from a recklessness that is born of political ignorance working upon a Celtic impulse. I prefer, if necessary, twenty years of slow work which will tell bit by bit for Ireland, to the indulgence in that feeling which is sung about by the poet when he says, "revenge upon a tyrant is sweetest of all"—a feeling like that of most pleasures which is not only transitory, as they are, but which leaves a terrible penalty for Ireland to pay, a power that can play at revenge also. All the labors and dangers have been so much wasted energy, because a few political idiots have their ravings about revenge reported in the press of America and England. Of all the insane projects ever condemned by common sense as plans certain to defeat a just moral cause, the dynamite policy is the most idiotic and criminal."—MICHAEL DAVITT.

Why Send More Irish Out of Ireland?

THE question which Mr. Goldwin Smith propounds in the June number of this Review touches a subject of no light interest at the present moment. "'Irish' and 'Ireland' we always say"—Mr. Smith premises—"but let it never be forgotten that those names cover a fallacy. The Irish trouble has its seat in the Celtic provinces alone. Ulster—Teutonic, Protestant and thriving—is contented with the Union, though certain English politicians, who hope to prosper by the revolution, would fain persuade her that she is not.

"Irish" and "Ireland," "Hungarians" and "Hungary," "Canadians" and "Canada," "Americans" and "America," we always say, and quite correctly. All Irishmen are not Celts; all Hungarians are not Magyars. Every one knows that a large proportion of Canadians are French in race and language; and that in what we usually call "America"—the United States—millions of French and Spanish descent in the South, and of Irish and Scotch in the North and West, constitute a fourth* of the white population. These race theories, often quite fanciful, are generally very misleading. Ulster appears to supply a favorite refuge for adventurous doctrinaries who wish to escape from calling Irishmen "Irish." It is fully one-half Catholic; and, of all districts or divisions of Ireland, happens to be the least "Teutonic," Leinster and Munster being by comparison the most so. It may be questioned if any part of Ireland, Connaught included, is more exclusively and purely Celtic. The extreme north-eastern angle of the island has been, ever since the fifth century, in constant intercourse with Celtic Scotland. Down to the close of the sixteenth century it kept at bay, with marvellous success on the whole, those efforts of conquest and colonization to which the rest of the kingdom, in the struggles of four hundred

* Nearer three-fourths. *Ed. N. Y. F. J.*

years, had more or less slowly been forced to yield. In the reign of James I. Ulster became shire-land, and exchanged the Brehon Code for British jurisprudence. Then first a plantation scheme in that province was carried out; but two remarkable features distinguished this project from the "palatine" or other Anglo-Norman colonizations elsewhere in Ireland. In the first place, the natives, instead of being outlawed, banished and extirpated, were retained as cultivators, though "expropriated" as proprietors.* In the next place the imported colonists were Scottish Celts. Some English did come; but they quickly tired of the Ulster settlement, and sold out to the grip-holding Scots.† Into the "Pale" provinces, on the other hand — provinces the large cities and seaport towns of which were nearly all founded and peopled by the Northmen — there has poured from the twelfth century to the present day an almost continuous stream of Anglo-Norman or English settlers. Although they do not appear to have been either very loyal, very union-loving, or very law-abiding, I do not base any special theory on the fact. Many Englishmen have been struck by the circumstance or coincidence that, so far from the Irish trouble having its seat in the Celtic provinces alone, outrage and crime most largely prevailed in the Teutonized districts.‡ This may have been so occasionally. The truth I hold to be that spasms or spells of agrarian disorder have disturbed every province in Ireland at one time or another. Wexford may fairly be said to occupy a position altogether unique; one that considerably baffles all those race and creed theories about Ireland. It is the most largely Teuton or least Celtic; it has always remained Catholic; it has usually been amongst the most free from serious crime or agrarian outrage; it is the most thriving and industrious of the agricultural counties; it has had the fewest "clearances," and is one of those most free from large farms, sheep runs and bullock-ranges; it is the most intensely national, Parnellite, and anti-English — nay, indeed, when put to it, the most formidably rebellious — of the thirty-two counties of Ireland. In fine, one needs to be very careful in these matters to distinguish between what is mere coincidence or concurrence and what is really cause and effect. Races and creeds stand in Ulster to-day very much in the same proportions as they did in the days of Henry Joy McCracken, when that province — or rather the Protestants of that province — projected and organized the insurrection of 1798. To the politics of 1848 its Protestant sons contributed the most daring and devoted spirits. In 1874 it sent a typical "Teutonic, Protestant and thriving" Belfast merchant to Mr. Parnell's side, in the person of Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar, member for an Ulster constituency.

"Irish," therefore, I say, meaning the people of Ireland as a whole, and "Ireland," meaning as much of that country as one can see on a map of the world.

For some time past an uneasy feeling has been creeping over the public mind as to the wisdom of storing up on American soil further consignments of a disaffected Irish population. Already some of the Irish newspapers have been turning grim jokes on the fact that Her Majesty's Government is reported to be at one and the same moment deporting troublesome Irish subjects to America, and yet expressing much anxiety that America should extradite or send some of them "back again." It

* "Calendar of State Papers" (Ireland), 1603–1606, p 160; for 1606–1608, p. 263.

† See Pynnar's "Survey." Carew, "Calendar of State Papers" (Ireland), 1603–1624.

‡ Indeed, in no part of Ireland is the ratio of crime so low as in the counties where the Celtic blood is unmixed. — *Mr. Gladstone, House of Commons, February* 15, 1870.

must not be forgotten, as to O'Donovan Rossa and others of the dynamite party whom it is now desired to bring within British jurisdiction, that he and they were forcibly put on board ship bound for America, and given their release on the express condition that they kept themselves beyond the confines of the United Kingdom. They were deposited on the shores of New York with full knowledge or belief that there or here they would be at mischief. The Government made its election. Just now it may be thought that, on the whole, it might have been safer to have such men, if they conspire at all, conspiring within reach of British law rather than beyond it; but the choice was made, and they were sent where they are able to plot dynamite outrages and propound kerosene conflagrations in a most advantageous position for such an occupation.

The same considerations present themselves in reference to the general question of Irish emigration, or reduction of the population, as a cure for disaffection. There are evils that, howsoever troublesome near at hand, are not likely to be more efficiently dealt with at long range. There are blazing or smouldering combustibles that are not quenched by merely flinging them out of sight. Reduction of the population as a cure for Irish poverty and disaffection is no new prescription. It is an expedient which is readily and easily caught up. It lies on the surface, as it were, and saves one the trouble or responsibility of search, study or investigation. Various motives animate those who urge this emigration panacea. There is the school of genuine benevolence, represented at its best by Mr. Vere Foster, who, however, has never favored or encouraged "clearances." There is the school of State policy and political expediency, represented in the present instance by Mr. Goldwin Smith. "Surplus population" and "congested districted" are pleaded. "It will be better for those who go, and better for those who stay; better for Ireland, and for England, too." The one assumption which, beyond all others, accompanies or seems to suggest and warrant these "clearance" prescriptions, is the idea that pasture or grazing ranges, if not well-managed, scientifically cultivated large farms, will take the place of the tillage plots of the evicted cottiers, with enormous improvement and extension of agriculture. Indeed, this is the cardinal point, the fundamental doctrine, of all who espouse the expatrition policy. There was Lord Carlise's famous dictum as to God's design that Ireland was to be "the fruitful mother of flocks and herds." Here is Mr. Goldwin Smith referring us to "districts which Nature has intended for grazing lands." And again, more explicitly, "What is wanted is the clearance of districts, and the restoration of them when cleared to the purpose of grazing to which alone they are adapted. This grazing and pasturage idea runs through every speech, every letter, every newspaper article on the subject. Rich, verdant and profitable sheep-runs and bullock-ranges will (it is assumed) supplant miserable patches of oats and potatoes; the productiveness of the land will be increased, and a more thriving, prosperous and loyal population will remain behind.

A truly singular conception of agriculture underlies this opinion. Persons whose acquaintance with "grass lands" is derived from a residence in Onslow Square, or a stroll through Hyde Park, may be excused for assuming that pasturage will flourish or grass grow without more ado, when a field is no longer tilled, or is once "laid down." But it is hard to think that writers and speakers of better knowledge on this subject can pretend to believe in such a state of things. Every man who really knows anything, either practically or theoretically, of agriculture, knows that there is land — and every one acquainted with Ireland knows that there are in that country thousands

of acres of land — which, though fruitful under tillage, nothing but constant or recurrent cultivation by spade or plough will keep from running into waste. The one serious blunder with writers like Mr. Goldwin Smith, or rather the one fatal defect in their information, is their manifest unacquaintance with the fact that there can be seen in Ireland to-day tens of thousands of acres of land, once cultivated and cropped to the last inch, now relapsed into a state of nature. Twenty or thirty years ago the human occupants were ruthlessly cleared away, the farm-plots were consolidated and turned into grass. But ere long the unwelcome discovery was made that in grass the land would not permanently remain. The population being gone, the scarcity of labor made recurrent breaking-up and manuring too expensive, and so, acre by acre, the land went back into health and "moor."

We have before us in the results and experiences of three decennial periods, between 1851 and 1881, abundant evidence on which to judge the loss and gain of this clearance and emigration policy. In 1846 the population of Ireland was nearly 9,000,000, in 1883 it is about 5,000,000. It was in the twelve years between 1849 and 1861 that the mania for clearances and consolidation of holdings may be said to have raged in Ireland. In a milder form it has continued ever since; but in those years Mr. Goldwin Smith's remedy was administered with a thoroughness and a determination that will never again be witnessed, because it would never again be tolerated. Has it banished Irish poverty or cured Irish disaffection? If this unparalleled feat of depopulation — the sweeping away of nearly five millions of souls — has not effected a remedy, with what countenance can any one discourse to us on the virtues of such a specific?

Before considering the political effects of this clearance or emigration policy — that is to say, its effects on Irish disaffection and English security and tranquility — let us look at its economic results.

In 1841 there were 310,375 cottier holdings in Ireland; holdings under five acres. In 1851 there were 88,083; in 1880 there were but 64,292. Of the 246,083 small farms thus "consolidated," as well as in the case of the larger holdings up to twenty acres, which underwent a like process, many, of course, contained bits and patches of genuine pasture land, or had been so thoroughly reclaimed by the outlay and labor of the dispossessed cottiers that the soil was made permanently arable. The majority of these five, ten and twenty-acre farms were wrung from mountain and moor by the unaided industry of the occupiers, who were thus, year by year, and season by season, extending the area of productiveness.* It now turns out that in the hour in which this much-abused class — this "surplus class" — were swept away, a blow was struck at the progress of reclamation and improvement in Ireland. Even if it had not been so, it would still be a cold-blooded policy to sacrifice millions of population for an agricultural experiment. Nothing short of an absolute and overwhelming gain in the general and permanent productiveness of a country could at all palliate such a proceeding. A trivial or a tardy gain would leave the transaction unredeemed. A loss would stamp it as a gigantic crime.

It is only within the past fifteen years that the agricultural statistics of Ireland have been collected and arranged in anything approaching to a satis-

"* The landlords were unable or unwilling to make improvements. They allowed the tenants themselves to make the provision by building, and by reclaiming land from its original state of bog, or heather, or stony field. It is thus that many estates have been created, and almost all have been enlarged, by generation after generation of tenants, without assistance. It was the tenants who made the barony of Farney, originally worth £3,000 a year, now worth £50,000 a year."—*Nassau Senior.*

factory manner; although at their worst they were in advance of anything of the same character relating to Great Britain for the same period. The Census Commissioners of 1841 collected some statistics, rather meagre and incomplete, giving the extent of "arable" and "uncultivated" land, and the live stock, and the crops of Ireland. Not until 1847 was the extent of tillage first recorded; and only in 1868 were any returns supplied thoroughly fit for comparative calculations. There is unfortunately no public return giving for 1846 (when the population was at its highest) the acreage of arable and of pasture or grazed lands, as compared with the absolutely waste. Until about fifteen years ago the phrases "waste" and "pasturage" were loosely used; inasmuch as small farmers grazed large tracts in the aggregate that were semi-waste, or capable of being returned under either head.* In 1851 the "arable" land is returned at 14,802,581 acres, which must have included, with what the more recent returns call arable, the bulk, though scarcely the whole, of the grazed acreage. In the returns for 1871 we come upon figures dealing explicitly with a state of things which nearly ten years previously had called forth public uneasiness in Ireland. It was noticed in every county that the area of productive land was ruinously diminishing; and it was found that the average productiveness of the soil had fallen away. Except in such districts as Meath, Westmeath, Kildare, and others, the "cleared" farms were, to an alarming extent, exhibiting signs of failure to hold in grass, and were gradually relapsing into waste or semi-waste. In the Registrar-General's Report for 1881 a glimpse of the dreadful truth is first discernible. Comparing the official figures of 1881 with those of 1871, the following facts are disclosed (plantations, cities and towns omitted): —

	1871. Acres.	1881. Acres.
Under crops, including meadow and grass . .	5,621,437	5,195,375
Grass or pasture, ...	10,071,285	10,075,424
Bog, waste and water, ...	4,289,432	4,708,047

That is to say, in the ten years between 1871 and 1881, not less than 418,615 acres have gone back to waste; lost alike to pasture grass and tillage. The official report tells the dismal tale as follows: —

Land under grass in 1881 appears to have decreased from 50.4 per cent. of the total area in 1872 to 49.6 per cent. in 1881.

In crops a decrease, in the ten years, of from 5,487,313 in 1872 to 5,195,375 in 1881, or from 27.0 to 25.6 per cent. of the total area.

In bog, waste, water, etc., an increase of from 20.9 to 23.1 per cent. of the total area.

Between 1870 and 1878, as is now only too well known, owing to the passing of the Land Act being followed by seven "fat years," there was an extravagant burst of agricultural activity in Ireland. Yet it is within this decade that the Parliamentary Report makes the exhibit above quoted. One year with another, from 1851 to 1860, the extent of arable land was 5,788,202 acres. In 1881 it was only 5,195,375; showing a loss of 592,827 acres; and the total is still falling. Between 1881 and 1882 it fell 114,327 acres.

The destruction of the small-farmer class has brought us face to face with some other unpleasant facts. We have been made to feel very sharply

* Even so recently as the present year, and in reference to the now greatly-improved returns as to pasturage and waste, the careful editor of Eason's Almanac alludes in warning words to "the difficulty of distinguishing between permanent pasture and mountain land."

that the cottiers and small farmers were the class that most largely supplied us with eggs, poultry and young stock. In truth, at the present moment, so far as these products are concerned, it looks as if the scientific large farmers of England are being beaten in London markets by the three-acre farmers of Switzerland, France, Holland and Belgium. The Irish small farmers were not only the most productive, but they had proportionately the largest amount of capital in live stock. A careful calculation from the census returns of 1841 shows that —

Farms of 100 acres and upward held live stock to the value of £1 8s. per acre.

Farms of 22 acres and upward to 100, £2 1s. 4d. per acre.

Farms of 10 acres and upward to 22, £2 5s. 2d. per acre.

Farms of 3 acres and upward to 10, £3 5s. 10d. per acre.

The value of stock in the hands of Irish small farmers — five acres and under — in 1841 was £4,771,483. By 1846 it was probably £6,000,000. In 1851 the class had already been so far destroyed that £1,002,156 represented all they had.

Let us examine whether in any way the agricultural products of Ireland, taken as a whole — live stock, cereals, and green crops — exhibit a compensation for the loss of five millions of population. The average yearly acreage under oats between 1851 and 1860 (within which period it had already considerably fallen) was 2,074,381. In 1881 it was only 1,392,365. Wheat acreage in the like period falls from 460,802 to 154,009; barley from 221,150 to 210,152; turnips from 378,482 to 340,097: potatoes from 1,039,-921 to 854,294. Cabbage shows an increase of 313 acres, and flax of 20,969. Let us now see whether an untold wealth of live stock has rolled in on Ireland to compensate for all this. The average number of cattle in all Ireland, yearly, throughout the period between 1851–60, was 3,480,623. In 1881 it was 3,954,479; an increase of 473,856. Sheep, 3,297,971 — 3,258,583; a decrease of 39,388. Pigs, 1,194,303 — 1,088,041; a decrease of 106,262. Horses 572,219, — 547,662; a decrease of 24,557.

This is the exhibit for all Ireland, and a portentous one it is; but when we come to the province where clearances and consolidation have been most largely resorted to (and which is now singled out for further operations in the same direction), namely, Connaught, it appears that the solitary item of increase in the above list — that of cattle — wholly disappears, and there is loss all along the line. In cattle the decrease has been 38,681; in sheep 318,251; in pigs 24,316. That is to say, in the province pre-eminently subjected for thirty-five years past to the improving process of emigration and consolidation, public statistics attest that the extent of productive land has considerably diminished; whole districts of the depopulated area have relapsed from productiveness to waste; there is a ruinous declension in the sum total of agricultural wealth or produce, cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, oats, wheat, barley, bere, potatoes, turnips — all have gone down.

But there is great misery and distress in Connemara and Donegal. Ireland is not prosperous. True; but the point under discussion is whether further depopulation — not a better distribution of the population, but actual extirpation — is likely to be a cure for or an aggravation of the evil. Chronic misery may be caused by "over-population;" but there are fifty other causes, also, from either one of which it might ensue. "Over-population" is one of those loose phrases which are cheap and handy; but how much population is over-population? Is Surrey over-populated? Or Middlesex? Is England, France, Belgium? Two millions of inhabitants may starve under one set of circumstances in a country where under another

ten millions might thrive. Twenty-five millions of people in England constitute a powerful, wealthy, and flourishing nation. Had Philip of Spain made good his purpose three hundred years ago, and had Spanish ministers spent the interval in subduing, civilizing, and chatholicizing England in Spanish style from Madrid, it is quite conceivable that ten millions of Englishmen might find it hard enough to live on English soil to-day. As for Ireland, famine and discontent prevailed when the population was under four millions; famine and disaffection when it was under three millions; famine and insurrection when it was under two millions. If we are to fly to depopulation every time Irish misery or Irish discontent grows troublesome, down to what point must we go to reach prosperity and peace by such a process? We have gone below five millions — four, three, two, and found them not. Query — is it certain that this is the process whereby they are to be reached at all? In Turkey — the richest soil and once the fairest garden of Europe, "the teeming cradle of the human race" — a population of barely 120 souls per square mile are sunk in misery. France supports in thrifty comfort 180, Italy 225, Belgium 421, England and Wales 442, Flanders 718. Ireland is "over-populated" with 161; though it has an arable average of 73 per cent. of its whole surface, an area of reclaimable land at least another 12 per cent., and a soil more fertile than that of England by 10 per cent.*

I put aside as not within the scope of these observations any examination of the enormous loss involved in the loss of 5,000,000, of a population. Even the most rudimentary acquaintance with such subjects will indicate that formidable item. In civilized communities man so lives on man, or rather men so prosper by one another, that very often those who go, instead of benefiting, make worse the chances of those who stay. I have seen the whole process in Ireland. Town-lands are "cleared;" the contiguous hamlets soon disappear; then the villages fade away; next the neighboring towns, once bustling and fairly well to do, decay and sink into shabby villages; the county capital at last feels the paralysis.

Only ports of entry like Dublin and Cork, busy with the export of Irish cattle and the import of English manufactures, thrive by comparison; or a successful manufacturing centre like Belfast expands. The scores of once prosperous country towns, like Castlebar, Westport, Trim, Sligo, Tralee, Ennis, Tuam, Roscommon, and even cities like Kilkenny, Waterford, Galway, and Limerick, find that the source of their prosperity has been swept away. In not a few instances grass literally grows in market-place and street. The fortunate — if indeed fortunate — circumstance that soon after the great clearances began, an extraordinary rise in the price of meat and butter set in, and continued up to 1878, threw a glow of what was called "prosperity" over Ireland for the time, and sufficed to conceal from superficial observers how precarious was the situation. The lost soil was not missed; the lost population not regretted. But if meat prices should ever fall! Ah! The mere check of 1879 created a panic. In the day — not very far distant — when the progress of scientific discoveries and of transport facilities brings American and Australian meat thoroughly into our markets, a terrible Nemesis awaits the man-hunting and bullock-worshipping policy in these islands. The brave and hardy Highlanders of Scotland, and the kindly and hospitable peasantry of Ireland, will be wept when all too late.

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* Wakefield; Sir R. Kane; Mareau de Jannes. *British Quarterly* for January, 1882.

Is it any wonder that Irishmen, in view of the public statistics and irrefragable facts above adduced, refuse to believe that English proposals of depopulation are for the good of Ireland? Behind the often flimsy excuse of "greater room for those that remain," "good for those who go and those who stay," "districts which nature has intended for grazing land," and so forth, a more ruthless policy is discerned. Mr. Goldwin Smith scarcely affects to conceal it. The Irish are illiterate, they are poor, they are uncivilized, unthrifty, violent, vengeful, lawless, against government wherever they go. "Their fatal influence threatens with ruin every Anglo Saxon polity and every Anglo-Saxon civilization throughout the world." This is a terrible picture of a people England has been ruling, managing, civilizing, educating, converting, training, and teaching, for centuries and centuries. I am afraid that, though offensively exaggerated, it is not wholly untrue. Laws that forbade schools or schoolmasters through eleven reigns of Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian dynasties, have unquestionably done their work, though the Irish tried hard to break or baffle them, and get some schooling contraband. Edicts that banished the native race from walled towns and civilized life, that made it a high crime to teach them trades, and drove them to live like hunted game on mountain and moor, have left their mark in the furtiveness of Irish peasant character, and in the rude and barbarous squalor of their dwellings.

A land-system which, as has been tardily confessed by the Imperial Legislature, even in the present century penalized their industry, systematically confiscated their property, and so kept them in chronic insecurity and wretchedness, has unfortunately helped them but little to habits of thrift and comfort. Long excluded from political rights of any kind, and still forbidden to learn at home the moderation and steadiness which the responsiblities of self-government bring to a people, they are badly qualified for the duties of citizenship in New York or Toronto, in America or elsewhere. Yet, conceding all this as sad truth, who is the culprit?

This Irish misery is no mysterious problem. Irish poverty is created and manufactured before our eyes by a process as simple and direct as the scuttling of a ship. The real wonder would be if Irish farmers as a class were ever much above starvation level. For fifty years past the charge has been specifically urged on their behalf that for time out of mind extortionate rents left them no means of subsistence much above that of cattle. Since Sharman Crawford's time it has been explicitly charged that an excess of £5,000,000 a year has been wrung from them. For eighteen months past this charge has been under investigation in the Queen's Courts by Land Commissioners. In the result, so far, it is judicially declared that rents have been unfair or extortionate, on an average, to the extent of about 27 per cent. per annum. The rental of Ireland for thirty years past is estimated at fifteen or sixteen millions sterling; so that, at this rate, after allowing a margin for properties fairly rented, a yearly sum of at least £3,500,000, or more than £100,000,000 since 1851, has been wrongfully squeezed out of Irish farmers. Ay, wrung out of them by a process as agonizing as the courbash. £100,000,000!

How many tragedies of humble life darken the background of those figures! How much of unrequited toil; how much of cruel injustice, of heart-sinking and hopelessness; of hunger and privation! If this hundred millions of money, or even half the amount, were in hand just now for settling Connemara cotters on depopulated or reclaimable Irish land elsewhere, they would need no help from Mr. Tuke. The lowest computation I have ever seen, but which I have not tested, fixes at another £100,000,000 the

net loss — the direct and actual loss — to Ireland in the same period on the disastrous agricultural statistics already cited; while, as if to render inevitable the pauperization of the country, within the same period the imperial taxation imposed on and drawn from Ireland has been increased from the yearly amount of £4,006,711 in 1851, to £7,086,593 in 1871! And this was on a falling population. The imperial taxation of Ireland stood at 12*s.* 2*d.* per head of population in 1851. It stood at £1 6*s.* 2*d.* per head in 1871 — the last year for which parliamentary figures are forthcoming — an increase of 14*s.* per head per year. Within the same period the burden on rich and prosperous Great Britain, with an increasing population, has been lightened by a reduction of 3*s.* 3*d.* per head per annum.*

But the Irish in Ireland are not only a nuisance with their chronic poverty, they are a danger with their chronic disaffection. Even if this also be granted, the question is whether "Begone elsewhere" is the true remedy. Oh, yes, by all means, urges Mr. Goldwin Smith; only not to America, leastways not to New York, where there are newspapers and politicians. Up away there in the vacant North-West perhaps they might do no harm. Indeed, there is a fine opening for them, say, at the North Pole or thereabouts. "Canada shudders at the thought of receiving them," yet, strange to say, pays emigration agents for trying to coax them thither; and sends a gentleman all the way to London with an offer to repay five millions sterling if spent in sending them to her territory.

There are few subjects more worthy of serious attention than that which calls forth Mr. Smith's alarm. Irish emigrants — not merely the fugatives of despair, but those deported wholly or partly by State "benevolence" — do not lose but rather increase their hostility to British power in the process of transportation. Formerly it was fancied this would die out. Of the group of dynamite conspirators who stood in the dock at Newgate the other day — men whose frightful purpose was to bury London in ruins — not one was born on Irish soil. All were the sons or grandsons of men swept away from "congested districts," and sent or driven to America "for the good of those who went, and of those who were left behind." Whoever has recently travelled in America must have been struck with the fact that animosity toward England often displays itself more strongly in the second and third generations of Irish Americans than in the men who were actually driven forth. As long as this feeling took shape merely in impossible schemes for invading Ireland, and setting up "the Irish Republic now virtually established," it might have been very annoying, but was never likely to become dangerous to this country, unless in the almost inconceivable contingency of a war between England and the United States. America may give free rein to Irish, French, German, Polish, or Russian refugees, in their conspiracies of vengeance, up to a certain point; but never will the Washington Cabinet, in time of peace, allow an armed expedition to quit American waters on purpose of invasion bent. Within the past four years, however, a truly noteworthy change has come over the plans and purposes of the Irish abroad. Enterprises like the Fenian conspiracy, though enthusiastically sustained by the humbler classes of Irish settlers, never fully called forth the co-operation of the hundreds of thousands of well-to-do prosperous and influential men of Irish birth or blood in America, Canada, and Australia. Although abused by the extreme nationalists for

* See the Parliamentary returns quoted in *The Case of Ireland plainly Stated*, by Sir Joseph N. McKenna, M. P.; who effectually disposes of the sophisms whereby this state of things is sometimes defended.

what was called selfish, sordid, and unpatriotic abstention, these men at heart hated the English system of rule in Ireland as bitterly as the rest. They simply did not believe in the military enterpise of fighting the British empire; and were rather repelled by some of the tactics and doctrines of the revolutionists. Scarcely, however, had the project of carrying the Irish national struggle, in constitutional form but thoroughly combative spirit, into the citadal of British legislation attracted attention, when the millions in America, rich Irish and poor Irish alike, grasped, sprang at a new revelation.

Here was a scheme they thoroughly believed in. They could endow this new movement with the only element of power wanted to constitute it the most formidable combination effected in Irish politics since the days of Rinuccini. The cry arose that if the Irish at home would be resolute, the Irish abroad would supply the sinews of war. No corner of the earth was too remote, no Irish exile was too poor or too wealthy, for the purposes of co-operation in a vast and world-wide co-partnership of this character. The idea was embraced with an enthusiasm and a steady perseverance truly remarkable, and Mr. Goldwin Smith cannot now find a spot on the surface of the habitable globe where he can stow away expatriated Irishmen beyond the possibility of their bearing a part in what he calls "the trouble" in unforgotten Ireland. The United States alone will supply Mr. Parnell with funds to an extent no Irish leader ever before possessed. Canada and Australia proportionately will not be far behind. It was the moral effect of the £150,000 sent hither for the Land League that made Irish farmers—previously a most timid and selfish class—throw in their lot so absolutely and daringly with the member for Cork. I express my belief, formed after some study of the situation last autumn in America, that with the resources certain to be placed at his command by the Irish in that country, Canada, and Australia, united as they never were before, he can carry from sixty to eighty seats in Ireland, again and again, and maintain their representatives during active service in the field.

One can hardly realize the extent to which this co-operative scheme has taken possession of the Irish across the Atlantic. It explains the striking spectacle of that Convention, two months ago, at Philadelphia. There 1,272 delegates from States, dominions, countries and cities as wide apart, some of them as California and New Brunswick, New Orleans and Ottawa—exhibiting considerable parliamentary aptitude and ability, and disappointing anticipations of disunion, disorder or violence—pledged the moral and material support of probably 6,000,000 of the Irish race abroad to the men and the movement at home. What their moral support may count for, we may judge from a fact which supplies a curious commentary on Mr. Smith's report of Canadian opinion. The Dominion Legislature the other day formally appealed to the Imperial Government to grant Ireland the precious liberties which Canada enjoys. "The Irish vote!" Mr. Goldwin Smith exclaims. Probably. Why not? If the House of Commons pass a liberal measure, it is the force of the liberal vote that does it. If a temperance measure, the temperance vote. The nonconformist vote is a recognized power in England, yet who discredits any measure in sympathy with nonconformist feeling by crying out that the liberals are "coquetting" with the "nonconformist vote"? The "negro vote," as it was called, eventually enabled Wilberforce to win. If there is an "Irish vote" so strong in the United States as to cause Mr. Parnell to be invited to address the Congress at Washington, and so powerful in Canada as to cause the Dominion Legislature to demand Home Rule for Ireland, it surely indicates

the existence of political forces that must be taken into account. It is a holy and wholesome fact that every day the solidarity of humanity, the public opinion of the world, is extending a corrective and humanizing influence to which rulers and governments cannot long remain insensible. Through my life I have believed in the coming victory of that influence; in the disaster that attends upon these doctrines of hatred and hostility implacable between races and peoples. If, in dealing with a plea — and such a plea — for further "clearance" of the Irish peasantry, I have tried to encounter it with the force of fact rather than the vehemence of feeling, it has been to me somewhat of a struggle.

I cannot write of these things or think of them without some emotion. I regard Mr. Smith's accusations and proposals with much indignation for their injustice,* but with greater sorrow for the mischief they must do. Not by insulting taunts about "the master race" (whichever one that may be) driving the other to somewhere or another; nor yet by cries for expatriation of Irishmen to some No-man's-land as a worthless, dangerous, or criminal race, can Irish hatred of England be allayed, or the inevitable reconciliation of these countries hastened in our day. If Irish agriculture be injured, not benefited — if Irish prosperity be repressed, not advanced — if Irish disaffection be increased and intensified, not weakened or qualified — by the policy of clearance and depopulation, it surely is time to turn round. The real question for all true friends of England and of Ireland is not merely "Why send more Irish to America?" but "Why send more Irish out of Ireland?" Why not tackle the problem of making Ireland as prosperous and populous, as thrifty and industrious, as law-abiding and loyal, as either Flanders or Belgium?

A. M. SULLIVAN, in *Nineteenth Century*.

Early Printing.

III.

IF anything above another has struck the mind of the reader in the foregoing papers, it is the liberal patronage extended by the Church and by churchmen to the new and useful art. In spite of the malignant falsehoods now so prevalent, as to the Church being the enemy of all improvements of the human race, the closer we study original documents, the more clearly do we see that she was the earliest and most ardent supporter of every art and science which tended, within due bounds, to the advance of man in the paths of civilization. And if she condemns certain publications now, it is

* In the dark catalogue of vices and crimes laid to the charge of "the Irish" by Mr. Smith is one of barbarity toward "the Negro, whose cruel and insolent oppressor the Irishman has always been." Always! Call William Wilberforce to produce his diary— "All the princes of the blood-royal went canvassing through the lobbies against the abolition of the slave trade"—"*All* the Irish members voting along with us." Call Daniel O'Connell, who, in the name of the Irish national movement in 1843 — most offensively and unwisely, as I think — publicly declined, and returned the subscriptions from slave-holding States. Call the Irish millionaire slave owners in the Southern States, like Maunsell White and Patrick McDonough of New Orleans, who, in a time when abolition was a crime with "Teutonic" Legrees, gifted away princely fortunes in manumitting their slaves, and in endowing free schools, free hospitals, and free asylums for the poor of every race and clime.

important to remember that she condemns them not from the mere fact that they are printed matter, but that the white paper and the black ink are donned there as the livery of the Devil. Cardinal Newman says, in his nervous, forcible English: "All the writers who write so bravely now against the Church, owe it to the Church that they are able to write at all." And so all the printers who print so bravely now against the Church, perhaps owe it to churchmen that they are able to print at all. Such was the case with the various printers on the continent, and such, too, was the case with Caxton, the first English printer, whom we are about to glance at, together with some of his compeers. Indeed, Protestantism was not as yet born, and when it came, so far from advancing the printing art, it simply extinguished progress. However we account for it, whether by the disturbance created through means of the introduction of the new religion and the bloody wars attending that introduction, or by a secret antipathy to the art itself, not unfrequently betrayed by the so-called reformers, still, we say, it is a fact, that after the first brief flush, up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, the art remained at a standstill. Of course, there were minor improvements; but, on the whole, it is not too broad a statement to assert that the press in use at the beginning of this century was little better than the clumsy machinery of Gutenburg. Let all apologists for Protestantism note this fact, and inwardly digest, and then go and mend their bad habit of abusing the Church.

William Caxton was born in the Weald of Kent, about 1412 or 1422. He was apprenticed to a rich London merchant, Robert Large, and went to the Low Countries in 1442, remaining abroad about thirty years, during which he made himself master of the new art. Another account says he was sent over in 1464, by Edward IV., to negotiate a treaty with the Duke of Burgundy. But this is certain; some time afterwards, he returned to his native country with the knowledge of Gutenburg's invention. He made a transient sojourn at Burges, where he probably learned the secret from Colard Mansim, whom we have seen to be regarded as one of the two contestants for the palm of priority in printing the French tongue. While he was at Cologne, in 1471, he translated the *Recueil des Histoires de Troye*,* by order of Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, and the following year he published it. Soon after this he went to England, taking his apparatus with him, and settled at Westminster, under the patronage of the munificent abbot. Here he produced his first specimen of English typography, on the game of chess; *Game and Playe of the Chesse*. In 1477, he published *Dictes and Notable Wise Sayings of the Philosophers*, a translation from the Latin, by Lord Rivers. Caxton died, either in 1483 or in 1490; the exact date is unknown. As far as ascertained, he printed in all ninety-nine different works, of some of which he was the writer or translator; no insignificant number, considering the short time during which he was employed in the business. His industry was unceasing, as witness this half-dolorous half-humorous complaint: — "Thus end I this book, and for moche as in wryting of the same, my penne is worn, myn hande wery, and myn eyne dimmed with over moche lookyng on the whit paper, and that age creepeth on me dayly." In a literary point of view, though, and the same remark applies to the other early printers as well as to Caxton, his works do but serve to indicate the low state of knowledge in the England of that day. In 1877

* This book was sold at the Duke of Roxburgh's sale for about $5,000.

there was a typographical exhibition in London, over which the genius of Caxton presided, and in the institution of which a lasting memorial of the father of English printing was begun.

A copy of the *Expositor Sancti Hieronium in Symbolum Apostolorum*, is preserved in the public library at Cambridge; it bears date, Oxford, 1468. From this circumstance it was contended for a long time that Caxton ought not to be considered the founder of the art in England. The difficulty was however, cleared up by proving that the numeral x (for the date was in Roman numbers) had either been omitted accidentally or designedly, or else afterwards erased. There are several instances of a similar deception. Thus, there was at Haarlem a large quarto, the translation of *Bartholomew's de Proprietaribus Rerum*, printed "anno MCCCXXXV," by Jacob Bellart. This was usually shown in confirmation of the claim laid by that city to have produced the first printed book, and was the very foundation, as it were, of all the jubilations of centuries, wherewith Haarlem stimulated its heart, at the expense of Mentz and Gutenburg. But a certain Mr. Brayford overthrew and did to death all this airy fabric of fond imagination by one prick of his critical pen. He had seen another copy with the proper date attached to it, and observed that in the Haarlem copy the letter I had been artfully erased.

Caxton was not the only printer of London in those days. There was John Letton, who printed by himself two weeks, and who afterwards formed a partnership with William Machlima. They produced only eleven works. There was Wynkyn de Worde, the worthy successor of Caxton; Wynkyn printed, between 1493 and 1534, four hundred and eight works. There was Robert Pynson (whose name strongly suggests Spanish extraction); Robert was the first to flourish under the title of "king's printer." His output from 1493 to 1531, ran up to two hundred and ten. There was Julian Notary, who established himself "without Temple Bar, at the sign of the Three Kings," and whose publications, between 1499 and 1503, did not exceed twenty-three in number.

Printing was introduced at Oxford, somewhere about 1480–85, by Theodore Rood, a native of Cologne, who carried on the business in partnership with an Englishman named John Hunt. At Cambridge, John Tibuck was the first who printed in Latin, Greek, and English; his books are dated 1521 and 1522. The earliest specimen of the art in Scotland is a breviary, published at Edinburgh in 1510. Printing was not introduced into Dublin, Ireland, before the middle of the sixteenth century. The period at which it was carried into Wales has not been exactly or even approximately ascertained; but the name of John Shacwell, in 1587, is on record.

So far, we have, in our desultory, but compact way, placed the reader in command of the general outline and the particular striking facts of the invention, and the spread of the art of printing. From the middle of the sixteenth up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, as we remarked before, there is literally nothing to chronicle about printing. These two broad facts have been brought out, however; *viz.* that the Church was the most powerful patron of the art, since it developed in her time, and that the air of Protestantism was fatal to it, since its spread put a stop to the progress so auspiciously began.

There is only another side of our subject to consider. This is a bibliomanic age. Everybody is collecting old books. Accordingly, to please our old-bookish readers, our chat next month will close this series by throwing out certain hints as to the genuineness of various editions.

HUGH P. MCELRONE.

Father Burke's Dying Wish.

It was characteristic of the generous soul of the late Father Thomas Burke to help others before himself. Placed in charge of building, at Tallaght, a church for his own Order, he frequently postponed his efforts on its behalf, in order to aid other church enterprises which claimed to stand in need of greater and speedier assistance. So, when he came to die, his own church remained unfinished; and now it is suggested, that, as a grateful tribute to his memory, the Irish people throughout the world, should unite in contributing to complete an edifice which is known throughout Ireland as Father Tom's Church.

The memory of such a man should not be let die. No man of this generation did more to exalt the reputation of the Irish people, in the opinion of the world, than the golden-tongued orator who now, we hope, is enthroned with the mighty masters of Christian eloquence whose words, in proclaiming the gospel, went forth to the uttermost bounds of the earth. And nobler than polished shaft of marble, or monumental urn, would be this church, associated with his name and labors. The material temple, however magnificent, would be but a weak symbol of the spiritual edifice which he reared, from the hearts and souls of his countrymen. Yet it is the symbol which would most appropriately consecrate his memory.

In estimating Father Burke's permanent good, it seems to us, that the religious mission which he carried on in America was the portion of his work, the influence of which will permanently abide. Patriot, ardent and enthusiastic, as he was, he nevertheless was pre-eminently the Priest. His sermons will outlast his lectures, and survive even his refutation of the maligner of his country.

As a pulpit orator, he belonged to the romantic as rhetorically distinguished from the severely classic school. That is, his discourses were not squared by the exact lines of the division of the formal sermon. They were not trim parterres, but luxuriant forest-growths. Indeed, his written and premeditated discourses lose in warmth and power, what they gave in precision and order. His wealth of language, and the exuberance of the finest fancy, stamp him as one of the greatest masters of English speech, that adorn the annals of oratory.

The more thoughtful and considerate among the priesthood in this country during his visit, warned him against the consequence of his incessant labors. With all his learning, Father Burke was a man of singular simplicity of mind, and indifference to physical or bodily exigencies. It is probable that he overestimated his strength; though the veriest tyro in medicine could have told him that speaking for hours thrice a day, at a heat of emotion and earnestness, would impair and ultimately destroy the most perfect of nervous organizations. He gave heed to no advice; but continued lecturing and preaching, when wise nature had given repeated signals to stop. Moreover, he had only a theoretic knowledge of the vast extent of our country, and would engage to lecture on successive nights, at places five and eight hundred miles apart. Travel by rail, with its generally insufficient accommodations for rest and food, told badly upon him.

Such men owe it to the Church and to humanity to take care of their physical health. A great orator is the rarest of artistic products. Compared with the immediate results of his power, the page of the author or the creations of pencil and chisel, are as the formation of geologic strata to the flash of the lightning. When an orator dies, the subtlest and most potent force in the intellectual world goes out, and nothing but itself can replace it.

The D'Altons of Crag: A Story of '48 and '49.

CHAPTER XIII.

A RETROSPECT.—FATHER JOHN HAYES'S VOYAGE TO NEW YORK AND THE PERSONS HE ENCOUNTERED.

When Father John Hayes knelt down to get Father Aylmer's blessing, before proceeding on the foreign mission, where he labored at the time of Mr. Leyton Seymour's arrival in Ireland, that mission commenced in the ship "Eutau," where he had a congregation of one hundred and fifty emigrants to enjoy his ministrations. Of course, Father Hayes had a "cabin passage," and although the vessel was a sailing vessel, the cabin was a goodly saloon, while the state-rooms were as good as any traveler could desire. The young missionary was a general favorite. The captain swore by him, and the mate was devoted to him—and even the sailors had always a kind word for "the Irish priest." But the poor passengers worshipped him. He saw them every day. He talked to the old men and the old women about "home" and he regulated the relations and various little claims of the community, and saved a world of conflict about "the fire" and "the water," and this family's "hour," and that family's "hour;" because Father Hayes was reverently obeyed by every one. He had, however, one great foe on board; and we regret to record that this enemy was a lady. This lady was a "philosophical" Christian who had a lively feeling for every form of worship—except "Popery." That Mrs. Moon hated! The difficulties it placed in the supernatural path were "shocking," it was "soul-killing;" and life with "the confessional before it was a never, never-ending torture." *She* was tranquil." *She* knew that the "moment of death" was "the moment of glory." And Mrs. Moone took an opportunity almost every day of repeating her theological views for the priest's benefit, and the benefit of other standers-by.

It happened that no less a person than Mrs. Moone's step-daughter was edified by the consoling "confidence" of Mrs. Moone, and this lady was known to have more than once had a quarter-of-an-hour's talk with Father Hayes. Whether this fact led to a practical development of Mrs. Moone's "confidence" we dare not say, but the development did take place.

We do not know whether our readers have ever been overtaken by a storm at sea; and, of course, we cannot say whether the hurricane blew against their direct course partly or entirely. We know, however, that the "Eutau" was overtaken by a storm, and that the thundering wind came from right ahead. Great mercy! such a hauling down of sail!—such a rushing and roaring on deck!—such—alas! we should say it—such cursing and swearing! such tramping and rolling and tumbling of all things—crockery, glass, and water vessels!

The Reverend John Hayes was dreadfully tranquil. He was tied to something aft, behind the wheel and under the hurricane deck. Whether he got tied there, in wickedness and malice *prepense*, because Mrs. Moone had her cabin on that same plane, we cannot say.

A supreme moment had arrived. The ship's course had been changed right about. On she went, oh, so gallantly, and she flew! It was beautiful to see, not exactly to feel it! But, alas! something became wrong with the wheel! The "Eutau" became restive! Hit by the seas,

forced by the wind, she seemed reeling-drunk and devoted. Such cursing! such accusation! such maledictions!—only in such contingencies are such things possible. And just then, Mrs. Moone, clinging to a half-door of her cabin, kept crying and shrieking and invoking help piteously.

"Captain! captain! Oh, mate! Can't you save me? Can't you save me? I'll give you — I'll —

It was then the cruel, insensible, Reverend Mr. Hayes made his voice heard above the winds and waves, and said aloud, in his chained position:—

"Mrs. Moone! I congratulate thee that the hour of death has come. It is to thee the 'hour of glory'— and you are so near it."

"Oh, you brute!" cried Mrs. Moone. "You have no feeling for a poor woman, in my state! and I'm so broken down, and — ah, well, I beg your pardon, reverend sir; I beg your pardon! I am sure you would not deny even to me your help. You would not! You are the priest of the Most High."

"Certainly not, Mrs. Moone! I shall cut this rope, and rush across to you the moment you make a sign.

"God bless you, sir," was the reply.

The storm subsided and Mrs. Moone did not call for the services of Rev. John Hayes. From the moment the wheel was got into order the working of the ship became easy, and the reaction of feeling made every heart beat joyable. In an hour or so Mrs. Moone became as sure of "glory" as ever, and became, if possible a more "philosophical" Christian.

A gentleman who had kept in his state-room a good deal, and had therefore escaped the knowledge of many of the passengers, approached Father Hayes.

"I come, reverend sir, to introduce myself."

The priest bowed.

"I am an officer in her Majesty's —— Regiment, stationed at —— and I have admired your temper and bearing in some of your communications with the bellicose lady, so that I have made bold to seek your acquaintanceship."

"I am honored, sir; much honored."

"Well, our family," replied the officer, "have some Roman Catholic blood in them, and I have never known one of them a bigot. It is refreshing to find one like you able to suffer so much for what you esteem the truth, and to state your views so inoffensively."

"But pardon me, sir: I think your regiment is stationed at——"

"I have said so."

"And you go all the way round by New York."

"Well, yes; I am a traveler; in fact, I travelled over half the world to be born."

The priest looked a little mystified.

"Well, reverend sir, my parents are both English, and their condition in life took them to Van Dieman's Land, where I was born. My father devoted me to the military profession, and I took advantage of it to see France, England, and Scotland?"

"And not Ireland?"

"Well sir, the leave expired, and——"

"Oh, sir, pray do not trouble yourself to explain. It is the common misfortune of your countrymen to be indifferent to things merely Irish, unless they be negotiable," the priest said laughingly.

"Many a true word said in jest; and, reverend sir, what you have remarked I am not going to question. We shall grow better and wiser in time. You are Rev. Mr. Hayes?"

"Yes, sir,— a Tipperary priest."

"I am Leyton Seymour, and most happy to meet one with whom I have many sympathies, I am sure, in common."

"You said your regiment is stationed at——"

"Yes, sir,"

"And that is my destination."

Mr. Seymour gave an exclamation of pleasure.

I am very glad indeed," he said; "the officers of the regiment will be delighted to know you; and I am confident that many social as well as moral and religious advantages will follow from your coming among us."

"I am lead to think that the population are very free from prejudice?"

"On the surface of the globe there is not a people whom social charity governs so perfectly. I like my own western birthplace—'tis beautiful and tolerant and united; but, for the city where the virtue of making every one around you happy seems indigenous, give me ——."

"You paint for me a pleasant future. If my own people share the grand charity which you, Mr. Seymour, depict, the city of —— must be a paradise."

"Well, you shall see. I may say I shall be able to make you known to all 'ours;' and I know many of yours, — particularly one. I will not anticipate, but I am sure a friend awaits you, the most perfect among gentlemen, the most ripe among scholars, and adored by friendship; whilst all that refinement can gather and the finest heart of hospitality is always to be met in his beautiful home."

The clergyman was waiting for a name; but Mr. Leyton Seymour was silent. However, enough had been said to fill the mind of Father Hayes with visions of enjoyment mingled with visions of professional labor, which combined contribute to any happiness a young priest can expect in a far-off land.

We are not chronicling a voyage, but only enough to shed light upon our progress. Yet were there many pleasant things to be recorded during the two-and-thirty days to New York. The dreams of the young men whose mind's balm was the "poor father and mother at home" whom they were going to "rise;" and the young maiden who went over with a guardian friend to work and to bring the orphan brothers and sisters over the sea, and to take them "out of misery and rags;" and how many a daring hope of paying long "arrears," and even purchasing "the bit of land" filled the souls of those whose faith was boundless! ah! none know unless those who get an entrance into the hearts of the poor emigrants. And we must add that Father Hayes was just the man to secure the privilege.

During the voyage, as may be anticipated, Mr. Seymour was very much in the company of Father Hayes, and indeed they never separated until they arrived at their journey's end. The priests of New York were kind and hospitable; and the young officer was quite as great a favorite as the young Irish priest. Mr. Seymour seemed to have become half Catholic, for he regularly attended the churches where Father Hayes officiated, and was more than glad when he heard him twice preach God's word. However, it was in Boston that Mr. Seymour and the supernatural came awfully face to face, and we will finish this chapter by relating how that came to pass.

At that time a great man, a great Bishop and scholar was the "Angel of the church" of Massachusetts. What a benign, genial, loving soul was his — the late Most Rev. Dr. Fenwick! The Bishop's hospitality was unbounded, and he brought a couple of dozen to his board to welcome the young Irish clergyman. It was on a Sunday. The Rev. John Hayes had preached in the Cathedral, and the Irish had a banquet, for Father Hayes

"Fed
On the best glories of the dead,"

and constantly shared his enjoyment with his fellow-countrymen. The Bishop at the dinner table gave the following experience:

"When a missionary priest in New York, I was called to attend a girl in one of the old streets. Her people had somewhat prepared me for a

scene of great trial; but the reality exceeded my fears. The girl was not in bed; but she was tied with ropes to the bed's foot. She looked diabolical — the very shadow of Raphael's Energumenos! She swore most awful oaths; blasphemed Christ and the Saints, and cried that she should kill her father and mother. I said to the parents in a very low tone, 'The child is insane.'

"'Am I,' she at once cried out. 'Do you think I care for *you*? I'll kill you, too. I hate priests? I hate churches! I hate——'

"Shocked beyond description at the blasphemies and the awful sagacity and preternatural power of the child's senses, I said to the parents I feared she was *possessed*. I added — 'Send her to the presbytery early in the morning — send her quietly and early.'

"I waited the child at half-past seven in the morning, and I had with me Father——. There was a shrieking at the door and a struggle; but the door opened at a knock, and the child fell into the hall. In a short time she was brought into the library. I said to Father ——, 'I will give her a nice book,' and I took a volume off a shelf and presented it.

"Her eyes glared. She foamed; 'Take it away! away!' she shrieked; there's a cross in the beginning of that! I hate the cross!'

"I laid the book by, and I said, 'Come take this nice box for your father; see 'tis tortoise-shell.'

"She never looked or examined, but cried out there was a cross on that too — and again she swore!

"'Well, sit down on the sofa, child,' I said; 'sit down till I see if I can please you.'

"'No!' she shrieked, like a fiend; 'I see what you have done. You have placed a cross under the sofa cover. I hate the cross!' and she blasphemed.

"I addressed the clergyman in Latin, saying I was convinced she was possessed.

"She laughed a hellish laugh, and shrieked, 'So you think I am possessed — possessed — ha! ha! ha!'

"'Come,' I said to the clergyman, 'you *hold*, and I will exorcise; or, *I* will hold, and *you* exorcise.

"He preferred to hold her; mine became the awful duty. There is no use in giving you more details of that awful scene. My surplice, before the end of the exorcism, she had torn to pieces, and I was saved from great personal violence only by the strong arms that partly kept her back. Strong arms they were, and a powerful man was my associate; yet he trembled — trembled like a leaf in October, and poor fellow! he prayed so hard."

"Well, Bishop?" some impatient clergyman said.

"Well, sir," Dr. Fenwick answered, "at the end of the ceremony, we had before us a gentle, shrinking, weeping girl of twelve or thirteen years old. She was transformed — redeemed. We asked her if she remembered everything.

"'Everything? Oh, yes, sir. I remember the cursing and swearing and trying to kill my mother! But *something inside* drove me — drove me! Oh! sir, can't I see my mother?'

"She did see her, and all were happy — none more so than myself and my clerical friend."

And so ends Chapter thirteenth, only adding that, for a *matter of fact*, which makes its own argument, the testimony of the Bishop, is more to us than the lucubrations of "scientists;" and we must always remember that *one single fact* in the history of faith makes fools of all the race of pseudo-philosophers.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. LEYTON SEYMOUR'S ASSOCIATES, AND THE WONDERFUL CASE OF DENNAN, THE ARTILLERYMAN.

MR. LEYTON SEYMOUR was no more than just when he described the amenites, culture, and singular political

progress of the city to which Father Hayes was journeying. Father Hayes found the social excellences in advance of anything he had encountered, and the active intellectual power of the place was marvellous. There were two universities, numerous intermediate and primary schools, and four or five literary institutions or popular reading, lecturing, and historical discussion. The clergyman found that his lot so far was "prosperously cast," and he saw a grand combination of mental resources and enjoyments.

We may not pass over the fact that nearly all the friends of the priest were non-Catholic, but we question whether the fact ever crossed the minds of priests or companions in the pleasant days in many years that made for the clergyman a beautiful sunrise. It occasioned the remark that poor Ireland seemed the only country where the small assumption of superiority defied civilization and the repulsion of indignant manhood was destined never to die.

Father Hayes soon became the banker of countless servant-maids, and the centre of mental activity in a certain class. In fact, he had a hand in everything; and we cannot conscientiously recommend such a generalization of a man's faculties.

"Father Hayes, I've saved ten pounds," said Mary Quinlan.

"Ten pounds! Mary,—that is a large sum."

"Father," said Mary, were you in Callan?"

"Callan? To be sure many a time."

"There's a farmer of the Kenney's there."

"No doubt."

"Well, I want you to send the ten pounds to ould Paddy Kenney."

"Is he your father, Mary?"

"Throth, no sir—or my uncle, or my cousin."

"Well?" the priest inquired looking puzzled.

"Well, sir, Paddy Kenney was a farmer five or six years ago; an' mother an' I lived near him. Father was dead, an' we had very little; an' the things went hard with Paddy Kenney. He brought the loaf o' bread, an' the grain o' tea to the house, and the bottle o' milk in his pocket, when mother was sick, an' I could do very little by spinning a bit o' wool for a weaver.

"And you are going to pay him now?"

"Oh, no!—nothing could pay Kenney. But I sent the first five pounds I earned to my poor mother. She has the cabin an' haggart still, an the neighbors work it for her. Now, sir, this is all I earned you see;" and she let fall the fold of her cloak to show how poor her attire was. "I spared every penny; because I heard that Paddy Kenney was gone down; an' I want to send it to Paddy—poor Paddy!" the kind girl said.

"Very well," said Father John; and he coughed like some one who wanted to clear his throat.

"An' see, Father?"

"Well?"

"Don't hurt poor Paddy's feelings, you know," said the servant-maid. "Tell him that the widow Quinlan's daughter had that much to spare, an' sent it to him to lend it to him. Mind Father, to lend it to him, and then he won't feel so low!"

God bless Mary Quinlan! She had a heart of gratitude; and she believed in God.

These poor servants and workmen perform a wonderful mission for truth. People cannot help inquiring for the principle which gives strength to fidelity, and life devotion, and all-abounding faith. Father John used to tell of a Yorkshireman, who sent for him, one night very late, and whom the priest found very ill, and in a great passion at the same time.

"What—what is the matter pray! say!"

"Say! I'll tell thee, sir," the Yorkshireman cried. "Here's my

good woman, and yon," pointing to a burly man, "and you see, the eye sore about sending for the priest!"

"Oh, I see."

"Well I said to 'em that there wasn't no kind of use in all the talk — as I'm —— but *I shall die an Irishman!*"

Well, he did die an "Irishman!" The Yorkshireman could not separate the ideas of Catholic and Irish; and such, as we said, are the workings of the workmen's faith in America and in India, too.

An orderly named Denny, an Englishman, came from time to time with Captain Seymour's horse, or with papers or letters; and thus became known to the domestics. Mr. Seymour liked him. He had great honor and much common sense, and he believed, he said, the man was faithful.

Father John was one evening reading his breviary in the garden just half an hour before tea, when Denny smartly came up to him, and made his salute. Father Hayes returned the salute by a bow.

"I want to become a Catholic, sir."

"You?"

"Yes. I've told Mr. Seymour."

"And—"

"He says, 'Do as you like;' and I mean to."

"You must see me at my house."

"Certainly, sir."

Here was a new experience that made Mr. Leyton Seymour somewhat more interesting, and, of course, sent Father Hayes' mind a-dreaming.

Some two or three weeks after, Father Hayes was in the midst of a lot of Indians. The good father was a great favorite among the Indians, and one day a round dozen of them came into the city, and found themselves in due time at Father Hayes's house. A good long ring, a good loud knock, delights an Indian; and, as may be supposed "they had their claim allowed," when they demanded admission. There was as many as eight Indian girls and four men, and they came solemnly trooping into Father Hayes's sitting-room. There were a dozen chairs, and, as Indians make up their minds that chairs are made to be sat upon, each one of the dozen sat down upon the one which he or she found most convenient.

Father Hayes looked around smilingly, and addressed one named Joseph.

"Well, Joseph?"

But Joseph had just got to the bottom of a tobacco pipe, which he was scouring clean for a new smoke; and one of the girls came to Joseph's aid.

"Oh, den, Fader," she said, "we sing for you at cam."

"Yes; thank you, Marie; I am much thankful."

"Ah, yes. Well," Marie rejoined in the impassable tone and manner of the Indians, "we came to hear Fader sing to-day.

Father Hayes was fairly caught. In fact, his piano was open, and the music was upon the stand. We do not mean to say that the Indians knew the arcana of the notes and keys. In fact, they did not. But Father Hayes was mutely appealed to by the instrument and the music, and felt that he ought not to say "No." We would like to give the song; but we fear a 30 year's memory will scarcely serve us well. Perhaps we may call to mind a stanza or two, which will mark Father Hayes's ideas of contrasts:

"I love the calm stillness that hangs round the lake,
When the zephyrs of evening lie sleeping,
And echo unmoved hath retired till they wake,
By the side of some sunny stream weeping!
But, oh! for the rush of the bellowing sea,
When storms dance over the ocean,
And thunders peal loud in their terrible glee,
And giant waves leap in commotion!

"For oh! there's a spell in the Storm-Spirits' howl,
When the mountain-wave fearfully dashes
It's spray to the clouds, as if—mocking their scowl—
'Twould defy e'en their angriest flashes!
That spell binds my soul! I feel gladdened and free,
And tho' sweet by the sunshine and bowers,
Oh, give me the Storm-King's shriek o'er the sea!
And I'll leave you fields, fountains and flowers."

The Indians knew quite enough of English to follow the song; and the song fell in with the taste of the children of the forest. None of them had ever heard a musical instrument of the kind before, and it was very interesting to see the females stealing over and touching with their fingers the keys, which obediently gave back their notes, while the innocent creatures became ecstatic at the fact that the piano had answered to their call.

What a time for Dennan to have come! Yet that was exactly the time he did come; and however much the priest might have desired to retain the good Indians longer, he had many reasons to desire the progress of the case of Dennan of the artillery.

Dennan was well instructed, and the priest had little to complain of him, unless the undue importance he attached to being relieved from carrying a Bible and Book of Common Prayer in his valise (then carried by regulation order). Lord Clyde, at the instance of the clergyman, get this grievance removed, though his lordship (then Sir Colin Campbell) swore a fair share on the subject. Dennan was received into the church, and he learned new lessons with docility, and promised immense improvement "in the good time coming." One day, however, he came to the priest, and announced that he had fought two of his comrades, and was just preparing to fight a third; but he thought he would first come to confession!

"To confession, and determined to strike your comrade? What do you mean?"

"Ah, Father Hayes, you do not know — you do not know; but you see, *I must fight.*"

Father Hayes looked aghast.

"Look here, sir! When I kneel down to pray, I must kneel in the barrack-room to say my prayers. Well, I gets struck with an old boot, or a rolled-up stocking, or a piece of old dish-cloth! What am I to do? Well, I've beaten two, and shall I beat the third, and when I've beaten all the fellows around, I shall have peace. Can't I go to confession?"

"My good friend, you have your superiors; you have your colonel: you have Captain Seymour."

Dennan laughed outright.

"Complain! complain!" he said, "why, officers and men and all around, hoot me, morning, noon and night, in the barrack-room and barrack-yard! Complain!"

"Well, Dennan —"

"And, Mr. Seymour, you spoke of him?"

"Well, yes!"

"He bade me be sure never give in, but fight away."

Father Hayes lost his last plank with Dennan, but he kept his *principle.*

Poor Dennan came in a fortnight, his arm in a sling. He looked woebegone, yet hopeful, and he was evidently in pain. He came into Father Hayes's room.

"Hah! you have met an accident, Dennan?"

"Well, some'at, sir — some'at.

"What is the matter?"

"Well, sir, you see. I hain't been so patient as I should, and I did not wait to finish my prayers. A fellow did strike me with a dead cat — him. Oh, I beg your pardon, sir! But instead of waiting to finish my prayers, as I always did, the cat vexed me, you see; I got off my knees and ran after the vagabond. He drew the door of the barrack-room after him,

and the blow I made at the fellow brought my wrist down upon the key! — and my wrist is dislocated."

"Poor fellow! I pity you, indeed!"

"Well, then, I said to myself, as it would be a couple of months before I could fight any other fellow, that I would go to confession, and I came."

Father Hayes now laughed loudly.

"You are determined to fight, break people's jaws, and so forth, and in that frame of mind, you come to confession. Ah, Dennan, you want much of the moral spirit of the Christian law. Love your enemies; do good to those who hate you; pray for those who caluminate and persecute you."

"And be buried under old boots, stockings, and porringers in a barrack-room! Oh, Father Hayes!"

Father Hayes said that Dennan's blood was too hot; and he begged of the soldier to come on another day. He felt, he said, that with so honest a mind as Dennan's, he would soon come to better dispositions.

In a month after, came Dennan. He was nearly well — indeed, quite well — and he looked unpreoccupied and hopeful. Now, Father Hayes thought, "All is right."

"Well, Dennan, glad to see you restored."

"Thank, you. sir; I came for your reverence's blessing."

"Blessing! What! Going to get married? Going on furlough?"

Dennan looked around his left shoulder and bent his ear down to the lock of the door. He then came on tip-toe across the apartment and whispered low into the priest's ear —

"I am going *to desert*."

"Desert! desert! Did you say de —"

"I go to-night, sir, and I came for your blessing."

"My blessing! Stay. You do not mean to say that you are going to become a perjurer — a rock of scandal."

"Perjurer? Oh, no, Father Hayes — not a perjurer."

"Did you not swear fidelity to your standard and loyalty to your sovereign."

"But, Father Hayes, I did not swear to live under showers of old shoes and stockings and turnip peels, and day and night to be elbowed and jeered and scoffed at, and tried in every dog-like way. I never swore that as a life — never!"

"You bound yourself to risk and even lay down your life."

"Agreed, sir, in battle; but not under old boots and shoes and muddy gaiters."

"I tell you, Dennan, these are merely accidental, transitory, and, even if they were permanent, they would not justify you in breaking your oath and causing the enemies of the Church to blaspheme. 'There is the convert!' all will cry aloud. 'There is what comes of joining the Roman Catholic Church!'"

Dennan paused.

"Will you let me fight my way? I shall beat two score of them."

"Oh! Dennan, you know already the mandate of religion on that subject."

"I am not to fight?"

"No."

"Then I go."

"If you go, —" but Dennan had disappeared ere the sentence could be completed.

But Father Hayes had not finally parted with his convert yet. Dennan was brought back from a ship just about to set sail; and at midnight on the day of his desertion was lodged in prison, firmly handcuffed. Father Hayes had the first information from Dennan himself. Early next day he found on his table a note: —

"Dear Sir, — Going on board the 'Neptune,' last evening, to see a cousin of mine who was about to sail for the United States of America, I have been arrested as a deserter, and I am now in the military prison. 'Tis

shameful, after fifteen years' service without a blot. Do send Mr. O'Connor to defend me.—Yours obediently,

"J. DENNAN."

Father Hayes could not help laughing heartily at the line of defence the prisoner had adopted.

Some people are very fortunate, and Dennan in this case was particularly so. Father Hayes's laugh had hardly subsided, when O'Connor was announced.

The lawyer read the note — understood all — made for the military prison, and came back in an hour.

"Father Hayes," said he, "you must come to the trial."

"The trial! When?"

"To-morrow, at noon."

"Well, really, Mr. O'Connor, I—"

"I understand, Father Hayes. Have no fear. Dennan will be proved as innocent of deserting as you are."

"Innocent!"

"On my honor, I never studied a a more triumphant refutation of a vile calumny. I assure you 'tis a fact. You must come. You know I would not compromise you or your cloth."

It was agreed that the priest should listen to Dennan's trial; and perhaps O'Connor believed that Father Hayes's presence would confer a certain prestige on the prisoner when he urged the clergyman so strongly to come.

The court met in due time. The colonel presided. The officers of the garrison took their places. Around the court crowded soldiers out of uniform and some few citizens.

Dennan is at the bar. He is quiet, calm, radiant as a saint, and modest withal.

The case seemed clear as day. He was abroad after hours. He had been caught on board of ship. The ship was about to weigh anchor for the States. Dennan had lately been quarrelling with many of the men; and in general, his condition in the regiment was uneasy and disagreeable. Much of his inconveniences were caused by his readiness to take offence, when, from time to time, he was assailed about having conformed to the "Roman Church."

"Roman Catholic," steadily observed O'Connor.

"Pardon me, I meant nothing offensive," said the Prosecutor.

"This is my case," the Prosecutor concludes.

O'Connor rose; and one could easily see the light of a coming triumph in the pleader's eye. He regretted "for the sake of the service, that a charge should be trumped up against an honest man. Such charges made what they pretended to prevent. Dennan was a victim to prejudice. He was stamped a deserter — because he had become a Roman Catholic.

The Prosecutor begged to interrupt council for a moment. "Had the counsel witnesses, or was he indulging in declamations?"

"When the prosecutor leaves his own profession to come into mine, he cannot be blamed for the ignorance betrayed in asking a counsel of twenty years' standing a question like that," O'Connor replied. Then, turning to the president, he said: —

"Mr. President, we *have* witnesses."

It was really a moment of supreme interest — a moment of life and death! How could Dennan prove his case?

The piquet who arrested Dennan was called.

"Well, Sergeant," O'Connor commenced, "you arrested the prisoner on board the 'Neptune?'"

"Yes, sir."

"Upon your oath, had he any luggage of any kind?"

"How could I know, sir?"

"You made no inquiry regarding her Majesty's chattels which the prisoner might be taking away?"

"Well, I did, sir."

"And you found nothing?"

"Can't say I did, sir. He was leaving without a change of linen."

"That will do, sir."

"May I ask you, Colonel, had you before Dennan's change of faith, any

serious accusation to make against him?"

"No, sir."

"Thank you."

The prosecutor rose; and Mr. O'Connor most politely gave way.

"I am most anxious — anxious for certain reasons — that this case should be investigated thoroughly. Everyone understood the meaning of that word "thoroughly," when Mr. O'Connor sat down.

"Sir," the Prosecutor said, addressing the president, "we have proof that a good share of the prisoner's kit was missing; and, wherever placed, a portion of the kit he carried with him."

The barrack-sergeant swore that a certain number of shirts, a certain number of collars, stockings, and so forth, were not to be found in the kit which Dennan had left behind him. Clearly Dennan had provided for himself, modestly but sufficiently, and "very ably," as the prosecutor averred.

"Mrs. Hinchy!" cried out O'Connor.

"Here, sir!" answered Mrs. Hinchy.

"Have you got any clothes belonging to Dennan? You are a washerwoman?"

"Well, indeed, I have, Mr. O'Connor; I have, — an' I promised him to bring them in to-day."

"The day after the supposed desertion!" said O'Connor with supreme contempt.

"Where are they, Mrs. Hinchy?" the Prosecutor interposed.

"Oh, Major, here they are!" replied the washerwoman. "Here they are."

"Sergeant!" called out O'Connor.

"Here, sir!"

"Examine these articles."

The sergeant leisurely obeyed.

"Do they make up the kit, sir?"

"Perfectly."

"Thank you. You may retire."

The reader might think that the negative proof was really enough; and that Dennan was hardly treated for going to see "his own second cousin" — may be the last time, because he was leaving for the States.

But Dennan had four times as much proof as he needed. There was the man to whom he had lent two dollars, and who engaged on his oath to pay him just two days *after the time* Dennan was supposed to sail.

There was the shoemaker to whom he had given, the day before his disappearance, a pair of boots, as good as new, and which, "without fail," were to be *in* the day *after* his desertion.

And, above all, there was a *fiancee*, whom he had engaged to meet two days *after* his supposed defection from his colors. So, really, when the whole "weight of evidence" was placed in balance, people began to pity Dennan — Dennan after his fifteen years' service.

O'Connor looked round the court with a noble indignation! Dennan laid his head upon his hands. The Colonel looked very uncomfortable. The officers did not conceal their sympathy. A man fifteen years in the service treated in this way! The counsel for the prisoner was right! Such repressions made desertions.

Quite true, only the sympathising should have gone back a little.

Dennan was triumphantly acquitted; and even a kind of apology was made for the gross error of his comrades, and the inconvenience to which he had been subjected. The court broke up; and Dennan was free!

Where did Dennan proceed from the court which tried him? Why, to Father Hayes, to be sure.

There was a pause when he entered. Father Hayes had no congratulation, for he saw the amazing cleverness of the "convert's" plan. In fact, he was solemn.

"Dennan, you have escaped this time. I hope you are going to be a changed man."

"Father Hayes," Dennan said, in a

whisper; "Father Hayes, I am going to-night."

"Going! Where?"

"To desert to ——. I do not believe any man is bound to suffer what I suffer. Good bye!"

Dennan was as good as his word; and he wrote a letter from Boston, all about "the land of liberty," and so on. We suppose by this time he has become a "general" or an "ambassador;" and will laugh when he sees this history, for he will know the hand that writes it has not exaggerated even one thought.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. BARING'S DIFFICULTIES GROW THICKER.— "AN OLD FOLLOWER OF THE FAMILY MAKES SOME SUGGESTIONS TO HIM"

Mr. Baring's difficulties grew and grew, until the sunshine looked dark, and, among men, he felt like one in an enemy's country. He became more and more moody and reckless, because excitement became every day a greater excitement. He had exhausted Cunneen's endurance and liberality — Cunneen himself used to say he had exhausted his means — and yet the more he needed economy, the more he plunged into hazards and projects and multiplied losses, until to "get more" or to face ruin became an inevitable alternative.

One night, Baring came home late, and in a mood which boded a wakeful night and a miserable morning. He seized a light in the hall, and made for his apartment, which boasted two rush-bottom chairs, a deal table on which a crippled mirror was falling in two, and a four-posted stretcher not over luxuriously provided with either mattress or bed-covering. The room was about twelve feet square, and the window of it looked over at the stables.

Baring laid the light on the table, and drew one of the chairs right into a corner of the room. The other chair lay at the head of his bedstead; and, as he sat down in his corner, his eye somehow fell upon the vacant seat, and kept itself fixed in a dreamy, gloomy kind of reverie.

"Heavens!" he cried, striking his forehead with his right palm. "Heavens!" he repeated, "what shall I do?"

He turned his eyes towards the white wall, and he was startled to see some one just near him! He rose suddenly, and the stranger made a corresponding motion. Only then, he saw he had been frightened by his own shadow! "Wretched man," he exclaimed, "what is the matter with me? Am I going to get mad?"

He flung himself again into the chair. The candle burned dimly, and everything around was as dreary as the light was miserable. He looked like a condemned culprit, and the room looked like a condemned cell, where the culprit was preparing for a hangman's rope on the morrow.

The impressions of such a moment color everything; and, what is strange enough, even the accidental often falls in with the impressions. Thus, when Baring's gloom was gloomiest, and his moroseness most morose, a rat stood before him on the floor. The creature was quite at home, and looked with fiery eyes into the eyes of Baring! The young man started with a cry! But the horrible thing did not stir! He made a kick at the monster; but looking down, the horrible thing was no longer there!

Baring then, according to his own account, began to brood! He brooded a long time. He knew not how long. He raised his eyes to the vacant chair at his bed's head. It was no longer vacant! Some one has stolen in and occupied it.

Baring started up once more; and was on the point of seizing the intruder, when he lost heart, and sat down quite subdued.

"I ask pardon," the stranger said, "but I come as your friend. I know your difficulties, and I am one of ex-

perience. I come to give you counsel?"

"Counsel!"

"Yes, counsel!" And Baring could not withdraw his eyes from the severe but genial looks of the "friend" who came to give him "counsel."

'And, sir'——

"Do not worry yourself, Mr. Baring, I have my tastes. I know your needs, and I come to speak about them. Indeed I am an old follower of many of your family!"

Baring became silent.

"You are wretchedly off in the case of that thousand pounds."

Baring started.

"It is a hard thing to be exposed and proved a liar! Very hard! and your enemy has no pity."

"Well, sir, who the——"

"Quiet for a moment. Are there not some ways of getting that thousand pounds?" and the stranger raised a pair of dark brows, revealing dreadfully dark and very small black eyes.

"Ways?"

"Yes, Mr. Baring. What a triumph that Kinvawn will have, and how the puppies who envied you will exult! It is a real pity."

"Well! Well!"

"I was going to add that forgery on Commerford for five hundred, will be discovered early next month; and your own note to Kane for a like sum will expose you so horribly!"

And the stranger stared horribly at Baring.

"Many a man would end it all by a bullet through his own brains, Mr. Baring."

Baring thought the same but made no reply.

"Now, it is a sad thing that old men like your uncle, heap up money uselessly and wickedly, while so many men need it. It has struck many a one, that such people's lives are useless to society — or, rather, great evils to it."

Baring sighed.

"Really a young man has great temptation to rid himself of such a foe to his life. It takes nothing from a wretched old creature like Mr. D'Alton — for he has not long to run — and it removes the great obstacles to a life of delight and triumph."

"There's a gallows!" cried Baring bitterly.

"Yes, yes," replied the stranger, with a sardonic smile. "Yes, a chance of a rope against a certainty of disgrace, ruin, and — worse than death!"

Baring started again in dismay. He had often entertained the same thoughts, and reasoned like this stranger. Often the unfortunate man half raised himself up to eject the intruder, but each time a force, he said himself, within him, mastered his movements.

"The thing seems so easy, too," the stranger went on. "Mr. D'Alton is so unpopular, that agrarian assaults would account for twenty times as much! And then you would have a free foot and a tranquil mind."

Baring again looked at his visitor. Baring felt choking "Who or what are *you?*" he struggled to say.

"I am the friend of people in your plight; but I see you want courage!"

"Courage!"

"I should say so; but I must remember that you are going to face the jeers and mockery of enemies, and the contempt of all your class! There is, certainly, courage in that!"

Baring groaned. The stranger had again stricken home, and the jeers and contempt, and the faces of assailants and accusers and foes, were all mixed up together, with a gallows and a hangman in the midst of them.

"You may not find this course a necessity," the stranger said after a cause, "*at least for six months*, may be never. Cunneen would cash an acceptance of Mr. D'Alton for one thousand five hundred pounds, and hand you one thousand."

"An acceptance of my uncle?" And Baring laughed that laugh of

woe and hate, which only mocked despair knows how to laugh.

"Well, Mr. Baring, you imitate Mr. D'Alton's writing well."

The unfortunate young man shook.

"Six months may bring about changes, and relief for you might be among them," the stranger continued. "You must go on, you know. To stand still is irreparable ruin and dishonor. Then, we all know, that even if D'Alton of the Crag should live six months to get notice from his banker, he will never blast the reputation of his heir, and the respectability of his family!"

"But, Cunneen——"

"Cunneen knows very well how he is, and he knows that if he refuses you now, he ruins himself as well as you. Again, I say, six months is a long time, and"—Baring felt the dark eyes burning into his soul—"and," the stranger added with a look of diabolical meaning, "you may not be driven to the 'agrarian outrage' at all."

Baring fell into a state which could not be called "thought." It was a state in which images moved rapidly and incoherently through the mind, leaving the spirit weak and broken—as sickness or long labor sometimes leave it. He raised his head. The candle had been burnt into the socket. The first rays of the morning were stealing in, and Baring looked towards where the stranger sat. There was no one in the chair nor in the room! Baring crossed himself the first time for many a month, and going to the door, he tried the lock. The lock was all right, the door perfectly secured, and the *key was inside!*

"I have been dreaming," Baring murmured; yet the dream was dreadfully distinct, and dreadfully coherent.

Mr. Baring might have added that it was wonderfully instructive, and very like what an "old follower of the family" of "certain kind," would have propounded.

The mind of Baring was in chaotic confusion. Yet the "six months' relief," and all that might arise in that time; perhaps the old man might die, or he might conquer the repugnance of his cousin—or—and then the "agrarian outrage" would present itself as the solution so horribly suggested, and terrible in the consequences to be apprehended! Ever and anon the words came back, the words of evil omen, "chance of death, or the certainty of something very much more horrible."

The comings and goings of Baring were very mysterious, as we have said, but much better known than he was aware. He aimed at money by intrigue; he aimed at money by dishonesty; and he aimed at money by *treachery*. One time he thought the last mode would have become a mine of gold and silver; but after pawning his honor, and breaking his most sacred compact, he was informed that until the *results* of his "loyalty" were *obtained*, he could not expect the rich rewards of his "fidelity to *order*."

Baring undertook one piece of public service which would have cost him dear, had he not encountered a man of resolution and feeling.

There was a Mr. Fullerton at the time of which we write, who added to a pure enthusiasm, a singular caution, and who fanned the flame of political ardor into a perfect blaze, but who seemed to have an instinct of discovering men of the Baring stamp, and evading them. Baring was, of course, furious at meetings, and rich in projects, many of which were of a character to compromise hundreds; and he was lavish of the money he had not got, just as he was of the patriotism to which he pretended. Mr. Fullerton made many speeches, and headed many marches and processions, and somehow drilled men without coming into collision with the Act of Parliament. He brought the movements of the extreme party to the very line, where at any moment the sword might be drawn, but he did

not commit any indiscretion in the process. He was just the most dangerous man that could be imagined, because the ideas of force were always kept before the minds of his followers, and the idea of resistance, while the law could never proclaim either his deeds or language to be illegal. One day, however, this gentleman might be said to put arms into the hands of the population. Great excitement followed the publication of a certain missive or proclamation, from the chief of the movement. The people gathered in hundreds around the placard. They read it with avidity. It was plain and decisive, though not intemperate, and the populace cheered!

The police were soon on the ground, in the locality we speak of, and they deemed their duty a plain one. Opening his way to the circle which surrounded the placard, the officer tore the paper down, and walked away.

Now it happened that the local leader, Mr. Fullerton, was not present at the moment, but he soon came to hear of what, to his thinking was an outrage. The hour was a supreme one. If the authorities thus cowed the masses, all Mr. Fullerton's work would be undone, and the labor of weeks and months lost to him. That should not be, Mr. Fullerton thought, and accordingly the patriotic gentleman procured a new proclamation, or he had got a second copy. He hesitated not one moment. He hung it from the window of his drawing-room, in a position where every one could read it, and then he deliberately walked down stairs and stood beside the sheet of supposed treason.

As we have said, the turning-point had come, and the question was whether fear or conscious power governed the authorities.

However this may be, the town was soon gathered above and below, and opposite the placard, and the town was so concerned in the same, that at each side of the street, the people sat down to make a day of it.

At length "the guardians of the peace" came, and signified to Mr. Fullerton what they conceived to be their duty.

Mr. Fullerton bowed very politely, as he well could, and was silent.

The officer advanced towards the placard, in the attitude of going to seize. There was a dreadful stillness. Then hundreds of men rose to their feet. A number of men appeared at the end of the street with scythes, pitchforks, and a few with old pikes.

All was silent, when Fullerton advanced to the side of the Inspector.

"Sir," he said, "I have hung that placard in its place. I believe it legal, though patriotic. I am here to defend that manifesto of Ireland's old blood and best men, and I know the consequences perfectly. I have weighed them deliberately. I declare to you solemnly that the man who touches that placard dies."

"Why, Mr. Fullerton! What do you mean? You!"

"I mean, sir, that that placard shall hang from my drawing-room window. I mean that I will defend that placard. I mean, that even though myself and five hundred more die — after I have killed the man who stretches forth his hand to seize that placard — *that man shall die.*"

The populace overheard the defiance, and there arose a cheer — well such a cheer as showed that 1848, in some places, was in earnest.

The "authorities" exercised a wise discretion. The placard remained in untouched sacredness, until Mr. Fullerton removed it, when it became too dusky in the evening to read it.

Mr. Fullerton, then, was in earnest. Heart, hand, liberty and life, Mr. Fullerton meant revolution, and we must admit that for any government he was, locally, a dangerous man. The Habeas Corpus Act had not yet been suspended, or things might have come easier to the guardians of "order." Mr. Fullerton might, in such case, have been seized, though he were loyal as a pensioner on the

Crown. How was he to be stopped, and handcuffed, *according to law?*

Mr. Baring is "the man in the gap;" but Mr. Baring had more than one reason for at least making a visit to Mr. Fullerton.

Whether the visitor whom Mr. Baring had been communing with mentioned Mr. Fullerton's name, we have no way of discovering; but, certain it is, that a few days after, Mr. Baring appeared at Mr. Fullerton's pleasant residence, and had himself formally announced.

"Mr. Baring of the Crag," said the servant.

"The d—take him!" interiorly and uncharitably answered Mr. Fullerton.

"Oh, one of the *patriots!*" Mr. Fullerton said loudly to his son. "Send him up," added he.

And, behold, Mr. Baring enters the drawing-room—a quaint old apartment with a monkish light falling upon ancient furniture, that is rich in spite of itself, and tells of happiness where there is no display.

"Welcome, sir; welcome, Mr. Baring," cried the proprietor of Castle Fullerton.

"Thank you. I quite expected from your patriotism the reception of an old friend. You know me, Mr. Fullerton?"

"Well, I should say I do. You are called 'the Captain,' I think?"

"Quite right, Mr. Fullerton. I am for good or evil, that man. I have come to you on most important business, and my time in this part of the country must be short."

"Ah!" said Mr. Fullerton.

Mr. Baring here whispered very low into Mr. Fullerton's ear. It was that "one of ours" was outside the door, a brave fellow, whom he would not think of introducing without Mr. Fullerton's leave.

Mr. Fullerton at once rang for the servant, and directed that Mr. Charles Baring's friend should be sent up stairs.

So he was; and the enthusiastic Mr. Fullerton bade him "welcome!" Nevertheless, Mr. Fullerton remarked that, coming up the room the friend of Mr. Baring had a very *measured* tread, and that he had unnecessarily shortened his fine dark hair, and viewed Mr. Fullerton and the drawing-room, as if he had been looking for something "lost or mislaid."

Mr. Baring in due time opened his mission or missions. This was "his friend, Mardyke," he said, "and the 'chief" and the whole organization had unlimited faith in him."

"No doubt," said Mr. Fullerton.

"Then, my friend!" said Baring, "we want to arm the country immediately."

Mr. Fullerton listened.

"You know, brother," Baring continued, "that I am heir to four thousand a year, and that the 'governor' is over seventy."

"I have heard something like that."

"Well, brother, were I to lose the whole estate—were I obliged to sell every sod—our brothers must be armed."

Mr. Fullerton still listened.

"I am going to make you a proposal. It is morally impossible that my governor can live more than six months. I will call upon you for £500 at six months, and take up the bill when it becomes due. We will buy arms for every penny of it."

"Well, Mr. Baring, what is the object of buying the arms?"

"The object? Why, the object for which you are known to have defied death a few days ago, and the object for which a nation's heart is beating—National Independence, sir!" warmly concluded Baring.

"Hear, hear!" cried Baring's friend.

"I have never 'done' a bill in my life," answered Mr. Fullerton. "And I certainly—even if I had done bills—would not do one to purchase arms. Ha! ha! pardon me—"

"I fear you do not trust me, Mr. Fullerton!"

Mr. Fullerton glanced around the ceiling in a thoughtful way, and his eyes finally resting on Mr. Baring. "Five hundred pounds!" he said interrogatively — "Five hundred pounds to arm a nation. Let us have common sense!"

"Why, sir, I shall sacrifice all I have. I shall stake a thousand — two — three!" enthusiastically cried Mr. Baring.

"Change that subject, my good friend," Fullerton replied. We cannot approach one another on it; change it."

There was an amount of fixedness in Mr. Fullerton's manner and resolution, that evidently wrought on the visitors' minds. Yet they were convinced that the whole thing was only oddity, as they knew he was in earnest and had the means, and they determined to see him again, when he had considered it. The conversation changed.

"Of course you have plenty of arms, yourself?"

"Plenty! Oh, yes."

"A hundred?"

"Well, I can't say a hundred."

"But plenty?"

"Quite enough."

Mr. Baring exchanged a glance with his companion — only the flit of a beam. But Mr. Fullerton saw it, and he smiled in his heart grimly.

"Our 'chief' has profound confidence in you, Mr. Fullerton."

"Well, no one trusts him more, or loves him better than I do."

"I am going to see him this night."

"You are?"

"I and my friend here. Have you a note, or letter, or message? I shall be glad to deliver it."

Mr. Fullerton thought for a moment.

"How soon do you depart?"

"In one hour."

"Well, in that time I will be able to send a letter of some importance. Will you do me the favor of calling, or shall I send to your hotel?"

"Oh, I shall call, certainly."

Mr. Fullerton sat down to think; and the most prominent thought that possessed him was that Mr. Baring was to be utilized. He had not been long in this mood when, who came the way, but James, the Pilgrim.

"James! is that you?" cried Mr. Fullerton.

"Yes, sir. Everywhere like the bad weather. A poor summer, sir."

"James, you know Mr. Baring?"

"Yes, sir."

"He is a leading man — 'the captain.'"

"So I have heard, sir."

"Does he know where the chief is?"

"He! No."

"And you do?"

"I do."

"Mr. Baring is moving Heaven and earth to find the chief's whereabouts."

"He came here to get information," said James.

"Precisely," answered Mr. Fullerton.

"And you are going to write to the chief, aren't you?"

"I am."

"Well," James said, with the most comical face a man wearing belt and rosary ever yet put on, "here is the chief's address," and he looked full of fun at Mr. Fullerton.

Mr. Fullerton accepted the information with thanks, and more than that, he made James wait for dinner.

Mr. Baring came in due time for the letter, and duly received the same. He did more, indeed. In a fit of patriotic liberality, he produced a magnificent case of pistols, snugly flannelled in a mahogany box.

"I am so much indebted to you, Mr. Fullerton, that I beg your acceptance of this case of pistols. They will remind you of this day, when liberty shall have dawned upon our land."

To be Continued.

Little Fishes. — The Menhaden.

This little fish is used to such a limited extent that its commercial importance is not appreciated by people who do not live upon the Atlantic Coast; yet the catch is nearly half a million of pounds annually, far exceeding in weight that of any other species, and surpassed in money value only by that of the cod, the mackerel, and the salmon. No other fish is put to such manifold uses. It yields more oil than all the whales caught by American fishermen. The refuse of the menhaden oil factories supplies a valuable manure, and enters largely into the composition of most artificial fertilizers. The amount of ammonia derived from this source in 1875 was estimated to be equvialent to that contained in 60,000,000 pounds of guano from Peru, the value of which would be nearly two millions of dollars. It is the chief bait used by the mackerel fleets of the United States and Canada. A "fish meal" is made from it, which is an excellent food for domestic animals. A substance possessing all the qualities of Liebig's extract of beef is obtained from it. The farmers along the coast salt it down for winter food; and finally the young fish are put up in cotton-seed oil and are sold as "American Sardines."

The menhaden, called by naturalists Brevoortia tyrannus, has many local names. In Maine and Massachusetts it is generally called the "pogy," though on Cape Ann this term is partially replaced by "hard head." The name menhaden is exclusively applied in Vineyard Sound, Buzzard's Bay and Narragansett Bay. Along the Connecticut coast east of the Connecticut River "bony-fish" predominates, but in the western part of the State the species is known as the "white-fish." In New York water the term "moss-bunker" has the sanction of two centuries of usage, and is a corruption of the Dutch word marsbancke. In Delaware and Chesapeake Bays and on the Potomac the fish appears under the aliases of "alewife" and "green-tail;" in Virginia it is called the "bug-fish," in North Carolina the "fat-back," and further south the "yellow-tail." Its average length is from twelve to fifteen inches. The adult menhaden is a beautiful fish. Its color is pearly opalescent, like that of the cyprinoid fishes, from which is prepared the liquid pearl used by artists and in the manufacture of paste jewellery. Each scale has the beauty of a fine pearl, and the reflections from the mailed sides of a fish just taken from the water are superb. The schooling grounds of the fish extend along our Atlantic Coast from Penobscot Bay clear down to Indian River in Florida. Below Cape Hatteras they remain all winter, but above that point they disappear in the Fall to return in the spring. In the Sandy Hook region they arrive in April and leave in November. The principal fishing grounds are on the Maine coast, from Portland to the Penobscot; at Cape Ann, Cape Cod, and Buzzard's Bay, in Massachusetts; in Narragansett Bay, Long Island Sound and the North Jersey coast; at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, and in the North Carolina Sounds. Numerous factories for the manufacture of menhaden oil and fertilizers are located near all the fishing grounds, those in Maine, Rhode Island and Long Island being, perhaps, the most important. During the stay of the schools along the coast the fish feed upon the sediment which gathers upon the bottom of still, protracted bays, and is largely composed of animal matter. What they eat when out in the deep sea is not known.

The menhaden seems to be made rather to be eaten than to eat. Man,

with his instruments for wholesale destruction, takes six or seven hundred millions of this fish annually, but he is only one among its many enemies. Whales follow the schools and consume great numbers. The great bone whale swims below a school, and suddenly coming up to the surface in the thickest of it swallows hogsheads of menhaden at a gulp. A shark will stow away as many as a hundred in his capacious stomach. The horned dogfish, the tunny, the silver hake, the striped bass, the weakfish, the garfish, the swordfish, and the cod, make havoc among them. Their most redoubtable enemy, however, is the bluefish, or snapping mackerel. These corsairs of the sea, not content with what they eat, which is of itself of enormous quantity, rush ravenously through the closely crowded schools, cutting and tearing the living fish as they go, and leaving in their wake the mangled fragments. Traces of the carnage remain for weeks in the great "slicks" of oil so commonly seen on smooth water during the summer season. The terrified fish fly in every direction, and are often driven ashore in such numbers that the farmers gather them up with pitchforks and shovels, and carry off cart-loads to manure their land. Professor Baird estimates that ten thousand millions of menhaden are daily consumed by bluefish on the coast of New England only, during a period of four months in the summer and fall. An estimate of the whole number destroyed annually in the waters of the United States places the amount at the enormous figure of three thousand millions of millions. "It is not hard," says the report, "to surmise the menhaden's place in nature: swarming in our waters in countless myriads; swimming in closely-packed, unwieldy masses, helpless as flocks of sheep, close to the surface, and at the mercy of any enemy; destitute of any means of defence or offence, their mission is unmistakably to be eaten. In the economy of nature certain orders of terrestrial animals, feeding entirely upon vegetable substances, seem intended for one purpose — to elaborate simpler materials into the nitrogenous substances necessary for the food of other animals. So the menhaden, deriving its own subsistence from otherwise unutilized organic matter, is pre-eminently a meat-producing machine. Man takes from the water annually six or seven hundred million of these fish, weighing from two hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand tons, but his indebtedness to the menhaden does not end here. When he brings upon his table bluefish, bonitos, weakfish, swordfish, bass, codfish, what is he eating? Usually nothing but menhaden."

The Eviction at Ballyhack.

It was once my fate to be associated with the *Ballyhack Eagle*. Ballyhack, it is almost needless to say, is situated in Ireland; and the *Eagle* was, and, for aught I know to the contrary, is, its sole chronicle of the times. Ireland is perhaps vague. It might be the comparatively peaceful East, the wildly fanatic North, the fiery South, or the poverty-stricken West. It is however, in the latter division that Ballyhack is situated. Its public buildings are limited to a market place, townhall, and a commodious constabulary barracks. It also enjoys the proud privilege of supplying the Lower House with one member. Its population might be roughly estimated at eight thousand.

For years no more peaceful or duller town existed on the face of the globe; and the *Eagle* was a worthy representative of the inhabitants — mildly Liberal in matters of general politics, strictly Conservative on local and social questions. The member who represented the borough in Parliament was a local landowner, and although an absentee, he was neither popular nor unpopular. The seat had been in the possession of his family for generations, and no one thought of disturbing the even tenor of his ways.

Shortly before my connection with Ballyhack the proprietor of the *Eagle* died, and the paper fell into the hands of an enterprising journalist from a neighboring town. The new proprietor, unlike his predecessor, was a man of energetic habits and advanced patriotic principles. He determined on a revolution in the internal economy of the *Eagle*, and so it come to pass that I was engaged as sub-editor.

Upon my assuming office, I discovered that another member of the new staff had arrived a few days previously, and was already in possession of his quarters —Mr. Timothy Ryan, the reader, and occasional contributor.

My introduction to Ryan was rather a peculiar and novel kind of ceremony. On the night of my arrival, I was directed to his office, situated at the top of the dingy dwelling, No. 27 Main-street, Ballyhack, where, twice a week, the *Eagle* was brought into the world. After scrambling up a narrow dark staircase, redolent with the odors of printer's ink and chloride of lime, I reached a door through which I saw a light, and through which I heard a man wrangling with some submissive opponent — probably, I thought, Mr. Ryan abusing the boy who holds the copy. I knocked gently at the door, but received no answer; so I turned the handle, and entered.

It was a large room, much larger than I had expected, with a desk at the far end, over which an unprotected gas jet flared. Battered cases, disabled forms, and broken-down chairs were scattered here and there. Filth and untidiness were in the ascendency in every direction. In the far end of the room was a desk, at which sat a nervous-looking, low-sized man with sharp features, bushy eyebrows, and unkempt hair of a very pronounced shade of red. This gentleman paid no attention to my intrusion. He was too much excited to notice my entrance. Moreover, the neighborhood of the doorway was in almost complete darkness. I thought it advisable to wait a while, in order to give the little man's excitement time to cool. He was evidently in the middle of a stormy parliamentary report.

"That's what I like, my boy! None of your inflated Gladstone rubbish. 'The land is the people's.' Of course it is. Before Oliver Cromwell drove our forefathers into the bogs and mountain fastnesses; before he pillaged their towns and decimated the defenders of your country, who owned the land then, I should like to know? Who owned it then, you young scamp?'

"I don't know, sir?"

"You 'don't know, sir!' of course 'you don't know, sir.' How dare you interrupt me, you insolent brat?' Here he flung a portion of the copy at the offending youth. 'But you are not to blame for your ignorance; you have never been taught the glorious privileges which freedom—ay, freedom — confers on the down-trodden patriot. Would you like to be free — free as the circumambient air — to have the yoke of tyranny torn from your neck — to feel the Saxon fetters crumble into dust at the trumpet note of freedom? Would you like to carry a bloodstained banner through the ranks of the oppressor? Would you like to fight until the last drop of your blood was spilt for the glory of your country and the

emancipation of your race? Would you?"

"I don't know, sir?"

"Good Heavens! You don't know, you creeping, crawling, miserable reptile! You—"

And taking up a ruler, the speaker flung it at the culprit. Fortunately both the boy and I saw the arm raised, and ducked before the weapon flew. It struck the door behind me.

The orator appeared to be an altered man after this outburst. He jumped off his seat, and was now endeavoring to soothe the terrified boy, who howled bitterly.

"There, now, don't be alarmed. It's only my way. You musn't mind me at times."

I stepped forward and said,

"Mr. Ryan, I presume?"

"Yes,sir,"he replied, "at your service. O, our new sub, I suppose. You find us rather in confusion here! You see I have just been lecturing this youngster, and I fear I have been carried away a little by the warmth of my temperament; but it is all for the boy's good. He will thank me heartily for it some day for the trouble I take with him."

"No doubt, Mr. Ryan; but I think you might draw the line at rulers."

"Rulers? Oh, yes. I flung one from my hand just now in the heat of the moment. 'Tis a way I have. Were you in the room at the time?"

"Yes, and had rather a narrow escape."

"Dear me! I'm so sorry. I mustn't allow myself to be carried away in such a manner again. There, now, that's a good boy; take this, and buy yourself gingerbread. Be off at once. This gentleman and I want to have a chat. Hurry back, you young scamp. I shall want you in half an hour. I am my worst enemy. My temper is always leading me into mischief. I must keep a strict watch over it."

And so he did, for no complaints were heard of Mr. Ryan in the office afterwards. He seemed always, notwithstanding a small display of eccentricity, exceedingly affable and good-humored.

Nothing worthy of note occurred at the *Eagle* office for a long period until the famous eviction at Ballyhack, which had the wonderful effect of doubling the circulation of the paper in a week.

Dan McCarthy, a tenant on the estate of "Misther Purcell the Mimber," was ejected summarily for nonpayment of rent. The luckless farmer, was, with his wife and four young children, compelled to find a resting place under the hospitable roof of the workhouse. The proprietor of the *Eagle* felt deeply incensed, and desired me to write a leading article of such a character that I was forced to decline. I expostulated with him on the danger of such a manifesto, assuring him that no good could possibly result from it, and in all probability it would unduly excite the anger of the people without producing any benefit to the McCarthys.

Argument was useless. He would have the leader written as he wished.

"Well," I said "better let Ryan do it. He is just the man for such an article. I should only make a mess of it."

So Ryan was desired to write, and he did produce a sensational column and a half.

After painting the most harrowing pictures of the eviction and its consequences, he called upon the people to insist upon the reinstalment of the McCarthys. If the landlord refused, steps should be taken to reinstate the evicted tenant by force. "If you allow yourselves," he continued, "to be trampled on by a cowardly absentee tyrant, whose only desire is that you and your families may work day and night like slaves at the galley in order that his insatiable maw may be crammed; who cares not if you die like dogs on the highway so long as his purse is replenished and his pampered stomach glutted; who dreads to

enter your wretched cabins (when he *does* condescend to visit his native country at election times) lest your your touch may defile him; then, we say, Men of Ballyhack, you do not deserve the name of Men. You are soulless, spiritless machines. Men of Ballyhack! shall the glorious memories of your ancient town be powerless to stir you into action? — you, whose ancestors fought and suffered ere Cromwell consigned them to Hell or Connaught. We implore you, do not let this opportunity go by, this opportunity of showing your hatred of cowardly oppression and infernal tyranny. The remedy lies in your own hands. Rise, then, in your hundreds. Reinstate the persecuted McCarthys — by fair means, if you can — but reinstate them. Give them back their home; save them from the misery and degradation of the workhouse. We have been too long accustomed to lay our necks under the foot of our enemy. Let us prove to our countrymen that at least Ballyhack—ancient honored Ballyhack — has still within its walls a few gallant souls who yearn for freedom, and who would shed their heart's blood to rescue their country from terrorism and degradation."

"Very good indeed, Ryan," I said; "although you must confess your rhetoric is a *little* wild. But do you think this sort of rubbish will go down with the subscribers to the *Eagle*?"

"D — the subscribers!" he cried excitedly. "Are you, too, a time-server? Have you no warm Irish blood in your veins? Have you no memory for the days when Cromwell and his troopers plundered your native land, and waded knee-deep in the —"

"Please do throw Cromwell overboard. You appear to have a dose of Cromwell on the brain."

"Have I?" he sneered. "Perhaps I have something better on the brain. Do you know, my scoffer, that at this moment forty thousand men — good and true men — are under arms in Ireland? Do you know that it requires but a spark to set on fire a flame which can be quenched only in torrents of blood? Do you know what this means, and this?" producing from either pocket of his coat two six-shooters.

"For Heaven's sake put those toys away! You know the old saying about children and fools. I'm rather inclined to set you down in the latter category."

"That for your opinion!" he cried, laying down one of the revolvers, and snapping his fingers in my face.

"Look here, Ryan," I said, "you're an honest sort of a fellow, I think, and I have taken rather a fancy to you."

"Blow your condescension, mister!" he interrupted. "I took you for an Irishman, but I find you are a cowardly —"

"There that will do. Let us have no more of this; only remember, I warn you to be more guarded. If the police —"

"Yes, *police*, of course. You'll turn informer now, no doubt; but I care as little for the police as I do for you. I'd think as little of blowing some of their brains out as I would of killing this fly!" And he made a wild dash at a harmless insect who was wandering aimlessly over a blotting-pad.

Thinking the little man was either crazy or drunk, I turned to leave the room, when he caught me by the sleeve, and in a humble voice whispered,—

"I fear I have been carried away again by my feelings. I *am* so excitable. Promise me you won't split."

"Nonsense!" I cried indignantly.

"Do you take me for an informer, as you were pleased to call me a moment since?"

"No, dash it all! I know you're a man. But I could tell you some queer tales, if you would only give me your word that you wouldn't blab. Midnight drills, smuggled arms. I'm

captain of a company," drawing himself up proudly to his full height (five feet two inches).

"Really, Ryan, I have no curiosity on the subject. I don't believe in what you would term 'the physical force movement;' and I do despise men who should have a little common sense when they drag half-educated, or wholly uneducated, people into a combination which can end only in disaster."

"I see, you are not to be tempted; but give me your word that my secret is safe in your hands."

"I promise you; but, for Heaven's sake, I implore you not to be a fool!"

Matters now went from bad to worse. The *Eagle* followed up its first attack on the rights of property by more furious denunciations of "the landlord system." The member for Ballyhack was petitioned; but he turned a deaf ear to the proposition that he should order the McCarthys to be allowed back to their farm, and to be given ample time for the payment of the rent. The *Eagle* asked the people to arrange for public meeting, where the matter could be openly discussed, and promised to lend all the aid in its power to "the cause."

I began to feel myself in an awkward position, and saw nothing for it but to throw up the sponge. Accordingly I waited on my chief one morning, and declared I felt bound to tender my resignation. He expressed regret at my determination, and asked me not to leave him until he could find some suitable person to fill my place. In the meantime I washed my hands completely of political leaders and stuck to local and less dangerous topics.

It was easy to see that the new departure found favor with the majority of the people of Ballyhack. At every street-corner, in every public-house, groups of men were to be met discussing the McCarthy eviction, glorifying the *Eagle*, and wrangling about the course to be pursued at the meeting, which it was arranged should be held on the fourth Sunday after the eviction. Ballyhack had long been slumbering; and its awakening was a more violent operation than even the sanguine Tim Ryan had expected.

A few days before the meeting I was informed that a gentleman wished to see me. I entered the editorial office, and discovered there a stout, florid, vulgar-looking person, whom I recognized as Alfred Jenkins, Esq., Justice of the Peace. He had been originally a shopkeeper in Ballyhack—a hardware dealer, I believe—but he had succeeded somehow in climbing the social ladder. He was cordially hated by the lower classes, from whom he had sprung, and who somewhat incongruously dubbed him "a black Orange upstart." Mr. Jenkins had wisely given a wide berth to politics in his earlier days; but since his accession to wealth and honors he evinced the most profound contempt for "the low Irish," and declared himself a a bitter enemy of anything bearing a "national" flavor.

When I entered the editor's room I was greeted with—

"Sir, I presume you are the effeecient sub-edithor of this rascally journal. I've been informed that your edithor, or propriethor, or whatever you plaise to call him, isn't visible; and I wish to see somebody in connection with the *Aigle*. I have two matthers of importance I wish to spake about."

"Yes, I am the effeecient sub-edithor of this rascally journal," I replied.

"Come, sir, don't mimic me, or I'll soon tache you manners. Do you know who you're addressin'?"

'Perfectly well. I have the honor, I believe, of speaking to Alfred Jenkins, Esq., J. P.?' Won't you take a chair, Mr. J.?'

"No, sir. I prefer to stand. I have called, in the first place, to stop your infernal paper. If I owe you anything, let me be furnished wid the account at wance. I have also come to warn you — mind ye! I don't come

in my effeecial capacity as a magisthrate, but simply as hater of the disturbers of law an' ordher. I say, I have come to warn you that, if this meetin,' this atrocious meetin,' be held, it may end in bloodshed — bloodshed, sir!"

"Really," I drawled.

"How dar' you, you insolent puppy, attempt to make fun of me? I'd —"

"Look here, Jenkins, J. P.," I interrupted, "I think the sooner you clear out the better. I should be ashamed to strike a creature like you; but, damme, if I don't kick you down the stairs!"

"Merciful Heavens!" he yelled. "Threaten a magisthrate! You'll get six months for this — six months wid hard labor, or I'll resign me commission! Kick a magisthrate down the stairs! What *is* this unfortunate counthry comin to, at all, at all?"

"Now let us drop this wrangling and talk sense. You say you have two motives in coming here. Firstly, to stop the paper; secondly, what? Come, be quick, if you please."

"Sir," he replied, evidently rather in dread I should put my threat of ejection into execution, "me principal object in comin' here is to tell you that, if there is the slightest disturbance at this meetin' on Sunday, or if any inflammathory language is used, the offenders will be promptly and sevarely punished. I've been talkin' to Colonel Fuller this mornin', an' he informs me that reinforcements of constabulary will arrive here this evening. The authorities have, of coorse, heard of this rascally business, an' are determined to put a stop to unlawful proceedins of any sort. I thought I should just give you a warnin'. You can make what use you please of the information about the extra police. It may put a check on our *naational* politeecians. Tyrannical evictions, indeed! I'd like to know why our respected mimber, or anybody else, can't do as he thinks fit on his own property! Good-morning misther sub-editor!"

The *Aigle* did avail itself of the worthy magistrate's information, but in a manner which did more to excite the feelings of the populace than even the prime motive of the public protest. The police have never been very popular with the majority in Ireland, partly owing to the fact that in all cases they deem it advisable to take sides against the people, and to demonstrate that they are the masters of the country and the people the slaves. The fact too that members of the force have often, in times of disturbance, or during religious riots, shot or wounded their fellow-countrymen, does not tend to add to the popularity of the "Royal Irish."

The *Eagle* denounced the extra police movement in violent terms. It declared that the hands, both of the member of Ballyhack and of the local magistrates — particularly those of "Mr. Jenkins, the Orange fire-eater" — could plainly be distinguished in this new move for stifling the free utterances of an unfortunate people. There was no good in expecting anything but oppression and tyranny from the Government, which was only too ready at any time to be guided by the advice of bigoted idiots — idiots who *would* insist there was no remedy for the wrongs of Ireland, save fire and steel.

The impetuous Ryan was accountable for most of the tall-talk in the columns of the *Eagle*. He had *carte blanche* from the proprietor to use his own discretion in connection with the popular movement. Ryan, of course, became the Lion of Ballyhack. "Tim Ryan," "honest Tim Ryan," was in everybody's mouth; and the multitude of fire water dolled out to the gallant patriot would be sufficient to make even "the noble red man" shudder. Ryan was as much at home with the people as if he had been amongst them all his lifetime. Every man was "Mike," or "Pat," or "Ted" or "Larry" with him, and he was "Tim," honest Tim," with every man.

At last came the eventful Sunday. The meeting was to be held on a piece of common at the out-skirts of the town, and a huge platform was erected for the speech-making and the influential portion of the inhabitants. One o'clock was the hour named on the emerald-green posters which appeared on every dead wall in Ballyhack. Long before the time appointed over two thousand people of both sexes were on the spot, all in a wild state of excitement. Green banners and green boughs almost darkened the skies. The constabulary too were alive. An unusual number paraded the streets in the early part of the day, endeavoring to maintain order, and ere the meeting was formally opened the common was furnished with a mounted patrol. Groans from the crowd greeted this new element, but no violence or rioting took place. All was as orderly as possible, taking everything into consideration. I attended merely in the capacity of a looker-on. I had stoutly refused to make an appearance on the platform, notwithstanding Ryan's threats and taunts, and finally his humble entreaties. He called me traitor, coward, poltroon, informer; but I was proof against his vituperation and his solicitations. In fact I had begun to entertain a sort of pity for the reckless man, and, feeling that trouble was not far off from him, I was little inclined for quarreling. The assemblage "resolved" Mr. Timothy Ryan into the chair, and amid loud and prolonged cheering he took his seat.

After some preliminary canters on the part of untrained orators, the chairman rose, and shouted,

"Men and women of Ballyhack! it is my proud though painful duty to address you now on a subject which is of paramount importance to every one of you, and to the whole country at large. (Cheers.) There is no need for me to dwell on the harrowing details of the conduct pursued with regard to Dan McCarthy and his little family. My friends here have already threshed the subject so well, that I feel there is but small necessity for me to handle the flail. (No, no!) Capricious and unwarrantable evictions are now too common, my friends, through the length and breadth of the land, to expect you to pay any particular attention to the present instance of cowardly and brutal persecution (groans) — persecution which Cromwell in his palmiest days seldom equalled, never excelled." ("Oh, bother!" I murmured inwardly. "Is he going to dose us with the Protector again?") "We have petitioned Purcell on behalf of the McCarthys, but you all know how soft-hearted and affable are the owners of the soil. (Laughter.) Purcell, your representative in Parliament, contemptuously refuses to listen to any appeal which has for its object either humanity or common justice. (Groans.) Nobody expected he would act otherwise, but it was as well perhaps to give him the chance. He has since let the farm to a nominee of Jenkins' — that black-hearted Orange fanatic. Now, men of Ballyhack — I don't address myself to the ladies this time," he playfully added — "what I would ask you to do is to evict Mr. Jenkins' nominee yourselves. Turn him out, "neck and crop;" and do the same with any other tenant whom your friend Purcell thinks fit to let the farm to. Take your own time over it, boys. Don't go about it to-day or to-morrow, but bide your time. They can't afford to keep a patrol always about poor Dan 'Carty's former home; and when it is generally known that the occupier becomes a doomed man, I'll warrant you Purcell will find it hard to get a tenant." (Tremendous cheering.) For half an hour Ryan continued in this strain, waxing warmer and more reckless with every sentence.

His suggestion evidently created a deep sensation amongst the crowd, and an observer could plainly see

that with the bulk of the people it met entire and hearty approval. Several other inflammatory speeches were delivered, and about four o'clock the meeting broke up in uproarous disorder.

I was carried along, willy-nilly, by the crowd, which poured into Ballyhack in a confused and reckless manner. Some of the more enthusiastic insisted on placing Ryan upon their shoulders, and carrying him in triumph through the town. The police, mounted and on foot, accompanied us, Colonel Fuller, the resident magistrate, at their head. Near the common was situated George's square; Jenkins resided in the square; and as the crowd approached his house omnious murmurings could be heard. A general halt occurred outside, for what purpose no one knew, except it was to set up a hearty groan. Unfortunately one woman, more excited than the rest of her companions, picked up a stone — the road had been newly macadamised — and flung it at Jenkins's drawing-room window. A large square of plate-glass came tumbling down, and was smashed into powder on the flagway. This was the signal for a general outbreak.

With a deafening roar from the mob, the stones began to fly fast at Purcell's windows. The shutters were hastily closed from inside, amid groans and cheers from the now infuriated people. The police attempted to interfere, and a few of the ringleaders were swiftly arrested.

Then the stones were directed at the police. Colonel Fuller called his men together, ordered the mounted police to prepare for a charge, and commenced to read the Riot Act.

The charge was made, but owing to the smallness of the space it was no easy matter to manœuvre with the horses. Some of the crowd were trodden down, but in the end the constabulary were forced back by the incessant shower of stones. The women gathered the stones from the roadway, filled their aprons with them, and so kept up a constant supply of amunition for the men. Several of the police were now badly wounded, and matters began to look very black indeed.

Ryan was still perched on the shoulders of his followers, and encouraged them with,

"Give it to em, boys! Give it to the rascally peelers! Bravo, my men!"

Suddenly a sturdy black cob, ridden by a gray-headed old gentleman, dashed into George's square.

"Here's Father John," muttered some of the crowd. "We're in for it now!"

"Give up this at once, you scoundrels!" shouted Father John Murphy, the parish priest of Ballyhack. "Go home this minute, every man and woman of you! You know I forbade you all to attend this meeting to-day. You have disobeyed me. Disobey now, and I warn you the vengeance of heaven will fall upon you! Do you see, the police are preparing to fire upon you! — For the love of God, Colonel, don't fire on the people! Give them one more chance, and I promise you they will disperse!"

For a few moments the stone-throwing ceased, and I felt that Father Murphy had succeeded in saving his flock; but Ryan would not have it so.

"Why should you disperse, boys!" he roared. "Why should you be led by the nose? We have been too long tyrannized over by the clergy. Are we forever to be martyrs to priestcraft and landlordism? Put the d— peelers to flight. You are fifty to one against them, and are you going to be cowed by a handful of rifles! Give it to 'em again, boys — no quarter!"

A portion of the crowd had dispersed by this time, but the majority appeared inclined to listen to Ryan, and to ignore Father Murphy's command. With another hoarse shout, the stone-throwing began afresh, notwithstanding repeated appeals from the priest.

At last the words, "Ready! Present!" and the click of the rifles was plainly heard.

"Great God!" shouted Ryan, "they are going to fire! Let me down, men. Quick, for God's sake! By—"

Before he could utter another syllable, the command had been given. The police mercifully fired over the heads of the crowd; but by the same discharge fell two men.

One had been peering cautiously through a chink in his shutters: a bullet entered his heart.

One was held aloft by enthusiastic friends: a bullet entered his head.

The disturber and the Justice of the Peace at Ballyhack — Ryan and Jenkins — were no more.

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*Cromwell's and William's Nobility.**

THE Fairs, the Blacks, the Blonds, the Brights,
The Greens, the Browns, the Greys, the Whites.
The Parrots, Eagles, Cocks, and Hens,
The Snipes, Swallows, Pies, Robbins, Wrens,
The Pigeons, Sparrows, Hawks, and Rails,
Cranes, Finches, Nightingales, and Quails,
Our Peacocks, Woodcocks, Daws, and Creaks,
Kites, Moorcocks, Murrs, Gulls and Drakes.
The Hook and Line, Boat, Weir, and Bait,
To catch the fish you like to eat;
As Pike, and Roach, Cod, Salmon, Trout,
Carp, Sturgeon, Herring, Eel, and Sprat,
Plaice, Crab, and Sole, Tench, Bream, and Bret.
Our Bulls and Bears and Wolves and Hares,
Strong Steeds and Hunters, Colts and Mares,
Pig, Bacon, Bullock, Wether, Roe,
Buck, Badger, Levret, Lamb, and Doe.
Vane Speakers, Crokers, Prettie Singers,
Harpers, Skippers, Dancers, Springers,
The Hills and Dales, Springs, Meads and Bowers,
Churches, Steeples, Pews, and Towers,
Bishops, Deacons, Deans and Parsons,
Vicars, Proctors, Sextons, Masons.
The Coffin, Bier, the hollow Cave,
The apparatus of the grave.
The Moon, the Stars, Frost, Winter, Snow,
The Owl, the Ravén, and the Crow.
Blake, Mount, Ashe, Rush, Heath and Fern,
The torrent Flood, the Stony Burn,
The Gay, the Lively, Prim and Bold,
The Big, the Little, Young and Old,
Small and Greatmen, Richmen, Goodmen,
Longmen, Strongmen, Chapmen, Woodmen,
Bastards, Boothlys, Judges, Princes,
Barbers, Squires, Lords, and Dunces,
Some Champions, Constables and Knights,
Camp Sergeants, Bullys, sundry wights,
As Pipers, Fiddlers, Harpers, Wrights.
Bowmen, Bridgemen, Divers, Swimmers,
Placemen, Stewards, Supple Trimmers,
Turners, Carters, Leaders, Drivers,
Servants, Kitchenmen, Weavers,
Riders, Walkers, Jumpers, Drapers,
Ploughmen, Foresters, and Reapers.
The Orchard, Meadow, Grove and Park,
The Berry, Bramble, and the Oak,
Stone Hedges, Gates, and Styles, and Dikes,
Rice, Clover, Beans, Straw, Hay, and Stack.
Farmers, Hoskinsons, and Judkins,
Godkins, Jenkins, Rankins, Rudkins,
The Batts and Matts, the Natts, the Watts,
The Hodges, Ridges, Madges, Potts.
The Stopfords, Stratfords, Coles and Craffords,
Alcocks, Haycocks, Crawlys, Traffords,
The Rowlys, Bayleys, Murdocks, Ladbys,
Newells, Howells, Cooks, and Bradleys,
The Nailors, Braziers, Smiths, and Greydons,
Goskins, Ludlows, Vernors, Haydons,
The Sirs and Swans, Shoes and Shoebottoms,
Hempenstalls and Higginbothams,
The Joneses, Townses, Downses, Monsons,
Hobsons, Jobsons, Jacksons, Johnsons,
Gibsons, Gaytons, Leesons, Wilsons,
Thomsons, Griersons, and Tilsons,
With Nelson, Watson, Wellington,
Lewing, Langley, and Billington,
And many more; but let us stop,
And this fond prayer offer up:
May Erin's sons of every cast
Be Irishmen from first to last.
Nor name, nor creed, divide them.

* From a MS. found among the papers of the Most Rev. Dr. Coppinger.

A Church on the Waters.

THE *London Tablet* gives the following account of a floating missionary church: "Who is there that has not heard of that "Rei dos Rios," the Amazon? Its ample waters sweep majestically along for many thousands of miles, through some of the most gorgeous tropical forests and wooded plains in the whole world, and spread fecundity and leafy luxuriance wheresoever they flow on their way to the boundless sea. The valley of the Amazon is perhaps naturally the richest and the most fertile known, surpassing even those of the Nile, the Ganges and the Euphrates. It is but little cultivated however, and hardly any attempt has hitherto been made to place it in a condition to yield its treasures in abundance. What it now yields, it yields spontaneously, and without the pressure of skilled labor and scientific cultivation. Drugs, spices, dyes, oils, gums, resins, textile fibres, rare plants, precious woods, and valuable barks, and many other things are to be found in abundance, and only await the hand of the merchant or trader to gather them and carry them off. This vast stretch of country, in a single corner of which one might hide the whole kingdom of England, is inhabited by large numbers of rude native tribes. They live for the most part nomadic lives, wandering from one place to another, yet always following the bed of the river, bending and turning in their course with the mighty stream, and setting up the little huts or *barracas*, as the Arab his tent, ready to set out again on the first invitation to more distant parts in search of the gums, gutta-percha and other natural products which they sell to the traders and travellers who come from time to time to relieve them of their wares.

These uncultured children of the woods and valleys are very numerous and are scattered all along the estuaries and branches and lesser arms of the great river. They are docile, intelligent, quiet, sober, capable of great fatigue and suffering and of all kinds of privation, and if only well-instructed and brought under the civilizing influence of the Church, would be made most useful members of society and of no small value to the nation as honest laborers and thrifty hard-working tillers of the soil. But what we are mainly concerned with is their eternal salvation. How is Christianity to reach them? How are they to be approached? What system is to be followed, what plan devised, to bring within their reach the glad tidings of the gospel, the graces of the sacraments, the benefits and privileges of the incarnation? Such are the weighty questions which the zealous Bishop of Pará and Amazonas, solicitous for all committed to his care, has been asking himself. He has looked down with paternal compassion upon the great multitude famishing for the true bread of life, and, though longing to send active missioners of the Gospel to break it to them, he has never as yet been able to carry out his desire as he would. His difficulties are manifold. It will suffice to mention that in his entire diocese there are eighty-five priests, and that of that small number a dozen or more are sick, or past work, or otherwise disabled. In the immense province of Amazonas, which after all forms but a portion of his charge, the number of laborers in Christ's vineyard is but four-and-twenty, including those serving in the capital. The result is that the utmost he could spare for the immense valley of the Amazon, which, with its four or five hundred tributaries and branches, stretches over some 180,000 square miles of country would be ten or twelve. These few would be lost if scattered in isolated

spots over so limitless a tract, and could do little at best to reform the state of the natives. Besides, no European could long support the dangerous miasmas and poisonous exhalations that often fill the dense forests and produce every variety of fatal fever and disease. What new project then can be suggested? What more practical plan devised? We have the answer in a little pamphlet written by the Right Rev. Prelate himself entitled, "A Amazonia meio de desenvolver sua civilisaçao." In a conference held at Manaos at the provincial assembly the illustrious bishop gave publicity to his new scheme. He regards the magnificent river as a great highway penetrating in all directions the vast territory which he is bent upon evangelizing. As it spreads material fruitfulness and plenty over the whole country, so he will compel it to bear upon its spacious bosom to the most distant parts the means of spiritual life and fecundity. He proposes to construct a large ship — a Navio Igreja — to be dedicated wholly and exclusively to missionary purposes. It will be built by the most skilled artificers of Europe and superbly decorated and adorned, and so contrived as to meet the special purpose it is destined to serve, which will be that of a church.

As the choicest cedars of Lebanon were employed in the construction of the famous temple of Solomon, so the rarest and most precious woods with which the Amazonian valley abounds, fine in grain and varied in color, will wainscot the sacred interior. At one end will shine forth the altar, with its gilded reredos and glittering tabernacle, containing the Most Blessed Sacrament, and surrounded with the usual ornaments and tapers. This new floating cathedral — this "Basilica naval" — will of course possess its pulpit and confessional, its organ and baptismal font, and all the ornaments of church furniture requisite, not merely for the decent, but even for the solemn and splendid exercise of Catholic rites. In the lower portion of the ship a suitable room or cabin will be prepared for the Ordinary of the diocese, and a sufficient number for the priests attached to the missionary ship, as well as the usual accommodation for the necessary sailors and naval officers.

The whole structure will be dedicated, as soon as completed, to the Blessed Sacrament, and will be called Christopher (or Christ-bearer). Nothing will be spared to make this first floating basilica in all respects worthy of the sacred purposes to which it is dedicated. Indeed, the bishop hopes to make it, by reason of its elegance and splendor, an object of just pride and glory to the Amazonias, and of edification to the whole Christian world. Propelled by steam, and drawing but little water, it will carry the zealous missionaries along the great natural highway to the most distant parts of the country — as far as Bolivia and Peru, Ecuador, and Columbia and Venezuela, and even to the more distant European colonies of Guayana. The dulcet sounds of the swelling organs accompanying the soft sonorous chant of the priests, will spread over the tranquil surface of the river, and give notice of the approach of Christ, "ambulans super aquas." From time to time the good fathers will stop at convenient places, where the people will be collected to receive instruction and exhortation, where their children will be baptized, and where all who desire it will have an opportunity, now scarcely ever afforded, of going to confession and Holy Communion. Mass will be celebrated with much pomp and circumstance within the hallowed precincts of the anchored church, and all will be invited to attend. After a time regular stations will probably be formed from one extremity of the gigantic river to the other. They will be visited at certain stated intervals, and the arrival of the Christopher will be as well recognized and as eagerly looked foward to as the mail

ship from Europe in the harbor of Pará.

This, in a few short words, is the plan which the worthy bishop has proposed to himself, in order to further the interests of the faith in his almost limitless diocese, and to bring about an improvement in the condition of the scattered flock intrusted to his care, so that at last he "may save some of them." Funds he strongly needs. To help so great and excellent a work should be our ambition. By doing so we shall most assuredly be promoting the highest interests of Him who came upon earth "to seek and to save that which was lost." The bishop informs us, in a note, that the idea of a floating church was suggested to him originally by Father Kenelm Vaughan, the promoter of the work of general expiation. Whoever is desirous of knowing more of this project, or of the many weighty reasons which had induced his Lordship to regard it as best and most feasible in the present state, nature, and condition of the country and of its inhabitants, must read his most interesting conference already mentioned in the course of this article.

Manning.

THE great Cardinal is again at work after an illness of some months. He delivered a sermon recently in England, from which we make the following extracts:

The Catechism on Sunday.

There are some people, known Catholics, who think secular schools will do well enough because religion can be taught on Sunday. This is one of the most pernicious delusions. I believe that religion but once a week is a religion that will not stand. Religion should be seven days in the week (hear). Still, I must say I believe that the catechism on a Sunday to all the children that can be gathered into the church is one of the most powerful means by which the knowledge of the Catholic faith is to be maintained and spread. The clergy tell me it is enormously difficult to obtain a regular attendance of the children on Sunday. Here the parents are at fault, for careful parents will not have truant children; and if parents would look after their children we should not have teachers coming so numerously and children so scantily. The brothers of St. Vincent de Paul have promised me to work with the clergy of our parishes, and will be happy to receive the names and addresses of these irregular children, so that they may go round, as it were, with a cross carried before them and with a bell in their hands, as I have seen in Rome, gathering the children in to catechism. Two hundred of these brothers in London will be an important activity set in motion to assist the clergy (hear, hear). I earnestly wish that in every parish there were founded the Confraternity of the Christian Doctrine which I have seen in Milan, with a large church partitioned off by curtains, with a separate cell for every class; and there I have seen three kinds of officers. The instructors, the *saggiatore*, as they are called, who tap those children on the head who are disposed to go to sleep, and the *piscatori*, or fishermen, who go round and bring the children into the net. If we could have these in London, it would have an immense effect, and would gather in and save a number of children who now slip through the meshes of the net. It would be good if once in the year all the children of the schools of neigh-

boring parishes would meet together in the church. Such gatherings, say, on the patronal feast of the church, would enkindle an amount of enthusiasm, and powerfully assist to give a momentum to the work of education in the parish.

An Evil Day for England.

It will be an evil day for England if we have State education and dispense with voluntary schools. Every man should have the independence and the honest pride to provide for the education of his children. That is what the English should be taught. The Board school will never teach it. The time is coming when we ought to speak out on this. First, the people do not know the inequality of which I spoke. They have thought all was right, because the evil has not been pointed out. They have been voiceless, for the subject has never been brought before them. Who ever has polled the people on the Act of 1870? The time is coming when they ought to be. It is our duty to do all we can to arouse on every side the conscience of all who will listen to see if a public opinion cannot be created — a power brought into existence which, at the next general election for our Legislature, shall give the people a voice and an opportunity to say whether the present system of education is adequate to their requirements, in accordance with their wishes. I am firmly persuaded it is not, and if it were fairly put to the Christian people of England, who have already forced the Bible into these schools, they would declare that a modification of that system, which now exists, is an absolute necessity. Religion, morals, and politics are inseparable, and I never saw a man walk on the tight-rope of morals without slipping into politics. If we allow ten years more to consolidate what the last ten years have done, we may lift up our voice and cry out as much as we can, but it will be too late. Now is our time. I am glad to know that the public feeling of the members of the Established Church have been taking vigorous steps, that our Poor School Committee has been doing precisely the same, and the Catholic laity have been endeavoring to improve matters. Here we have the beginning of what may end in a large alliance in a common object. Those who study the Christian education of England should stand together. How this is to be done, it is not for me to say. The England to which we belong, and the Ireland to which we belong, was not created by warriors, by statesmen, not by human laws, but by faith, by Christianity, by the unity of religion and the Church. That which Christianity created in our land, Christianity alone can preserve. Statesmen may pull down England — and I may say they are pulling it down, statute after statute, change after change, even to the recognition of those who deny the first and deepest truths of faith and morals. It is our duty, no matter how feeble we may be in the narrow sphere of our own home, to be what we ought to be, to use all our powers to sustain that great religious and Christian tradition which still survives in this land, no matter how mutilated here 300 years ago, but which still lives in the Catholic Church in its immutable truth. We must not be silent when it is in peril. Let us lift up both our hands to assist those who are threatened, and let us stand firm when others give way.

An Infernal Machine Found.

A London despatch of the 12th of July says :— While the house in Birmingham, formerly occupied by Whitehead, who was sentenced to imprisonment for life recently for complicity in the dynamite conspiracy, was being repaired, an infernal machine, elaborately made, was found under the planking.

"Horny Handed Brothers."

A FORGOTTEN CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF LABOR.

THE Old World Monasticism is something removed from us so unendingly far, that the modern mind can only faintly realize the conditions which made it possible. Nevertheless, the old whig myth, that for centuries together the world was wholly wrapped round in ignorance and sloth, is now dead. The reader of to-day can see through and beyond the jaunty narrowness of a Macaulay, or the conscientious bigotry of a Hallam. We refuse to believe that human heroism belongs exclusively to any time. We know that in the Middle Ages men's hearts pulsed to the same hopes and the same fears as ours are pulsing to now. There was the same life of the affections, the same call for sacrifice, the same struggle to be on the side of the right, the same striving, and the same failure. We know, too, that in those ages there was a terrible sincerity in men; that their beliefs were real; things to be fought for, things to burn others for, or themselves to be burned for. And all through those ages of war there was in the hearts of those fighting men this ideal of the silent life of the cloister — an ideal which some would die for, and many were willing even to live for. And in some dim way, perhaps, Englishmen have come to feel that this ideal may have been a worthy one, but we are still a long way from believing that to those men who only strove to be faithful to their rule till they died, is due a debt difficult to repay.

There is a repulsion for the English mind in the very word monasticism, for we have decided that its essential spirit was a want of manliness, a sort of shrinking from strife, so that its very righteousness was at best only a white-handed righteousness which came off flying from the temptation, and never from overcoming it. And its vices are seen to be so much worse than those of men in the world — who have a right to be sinners! There seems to be no selfishness like the self-seeking of the cloister, no sloth like the sanctified sloth of the monk, and no cowardice like the cowardice that came covered with the cowl. Men have grown impatient with those who, careless of their human duties, and forgetful of claims, would leave the wrongs of the world to right themselves, if only they could improve their own speculative chances of a good time hereafter. To the modern English mind selfishness and sloth, however disguised, seem the keynotes of the monk's vocation, and so he has come to be looked upon as in some sort among the deserters of life, as one who would slip out of the yoke, while those who are nearest to him are bending and straining beneath the burden. To adjust all this, and to tell what was the real meaning of those silent lives, whose spending was part of the making of England, would be a task too wide; but we can at least recall something of what they have done, here and elsewhere, in the sphere of labor. It is well that we should at least think kindly of those brave old workers who were the first to shake the stigma of slavery from toil.

However it may have been in the East, the monasticism of the West was mainly moulded by the spirit of the rule of St. Benedict. Before his coming, monasticism, as we understand it, was unknown. There had been collections of hermitages, but no collective obedience to a common rule. It was Benedict who gathered the scattered recluses into the monasteries, and first gave stability to the system by the institution of life-long vows. It was he who supplanted the

type of the East, and caused the monks to take the place in the imaginations of the Western world which had once been held by "the fathers of the desert." Little legislation has been so lasting, and none has colored so deeply the ideals of men as the legislation of St. Benedict. Wherever, during all those centuries, the 600 years that run between Benedict and Dominic, there were men who would tread the more perfect way, and act out in their lives the thought that this world is a stepping-stone to another, for them there was the monastery and the Benedictine rule.

And the central idea of it all was this quite simple one. To be a monk meant the wilful cutting off of oneself from the world, with all its sweet, natural ties, and wealth of affection, and disquieting cares, and absorbing pursuits, and the thousand things that tempt us to forget we are only travellers upon the earth. What men looked for in the monastery was, after all, only peace, and rest at last — from the thought of happiness. What they sought was not any learned leisure or cultured repose, but a tranquil life only, of sinlessness and detachment from earth — days so filled that there should be no room for temptation. We find this conception of sinlessness, as opposed to meritorious achievement, running all through the legends and annals that make up the literature of the monasteries. The life of the cloister was to be a life of hardship and endurance; a life of silence and labor, where the sameness of the days should leave the heart nothing to fix on, but where one day was like to another, only that each day which went brought the tired monk nearer to the goal.

And now we may begin to see the exact part played by labor in the monastic economy. The hours were to be so filled and occupied with prayer and appointed work, and exacting routine, that there was to be no time for sin. Hence the rule of St. Benedict was the rule of labor — the essential spirit of it was labor; so that if a monk were true to himself, labor was his lot. *Cruce et aratro* — with the cross and the plough they were to conquer. When kindred, and natural affection and fellowship had been left behind, all that remained was to work out their lives in brave silence and obedience, till the end. Their daily labor, in the fields or within the walls, thus came to be their first need, a sort of manual prayer, and the surest of all the safeguards against temptation. Of the three enemies they were taught to struggle with — the world, the devil and the flesh — the first might be fled from, and the second defied; but the third passed with them into the monastery, and labor was the weapon with which it was to be met. The place given to chastity as the first of the virtues — and all through the monastic ages it was insisted on, as charity seems to have been by the early Church, and as truth certainly is by the bulk of men in our own day — made the wandering thoughts of the idle hour things to be shunned. Summer and winter, in the seed-time and the harvest, those "horny handed brothers" were about their business, in the field or in the forest. One form of work came to them as readily as another, and it was they who sowed the grain and gathered it, and looked to the winnowing and the thrashing, and then the storing of it in the granges and graneries of the monastery.

The large eternal features of husbandry have changed very little — were very much the same in those days as they are now; and the idyllic scenes that have come down to us of the tranquil labor of the monks in the field, seem far less far off than anything else connected with the life of the monasteries. We can still picture to ourselves, in spite of all change, their work with the spade and the plough, and the axe; and the watchings of the shepherd, and the work in the shearing time, and the milking at night. Some brief simple

record, though written so long ago that the hand that wrote it has been dust for centuries, brings it all back to us. Take one such case: we read how one Julian had been sent to visit the monastery of St. Œquitius, and he tells us: "I found there some old men writing. I asked them where was the abbot? and they replied, 'In the valley beneath the monastery; he is cutting grass.'" Folios of description might fail to give the life to the past that is given in those few straight words: "He is in the valley beneath the monastery, cutting grass." Or, take this description that William of Jumiège gives of the monks who founded the great monastery of Bec: "You would have seen them, after the office of the church, going into the fields to spend their day in agricultural labors; the abbot carrying the seeds on his head, and holding tools in his hand; some clearing the ground, others carrying manure on their shoulders and spreading it on the ground; no one eating his bread in idleness; all returning to the church at the hour of divine office, and then sitting down to a meal of oaten bread and herbs with salt and water." We have said that the thought which informed the life of the monasteries was a desire to avoid the occasion of sin, and thus we are not surprised to find that the work of the fields was done in silence, so that there might be no room for unseemly word — or, more commonly still, accompanied by the singing of psalms, so that there might be no place even for evil thought. Says a writer of a later time: "Every thing was rural, and the silence of the country side was broken only by the sound of the psalms. Then you might see the monk guiding the plough and singing Alleluia. The reaper sweating to the harvest repeats the psalms, and the husbandman in the vineyard uses the pruning hook while he sings the canticles of David. These are the songs, and, as the phrase is, the love ditties of the monks. These are the pipings of the shepherd, these, so to say, are the implements of their husbandry." In this respect the Cistercians, the most popular of the offshoots of the Benedictines, formed an exception, in that the hours of their outdoor work were their hours of meditation. It must have been a strange sight surely, the sight of those cowled men making hay in silence, with no sound but the creaking of the waggon and the movement of the horses, and the rustle of the sweet smelling grass; but hardly more strange, perhaps, than the sight of those other monks reaping to the sound of the psalms — their voices rising and falling with the swinging of the scythes that sent the ripe grain down. Another little peculiarity of the Cistercian order — and it lets a curious side-light into the quiet life of the monasteries — was that at one period they were forbidden to take their books into the fields, though, as St. Alberic used to take the psalter with him when he worked, the restriction was probably of late introduction.

Gradually, as the monasteries grew larger, and their lands wider, there came a certain conflict between the claims of the choir and the farm. It was difficult to keep up the full services of the choir, particularly at night, when some of the brothers were away sleeping in the granges; and even during the day, when the distances had become greater, the frequent journeys to the church for divine service were impossible. Hence sprung up a natural division of labor, the brothers who had never got the length of learning to read in the breviaries gradually getting a larger share of the agricultural work, until the division stiffened, and every monastery came to have its lay-brothers and choir-monks.

We have seen that the primary object of the monkish work would be gained as well by one form of labor as another, and it was in no way confined to agriculture. All the while, while most of the brothers were bear-

ing the heat of the day in the fields, there were others patient in the cloisters, engaged in the ceaseless work of copying; or bending with a loving care over those wonderful illuminations of which, as of the chime of their bells and the color of their glass, the world has long ago lost the secret. Some sort of notion of the patience and industry brought to their task of copying may be formed, if we will remember that it is told of one monk, Maurus Lapi, that he copied 1,000 volumes in less than fifty years; and of another, that a waggon with six horses would hardly suffice to draw all that he had written. It was silent, tranquil work, eminently suited to the monastic life; and so the monk bent over it until at last the tired eyes were worn into dimness, and the cramped fingers refused their task, and then the end was not far.

But though the prevailing atmosphere of the monastery was one of peace, and, by a sort of divine paradox, those who forsook happiness found it, the life of the monk was a difficult one. At the gates of the monastery he had been content to leave what other men call gladness, and to set himself to learn the hard lessons of renunciation. For renunciation is still difficult even when it has been accepted bravely; and it is a truth of which we need reminding, that "renunciation is not joy, but only the sorrow that is willingly borne." Amid abundant and constant evidence of the cheerfulness of the monks, we come across signs that their burdens were sometimes almost more than they could bear; particularly during Lent, when the work was harder and the food scantier, their strength was tried sorely. Nothing could well be more touching than the picture of the almost pathetic helplessness with which St. Bernard regarded his brethren tried almost beyond their strength by the labors and the fastings he himself had imposed. "Not without a great touch of pity, brethren," he once said, "do I look upon you. I cast about for some alleviation to give you, and bodily alleviation comes before my mind; but if your penance be lightened by a cruel pity, then is your crown stripped of its gems. What can I do? Ye are killed all the day long with many fasts, in labors oft, in watchings overmuch, besides your inward trials, the contrition of heart and a multitude of temptations. Yea, ye are killed; but it is for His sake Who died for you. For is it not certain that your sufferings are above human strength, beyond nature, and against habit? Another, then, doth bear them for you." The Saint then goes on to say, that if they will only persevere in faithfulness their burdens will be made lighter by divine assistance. On another occasion we find St. Bernard upbraiding a runaway Cistercian, whose courage seems to have failed him, and saying that "watchings, fasts, and manual labor" are light to one who thinks on the great hereafter. We have quoted these instances as showing the little attraction monasticism could have had for any but those imbued with its spirit, and its inmost spirit we have seen was labor. No doubt the history of the monasteries has its seamy side, and there were times of laxaty and corruption, when men flocked together, having nothing monkish but the cowl. But here, as elsewhere, it is still true that the fruitful inquiry is not how much chaff was there, but rather how much grain.

And in truth there have been no workers quite like those workers whose work was without wage, and whose ploughs and axes have left lasting traces upon the face of every country throughout Christendom. By the old chroniclers the monks are constantly spoken of as the leaders of husbandry, and we find William of Jumiège using the words monk and agriculturist as though they were synonymous. Guizot says "The Benedictine monks were the agriculturists of Europe; they cleared it on a large scale, associating agriculture

with preaching." Hallam tells us we owe the restoration of a great part of Europe to the monks, and how if the monasteries were endowed with tracts of land which seems to us enormous, it was simply because there was no other way of getting them reclaimed. A conspicuous English instance of this is furnished by the Abbey of Croyland, whose monks were the recognized guardians of the fens, making it the special service of their lives to build and guard the dykes raised against the waters. But it is needless to insist upon a truth so widely known; it is more necessary that we should remember that their labor, which transformed Europe, was the direct outcome of a horror of sin. Vast as was the material gain of the world from the toil of the monasteries, it was, as it were, an accidental gain, and not directly aimed at by the workers themselves. The striving of the monks was not mainly for the piling up of wealth, or for social good, or public usefulness, or national welfare — these things came, but they were not the things cared for. There have been workers in the world who have worked as well as the monks, but they have loved their work chiefly for what it would win for themselves, and not for its own sake. There are plenty of men now who will lead hard lives, and accept privation and strain, and put pleasure aside, and trench upon sleep, and day after day let the small hours of the morning find them still at their work. For some object of desire, of ambition, or of gain, there are many who will refuse ties and the home life, and children's laughter, and, everything that could interfere with a single purpose. But with these the gain to self is what is looked for. The monks were very careless about that; the work itself was what they wanted, and wanted because it meant freedom from the supreme evil of the world sinfulness. Work was their need, because it helped them to overcome the enemy that had followed them into the monastery, to subdue persistent temptation, to live up to their difficult ideal. The stress which was laid upon the negative side of goodness, upon sinlessness as opposed to virtue, may seem strange to the thought of to-day, but it lies at the root of much that would else be inexplicable in the old monasticism.

And surely to-day, when the gospel of work is being eagerly listened to, and men are repeating with a new fierceness the words of the Apostle, "He that will not work neither let him eat," we must not pass over what was, perhaps, the greatest service of the monks. They gave to agriculture not only their labor, but their example; and, though the one cleared the half of Europe, the other was probably of the greater worth to mankind. Long after the coming of the barbarians, manual labor of every sort, tainted with the memories of slavery, was held fit only for serfs, and incompatible with the dignity of a freeman. And among all the influences that slowly broke down the barriers of prejudice and tradition, there was probably none more powerful than the sight of the monks, who all through that rude time were looked up to and reverenced, going out to their daily labor in the fields. An "abbot with the seed-bags on his head," and his monks "carrying manure on their shoulders," presented a spectacle then new to the world — the spectacle of voluntary labor. The military ideal was then in the ascendant; and the increasing hold which the virtues of the industrial type have gained on the esteem of men, is largely due to the toil of the monk. And that this truth of the dignity and nobility of work, which we all are insisting on now, and which makes a Carlyle hail with emphasis the British workman as his "horny handed brother," was first made possible, and taught, by the example of the inmates of the monasteries, is surely the strangest and most forgotten chapter in all the long story of human labor.

JOHN GEORGE COX, in *Merry England*.

Irish Sea Fisheries and Harbors.

It is a relief (observes the *Liverpool Catholic Times*) to witness the House of Commons devote itself, as it did lately to a matter of such social importance as the sea fisheries of Ireland. There is no question that, whilst on the west coast of Ireland enormous sources of wealth are left unutilized in the depths of the sea, on the other hand, throughout the west of Ireland the land is left, without remedy or relief, in a state of widespread and deep-seated poverty. It is a spectacle saddening to the heart to see an industrious people reduced either to a state of semi-starvation, or compelled to leave home and native land for want of adequate means to reap the harvest of the deep seas which the bounteous hand of Providence has placed within their reach. Mr. Brady, the experienced Inspector of Irish Fisheries, has estimated that in one district alone, on the west coast, at least £100,000 worth of mackerel were lost last season. There is quite an unanimity of opinion as to the want of harbor accommodations on the Irish coast. An important testimony was borne to this want by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh in his report, recently published, on the subject of naval reserves. The Fisheries Board, moreover, had recommended the construction of seventy out of one hundred harbors which had been proposed by the Fisheries Inspectors. The Irish seas abound in fish, and yet, for want of sufficient harbor accommodation, for want of big boats to face the terrors of Atlantic storms, and even for want of fishing gear and other necessary appliances, the Irish fishermen are forced to forego this great and profitable industry. To put this industry on a proper footing, to give increased employment and additional food to the people, no half measures, no peddling advances are of any avail. If it be true that the whole sum spent on the Irish fisheries by the British Government since the Norman conquest has only amounted to £150,000, it is time that this great work of national improvement should be taken in hand at once and without stint.

On the 2,500 miles of Irish sea coast there are only eighty-two lights. To compel Irish fishing boats to put out to sea, to run the risk of the storm and the darkness of the Atlantic seas without harbors and without lights, is tempting Providence. Ireland has a right to ask, on grounds of national utility, for a sum out of the Church Surplus Fund adequate for the purpose of building harbors, setting up lights on the coast, and providing the industrious fishing population with boats of sufficient size. Mr. Forster, in the debate on Mr. Blake's Sea Fisheries Bill, stated from official experience, that unless some considerable sums were spent there was no chance of what was necessary being done. The small annual grants which were made from the treasury were altogether inadequate to the necessities of the case. That a sum of £250,000 out of the Disestablished Irish Church Fund should be made use of for the benefit of Irish Fiseries, was the unanimous judgment of the representatives of Ireland, supported by the general opinion of the House of Commons. This money, belonging to the Irish people, could be put to no better purpose; though the Government at first was somewhat reluctant to part with such a tempting surplus, the Chancellor of the Exchequer finally agreed to the principal of the bill.

We quite agree with Mr. Parnell that the money which was to come out of the Church Fund should be prudently spent, and not frittered

away in doing little jobs on numerous small harbors around the coast of Ireland, none of which would be perfect work. The success of this great national undertaking depends upon its being carried out in a practical manner, and with no niggard hand. If this work be done with foresight, with care, and with due regard to the permanent improvement of the vast sea coast, the value of the Irish fisheries will be increased tenfold. The fishing population of Ireland, the most industrious and law-abiding, will likewise be enabled to develop the great resources placed at their command, and in time to turn the poverty of the west of Ireland into comparative prosperity. It is immensely to the credit of these poor fishermen that, as Mr. Foster stated, almost all the money which had been advanced on loan for reproductive fishery works had been repaid. And, finally, such a development of this important branch of Irish industry, would keep the bold seafaring people of the Irish coast at home, and create a magnificent nursery for the royal and mercantile navy of the United Kingdom.

America Discovered by St. Brandon.

ORATION BY AN IRISH PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN.

On the fourth of July, 1883, Rev. Bernard H. Carpenter delivered the annual oration before the city authorities of Boston, and citizens generally.

Oration.

Ladies and Gentlemen: — When your Mayor invited one of Irish origin and of ministerial calling to be your speaker, I think he plainly wished to acknowledge his obligations to Ireland, and to proclaim his belief in one of its most ancient legends, which was, that America was discovered by an Irishman before any Spaniard ever saw it and, more by an Irish saint. I will try to introduce him and introduce my subject by the legend of St. Brandon, and in a few words. Some five centuries after Christ, the Irish, who had been looking at the Atlantic for years, noticed that every seven years there arose a magic land, which loomed up and stayed for a few hours, and then vanished. It was said that if they could only touch it with a fiery-tipped oar, it would remain. When the seventh year came again, and the Irishmen saw it, St. Brandon set out toward it. But ere he got there it melted from his gaze. But he sailed on for seven long years with his comrades, when once more the enchanted coast came into view, and this time it waited for him until they came and landed. And was supposed to have been New England itself (laughter). They found themselves in a great forest, with sparkling springs of sweet water and many birds upon the trees. St. Brandon fell upon his knees, and, with tears, asked God what these birds were. And the birds suddenly endowed with human speech, answered they were angels driven from Paradise. But the Lord had sent them there in joy and mirth, that they might serve him in the best way they could. As the world advances, matters of fancy becomes matters of fact, and so this ancient story has become the story of America. Here was the magic land which drew generations and drew pilgrims from every land to find freedom. Here the tale of liberty becomes a tale of light, and I ask what should our song be? Should it not be the gospel of these birds— "The Lord has sent us here filled

with joy and mirth to serve him as best we can" (applause). These birds

Sang the Declaration

just twelve centuries before it was signed in Philadelphia, but the leading principle was the same; that is, the rights of life, the rights of liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We must be up and doing, that we may serve our Maker, and follow Him as best we are able. Every man has the right to do the best he can to make himself happy, but no one has the right to forget that he is the member of a community, and no man has a right to make himself happy at the expense of others, and without promoting the welfare of his fellow-man. Governments are for the happiness of the governed, and not for the elevation and enrichment of those who govern (cheers). That was the main principle, but what is the worth of principle, without a pledge to back it up? And therefore the Declaration concludes that the authors were prepared to support those principles with their lives, with their fortunes and with their sacred honor (applause). There were fifty-six signers, who represented thirteen States and 3,000,000 people; but did they sign only for themselves, or were there others included? The designers of Cologne Cathedral, when they raised the first stones had their eyes on the future, and they went to work on a scale to leave generations in future to finish what they had begun. So those men signed not only for the thirteen States but for you and for me, and for all those who should enter into the contract, whether born in the cradle or coming here from a foreign soil. For all these, and I say that wherever this Declaration is read to-day in every State, city and village, there our 50,000,000 people are included in the same pledge, and subscribe to the same principles, to support by their lives, their fortune and their sacred honor (applause). Such were the conditions. But now I ask for a moment, if these were the conditions, does it not become us to thank heaven out of our hearts that we have the blessings, that we have two great symbols, the flag and the Declaration? As long as these are sacred and filled with a real presence, this great republic shall not appear in Europe as a

Bubble on the Atlantic.

If this Declaration means anything, it means that we have something to build upon much more substantial than a summer cloud. It means that we have a country and a history, and something on which to construct an edifice; that we are bound to conform and to contribute to this in every way about us. And this is the sum and substance of my subject. That we have a character and a social force is seen when we look around us and see the great tide of European population flowing to us, year by year. See it as it approaches our western line; it becomes Americanized, and in a generation or two all the old characteristics are blotted out, and new races have taken their places. There is that which we call the American character, and which prevails very shortly. Watching these principles work, we may see on what to build in the future. We have something which constitutes us as a nation. But what is a nation? My friends, national character makes a nation (cheers). It is the natural growth. As you know, we were in a savage state but two hundred and fifty years ago when the work begun. Then they began putting into the cauldron the various ingredients. There was the English beef, the Scotch oatmeal, the Irish potato, the French garlic, the Italian macaroni, and I suppose we may say, nowadays, they finished with Boston baked beans (great laughter). Then the pot began to boil. The Civil War came and dipped in his ladle and stirred up the compound. And when War was tired he called for his beautiful daughter Peace, and she looked into the cauldron, and

From That Moment This has Become a Nation.

I do not know what may become of the future, but the Hibernian makes use of the sentence, "A broth of a boy," and I wonder what a broth of a nation it will then be (laughter). To get these elements together in a proper form, is as necessary as it is in art, in music, or in masonry. There is always some head, and to that every part must superinduce, for without any no good could result. The best type of character is generally the strongest, and in a community there is often seen one strong character who makes others conform to him, or until certain characteristics are moulded. John Winthrop and John Adams set their marks on men of the times, and I think the mark of old John Adams is to-day upon every house in Massachusetts (applause). The tribe of Judah became so strong that the name of Jew signified all Israelites. Rome became so strong that it was known almost as Italy itself. In later days, Prussia has caused all Germany to be known as Prussia. It was here in Massachusetts Bay that the Pilgrim sent out his power till New England became, as it were, America (applause). But I ought to be very particular about my p's and q's—that is, about speaking of the Puritans and Quakers. But it was New England that perpetuated the type of the future, for, although the Puritan was dressed in solemn brown, he it was who was to introduce the fashionable color of freedom into America. He was the first to commence the struggle. The cold, unlovely men, the Puritans, began the work, and there was no beauty about them that men should desire them near; neither do they look more beautiful to-day. Still, they possessed great qualities. They were narrow, but narrowness is needed to get force. As it was in olden times, when people built their cities high, so these men, if narrow, were lofty as heaven in aspirations (cheers). These men came together, and in their narrowness excluded all that was unlike themselves, and they had no æsthetic beauties. But they started the great type that was destined to prevail. They gave the people certain

Powers of Self-Government,

while in the South they had royal prerogatives which took from the people that power. Secondly, in 1692, New England, which was Massachusetts, asserted the right of self-government, and, thirdly, in 1735, it was New England, again meaning Massachusetts, who planted herself on the tide of resistance and poured out her blood on the earth. But yet they proved that they were about to set the type, and I ask what were the elements? Edmund Burke, that famous writer, said there were three elements — religion, liberty, and law. Of the first, you know how simple that is. Religion is a principle of knowledge in every case, and especially that form found in New England; and then, as to Liberty, there are different forms with which this political conversion visits the community. Between New England and the South there was a great distinction. In the South liberty was regarded as a mark of rank, and any infringement was looked on as an invasion of the slaveholder's rights. But here they regarded any encroachment on liberty as an invasion of right. In New England they had peculiar sensitiveness for their principle, and there was the distinction between liberty and freedom. In 1776 it was for liberty that the men of the South, but for freedom the men of the North battled. Liberty is a Latin word, which used to be used by the populace when the red cap was thrown on the street and they sought the barricades. But freedom is a northern and Teutonic word, which expresses the idea yet more deeply. It is a word grave and calm like an anthem, and majestic like a doric pillar; it brings deep conviction, and has a strong hold on men. It was in that sense that liberty was used by the

people of New England. They included in liberty a profound and full sense of the law, which is more industriously pursued in New England than in any other part of the world. And this, in a great measure, tended to form the New England character, making it legal, methodical, and much more, giving it the grip which shows the direction of New England character. They were learning how to apply the law each to himself, and to explain its statutes and decrees and belief. And one of the strongest marks of the American is a sense of the law and the power of adapting the means to the end. The American is unparalleled as a mechanic and in government inventiveness. There are three things which a New Englander whips all creation in: He can run a machine; he can run a hotel, and he can run a court (great laughter). It was the idea that law was in his own bosom, and that he was responsible for its being carried out. I have not to go far to find illustrations of this fact. That rank of men who ranged themselves at the post-office window has always been to me a mark of significance; and young boys and girls filing out of school in a regular, yet orderly manner, is to me a much grander sight than Roman legions. It shows to me the power of self-government, which puts you at the head of all countries, and the great question of government is answered. The great

Problem of Plato.

"How to rule men?" is answered by the great American people. But it had to battle against sectional feeling up to the Civil War. This war, however, ended the dark times. This Declaration came like a two-edged sword. It severed the cable tying us to England, though it showed the independence of our nature. Hostile as they were before the Declaration, they were almost as bad after. At that time these States of America were much like the States of Protestant Europe after the introduction of the Bible and the separation from the Catholic Church. They had their Bible; they had their Declaration. It was not a question of authority, but of interpretation. They were in the position of the poor man in the popular opera. He finds he has a mascot, and exclaims, "Well, I have a mascot now. Oh, I have a mascot, but I don't know what it is!" Such was Uncle Sam in the presence of his Constitution. He said, "I have a Constitution, but I don't know, for the life of me, what it means." Then the war began, and every flag was unfurled, and every little drum beaten, and there was no principle to hold them together. When I look over those eighty years, I see two principles which were both wrong, but which brought the people out of political delusions. There was Jeffersonianism, which meant State sovereignty, and Hamiltonianism, which wanted imperial centralization.

There was on one occasion a Syrian King, who was visited by a Roman with a large collection of wild beasts, with which he proposed to entertain Augustine. The King scattered over the arena certain portions of soil which had been taken from the haunts of each of these creatures. The animals were marched in procession, but in a moment they broke from the main body, and each squatted down on its own piece of soil. There was the Jeffersonian doctrine of State Sovereignty. No sooner was the signal given to tell of the great American Republic, than they broke loose, and each squatted down on his separate principles. Hamiltonian centralization was no better. To culminate on one spot the whole of a government, is a danger that I hope we shall be able to protect ourselves against. Such a system would give opportunity to those without and to office-hunters within. It would carry the life-blood from the extremities to the centre, so that a colapse would follow. If the nation is blessed by the State, and the State by the town, and the town

by the individual, so I say that central government must give way to self-government by the citizen himself. That is upon what the Republic rests. Montesquieu points out various forms and says that despotism is for the aristocracy, but republican authority rests upon the citizens. Governments are like some churches — too good for some people. Others are very good for the very good, but not fit for undisciplined minds. Thus

The Republican Form is the Best

for the good, but the worst for the bad. And so it is that our country rests on each individual. So, as it is with the Brooklyn Bridge, the failure of one wire would bring ruin on the edifice. It is for the individual to remember that in the Republic there are two attributes by which he is bound — by nature and by citizenship. It is only a fellow like Snug, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," when he says he is in disguise and is not what he looks; and "know that I, one Snug, the joiner, am no lion." Such a position a man takes when he falls below the virtue of a citizen. If the Republic has given us the privilege to touch the Sacred Ark, we should take great care that we do not, after having taken it in our hands, trample that law under your feet (applause). But, my friends, you see by what I have said, that the American character is slowly moving to defend expression. It is a very few years since this became a nation. But the old kingdoms of Europe are not so old as you suppose. For Spain was not Spain until the sixteenth century. France was not France till 1558; and England could not lift up her hand and hand in her card as a kingdom until the Scotch and English Parliament sat down at Westminister for consent: and so with our country. It was not until 1864 we became a nation. But America then arose from the dead, and the stars of God shouted for joy for the latest born son of the morning. And from that time we have begun to unfold a national character, the most cosmopolitan ever witnessed (applause). It has had a good birth and a good bringing up. That religious effort of Queen Elizabeth's days, which was honored from Plymouth to Dover, and from Cornwall to Flint, and which resulted in the destruction of the Spanish Armada, finally found its way up and down the coast of New England, where it was nursed and rocked in this stormy cradle and taught by poverty. But, by intercourse with people and other nations, it had been taught to be tolerant and to be cosmopolitan, and so tended to make

The Strongest National Type of the American,

which eventually will be the strongest type in the world (applause). I might have added to this many other circumstances tending in the same direction. The German element, that brings earnestness and deep thought, and the very elements which the colder Puritan nature required, was one of these. Bear with me for a little while. The type is almost formed, and what do I learn from that? It is written in that Declaration that America teaches these principles; that the citizen lives for the happiness of those around, and America lives for the nations of the earth. There is a division of labor among nations, just as there is among individuals. The Greeks were the artists; France says: "I polish the world;" Germany, "I educate the world;" and England, "I circumnavigate the world." But America says: "I liberate the world" (great applause). That is the last great creed written in history. We said, from the first of our history, that this was our doctrine. This great country rules like a Samson, and clutches at every good idea and sends it abroad for the use of the Old World; for there is not a single country to which she is not attached. From the moment this giant stepped from the cradle his voice sent out

The Word of Freedom.

The people of France heard it, as they turned from feudal bondage; the people of Ireland heard it, as they rose with 80,000 volunteers in answer to the call of the patriot, Grattan. The voice of Poland heard it, and a declaration was heard from every petty state. And now the great Parliament of England, like a babel of voices, has been let loose. That spirit was sent abroad from the first moment of our history, and, thank God, she is making the whole world feel the scare. She is teaching her lesson. Children of the Old World, you may put men in the darkest dungeons, but you cannot hide them from the lightning of American freedom (applause). To preserve this type of character which I have tried to explain, it is necessary that the energy of every citizen should be given to its support, for the nation only exists by its political unity. There is a type which we cannot escape from. It is the fashion to attempt to get away from the imprint of nature; but you cannot be other than what nature made you, and we must make the best of what nature gives us. Many men admire only what is foreign and imported (applause). They think that America can have nothing which is good, unless it is artificial or like some foreign dude (applause). As though there was no distinct American character, which it is for every one of us to improve. This vulgar and stupid admiration of everything which comes from abroad is one of those serious, though trifling, failings around us. Be true to your ideal, whatever it may be. If I speak of this, it is not the only danger, for there is another danger, and that is the self-seeking spirit which pervades our politics, degrading them to chicanery. Politics is a science, and not like other sciences, for it is based on moral principles and distinguishes between the savages and ourselves. But many of our politicians ought to be demeaned to the position of savages. I was going to say, as I closed, that our political unity and existence are threatened by that contagion, the greed of gain. When a man becomes lost to morality, I say farewell to patriotism, philanthropy and public virtue. That is the golden reef we are drifting against, but the ship must be underguided by morality. Here I pause. As long as the nation performs its ministry to the world, and retains its unity and type of character, it must live. But we need to sign a new declaration to-day,

A Declaration of Interdependence,

and indissoluble union as a people. Then we are safe. When a nation forgets its great principles, it dies, and the people of the earth gather around to bury the dead. From that spot there is no resurrection. But it shall not be thus with this Declaration. Let us take warning and let us beware. We are not setting up an ideal. Let us take care while we are living for the nation that we live in temperance and religion, and that we are not without a purpose. Was it for nothing that the Almighty prepared this great land through centuries of time, and built up the hills, and paved the streams with gold; that He untwined the rivers from the heads of the mountains; that He covered our great plains with crowned corn and cattle; that He locked the gates of this continent for centuries, and gave His decree at last to throw open its vast storehouses of wealth to the world? Was it for nothing, surely, that men coming from all nations should be gathered here to find the highest elevation of culture and knowledge? It was for this He brought us here, and on the strength of that let us rise and put our signatures again to this Declaration, not with hands only, but with beating hearts, and pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor (applause).

The exercises were concluded with the singing of "America" and the benediction.

The Great Dominican.

"I weighed their lives in the balance with my own," said Father Burke; "theirs were 5,000 and mine was only one."

We briefly announced in our last issue the demise of the Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O. P.

His Last Sermon.

On Sunday, June 24, in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Upper Gardiner street, Dublin, the great pulpit orator, Father Burke, O. P., the Lacordaire of this generation, preached an eloquent and touching sermon on behalf of the destitute children of Donegal, before an immense congregation, including the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, and some of the leading Catholic citizens of Dublin. There was something singularly touching in the fact that the distinguished preacher had only just recovered from a severe attack of illness; and (as he forcibly put it himself) had come from his sick bed to advocate the cause of the starving children of Donegal. As Father Burke ascended the pulpit, immediately after the first Gospel of the last Mass, all eyes were directed towards him. He looked pale, and the traces of the severe ordeal through which his health has passed were visible on his fine and expressive features. As soon, however, as he opened his lips a sympathetic thrill passed through all present. The fascination of an eloquent tongue, which may be said to have moved the entire world, was again felt, and the congregation appeared literally spell-bound. Having read the gospel of the day, the subject of which was the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, the preacher said we had here a wonderful miracle performed by our Divine Lord for the relief of a starving multitude. After three days and three nights, during which they had not tasted food, the multitude became faint with hunger. Our Lord's heart was touched with compassion, and having learned that a few loaves and fishes still remained, He multiplied this small quantity of food in such a wonderful manner that four thousand persons were fed, leaving a large portion of the loaves and fishes unconsumed. There could not, Father Burke went on. be a more appropriate Gospel for the purpose of introducing the subject which brought him before them that day. He appeared before them to plead the cause, not of 4,000 persons, but 5,000 poor little children threatened with starvation, in the mountains of Donegal. They had been supported for a long time by the exertions of a benevolent Catholic lady, who had been seeking relief for them for weeks and months, and had preserved them from the pangs of starvation and death. Now, however, the funds which she had by almost superhuman efforts been able to collect, were well-nigh exhausted, and there remained in her hands barely sufficient means to support these poor famished children for one week and three days more. What an appalling thing it was to contemplate that if charity did not step in to avert this impending calamity, the spectre of famine would appear in those children's midst in the short space of one week and three days! — one short week! — then Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday pass by, and on Thursday the grave opens, and these innocent little ones must perish of hunger! Such would be the children's fate if timely relief did not come to save them from death; but he knew and felt that the fountains of charity would never be closed when he addressed an Irish audience. He had often appeared before in the pulpit to advocate the cause of charity, but never, he might say, the cause of a charity which appealed so strong-

ly to the noblest feelings of humanity. The very reverend preacher here made a very pathetic allusion to himself. He had been asked to plead to-day the cause of these poor children, and he had at first been anxious, owing to increasing infirmities, that some other voice should advocate their cause. But he thought of the horrors impending over these children's heads, and he could not refuse to come, even from a bed of sickness, to plead in their behalf. He only regretted that he could not speak at more length and with greater energy; but a cause like this required neither length of time nor efforts of eloquence. Therefore, in the name of God and charity, and on the part of the thousands of poor famished children, he appeared to them to-day. He left their cause before the altar of God. He left it in their hands and in the hands of that God who had declared that whatever they did to any of His little ones, believing in Him, would be done to Himself. If they acted now in the true spirit of charity, Father Burke said in conclusion, the Giver of all good gifts would bestow upon them every blessing both in life and in death.

His Appearance.

To all who looked in his face it needed no words to tell that Father Burke had risked his life in making an effort to avert this calamity threatening in hungry Donegal. His appeal in the name of Him who fed the hungry in the desert found a ready response in all hearts present. The very sight of the great preacher as he leaned heavily with both hands on the pulpit, no longer able to pour forth the eloquence which used to delight us, but struggling to raise his voice in what might be a last cry for the poor whom his Master loved, was sufficient to bring tears to all eyes. Many wept outright, and even strong men were deeply moved. A lady who lives in the neighborhood of the church had written to Father Burke, asking him to come to her house after the sermon for rest and refreshment before proceeding a considerable distance to his home at Tallaght. To her he wrote, saying, that much as he appreciated her kindness, he could not accept it, as he was obliged to return at once from the pulpit to his bed. The sum of one hundred and twelve pounds was taken up by the collectors in the church.

Return to Tallaght.

He returned to Tallaght, and from that time forward he was constantly attended to by Drs. Porter, Cruise and Lawlor. The gifted priest lay upon his bed, suffering the intensest agony, with a calm and uncomplaining fortitude that astonished while it deeply affected his brethren. To the last he retained full possession of all his faculties, his mind never for a moment wandering, but constantly intent upon earnest and unremitting prayer. When addressing those around him he spoke with as much of the old cheerfulness as his martyr-spirit could force. On Sunday night he endured the most excessive and excruciating pain, which, having continued for many hours, ceased for a few minutes before three o'clock yesterday morning. He still availed of the interval to plead for the intercession of his Blessed Mother, and, after a short time, surrounded by the deeply affected members of the community, and with a prayer passing from his lips, the great and good Father Tom Burke closed his eyes in death, with the sweet and peaceful repose of a tired child sinking to sleep.

The admirable patience in the midst of physical torture that constantly distinguished Father Burke was, perhaps, the especial feature in the last days of his illness. Unremitting prayer was his great solace, and no paroxysms of pain were able to draw a word of complaint from his lips. During the last and most bitter agony his sweet resignation was, as those of his community proclaim, a source

to them of the highest edification. To the very last moment, and until his pulse ceased to beat, he retained full consciousness, the last word falling from his lips being an invocation to our Blessed Lady, "Help of Christians." Needless to add that the illustrious son of the Church passed away fortified by her holy rites. On Sunday morning he received the Viaticum in the presence of the entire community, and subsequently with touching humility begged pardon from his brethren for any offence he had given. The world may speak of the great scholar, the splendid orator, but those only in daily and hourly contact with him can speak of his unvarying sweetness of disposition, his tender piety, his complete self-abnegation, and, over and above all, his marvellous modesty. The one thing that could bring a cloud to his face was to single him out in any way for distinction. Truly, he was to all a splendid example of humility. In accordance with the rules of his Order, immediately after his decease the Office of the Dead was commenced, and was unremittingly chanted until the body was taken to its last resting place.

The Funeral Obsequies.

The humble monastic funeral of the great Dominican priest and preacher, which took place at Tallaght, July 4, was perhaps, after all, more in harmony with the wishes of the beloved dead and with his life than with the artificial trappings of public pomp. The stringent rules of the order are adverse to display even over the remains of its most illustrious dead; and, although in the case of the glorious and sainted Dominican who now lies in his grave beside his departed brethren, the grief of town and country almost demanded the outlet of a National demonstration, it was thought by those to whose authority deference is due, that the interment should be modest even to privacy. Tallaght was the place whither turned prelates, priests and people to pay the last honors to one of Ireland's most gifted, most useful and most holy sons. It was a place of pilgrimage ever since the day of Father Burke's death, for crowds went to take a farewell look at the face whose expressiveness in life was known so well, and which, serene and beautiful in death, looked as it were cut in some chaste marble. All the bishops of Ireland who could attend were present to pray for the repose of him to whom there is no diocese which does not owe a debt, and who has a monument to his power and his piety in nearly every parish in the country. The showery morning illustrated the the old saw of "Blessed are the dead whom the rain falls on." With very few exceptions the clergy present were early in attendance, and crowded the galleries, cloisters and corridors of the monastery, where they were received by the Very Rev. Prior. Thence all proceeded to the church, as yet incomplete. It had been wisely decided that the small temporary chapel hitherto in use could not afford sufficient accommodation for the number desirous to attend the funeral ceremony, and the services of the contractor had been called into requisition to place an awning over the choir of the church in course of construction as also to provide a temporary flooring. Seats for the clergy had also been provided, but in some instances they had to content themselves with standing room. A small temporary altar, draped in black, had been erected. About a quarter after eleven the procession defiled into the church, through a slight but penetrating shower. The Office of the Dead was immediately commenced, and the solemn tones of the church chant rose amidst a hushed silence. In the body of the church the massed crowd, increasing in density as fresh arrivals vainly endeavored to urge onwards to catch a glimpse of the coffin on the elevated bier, and tried, but vainly, to fall on their knees. They listened for two hours in breathless silence to

the plaintive and impressive tones of the Liturgy for the Dead. Antiphons and solo parts of the service were chanted impressively by two specially selected brethren of the order, and the responses were intoned by the full body of the clergy present. The Most Rev. Dr. M'Evilly, archbishop of Tuam, presided at the ceremony, and when, after the commencement of the Third Nocturne came the beautiful verse of the Fortieth Psalm, *Beatus qui Inteligit* (Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and poor, the Lord will delivered him in the evil day. . . . When shall he die and his name perish? . . . He went out and spoke to the same purpose"), it was plain from the look of the prelate, as from that in the eyes of the surrounding clergy, that in their minds a beautiful parallel had photographed itself between the words of the Psalm and the life of the holy man who had passed away. Overhead the sky was lowering, and the clouds gave from time to time earnest of an intended downpour, by intermittent showers. As the solemn accents of the *Miserere* were wailed out from the crowd of cowled heads, the Office of the Dead concluded. The Very Rev. Dr. Mullins, O. P., prior of the order at Galway, ascended the steps of the altar, and High Mass for the Dead commenced. He was assisted by the Very Rev. J. Flynn, O. P. Prior of Drogheda, as deacon; the Rev. R. Walsh, O. P., officiating as sub-deacon. The most impressive part of the solemn service was perhaps the thrilling *Dies Iræ*, the verses alternately rendered by a solo bass and the full choir of the clergy present. Mass being concluded, it was with difficulty that a route for the funeral procession could be opened through the dense crowd that had momentarily increased (there cannot have been less than 4,000 persons present), and an acolyte bearing the cross aloft, and accompanied by four others with lighted tapers, preceded the novices of the Dominican Order down the avenue thus formed. These again were followed by the brethren of the order, who in turn were succeeded by the secular clergy. The members of the Confraternity attached to the Dominican Convent St. Savior's, Domnick street, numbering thirty members, headed the procession around the grounds. The number of ecclesiastics was enormous, and the length of the procession was extraordinary. The procession of secular clergy was closed by an imposing array of thirteen prelates in their violet robes, the last of all being the Most Rev. Dr. M'Evilly. Following all, borne on the shoulders of eight of the white-robed friars, came the coffin containing the mortal remains of the man whose memory had sufficed to ring together such an assemblage. Weeping, sobbing, struggling, praying aloud, rich and poor, peasant and townsman, almost wrestled with his neighbor for who should at least touch with his hand the cloth that covered the plain, humble coffin that held all that was left them in the flesh of God's great servant. Meanwhile the head of the procession had led on through the beautiful grounds and gardens of the college, chanting meanwhile the magnificent and touching liturgy provided for the burial of Dominicans. Here and there women fell on their knees weeping silently but bitterly, and the moment the winding walks showed a disposition to narrow, everywhere was apparent the same anxiety to touch the coffin. At last, and three quarters of an hour after leaving the church, the procession debouched afresh upon the green sward adjoining the church, shortly to be its cloister. There the grave was dug. Simplicity itself marked the preparations. A grave about six feet deep, headed by a plain white wooden cross, in height about ten feet, and embedded in a plain granite socket, was soon reached, and the coffin lowered by means of planks. At this moment the subdued excitement of the crowd became intense, and it

was with difficulty that during the few concluding words of the service the eager crowd were prevented from rushing to take one last look at the coffin. Wreaths of flowers were showered upon it until naught of the black cloth could be seen; and the white flowers of purity mingled with the bright green of hope, covered the sombre coffin. The inscription upon the brass plate of the coffin was brief. It read:

The Very Rev.
THOMAS BURKE,
Aged 53 years,
Died 1st July, 1883.
R. I. P.

Several relatives of the deceased were at the grave, and the grief of some ladies of his family was affecting. Those who were behind and had brought wreaths and flowers to throw upon the coffin, were obliged to pass them over the heads of the people present to those near the grave. The dispersion of holy water upon the fast-falling sods being over, the clergy returned to the church, whence a procession was reformed into the temporary chapel, in the sacristry of which they disrobed. The prelates present included the Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan, archbishop of Armagh, primate of all Ireland; Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, archbishop of Tuam; Most Rev. Dr. Delany, bishop of Cork; Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly, bishop of Elphin; Most Rev. Dr. Dorrian, bishop of Down and Connor; Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, bishop of Meath; Most Rev. Dr. Conaty, bishop of Kilmore; Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, bishop of Clonfert; Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, bishop of Clogher; Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, bishop of Ardagh; Most Rev. Dr. Moran, bishop of Ossory; Most Rev. Dr. Logue, bishop of Raphoe; Most Rev. Dr. Carr, bishop elect of Galway; Most Rev. Dr. McCormick, bishop of Achonry, several hundred priests and a very large number of laymen.

Biographical Sketch.

Rev. Thomas Nicholas Burke, was born in the historic town of Galway, on the 8th of September, 1830. He came of Norman-Irish stock near Dublin. His father was a well-to-do tradesman, who lived near the Franciscan Convent. As a boy his natural gifts as a speaker attracted attention; he was the orator of his schoolmates and associates; and at a time when the agitation of public affairs in Ireland had brought out a host of intellectual giants, it was confidently predicted that "young Tom Burke" would at a not distant day make a figure as prominent as any of them in the political arena. But Providence had destined him for a different field of usefulness, and his own inclinations led him to make choice of a religious life, at a period when the ideas of most youths have scarcely received the bias that affects their after course. In 1847 he left his home for Italy, and commenced his novitiate in the Order of St. Dominic, at Perugia, taking the name in Religion of Thomas Aquinas. Thence he was sent to Rome, where five uninterrupted years of alternate prayer and study, matured his intellect, developed his oratorical powers, and rendered him worthy to receive Holy Orders. He was ordained in England, and spent four years on the mission in Gloucestershire; and it is an extraordinary proof of the confidence his superiors must have placed in his judgment and stability of character, that immediately after, we find him establishing a novitiate for the Order at Tallaght, county Dublin, where he remained as master of novices for the next seven years, giving, during that time, missions in various parts of Ireland, and by his already powerful eloquence adding lustre to the fame of the great Order of Preachers. Father Burke was next called to Rome, as Superior of St. Clement's, the oldest basilica in that city of ancient churches, where he remained for some years. It has been custom-

ary in Rome to have the Lenten sermons preached in many different languages, on account of the great influx at that holy season of travellers from all parts of the world, and the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo was allotted to the service of the English-speaking visitors. Dr. Wiseman, until his elevation to the dignity of Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, delivered the Lenten discourses there for many years, and was succeeded in that office by the present Cardinal Manning. When, in 1859, just before the season of Lent, Dr. Manning was telegraphed for, on account of the death of Cardinal Wiseman, and had to proceed to England, Father Burke was called upon to fill his place in the pulpit, and preached the Lenten sermons in the same church for the next five years. He then left Rome for Dublin. In October, 1871, Father Burke visited the United States as "Visitor general" of his order, and preached a lecture almost daily in the States or in Canada. The proceeds of these lectures were given to public charities.

His Visit to America.

"He came to this country in October, 1871, as Visitor-General of the Order of Dominican Monks, and preached or lectured almost daily in the States and in Canada, and generally speaking three times on Sunday. He raised by this means $250,000, all of which except $25,000, which was given to his convent in Ireland, was distributed among charitable institutions in this country. In Boston, Sept. 22, he spoke to the largest audience ever assembled. It was for the benefit of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children. On the morning of the day on which he delivered the address, he spoke for two hours at the laying of the corner-stone of St. Columbkille's Church, Brighton District, where at least six or eight thousand people were present. Were it not for this, fifty thousand people would have been present in the Coliseum to see the great Dominican. Of course only about one-third could get close enough to hear him. Special trains brought people from all the neighboring cities, so widely had his fame as an orator been spread abroad. Some $12,000 was realized for the Home from this address. Rt. Rev. Bishop Williams dispersed with the Vespers service in order to enable the people to go and see, if not to hear, Father Burke. It was with great difficulty that Father Burke got out of the immense building, so great was the rush to see him. Notwithstanding the immense multitude not an accident of the most trivial nature occurred. The women particularly rushed as of old to touch the hem of his garment. The city authorities sent one hundred officers to preserve order, but their services were not required. While in Boston, Father Burke was the guest of Patrick Donahoe.

Father Burke was attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs when in America, and his health was seriously impaired. He returned to his home in Ireland, and there lay at death's door for some considerable period. Having slowly recovered, he was advised by his physicians to abate the toil of his missionary labor very considerably. Father Burke had all the qualifications of a great orator — a dignified presence, graceful and vigorous action in gesticulation, and a fine baritone voice rich in musical intonations. He was a thorough linguist, and preached in several languages with facility. When he came to America as Visitor-General in 1871 he never intended to preach, but as soon as it was rumored that he had come to America he was beset by so many requests for sermons that he could not refuse them. The finest discourses I ever heard were delivered by him in St. Vincent Ferrer's Church, New York. His method of preparing a sermon was singular. He never used a manuscript and seldom spent more than a few minutes in consider-

ing how he would treat his subject. He saw everything by intuition, and never lost sight of a single salient point in his discourse. Give him a few leading thoughts and all else was clear. In his younger days he used to write out his sermons. He did so once when he was invited to deliver a eulogy on St. Patrick in New York. But in the pulpit he found his own imagination more potent than the penned panegyric which had cost him so many hours of labors, and, trusting in his own ready rhetoric, he electrified the congregation by a spontaneous outburst of eloquence. He was a born orator. He had a grand, sonorous baritone voice, a fluent delivery and a splendid action. He possessed a large fund of information, a store of wonderful resources and an inimitable readiness in applying them. His dramatic power was marvellous, and as a word painter had no equal. He was a sound theological student, and was thoroughly grounded in the doctrines of St. Thomas. The thousands who came to hear him preach were enthralled by a sort of magnetic power; they surrendered themselves, for the time, to the sway of his resistless oratory, and kept so quiet that, I assure you, you could hear a pin drop in the midst of the crowded church. He appealed entirely to the heart, enforcing his doctrines by a clear delivery and a use of gestures that were as little studied, and yet as effective, as his language. His memory was remarkably retentive. He knew every hymn in the Breviary by heart, and could repeat the Office of the Dead from beginning to end; he knew Moore's melodies by heart. He did a vast amount of work during his life. There was nothing remarkable in his personal appearance. He was above the medium height; his forehead was low; his complexion dark; in his clear, piercing eyes were the only indications of the great genius that was in him. No living member of the Order can compare with him as an orator. Père Monsabre, who succeeded Père Hyacinthe as the Lent preacher at Nôtre Dame in Paris, is the only living Dominican who can sway the masses with a power equal to his. Monsabre and Burke were trained in the same school and resemble each other in many particulars. Both are endowed with the same fervid temperament and the same unfailing command of language.

Froude.

An animated controversy arose on a series of lectures in reply to Mr. Froude on his views of the relations of England and Ireland. The first of these lectures was delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, Nov. 12, 1872. The fashion in which he attacked Froude was singular. A committee of gentlemen insisted that he should prepare a reply to the charges that the lecturer made against Irishmen. "But I have no books here," said Mr. Burke, "and no time to make up the subject." His objections were overruled; a friend gave him the run of his library. For one week Burke busied himself with dry figures and facts, and then came forward with what result is well known to everyone. Jas. Anthony Froude never got further than Philadelphia. Mr. Froude was sent to this country with the design of alieniating the American sentiment from the Irish cause. Father Burke happened most fortunately to be here, and on less than three weeks' notice prepared the masterly arguments which turned back the tide of popular feeling and laid the foundation of that deep sympathy which America has manifested for Ireland on so many occasions. In this connection an anecdote occurs to me. Mr. William H. Hurlbert was a great friend of Froude's, and gave him a breakfast upon his arrival. After the latter had delivered his lectures Mr. Hurlbert wished to bring about a meeting between him and Father Burke, who was announced to reply, and invite Father Burke to meet them at dinner. He was about to

accept when I advised him to wait until his lectures were over, because I knew he was so impressible that if he were once brought into friendly contact with his opponent he would not have the heart to deliver such stunning and keen thrusts when he appeared against him in the forum. He accordingly wrote, asking that the dinner be postponed. When the lectures were over Mr. Froude refused emphatically to meet him on any terms.

His Departure.

Father Burke left America on Washington's birthday, 1873, in company with Father Lilly, the Provencal of the order. He was then suffering from ulceration of the bowels, which became more aggravated after the excitement of his tour had subsided. He spent some time in Rome, and then returned to Ireland. In 1878 his complaint became so serious that five of the most eminent surgeons of Dublin, after consultation, despaired of his life and he was prayed for in all the churches. Upon his partial recovery he was ordered to the convent of Tallaght with instructions to refrain from work. He then started to build a church, and was coming to America this Summer to raise funds.

No Part in Politics.

He did not take any part in the organized movements in Ireland, at least, not publicly; he was an indefatigable worker in any cause that he espoused, and especially in the cause of Ireland; but he was too outspoken, and it is safe to say that the peremptory orders of his superiors sealed his lips. Since his return he has been allowed to preach, but not to lecture on account of his pronounced views. and he has therefore never uttered a word in connection with politics. Otherwise, and if his health had permitted, there is no telling what influence his burning words might not have had upon the destinies of his country.

Affable with All.

"Besides his education and natural ability he possessed the gift of interesting at the same time the highly educated and the ignorant. Each took the same enthusiastic delight in listening to him. He often preached two hours with half his audience standing. Those who had to stand never went to sleep. The last time he ever preached morning and evening was at the dedication of the new Church of St. Dominick, London. He was recommended to be Archbishop of Demerara in the West Indies, but begged off, and another Dominican was appointed in his place. He was not reserved and solemn enough to support the dignity of high ecclesiastical honors. He felt that his work lay in a field nearer to the mass of his fellow men, where he could be more readily affected by their hopes and fears, their griefs and joys, and be in closer sympathy with mankind.

Ireland has blessed this generation with two princes of the pulpit, the Irish Lacordaire, Father Burke, and the Chrysostom of his adopted country, the gifted and silver-tongued Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis. But this glory is not her only title to the gratitude of Christendom. The royal race of giant intellects and eloquent tongues will still bless future generations with apostles as eloquent as the great Irish Dominican and the illustrious Bishop of St. Louis.

Colored Catholics in New York.

The Rev. Dr. Burtsell, of New York, says that there are between 3,000 and 4,000 colored Catholics in that city, and that efforts are being made to carry out the provisions of the late Father Farrell's will regarding the erection of a church especially for their use.

Ashamed of the Cross.

THE *Catholic Review* records the following extraordinary occurrence :—

We have been amazed at a recent exhibition of the remnants of New England bigotry and ignorance, still to be picked up by the industrious and observant traveller, in its out-of-the-way villages. The correspondence which we published a week or two since, from Lakeville, Conn., shows what the Rev. Father Lynch, the esteemed pastor of that mission has done to beautify and civilize a region where every prospect pleases. but where, we fear, there is still left a good deal of that humanity that is vile. Amongst the adornments of his church and convent grounds is a beautiful crucifixion. Either as a work of art or as a monument of Christian religion, one would think that there could be [illegible] to this, in the nineteenth Christ. Not so, it seems seventy ignorant a New England villa the hardihood to Father L that v s

A New England poet has put the thought into the mouth of the demons who would strike down the Cross of the Cathedral of Stratsburg. We do not suppose that Longfellow's *Golden Legend* has ever reached the homes of these people, therefore we quote a stanza or two of it;

THE SPIRE OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

Night and Storm. — LUCIFER, with the Powers of the Air, trying to tear down the Cross.

LUCIFER. — Hasten! Hasten!
O, ye spirits!
From its station drag the pondrous
Cross of iron that to mock us,
Is uplifted high in air.

VOICES. — O, we cannot,
For around [illegible]

advance of civilizers, brethren of the same cloth, obedience and faith as the present priest of Lakeville, just as in more modern times it has protected and guided Marquette, Jogues, Brebœuf and other Catholic explorers of every creek, river and mountain pass of the East and West. But more is unnecessary. Without the Cross we should have no America.

We are ashamed that any body of Americans, under the compulsion or guidance of any one, should have consented to sign the document which lies before us. We are strongly tempted to punish them, as they deserve, by publishing their names for the just scorn of all their fellow-citizens, of whatever faith they may be. But we shall not do so, satisfied that most of them acted from ignorance. But we suggest that Father Lynch this address framed be- of his

and drawers of water, and engaged mostly in the humblest walks of life, as they used to be in many of the Eastern states, they are here amongst our best and most respected citizens. Nor is this exception; it is the rule. In the East we have seen in many cities, almost the entire population, who work on the streets, Irishmen; here there is scarcely one. Here they are our mechanics, our contractors, builders, merchants, lawyers, doctors, farmers; in a word, they occupy honored positions in every walk of life, and with a few, very few exceptions, are as sober as they are industrious and respected.

Walking up street the other day with a stranger who had just arrived in St. Paul, he remarked as we passed a number of men who were repairing the street: "Why, there is n Irishman among them!"

ot repeat this, because we r despise labor and the s — all honest work is it shows how ener- sful the Irish in d this is largely y. *They are*

Our Young Folks.

FOUR LITTLE MISCHIEFS.

CHAPTER X.

THE WET DAY.

JUST after the great haycock was finished the children wakened one morning to find the rain falling thick and fast, and the sky quite dark all around.

A fire was lighted in the nursery, for it was quite cold as well as wet.

"Oh, dear, has the winter come back?" cried little Rosie.

"What shall we do with ourselves, Nurse dear?" asked Kitty in despair.

"Come, come, cheer up!" said Nursie. "This is only a day to water the flowers. To-morrow it will be as bright as ever. Nana, can't you make a play of blind-man's-buff?"

Jock put down his book, and Bunko left off painting pictures for Mrs. Dale's back parlor, and Rosie and Ba jumped about in delight.

Kitty was made blind-man first, and then each of the children had a turn. When little Ba got the handkerchief tied over her eyes she pushed it up and saw every one quite well. But nobody scolded her because she was so small. She thought herself very clever because she caught everybody all round.

Rosie couldn't catch any one at all, for she kept turning round and round in one spot, and was afraid to run about. Everyone shook her little fat outstretched hand and ran away, and at last she got quite dizzy and tumbled down on the floor.

When Kitty was blind-man she danced about in the wildest manner, but generally caught the chairs, or the table, or wrapped her arms round the curtains thinking she had got hold of Nurse's skirts. Bunko knocked his head against things; but, Jock was the one who managed to catch people, no matter how clever they were.

At last they all thought they would play Jock a trick, because he was getting so conceited about being able to catch everybody, and so as soon as he was blindfolded they opened the door softly and every person in the room crept out on the lobby.

Jock went sweeping round the nursery with his arms whirling about like the sails of a windmill, but to his great surprise he could not catch anybody. Kitty or Bunko would step into the room for a moment and laugh out loud, and then slip out of the room again, so that it was a long time before Jock guessed that he was really all alone in the nursery. When he found out the trick he pulled off the handkerchief, and said it was not fair, and he would not play any more. And then they all settled down to paint and read, and after a while Nurse told them a story.

There was a long lobby outside the nursery, and it had a large window with a deep seat, and right in the middle of the wall stood an old-fashioned clock in a huge black case, looking almost like a tall high-shouldered woman in black with a round white face. Jock and Bunko used to laugh at this clock and call it their grand-aunt, because Farmer Dale had told them that he once had a grand-aunt who was the very image of it.

Jock and Bunko now made themselves comfortable in this large window on the lobby, with their books and painting, and Nurse went into her own room to look for pieces of ribbon to make new doll's sashes for Kitty and Rosie. Ba was standing by watching all that Nurse was doing, but after a few minutes she got tired of that and began to look about for some mischief to do. She soon spied Nurse Green's nice new parasol hanging by its handle from a hook in the wardrobe, low enough for her little hand to reach to, and she immediately

seized it and flew off to the nursery with it to have some fun by herself. Nurse had her head in a large trunk at the time, and Kitty and Rosie were head and shoulders down in the same trunk, so that none of them saw little Ba toddle off with her prize.

As soon as Ba found herself in the nursery all alone she began to prance round the room with the parasol in her hand, digging the point of it into everything she met with; and at last she trotted over to the fire-place, where the coals had burned rather low, and she began, with great delight, to poke the fire with the parasol.

If the fire had been a good one the parasol would soon, of course, have been in flames; but, as it was, the end of the stick burned and smouldered away, till there was nothing left of it but a blackened stump.

Ba was enchanted, and poked away with all her might, making the cinders fly right and left on the hearth. Presently nurse missed her, and came running into the nursery, followed by Kittie and Rosie.

"Oh, you naughty child! you bad little Ba! you have burned my parasol!"

"I did not burn your soul!" she said, looking at Nurse from under her brows.

"Oh, my! what language!" cried Nurse. "How awful you do sound, Ba!"

"What did she say?" asked Kitty.

"It's too dreadful to be repeated," said Nurse. "She did not burn my soul. Of course she means sol, parasol; but there! I don't know where babies get the things they say."

"Your best parasol, Nurse! Isn't it a pity?" said Kitty, picking it up.

"Yes, my dear; I shall have to take my great green umbrella to church on Sundays; but never mind, its no use to scold a tiny thing like Ba. Come here, Ba, and give me a kiss, and you mustn't do such a naughty thing again."

Just then Mrs. Dale put her head in at the door.

"Will you kindly look at your watch, Mrs. Green?" she said, "for I can't believe but it's more than half-past three o'clock. That's what it is by our old clock on the lobby, and I'm twenty years listening to it striking and ticking in this old house, and I never knew it to go wrong before."

"Why, it's half-past four!" said Nurse, looking at her watch.

"I knew it!" said Mrs. Dale. "I've been dying for my tea this hour, and yet I wouldn't take it till the clock would strike four. Dale will hardly believe me when I tell him the grand-aunt is gone wrong."

"Indeed I have been wishing for my tea too," said Nurse, "but I did not like hurrying you, Mrs. Dale."

"Well, well! I am puzzled. And indeed you ought to have rung your bell, Mrs. Green. The tea will be ready in five or six minutes; and I have such a nice little lot of cakes in the oven!"

Away went Mrs. Dale, and the tea came up; and after she had had her own tea Mrs. Dale came up again to look at the old clock on the lobby. There it stood still pointing to half-past three. The grand-aunt had evidently got into a sulk and would not move.

"Something has put her out of temper, Mrs. Dale," said Jock, grinning over the edges of his book from the lobby window. "She's jealous of Nurse Green's watch. You sometimes ask Nurse the time, and she doesn't like it."

"Well, I had some one to tell me the time this afternoon," said Mrs. Dale. "I must only leave her to Mr. Dale. When he comes home he'll find out what's the matter with her."

That evening, after Farmer Dale had had his supper, the children heard the tramp, tramp of his heavy boots coming up the wooden stair, and they knew he was going to take a look at the old clock.

Jock and Bunko hid behind one of the doors of the lobby, and stood lis-

tening and expecting to have some fun.

Nurse Green came out of the nursery to speak to Mr. Dale.

"It's very singular, isn't it?" she said.

"Singularest thing I've known to happen this many a day, ma'am," said the farmer. "Man and boy I've been intimate friends with that clock, and never saw her wrong a quarter of an inch. They don't make such clocks now-a-days, Mrs. Green. But all things come to their end sometime, I suppose my poor old grand-aunt's time is maybe up."

"Oh no, I hope not," said Nurse Green. "It's only some little hitch inside that can be put right."

"Never knew her to hitch, inside or out," said the farmer. "However, we'll give her the chance, Mrs. Green, and take a look on the inside."

With this he opened the door of the clock-case, and a curious sight met his eyes; for there was Ba's oldest doll (the one with the paint all kissed off, and nearly all the hair pulled out, and only one eye left in its head,) there was this miserable doll tied by her neck to the pendulum of the old clock!

A shout from the farmer, and a shriek from Nurse Green, and then an explosion of laughter was heard from behind the door where Jock and Bunko were hiding.

"Well, Mr. Dale, I *am* ashamed of my boys!" burst forth Nurse. "I really sha'n't be surprised if you turn them out of your house to-morrow."

"Come, come, Mrs. Green!" said Farmer Dale, who was shaking with laughter himself, "we can't put old heads on young shoulders, and a wet day *is* a trial to lads like yours. At all events I'm main glad to see it's nothin' that's got altogether wrong, like, with my old grand-aunt's constitution. Come out here, you young rascals, and let me give you the flailing you deserve!"

Jock and Bunko came jumping out of their hiding-place, and came running up to Mr. Dale with their hands over their ears.

"Aye, aye! You may well cover your ears, for you know well they ought to be pulled. However, there, I was going to tell you should have a feast of fruit to-morrow! I suppose I had better forbid it now. Eh, Mrs. Green?"

"Oh, Mr. Dale! it was only fun. And I hope it hasn't done the clock any harm."

"That means that you want the fruit. Well, we'll see about it to-morrow. In the meantime the old lady's tongue is wagging away as briskly as ever, I see. I sha'n't even have to bring the clock-doctor to see her."

"Is there such a person as a clock-doctor?" asked Jock.

"Not nearer to here than London," said Mr. Dale, laughing at Jock's sudden earnestness.

And that night Jock lay awake in his bed quite half an hour wondering about the clock-doctor, and supposing it must be the kind of a person who came every month to keep the clocks in his father's house in order.

CHAPTER XI.

CHASING THE DUCKS TO DEATH.

THE next was a very hot morning, and when the boys were away with Farmer Dale as usual looking after the hay, Kitty and Rosie were playing about the fields under the trees, while Nana sat at her sewing on a pleasant mossy seat in the shade.

The little girls first visited all the hedge dolls and had great fun with them. They had now five hundred dolls between them, and they were all living comfortably in their hedge houses. That morning the lady dolls went out shopping and bought a great many things that they did not want, and Kitty told them they ought not to spend so much money. Then the dairy-maid wanted Kitty and Rosie to taste her butter, and the cook had a quarrel with the kitchen-maid, and several hedge children were found to have the measles, and altogether so

many things happened that Kitty and Rosie had quite a busy time of it for about two hours, arranging all the affairs of the hedge households.

After all these matters had been attended to Kitty and Rosie were quite tired and hot, and they went wandering away down to a pretty little stream of water that flowed at the foot of the fields all surrounded by trees on each side.

It was a cool, lonely spot. Sometimes the cows found their way down here and stood up to their knees in the water, seeming to enjoy it so much. Kitty and Rosie were rather afraid of the cows, though they liked to look at them from a distance. However it was generally later in the day when the cows got into the brook, and now there was nothing near to frighten the little girls.

"Oh, Kitty!" said Rosie, "let us pitend to be cows! My feet are so hot. Can't we get into the water?"

"It would be delightful," said Kitty; "I wonder would Nurse scold."

Rosie stood on a stone and dipped her little foot into the stream.

"Oh, Rosie, you naughty girl, to wet your shoe! If we go in we must take off our shoes and stockings."

"Must we?" said Rosie. "I can't take off mine."

"Then I must take them off for you. Come up here into the grass out of the wet and I will pull them off. I don't think Nurse or Nana would mind, as it is so hot, and if we don't wet our clothes."

Kitty knew all the time that she ought to go and ask leave, but she was afraid that if she did she should be told it was just near dinner-time, or something like that, and that she should not be allowed to do as she wished.

Kitty had her good days and her rather bad days. On some days she would not do anything naughty for the world, but at other times she could not believe that things she wanted to do so much were naughty. At all events she did not like to believe it, and was ready to take the chance of doing wrong.

Well, this was one of the days when Kitty felt a wild desire to do what she liked, and so she kept telling herself and Rosie that she thought Nurse would not mind. Off went Rosie's shoes and stockings. The stockings required a great deal of tugging before they would come off, for they were quite wet already and they clung to her little fat feet, but at last they were gone, flung away on the grass, and Rosie's tiny pink toes stood bare on the stones.

"Now, Rosie, don't go in without me!" cried Kitty. "If you were to fall you would be all in a sop of wet, and what could we say to Nurse then?"

So Rosie waited patiently while Kitty stripped off her own stockings and shoes and cast them away with her sister's among the dock leaves, and then, her little, slender, white legs bare to the knees, she caught Rosie's hand and they trotted off together to the verge of the stream.

They paddled in very cautiously at first, but after a little while grew quite bold and scampered about in the water, splashing each other as they went.

"Now, Rosie," said Kitty, "don't you go out past that stone, because if you slipped or put your foot in a hole you couldn't help falling, you are so fat."

"Couldn't I?" said Rosie, staring at Kitty with her round dark eyes very wide open at the thought of such a danger, and all her little skirts gathered up in a lump in her short arms. "I wish I wasn't so fat."

"Yes, I'm sure you do," said Kitty, "but you can't help it. Just stand there, like a good child and see how far I can go out, because I am tall and thin. It's no use your wishing to be thin, because you know you were born fat."

"Yes," said Rosie meekly and looking at Kitty with admiration.

"It isn't your fault, so you needn't

fret about it, but just watch and see what fun I can have because I am thin." And Kitty walked out till the water came up to her little bare knees, and then, holding her skirts carefully aloft, began to jump and sing in the water.

Just then, however, she happened to turn her eyes towards the grass and trees by the river-side to assure herself that the cows were not coming to stand all around her in the water, and, to her great dismay, she saw, not cows, but an ill-looking man and woman stooping over the shoes and stockings which the children had left among the dock leaves.

"Oh, Rosie, look!" she said, and in a minute the man and woman were gone, and the shoes and stockings with them.

"They've taken our shoes and stockings," cried Kitty.

"Oh, dear!" said Rosie. "Will they not bring them back? Call to them, Kitty."

"They wouldn't mind. They're *thieves*," said Kitty scornfully.

"It wasn't my fat this time, Kitty, dear?" said Rosie anxiously.

"No, you little goose. How could your fat make people steal?"

"No, it couldn't," said Rosie, her mind quite relieved. She had got an idea from Kitty's constant complaints of her fat that it was to blame for everything that went wrong with their plays. This point being settled she was content.

"We can run home in our bare feet," she said gleefully. "Nurse has plenty of shoes and stockings for us. Won't it be fun?"

"Oh, yes," said Kitty; "but Nurse will be so angry. If you were not a baby you would think about that."

Snubbed again, Rosie's dimples went out of her cheeks and she looked as grave as Kitty.

However, they were not allowed to stand much longer thinking about what happened, for Nana now appeared among the trees, and came running down to the river.

"You naughty children! Come out of the water directly. Nurse *is* so angry; you shall see. Enough to give you your death of cold, you bad little girls; and you might have been drowned in some hole."

"Don't scold, Nana," said Kitty. "Nurse will say enough to us. And oh, Nana dear, our shoes and stockings are stolen!"

"Just what might have been expected," said Nana. "Well, Nurse will be in a state when she hears of this."

"But we have more shoes and stockings," persisted Rosie.

"And do you think your papa and mamma have nothing to do but spend their money on shoes and stockings for you, that you may allow tramps to steal them? Shoes and stockings cost a great deal of money."

"So they do," said Kitty, "and some people have none at all."

"Why can't we have none at all?" cried Rosie. "It would be a great deal nicer."

"Oh, you little goose, your feet would be cut," said Kitty, who was now quite penitent. "Nana dear, what do you think Nurse will do?"

"Put you in bed," said Nana; "that is what is done to wet children to keep them from catching cold. Then she will go down on her knees and thank God that you were not drowned, or that the tramps did not take you, or that the cows did not come into the water and trample you."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Kitty, "why is there such *wrongness* in everything nice? I thought we could have done it so good. And I had a large pocket-handkerchief in my pocket to dry our feet first, and then we could have finished them off with our petticoats."

"Nice treatment for your clean white petticoats!" said Nana.

By this time they had left the grass and trees and got out upon the road.

"Oh! the gravel hurts my feet," cried Rosie.

"I think so, indeed," said Nana, and lifted her up in her arms to carry her the rest of the way.

Kitty said nothing, though the little stones hurt her too; but she trudged along valiantly by Nana's side.

Nurse came out to meet them at the farmhouse door.

"Oh! Nurse," cried Kitty, "it was all my fault. We went in the river and our shoes and stockings are stolen. And don't punish Rosie — only me!"

"I am sorry for you and ashamed of you, Kitty," said Nurse. "I thought my eldest girl had more sense than to lead her little sister into such mischief. However, there, don't cry so bitterly. You must not do it again."

"What will you do to us, Nursie dear? Nana says you will put us in bed."

"Well, if it was a wet day I should certainly put you in bed," said Nurse; "but I think it will be better to first change all your clothes and then send you out for a good race to get warm."

"Oh! thank you, Nurse dear," said Kitty, putting her arms round her.

"I'm afraid I'm a great deal too light upon you," said Nurse, kissing her; "but, mind, I count upon you that you never do such a thing again without asking my leave."

"Indeed I never will," said Kitty; and then they had all their clothes changed at once and went off to run about in the sun.

Running round a field as fast as they could they came upon a flock of ducks waddling along on their way to the very water in which Kitty and Rosie had been wading.

"Quack! quack!" said the ducks, and fluttered and cluttered about.

"Oh! Rosie, let us chase the ducks. They are going to paddle in the water, and it can't be good for them any more than us. A good run will be better for them.

"Oh! yes, we'll chase them," cried Rosie, and off set the two little girls as fast as they could, all round the field, with the ducks flying and fluttering before them.

Round and round they went. The children clapped their hands and waved their arms and shouted at the fun, and they were quite sure the ducks were enjoying the play as much as themselves. The poor things darted to one side, and here and there, and the little girls flew after them and drove them along with the rest in front. After some time a few escaped and waddled away, quacking, towards the water, and in the end only three were left to keep up the chase for the children round and round the field.

In the midst of their high glee Kitty and Rosie suddenly saw one poor duck fall down, and lie struggling and gasping on the ground.

"It is only making fun," said Rosie; but Kitty went up to it and stooped over it.

"Oh! Rosie, it is dead," she cried in a miserable voice, and then burst out crying.

"What are you crying for, Kitty dear?" asked Rosie, looking from the dead duck to her sister, and from Kitty back to the duck.

"Because we've killed it with our play!" sobbed Kitty. "We didn't know we were being so cruel, but we've chased the poor duck to death!"

Rosie gazed at it sorrowfully. "Running didn't kill us," said she.

"Oh! no, I suppose because we are big. Dear, dear, what shall we do? I will go and tell Mrs. Dale."

Just at this moment they saw her come into the field.

"Oh! Mrs. Dale, we've chased a duck to death," cried Kitty, running up to her with streaming eyes; "and we thought the ducks were all having such fun with us, and some of them got away. But this one kept up the longest; and now he's dead."

Mrs. Dale looked very grave. She took the poor duck up in her hands

and examined him. Yes, he was quite dead.

"Poor duckie will never run any more," she said. "My dears, you didn't know what you were doing, but always remember that it is a dreadful thing to make poor dumb animals suffer. You took away his breath and his little heart broke with fright. Let it be a lesson to you, dear, to try and understand what animals can bear and what they can't bear. God made them as He made us, and He will not love us if we are cruel to them."

"Oh! I know, I know," sobbed Kitty. "I love animals, and I can't bear to hurt them."

That evening Kitty said her head ached, and she looked very pale, sitting on a stool and leaning her chin on her hand, while Rosie sat undressing her doll on the floor beside her.

"Oh! Rosie, this has been such a bad day," said Kittie. "I do hope to-morrow will do better."

"Wading in the river was very nice," said Rosie, comfortably, "was'nt it, Kitty?"

"It wasn't nice in the end," said Kitty; "it was all wrong. And then we killed the duck. But you're such a fat baby, Rosie, you are never sorry for anything!"

Rosie's lip went down. Snubbed for her fat again. She felt as usual, ashamed of herself for not being like Kitty. But her sweet little smiles soon came back, and she said cheerfully:

"Kitty, are you sorry for the duck because you are thin?"

But Kitty only shrugged her shoulders and turned away to pick up a story-book. Rosie was really too much of a baby to be talked to.

To be Continued.

WILLIE'S SHAMROCKS.

O, Postman! speed thy tardy gait—
Go quick round from door to door;
For thee I watch, for thee I wait,
Like many a weary wanderer more.
Thou bringest news of vale and bliss—
Some life begun, some life well o'er,
He stops—he rings—O Heaven! what's this?
A Shamrock from the Irish shore!

D. F. McCarthy.

"Did it come yet, Ailey?" said the weak voice of a little boy, who shivered over a few ashes that lay white and cold on the hearth in his little room.

"Not yet, Willie, not yet, but I am watching," said his sister, a little girl, from whose cheeks the fogs and soot of London had not yet worn the blossoms of health that she had gained on her Irish hills.

You pass from one of the busiest streets of London along a narrow lane, and at the end of the lane it widens into a court, and the court is enclosed by tall houses divided into tenements. The houses are old, the windows are broken, the walls are dingy and black. There is a stump of a solitary tree in the middle. It has not worn a single leaf since long ago it was transplanted from its native forest. And everything that is coarse and ugly, and unsavory in London, seems to pass through this court, into which, with eager eyes, the little girl was now looking.

"What time is it, Ailey?" queried the boy.

"Not eight yet," replied the sister, busying herself about the room.

"I wonder will he send it," said he, reflectively, "he promised me he would, and I am sure he will."

Just at this moment, a stir was perceptible in the court. Women came from their houses and congregated together, others looked eagerly through the windows, and Ailey brushing her hair and rubbing her hands, rushed down stairs, and stood timidly on the door-step. It was the postman that caused all the commotion. He called out the letters one by one, and when all had disappeared, he held a small parcel in his hands, and looked around for the owner.

"Mr. Michael O'Brien, Nelson Court, Nelson Street," he shouted,

"is there any one here of that name?"

"Please, sir," said Ailey, advancing timidly, "it is my brother."

"Two pence to pay," said the postman.

Ailey's face fell, and the tears gathered in her eyes. She stood helplessly rubbing down her little aporn, and looking about, as if to seek a friend.

"Is it a watch?" said the postman mockingly.

"No!" said the child.

"Is it a brooch?"

"No!"

"What is it?" said the man of letters, impatiently.

"It is only a bunch of shamrocks from Ireland," said Ailey, faltering.

"Take it, then," said the postman, roughly, "they don't care for these things at the office."

She bounded up stairs, three steps at a time, and leaped towards Willie, shouting and crying, "here it is, here it is, Willie!"

The boy's eyes became brighter, and he took the cherished packet into his hands. Carefully, Ailey's scissors cut the cords, carefully she opened the wrappings, carefully she lifted the cover, and there, fresh and green, as if springing from the sacred soil of Ireland, were the shamrocks, mute tell-tales of the love and devotion Willie had left behind in the hearts of his school-mates. They were tied with a green ribbon, and there was also a gold thread around them, and underneath was a letter, written in a fine big boy's hand, and telling all kinds of news to the little exiles.

Willie was cold and sick and hungry, but Willie was happy. He put the letter on the black mantle-piece, and held the little leaves in his hand.

The day wore on. Mother had gone out in the early morning, before the bustle of London commenced, to earn a few pence by gathering up the refuse of the markets. She had not yet returned.

At dusk, the sick boy said, wearily, "Ailey, I think I'll lie down."

"Very well, Willie, but mother will be here soon," said the sister, as she turned down the thread-bare blanket and revealed the little straw pallet. So Willie lay down in the twilight, holding the shamrocks all the time closely in his fingers.

Ailey sat opposite the fire-place, her hands clasped under her knees. She was rocking herself to and fro, and felt very lonely as she thought of home and the pleasant days that had been. There was a tap at the door, and it opened, and silently but quickly, a young girl of Ailey's age, but looking very much older, glided in, and stood silent, leaning against the mantle-piece, her hands behind her back. Her hair was black and tangled and falling into her eyes, her face was white and thin, her eyes grey and wild, her dress was frayed and patched in a hundred places.

After a while she looked at Ailey, and uttered the monosyllabic question: "Well?"

"It came," said Ailey, "*he* has it."

"Wot's it like!" said her companion, stealing over, and studying with some interest, the little leaves in the boy's hand. She too was an Irish girl; but had come in her babyhood to London, and the sin and misery, and the unwholesome air had washed her white as the ashes, and changed too her warm Irish heart, until it was as cold as the hearth of the little room.

"Wot's him got to drink?" she questioned after a while, jerking her fingers towards the sleeping boy.

"Nothing, Sue," was the reply. "Mother's been out all day and hasn't returned."

"He'll die," said Sue, for this was the only name by which she was known in the court, "mebbe t'night."

"Oh, Sue, don't say so!" cried Ailey, as the hot tears streamed down her cheek, and the poor child sobbed as if her heart would break.

Sue took a critical glance around

the room, and shook her head. "Got anything to sell?" she questioned at length.

"Oh nothing, nothing!" said the weeping child, as she looked in despair around her. Everything had been already sold.

"See *them*," said Sue, pointing to the shamrocks.

Ailey opened wide her eyes, blinded with tears, as if she couldn't understand her friend.

"'Twould kill him when he wakes to find them gone," said the poor girl, when at last she understood what was meant.

"He'll die from hunger," was the reply of Sue.

After a while, poor Ailey was won over, and the two girls noiselessly approached the bed to take the shamrocks from Willie's hands. Gently they opened finger after finger, keeping their eyes fixed all the while on the boy's face. The March winds were roaring through the court. Ailey felt more guilty than ever she had felt before. At last they had detached nearly the whole bunch from the boy's fingers; but they had to break the stem and leaves when it came to the last, his grasp was so firm, and some of the little plant remained in the little boy's hand. Noiselessly they stole from the room, and Willie turned over in his bed, and moaned "mother."

Tightening their ragged mantles around them, and bending their heads before the blast, the girls sped along the deserted streets, leaving gas-lamp after gas-lamp behind them. Sue doubled corners, and ran through arches, and made short-cuts through deserted houses, as if she knew every inch of the way, and Ailey came after, panting, out of breath, and wondering, and fearing what would mother say, if she returned and found Willie dead, and Ailey gone. At last, Sue drew up at the opening of a street that led into a broad, wide thoroughfare. She looked around for a moment, and then taking Ailey's hand, she said, "come," and ran along through the crowd, till they stood under the shadow of a large, dark edifice, the top of which Ailey could scarcely see. It had large windows and they were lighted, and presently there came the sound of a bell, and Ailey understood that this was a Catholic Church, and this was the bell for vespers.

Sue drew the trembling girl under an archway, and directed her as follows:—

"This here are a place where Irish folks go sometimes. I bean't ever in there; but I hears as there is music and grand going's on. Now you watch, London folks don't care for these things," pointing to the shamrock, "but when you see a face that you think belongs to an Irish, you just come forwards, and says: 'Please, sir, fresh shamrocks from Ireland.' Now, don't you go and be afraid, but speak up, and you may get a tanner."

Ailey stepped into the street. Sue tucked herself in from the wind under the arch, whence she could see the movements of her pupil. Carriages rolled up, and ladies furred and wrapped up from head to heel, descended and passed into the church. Ailey watched eagerly, but her heart was failing her.

At last, when she was beginning to dream, and her senses were passing away, she heard the word "now," from the archway, and looking up, she saw a gentleman approaching at a rapid pace. He looked anxious, but there was a gentleness in his face that gave poor Ailey courage. She stepped forward and proffered her little shamrock with the form of words Sue had put into her mouth. He stopped, looked questioningly at the little girl, and turned away with the words: "Nonsense, child, where would *you* get Irish shamrocks."

Ailey's heart sank; but she made a desperate effort, and said in a half-

choked voice: "Oh, indeed, sir, please, sir, they are real shamrocks; they came from Ireland this morning."

He took the shamrocks from the child, and examined them closely by the light of a gas-lamp.

"They are real," said he, half to himself, "but they are torn and crumpled and broken. Where are the other leaves?"

Ailey did not answer. But Sue leaped forward, and coolly and defiantly answered:

"They are in the fingers of the dead!"

Startled and horrified, the stranger fell back for a moment; and then in a curious torrent of words, only half English, Sue narrated the history of Willie and the shamrocks. He shook his head incredulously when she had finished. She hesitated for a moment, and then exclaimed: "Come and see!"

The stranger looked at his watch. Then by a sudden impulse, he grasped Ailey by the hand, and bade Sue lead on.

Not a word fell from the children or their new acquaintance until they reached Nelson's Court. They mounted the creaking stair-case, and entered the room. It was dark and cold. Sue left them for a moment, but presently returned, bearing a paraffin lamp that smoked and flamed in the wind. They passed round by the bedside and lifted the lamp. There lay the child as they had left him. He seemed alive, for his eyes were wide open, but it needed only a glance to see that he had passed away from the miseries of life, and was even now looking on the face of Ireland's Patron Saint in heaven, one arm was lying on the coverlet, and Sue took up the hand gently, and gently opened the cold, waxen fingers. A few green leaves fell into her palm. She held them up before the strange gentleman with the abrupt question: —

"Bean't I right?"

II.

Now, Willie had gone to heaven. That was the blessing the shamrocks brought him. But it brought happiness too to his mother and sister and Sue. For the stranger was not going to forget the sad story he had heard. But he put many hands at work and set many hearts a-thinking how these poor Irish waifs might be served. So Willie was laid out in his brown habit, and they crossed his hands on his breast, and placed the shamrocks, now faded, between them. And they buried him in a quiet nook in Kensal-Green cemetery, and let the shamrocks pass with him deep into the earth, for you know they won't grow anywhere but in Ireland. And Mrs. O'Brien returned to Ireland, where she lives in a small room, and is supported by her London friends, and Ailey has been taken into service in a good Catholic family; and Sue? Well, Sue is the pet and the torment of a whole community of nuns that lives out beyond Kensington. They had great trouble with her at first. She could not keep still for a moment, nor did she like clean clothes, nor could she bear to have her hair arranged for her, and she hated prayers and lessons. But she is coming round. And now whenever she is really good, the nuns permit Ailey to call for her, and take her to vespers, and she is beginning to feel that the "grand goings-on" have a meaning for her, which she did not understand before, for the marvels and mysteries of religion are beginning to dawn upon her. And every Patrick's Day, a little square packet is handed in to the bright little housemaid in Grosvenor-square, and after Mass, Ailey and Sue stroll along through the streets, into the cemetery, down the gravelled walks, to the grave, and reverently place on the green sward that covers their dead brother, a little bunch of green leaves fresh from the dews of Ireland, and they know them by no other name than that of "Willie's Shamrocks."

Useful Knowledge.

THE first printing press was set up at Copenhagen in 1493.

HOW TO PLACE THE BED.—Baron Reichenbach, who has devoted many years of deep study to the art of bed-making, maintains that you must not always lie on your bed as it is made, under penalty of abridging your life by a great number of years. If, says the Baron, a mere magnet exercises an influence on sensitive persons, the earth's magnetism must certainly make itself felt on the nervous life of man. Hence he awaits on the salutary effects of the inhabitants of the Northern Hemisphere lying with their heads to the north, and those of the Southern with their heads to the South. For travellers with short memories we may put the rule in general terms. In whatever hemisphere you may be, always sleep with your feet to the equator, and let your body lie "true as a needle to the pole." In giving this reason, the Baron has told us how to live a hundred years; for the polar direction of the body, is, it appears, of the utmost importance for the proper circulation of the blood, and we have Baron Reichenbach's authority for stating that many disturbances in the human organisms have been cured by simply placing the bolster at a different point of the compass from that it had occupied before. Let such as have hitherto been in the habit of sleeping with their heads where their feet ought to be, take to heart the example of the late Dr. Fischweiter, of Magdeburg, who died recently at the age of 109 years, and always attributed his long life to his faithful observance of the pole to pole position of sleeping. The most unhealthy position, we are told, is when the body lies due east and west. Some observers assure us that to sleep in such a posture is tantamount to committing suicide: and that diseases are often aggravated by deviation from the proper posture.

GIRLS WHO WANT TO MARRY.—There are girls who start out in life with an undefined idea that they will marry somebody, and then keep looking through the matrimonial market just as they would look through the stock of silks on the shopman's counter. Taking down piece after piece they find the shade of this too dark, or of that too light, or of the other not exactly what it ought to be. After putting the salesmen to much trouble they say they will call again, and leave the place not knowing what they want. So the girl who wants to marry looks around to see what offers, and finds that this man's beard is too red, that one's eyes too blue, and the other one's ears too long. She will look a little further. She examines all that are in the market, and concludes to look farther yet. And when, after having almost unconsciously become a flirt, and having broken the hearts of half the young men in the neighborhood, she keeps on "looking a little further." She finds herself going alone down the hill on the shady side of the way, still with an indefinite longing to marry somebody, and wondering who will come along to propose to her. It will be rash to advise the young lady to accept the first marrying man who offers. It is equally rash to advise her to wait, and keep on waiting, and at last marry nobody. Perhaps it is not necessary that all should marry. Some of the noblest women in the world are what the world calls old maids; yet that is a lonely way of getting along. If the girl wants to marry, the young men will find out, and her soul will look out of the windows of her eyes in an unmistakable manner when the right man comes along. And all this without any lack of modesty, or breach of perfect decorum on her part.

A NEW YORK Judge has decided that a bequest made by a devout Catholic woman of some money, to be used to pay for Masses for her soul after death, is valid. The bequest was contested on the ground that it was for superstitious uses, and therefore invalid under the laws of the State. Judge Bergen, in sustaining that portion of the will, said: "In this case the decedent was a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and saying Masses for the soul of the dead is a ceremony universally observed in that church. It appears to me that such bequest cannot be said to be for superstitious uses, when we find that it is one of the articles of the Roman Catholic faith, which has been adopted by millions of people throughout the civilized world as a part of their religious belief." This decision is undoubtedly sound. There is as good ground for it as for any bequest of a religious nature. In this case the woman believed as she had been taught, that Masses for her soul might bring her nearer to eternal happiness, and she rightly argued that if worth having they were worth paying for, as other good things are paid for by those who wish to enjoy them. Protestants may sneer at this religious ceremony, but that is neither here nor there, for doubtless many Protestants will property for religious as well as benevolent uses with a view to receiving pardon for the sins they have committed, and that amounts to about the same thing. — *Sandusky Register.*

The Humorist.

WHY must logic have legs? Because it stands to reason.

What is the plural of Daddy Longlegs? There is none; it has always been regarded as a singular creature.

IT is bad luck for thirteen persons to sit down together at table, especially if there is only dinner enough for twelve.

SIMPKINS has discovered that the pleasantest way to take cod liver oil, is to fatten pigeons with it and then eat the pigeon.

WHICH is the longest word in the English language? Smiles, because there is a mile between the first and the last letters.

WHY do the recriminations of married couples resemble the sound of waves on the shore? — Because they are murmurs of the *tied*.

A MAIDEN lady says that if single life is bad, it stands to reason that double life is twice as bad; but ladies rarely understand mathematics.

"No man ever gets rich on modesty," says a meek young man, "unless an heiress takes the advantage of leap year and proposes to him."

A WELL-KNOWN *litterateur* and humorist modestly says that his chief literary acquirements are the books he has borrowed and never returned.

IT is noted as a queer misprint in one of Chicago's great dailies, the other day, that a doctor felt a man's "purse." Nothing very queer about that.

A NEGRO after gazing at some Chinese, shook his head and said solemnly, "If the white folk be so dark as dat out dar, I wonder what's the color ob de black folk."

WE are curious to know how many feet go to make a mile in the estimation of the ladies, for the reason that we never met a lady who didn't wear shoes a mile too big for her.

YOU may be able perhaps to turn "over a new leaf," but you are mistaken if you think you can erase the record on the preceding page by simply "playing the rubber."

"IF it be true that "there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream," it is equally true that there is nothing half so awful as an old and worn-out love's nightmare.

"MY dear," said an affectionate old lady to her husband, "what do you wish for dinner?" "An appetite, good company, something to eat, and a napkin," answered the old man.

"I am afraid you will come to want," said an old lady to a young gentlemen. "I have come to that already," was the reply. "I want your daughter." The old lady opened her eyes.

WHEN a rich man makes a will he ought to induce his heirs to go to law about it immediately, so that he may have the satisfaction of knowing before he dies who is to get his money.

"AM dose bells ringin' for fire?" asked old Uncle Cæsar of young Tiberius. "No uncle," answered young Tibe, "dey's got plenty ob fire already, an' now de bells am ringin' for water."

YOUNG lady, writing a love letter for the kitchen-maid: "That's about enough now, isn't it?" Kitchen-maid: "One thing more, miss; just say, please excuse bad spellin' and writin.'"

HIGHER education for Board Schools.— Jack (aged nine years): "I trust, Tommy, that you believe in the non-essentiality of a pre-existent first cause." Tommy: "Oh, certainly. At least I go no further back than the primordial atomic globule." *Exeunt* driving their hoops.

"OH, my dear, noble, generous husband!" murmurs the fond wife, how grand you are! I only wish I could be you for just one day!" "Why, dearest?" asks the unsuspecting man. "Because then I would buy a bonnet for my loving little wife!" replies the designing creature.

LITTLE EDITH scores a point: "My mother's awful fickle," said little Edith to Mrs. Smith, who was making a call. "When she saw you coming up the street she said: 'There's that horrid Mis' Smith; I hope she isn't coming here,' and a minute after she told you she was real glad to see you. Mother says I'm fickle, but I don't change my mind as quick as that."

Two Austin ladies were conversing about matters and things in general, when one of them, Mrs. Stuckup, asked: "Haven't you got a brother in New Orleans who is a criminal lawyer?" "Yes, he practices law, but he never defends any criminals unless they belong to the first families. He has to be satisfied with their social status before he will consent to take their cases."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1883.

Notes on Current Topics.

A PRIZE OF A MILLION DOLLARS. — The following paragraph has been going the rounds of the press:

William G. Mason, of Long Branch, publishes a card in the New York *Sun*, offering to give $900,000 to the poor of Ireland, and $1,000,000 to the philosopher who will prove that the Irish race were not from time immemorial and are not to-day, when poor, servile, whining and treacherous, and ready to betray, and when rich, the cruelest of taskmasters, especially to their own race, arrogant and Jesuitical. Mr. Mason can be addressed at the West End Hotel.

The offer is a very safe one. Mr. Mason might quadruple the prize and yet find no philosopher capable of establishing a contemptible falsehood. One might safely offer a billion of money to any one that would prove that there is no such country as the United States.

Mr. Mason's philosopher, in quest of the million, would have a stupendous thesis to establish. He would have no fewer than four points to prove beyond controversy, that the Irish poor are (1.) servile, or slavish; (2.) whining; (3.) treacherous; (4.) ready to betray, which seems to be included in "treacherous." The first point the servility of the Irish poor, would present formidable difficulties. Why, so far from being servile, or slaves, does not the whole history of Ireland and the Irish temperament present one great protest against tyranny? A real slave is one who hugs his chains, and rejoices in his servitude. As to the "whining," the whole world knows that there is not a cheerier or happier man on the planet, than an Irishman even in the worst of plights. No people need less to make them happy. We never met an Irishman "whining," because he was poor. Or, if such there be, they cannot be taken as the representatives of an entire people who have borne the most unjust poverty with remarkable equanimity. Treachery and betrayal are rarer in Ireland than any other country, which has as many temptations in that direction. The execration of the informer Carey is world-wide. A nation of traitors would love its own. We think that the boldest and most impecunious of philosophers would be daunted by the task set him by Mr. Mason.

As for the rich Irishmen, "who are the cruelest of taskmasters, arrogant and Jesuitical," we submit, if wealth does not tend to make all its possessors somewhat so inclined, except the Jesuitical wrinkle, the meaning of which we leave the poor philosopher to determine.

Every now and then, a shabby lie is set going against the Irish. This "prize puzzle" is about the meanest we have noted for a long time.

A HOPELESS SNOB.—The readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* are regularly subjected to an emetic at the hands of Mr. Richard Grant White, who, since a recent visit to England, has developed into a portentous snob, who *will* persist in recording his

meeting with every "nob" that invited him to luncheon. Mr. White has written many good essays, and he has a clear, American head, which could employ its powers much better upon some such questions as our Public School System, upon which he thinks and writes clearly, than upon the style of caps which British matrons wear at breakfast.

We certainly do not blame Mr. White's feverish anxiety to convince everybody that he is of English extraction; only it seems to an advanced thinker, particularly of Darwinian sympathies, somewhat ridiculous to keep propping up a genealogical tree, so rudely transplanted as was Mr. White's, a century before the Revolution. Men like him are continually finding fault with the country and our political rulers; yet they will have nothing to do with politics. They find fault with the mediocrities of the pulpit, but the ablest men go into business, because no American cares about submitting to the dictation of a vestry or a bishop. The same complaint of degeneracy is made against literature; but how few scholars care about writing, unless impelled by a love of fame or money? and money can be made much more easily in the paths of trade than in those of letters.

In a paper entitled "Washington Adams in England," Mr. White draws a cruel and most ludicrous picture of an American Senator visiting an English manor house and displaying his vulgarity, ignorance, conceit and offensiveness generally, in a most marked degree. We do not see what good such caricatures do. They make the Britons laugh at us, and appeal to American writers as evidence against us; and they irritate the American himself against his own kith and kin who are so mean as to make the Eagle a sort of butt for the clumsy humor of John Bull. Contemplating Mr. White's oleaginous smoothing of the Lion's hide, we thought how richly Thackeray would have enjoyed this American Snob, who, like Boswell, that lost his chance of immortality in the Dunciad, would have been niched forever in the Book of Snobs.

Italian Information About Ireland. — A remarkable illustration of the statement that Rome is not fully posted about Irish matters, is furnished by a recent editorial in the *Civilta Catholica*, a journal which is credited with being a semi-official organ of the Vatican. It said that the Philadelphia National League Convention was filled with Fenians, Dyanamitists, and other secret society men; whereas all such associations were peremptorily excluded. The suggestion of a contemporary that it would benefit the League to have a prudent representative — if possible, an ecclesiastic, —at Rome, to represent its interests, and set forth its purposes is certainly worth considering.

Meanwhile, there should be no falling off in allegiance to Parnell, who will really lead the Opposition in the coming Parliament. This great and good man is the hope of Ireland and he must be sustained. He will have a splendidly organized force in the next session, and can dictate what measures he wishes to a government that parliamentarily will be at his feet. The Errington Roman fiasco has ended in nothing. It was the last gasp of Gladstone with Parnell's fingers closing around his throat. Not the slightest effect was p o-duced upon either the faith or the patriotism of Ireland, by the Papal letter, for we knew that the propaganda was misinformed. If Ireland abandons Parnell, or does not second his efforts, she deserves to lose her faith as well as her prospects, as a punishment from the Almighty, who is steadily leading her to a happier day.

Brothers of Charity Picnic. — The boys in the House of the Angel Guardian on Vernon street were last Monday, July 30, treated to the second picnic which they have been allowed since the institution was established. The first one was held in 1879. At ten o'clock in the morning, one hundred and sixty-three boys under the charge of eight Brothers, left the House, proceeded by horse-cars to the wharf where the steamer Pope Catalin, Captain Swift, was boarded and the youthful company on pleasure bent proceeded to Long Island, Boston Harbor. There the boys were let loose and roamed over the island to their heart's content, visited the fort, beat the boys of St. Mary's Sunday school at base ball; also played a game with A. Shuman's employes, and played football with the older persons. Before leaving they were photographed in a group. They arrived

home at seven in the evening. The Brothers feel very grateful for the many attentions shown them and the boys during the day. They desire to especially thank Captain Swift who not only refused pay, but also extended all courtesies in his power, and on the island the members of the other two picnics vied with each other in kindnesses to the boys, seeming to forego their own pleasures in order to afford the boys as much amusement as possible. The day was pleasant and the result a pleasant vacation for the boys; also for the Brothers who were dressed in full costume and received marked attention. These faithful workers in the cause of humanity, caring for wayward boys, have slim resources, and philanthropists should see that they are more liberally provided with money in the future.

THE *Catholic Citizen* remarks that "the Irish millionaires in this country are getting rid of their daughters very cheap by marrying them off to broken-down English snobs. The latest hand and heart asked for is Miss Jennie Flood by the English bankrupt, Lord Beaumont."

ORDINATION OF PRIESTS.— The *Italian Times*, of Rome, May 19, says there were a series of ordinations by the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, numbering one hundred and thirty-one, in the famed Baslica di S. Giovanni in Laterano. Of these one hundred and thirty-one candidates for ordination not one is an Italian. The States of America are represented by eleven. The remainder are representatives of European States outside the kingdom of Italy.

PICNICS. — "I've had my last excursion, picnic, fair or festival," said a prominent pastor of the diocese of Buffalo to the editor of the *Catholic Union* recently. "I shall never put it in the power of parents," he continued, "to in any way hold me responsible for any misfortune their sons and daughters may meet with at such gatherings. Nor do I think my church revenue will suffer by this resolve. On the contrary, I believe the cheerful contributions which I shall receive instead, will be more than an equivalent for the frequently danger-accompanying results of the old-time methods."

EIGHTEEN Irish millionaires have at one time or another been residents of San Francisco. Well, what did they do or are doing with their money? How many colleges have they endowed? How many orphan asylums have they established? God will ask these questions when they appear before the bar of His justice. He gave them the money, and He will require an account of their stewardship.

THE article on the treatment of the insane under the Sisters of Charity, copied in last week's issue of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, and credited to the Paterson *Weekly Times*, is from the pen of Mr. L. W. Reilly, formerly editor of this paper, and was first selected by *The Catholic Mirror* from DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, for which periodical the article was written. Honor, you know, to whom honor is due. The extract in question has been pretty generally copied by the Catholic press, and had become a waif on the sea of literature. — *Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

GRAND EXHIBITION. — A grand foreign exhibition will open in Boston on the 3d of September. It will include samples of the manufactures and industries of foreign nations, and will surpass anything of the kind ever attempted in this country. Ireland will have a department to herself, which will show to the American people what she is capable of doing. The spacious Mechanics building, together with several other temporary structures have been erected, thus affording ample room for the display of goods. We predict for the managers a splendid success. The exhibition will remain open for several months.

JAMES CARY THE INFORMER SHOT DEAD.—Third class berths on the steamer Kinfarins Castle were secured June 30, at the Dublin office of Messrs. Donald Currie & Co., for Port Elizabeth, for a "Mr. Power" and his wife and seven children, which it is well known was the exact number of James Carey's family. On July 2 O'Donnell secured passage for himself and wife on the steamer. Carey died without speaking after he was shot. O'Donnell is an American. He denies that he knew who Carey was previous to his arrival at Cape Town. It is reported that an infernal machine was found in O'Donnell's possession.

Mrs. Carey deposed at the examination that, after the murder she asked O'Donnell: "Did you shoot my husband?" and he replied, "Yes, I was sent to do it." Carey's identity was suspected by the steward and another of the crew of the steamer Kinfarins Castle, who had noted his likeness — although shaven — to the portrait of the informer, and the number and names of his children. Carey's demeanor on board the steamer was imprudent. He lived very freely. He provoked a row at a

Cape Town hotel by his abuse of the English.

Despatches from Cape Town state that O'Donnell has been, after the conclusion of a two days' examination committed to await trial for wilful murder. The trial will take place at Port Elizabeth at the October assizes, and meanwhile he will remain in jail at that place. In one of the trunks which constitutes his baggage was found a photograph of Carey. The box was only labelled for Cape Town. It contained papers showing that he was an American citizen and that his last place of residence in America was Toronto. His papers bear date of November 6, 1876, and describe him as being a laborer by occupation, by birth an Irishman and born at Goodsall, county Donegal.

As may be supposed, the death of the informer has caused great rejoicing throughout the Irish world, and among other nationalties.

The *Philadelphia Catholic Standard* says "he should have been treated like Cain — that no man raise his hand against him, but let him live, hated, detested, shunned — a fugitive with the brand of infamy upon him, wherever he went. The anger of God would have followed him everywhere. He should have been allowed to remain in the justice-dealing hands of God, without any one undertaking to interfere with divine judgment."

At the examination, O'Donnell declared that Carey first drew a revolver, which he (O'Donnell) seized and fired at Carey in self defence.

The *Irish American* says: "It would be hypocrisy to say that any Irishman will regret that justice has overtaken such a villain. At the same time, demonstrations of rejoicing at the event are neither decent nor appropriate; and we trust none of our people will be found to encourage them."

INFORMERS.—It is stated that the informers Kavanagh, Joseph Hanlon and Joseph Smith were prevented from landing at Melbourne, Australia, because a plot to murder them had been discovered.

GAS-JETS ON THE ALTAR.— The practice of using gas as well as candles for the decoration of the altar was condemned by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, March 8, 1879; and recently the same Sacred Congregation has repeated the prohibition.

A MAGNIFICENT CHARITY.— Miss Anna Smith, the daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Jos. Smith, U. S. N., "the Father of the Monitors," has presented to the Catholic Society, called the House of the Good Shepherd, the capacious residence and grounds of the late Admiral on Ninth Street, Washington, for a reformatory for women.

THE present year is the Jubilee year of the shrine of Lourdes, and accordingly, there have been made to it pilgrimages of unusual solemnity. At the pilgrimage of the year held the other day, the Pope was represented by Cardinal Desprez, and besides there were present some sixteen bishops, a thousand priests, and untold thousands of the laity. We are glad that America also was represented. Among those from this country were the Bishop of Richmond, Mgr. Keane.

CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY, accompanied by his secretary, Father Farley, left town on July 11th, for the Convent of Mount St. Vincent, on the Hudson. The Cardinal will probably be absent from the city for several weeks. His health is fully restored, and he purposes presiding at the forthcoming council of the Bishops of the province of New York, which has been convened for September, the solemn opening occurring on September 23d.

THE two latest successes among the American novelists are the sons of Irishmen, Mr. Henry James and Mr. F. Marion Crawford. Mr. Crawford is the son of Crawford the sculptor, a Galway man, who married Miss Ward, sister of Miss Julia Ward Howe and Mr. Samuel Ward, of New York. Mr. Crawford was born in Florence, and has lived in many countries. He is a great linguist and a remarkable scholar, though quite a young man. He is an earnest Catholic. His life in literature opens brilliantly: and he has all the qualities to sustain its elevated pitch. He has recently gone to Europe; but it is probable that he will soon return and make Boston his permanent home.

CHARLES RUSSELL, the member of the English Bar who is about to visit this country with Lord Coleridge, is an Irishman by birth, in feeling, and by preference. He is a nephew of the late Rev. Dr. Russell, president of Maynooth College. He commenced life as a journalist, working on the Dublin *Nation* and the Dublin *Freeman*. He also worked on the London press while studying for the English bar. He is an advanced Liberal in politics, and represents his native borough, Dundalk, in the English Parliament. He is a warm personal friend of Gladstone, whose policy he has generally supported, though he has steadily

voted against coercion for Ireland, and with the Parnellites for the Radical amendments to the Land Act, which Mr. Gladstone opposed. Mr. Russell is married to a Belfast lady, sister of Rosa Mulholland, the novelist, whose early writings were highly commended by Charles Dickens.

NEW HALL IN CAMBRIDGEPORT.— The new hall in course of erection for the use of St. Mary's parish, corner of Norfolk and Main streets, is fast approaching completion, and will be quite ornamental in appearance. The hall will seat about 1,600. The ground floor is 100x65 feet, with four entrances, the main one being on Norfolk street. There are to be two galleries on either side of the hall. The stage will be 26 feet front by 38 deep. There are two ante-rooms on either side of the vestibule, and two dressing rooms in the rear of the stage.

THE *San Francisco Monitor*, offically says it has received a note from his Grace Archbishop Alemany announcing that he has received official notice that Rev. Patrick W. Riordan, of Chicago, has been appointed his coadjutor, and that the Holy See has confirmed the appointment. Father Riordan is the Pastor of St. James' Church, Chicago.

HIGH COMPLIMENT TO VERY REV. FATHER BYRNE, V. G. — At the commencement exercises of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md., a noble tribute was paid to Very Rev. Dr. Byrne, V.G., of the Archdiocese of Boston, and President of the College, by Hon. Frederick J. Nelson. "The name of Father William Byrne," he said, "is indissolubly linked with the names of Dubois and McCaffrey. As Bishop Dubois was the founder and Dr. McCaffrey the sustainer, so Dr. Byrne is the preserver of this venerable college." Mount St. Mary's is now in a prosperous condition. It was almost hopelessly embarrassed when Dr. Byrne, at the request of several prelates, undertook its management. His great executive ability has carried the college out of the breakers. The compliment paid Dr. Byrne by the orator has been grandly earned. The Reverend gentleman is now at the Episcopal Palace, Boston.

A GREAT public meeting is about to be held in Dublin to appoint a committee to collect funds to finish the church begun by the great Father Burke, at Tallaght, near Dublin. Who will start meetings in New York, Boston, and other cities where Father Burke done so much for charity?

AN APOLOGY FOR AN UN-CATHOLIC ACT.— *The London Tablet* says: It has been stated in some of the English journals that, before the Monaghan election, the Bishop of Clogher required from Mr. Healy a recantation of his unbecoming language about the Papal Circular, and that the required recantation was published in some of the local papers. This, we believe, to be the fact. That gentleman made his act of contrition, and, to use his own language, on Catholic principles claimed the grace of absolution.

A CATHOLIC SOCIETY for the improvement of the dwellings of the poor, of which Cardinal Manning is President, has been established in London.

ARCHBISHOP HEISS has forwarded to every priest in charge of a parish in the archdiocese of Milwaukee, copies of articles of incorporation and by-laws for the incorporation of the various Catholic congregations. In an accompanying letter the archbishop notified each priest that in accordance with the articles the pastor is ex-officio vice-president of his congregations and that as such he is authorized to act in the archbishop's name and stead and perform all things needful in the management of the congregation. Each priest is directed to call a meeting of his congregation, after giving a week's notice, for the purpose of selecting two lay directors, one of whom is to act as secretary and the other as treasurer of the corporation. Other instructions for carrying out the work of corporation are contained in the letter. The matter is to be attended to throughout the diocese without delay, the letter stating that the articles of incorporation are expected to take effect on or before the coming 27th of August.

ALL the Catholic journals of Rome have published obituary notices of the late Father Burke, O. P., most of them recalling the title bestowed on him by the late Pius IX. — namely, "the Prince of Preachers."

CATTLE SHOW.— At the great Agricultural Show at Limerick, one of the attractions was a German dairymaid, a Miss Emma Kreipe, who came all the way from Hanover to preside over the dairy worked by Messrs. Carson & Sons. She is the daughter of a Hanoverian peasant, who accompanies her, and she and her father are expected to explain practically the system by which butter-making on the Continent has become so profitable.

PEACE.— Owing to the quietness of Ireland, the Government has relieved Mr. Clifford Lloyd, resident Magistrate, from the special duty to which he had been temporarily assigned. The "special duty" was to terrorise the unfortunate people of the districts to which he was sent, and to manufacture "evidence" and suborn witnesses in alleged "conspiracies" to do all sorts of impossible things. It is stated that Lloyd has been appointed secretary to the local-control representation of the British Government in Egypt.

Ireland is well rid of him. We trust a few more of the same ilk will soon follow him.

MISS ARABELLA KENEALY, second daughter of the late Dr. Kenealy, has taken her degree in the College of Physicians, Dublin. She came out first in order of merit of the fifty candidates competing, two of whom were women.

A TERRIBLE accident occurred at a Catholic picnic near Baltimore, Maryland, on the evening of the 23d of July. While several hundred persons were standing on the wharf preparing to board the steamboat which was to take them to the city, it gave away, precipitating over 200 into the water. Over sixty were drowned. The pier on which the people were was a rotten concern.

TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE IN ITALY. — All Italy is in mourning. On Saturday night, July 25, an earthquake almost destroyed Ischia, an Island in the Mediterranean, about 23 miles from Naples. The exact number of lives lost is not yet known, but it is thought that no less than 8,000 persons have perished. The towns destroyed are Casamicciola, Forio, Lacceamero and Serrara. The shocks began about 9.30 on Saturday night and continued until midnight, causing many of the terror-stricken inhabitants of the Island to believe that the world was coming to an end. Scarcely one stone was left standing on another at Casamicciola. On March 4 and 15, 1881, 114 persons were killed in an earthquake at Casamiccola. The continent, however, has not been much safer, if the story be true that in the seventy-five years preceding 1875, 110,000 people living in the kingdom of Naples perished in earthquakes. On the other hand, it is declared that in the past eighteen years the deaths from this cause has been in much smaller proportion.

THE OLD NINTH and their guests, had an enjoyable day at Long Island, Boston Harbor, on the 1st of August.

THE AURORA, ANTIGONISH, N. S., has been enlarged and much improved in appearance. Rev. Fr. McNeil, is editor. How he can make so good a paper, with all his clerical duties, is beyond our comprehension.

THE play on the bills at the theatre in Casamicciola, on the fatal Saturday night, was a burlesque representation of an earthquake. Such coincidences are frequently related. If true, there may be a lesson in it. Trifle not with the works of the Almighty!

REMEMBER Father Burke in your prayers. A good suggestion is that of the prior of the convent of Haverstock Hill, London, at whose opening Father Tom Burke made his last address but one: that each one offer a Mass, a Communion, a Rosary, or a *De Profundis* for the repose of his soul.

NO IRISH PRIEST with perhaps the single exception of Father Mathew, was ever before or since brought face to face with such teeming multitudes as Father Burke.

THE CATHOLIC KNIGHT published at Cleveland, Ohio, is an excellent Catholic paper, and is gaining rapidly in circulation. It commenced as a monthly, but is now published twice a month. The *Catholic Knight* and DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, $2.50.

MISS WINIFRED H. MADIGAN, daughter of the late Hon. James C. Madigan of Houlton, Maine, took the white veil and was received as a novice of the Sacred Heart, at the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Kenwood, near Albany, N. Y., July 25. Bishop Healy of Portland, performed the ceremonies.

BISHOP ELDER, of Cincinnati, has issued a circular to the clergy of his arch-diocese, in which he calls attention to the established rule, that there shall be no round dancing at picnics given by Catholic congregations, and absolutely no dancing after nightfall.

A NEW YORK judge has just decided that a clause in a will setting apart a sum of money for masses to be offered up for the soul of the testator is void in law, as there is no *cestui trust* in existence. We wonder does New York law recognize the immortality of the soul. A mortgage on that fellow's ears would be a valuable security. — *The Western Watchman.*

League of the Holy Cross.— On Sunday afternoon a pleasant interchange of compliments took place between the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster and a numerous gathering of the officers and members of the League of the Cross. A large number of his Eminence's Guards assembled on the Thames Embankment, and, preceded by eight bands of the League, marched to Archbishop's House, where, by their spokesman, Mr. Campbell, they offered his Eminence their congratulations on his recovery from his recent illness and on his attainment of his 75th birthday. His Eminence, in a few happy sentences, expressed his gratitude for the proof of their good will. Having exhorted his hearers to remain faithful to the pledge, which had brought happiness to so many homes, and expressed a hope of renewing their acquaintance at the great Crystal Palace Demonstration on the 20th of August, his Eminence bestowed his blessing on the assemblage.

The Archbishops summoned to Rome are : Archbishops Corrigan, of New York ; Gibbons, of Baltimore ; Williams, of Boston ; Feehan, of Chicago ; Elder, of Cincinnati ; Heiss, of Milwaukee ; Perche, of New Orleans ; Seghers, of Oregon City ; Kendrick, of St. Louis ; Alemany, of San Francisco, and Lamy, of Santa Fe. Of these Archbishops Perche, of New Orleans, and Kendrick, of St. Louis, will be represented by their coadjutors — Bishops Lerray and Ryan.

A gratifying item of intelligence comes from the south of Ireland. Neither in Waterford city nor Waterford county is there a single prisoner for trial at the approaching assizes.

Queen Vic.—The proverbial meanness of Queen Victoria, says the *Irish American*, has been again brought prominently into public notice by the way she is acting in regard to the financial troubles of the Duke and Duchess of Teck — her son-in-law and daughter. Their plate, linen, china, and furniture, including the family relics, are on sale at Kensington Palace. There is severe comment in society on the Queen—with all her accumulated wealth—in allowing such a disgrace as an auction in the "royal family." Moncure D. Conway, who would like to be a favorable critic, after a twenty years' course of observation, recently stated that nobody in England likes Queen Victoria, and that "she is variously objected to as morose, morbid, stingy, grasping, ugly, sullen, ill-humored, and torpid, if not stupid." She is, evidently, not adding to the scanty welcome in store for "The Coming K."

The Landlords Doomed.— The "falling market" constantly admonishes the Irish landlords that they had better hurry up the Governments "Peasant Proprietory" scheme ; or else the cheap loans to the distressed landowners which Mr. Gladstone is now being importuned to grant. In the Dublin Landlord Estates Court, on July 20, a large number of estates, situated in five counties,— Kerry, Galway, Leitrim, Kildare and Dublin were offered for sale ; but in every instance but one the sales had to be adjourned for want of bidders ; no one would take them at any price. For 458 acres, in Kerry, for which a selling price of £3,790 was paid, nine years ago, only £1,000 was now offered, and for the estate of William Wadell, in Sligo and Leitrim for which £12,000 had been paid some years ago, only £4,000 would now be offered ! These very remarkable incidents of the time, like straws in the current, unmistakably show how strongly the wind is blowing against the Irish oligarchy.

John Marley, the eminent English radical, writing in the Pall Mall Gazette says: "The Irishmen will continue to get a little from the Liberals and then a little from the Tories, until some fine day we shall awake to the fact that they have got all.

Our Colleges.— We direct the attention of parents and those who are selecting good colleges for their children, to the advertisements of Boston, Georgetown and St. Michael's Colleges on another page. Boston College has done wonders in its way. A large proportion of the priests in New England are graduates of this College. Father O'Connor, we are pleased to state, remains at its head. Georgetown College is to the states what St. Michael's is to Ontario, the leading institutions of learning in both countries.

Orange and Green Uniting. — The landlords are alarmed at the rapid growth of Land League views among the Protestant farmers. The voting in Monaghan proves that even the rabid Orange party is breaking up. At the previous election there was a defection of several hundred Orange voters; and hundreds of similar defections took place when Healy contested the county. On this last occasion at least twenty-five per cent. of the Orange voters cast their ballots for the National candidate. This union of the Orange and Green causes profound alarm in England, where no doubt is entertained among intelligent politicians that Parnell will be master of the situation in the next Parliament.

THE HOLY FATHER has selected the Very Rev. Dr. Carr, the learned Vice-President of Maynooth College, for the Bishopric of the united dioceses of Galway, Kilmacduagh, and Kilfenora. The Very Rev. Father, upon whom his Holiness recently conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity, had been voted *Dignissimus* by the clergy. His Lordship is a native of the archdiocese of Tuam, where he had been for some years on the mission previous to his return as Dean and Professor to the great college where his career as a student had been so distinguished, and which, under the presidency of his class-fellow, the Very Rev. Dr. Walsh, he has governed as Vice-President for the past few years.

THE death is announced of Denis Maurice O'Connor, member of Parliament for county Sligo. He was the second son of the late O'Connor Don, and brother to the present O'Connor Don. He was born in 1840 and was called to the English bar in 1866. Two years later he was elected to Parliament as member for Roscommon. At the last election he was returned for county Sligo, and although he proved false to his pledges, and voted against the National party during the very few sittings at which his ill health allowed him to be present in the Commons, at the instance of the Government he held on to the seat, though called on several times to resign, to prevent the election of a National member in his place. He will now be succeeded by some one who will really represent the people. In 1878 he married Ellen Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr. W. Kevell Davies, of Croft Castle, Herefordshire, England.

SWAYNE'S PILLS—COMFORTING TO THE SICK.—Thousands die from neglect to properly treat Impure Blood, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Apoplexy, Liver, Kidney, Heart Disease, Dropsy, and Rhuematism. But to the debilitated, burdened with such serious sickness, we conscientiously recommend "SWAYNE'S PILLS," which contain medicinal properties possessed by no other remedy. Sent by mail for 25 cents, box of 30 pills; 5 boxes, $1 (in stamps). Address Dr. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by druggists.

SIX hundred and seventy Mormon emigrants recently arrived in New York. They were mostly Scandinavians, with possibly 100 English, Welsh and Scotch, and some French, North German and Swiss, but no Irish. Of about 2,500 Morman emigrants who annually come to America from Europe there has never been a single Irishman.

HEROINES OF CHARITY.— During the present official tyranny of the State over the Church in Belgium, it is consoling to read in the *Patrie* an example of wonderful charity on the part of some of the Religious, against whom the Liberal press are so fond of declaiming. In a farm-house at Elverdinghe, a contagious disease raged with such violence as to carry off in a few days father, mother and three children. Nobody dared approach the farm, either to assist the sufferers, to take care of the cattle, or to help in any of the work of the household. As each victim died, there was no one found who would dare to lay out or bury the body. In these terrible circumstances an appeal was made to the Sisters of Charity, of Cortemarch. The brave nuns hastened to the post of danger, where they not only attended to the sick, but with their own hands carried the dead bodies to the cemetery and buried them there. Not one of the inhabitants was found who had the courage to aid the Sisters in their heroic task : indeed, so great was the fear of the contagion, that as the Sisters passed through the streets carrying the dead to the graveyard all the windows and doors along the route were closed.

ST. ANN DE BEAUPRE.—Three miraculous cures are reported to have occurred on the pilgrimege of Ottawa people to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, Canada. One young girl named Lavonia Dorion from Asylmer had lost the entire use of one of her legs for several years past by an accident. She had to be carried to the train when starting for the shrine of the saint, and the same at the church when she arrived. After taking the sacrament and praying to St. Anne for an hour, she got up and not only walked out, but to the train, and is to-day as well as she ever was in her life. Father Labelle fully confirms her statement. The other cases are of two children about six years old who had never been able to walk and who were instantly cured on board the steamer here to-day just before hey landed. Both children left their crutches on deck and walked to the depot. Father Labelle also vouched for their cases. Mgr. Duhamel and thirty priests accompanied the pilgrims and held services in the church. There were 1,200 pilgrims present.

POOR GAVAZZI is laid up with chronic rheumatism, and is, consequently, unable to visit his friends in England. At least, so it was stated at a meeting in favor of what is called the Free Italian Church at Chiselhurst. England is bearing up as well as can be expected under the affliction, observes the *London Universe*.

IMMIGRATION STATISTICS. — The chief of the bureau of statistics reports that during the month of June there arrived in the customs districts of Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, Huron, Minnesota, New Orleans, New York, Passamaquoddy, Philadelphia and San Francisco, 84,760 passengers, of whom 75,034 were immigrants, 5,519 citizens of the United States returned from abroad, and 4,207 aliens, not intending to remain in the United States. The total number of immigrants arrived in the above named customs districts from the principal foreign countries during the month of June, 1883, as compared with the same period of the previous year, was as follows:

Countries.	June 1883.	June 1882.
England and Wales	9,437	7,685
Ireland	11,741	10,166
Scotland	4,106	2,097
Austria	1,876	2,192
Germany	20,630	21,226
Italy	3,874	1,954
Norway	4,419	5,080
Sweden	6,464	11,312
Dominion of Canada	5,239	8,470
All other countries	7,248	14,604
Totals	75,034	84,786

The following table shows the number of immigrants arrived in the United States from the several foreign countries during the years ended June 30, 1882 and 1883, respectively:

Countries.	1882.	1883.
England and Wales	83,697	79,852
Ireland	76,252	63,720
Scotland	18,763	19,612
Austria	20,089	10,517
Germany	240,161	191,643
Italy	32,066	31,715
Norway	28,466	21,849
Sweden	64,276	34,596
Dominion of Canada	93,029	64,971
All other countries	104,623	73,849
Totals	770,422	592,324

THE HARVEST.—The reports of the material condition of Ireland at the present time are very reassuring, and the prospect is that the harvest in Ireland this year will be excellent.

THE war on bangs has broken out afresh, this time in Pennsylvania. Let the dear creatures alone. They know best what is becoming. They do not object to any fashion of hair or whisker that men from time to time adopt; and they should be allowed to dress their own hair as they please. The priest whose equanimity is disturbed by the sight of a girl's bang perhaps parts his hair in the middle. — *The Western Watchman.*

IRELAND AHEAD IN EDUCATION.— The United States Bureau of Education, has recently issued a circular giving comparative statistics of elementary, secondary, and superior education in sixty of the principal countries of the world. Ireland heads the list with an average of twenty per cent. of her population. The United States comes next with a percentege of nineteen and three-fifths of her population. After these two countries come Germany, Switzerland, England, Wales, and Russia. Of course, no persons are so blind as those who will not see, and adducing proofs of the pre-eminence of Ireland in the way of its education before an English audience may be a useless trouble; but the audiences of Europe and the world at large will, nevertheless, witness with surprise that Ireland, notwithstanding ages of persecution, is still to the fore as the "isle of saints" and the home of learning.

THE Primate of All Ireland and eight other Prelates were busy on Sunday, June 24, at the consecration of a new Catholic church in the far north of Ireland, and on the same day the great Archbishop of Cashel was busy laying the first stone of a new church near "Sarsfield's Rock," not far from Limerick, so called because it was there that Sarsfield blew up King William's siege train, on its way to bombard historic Limerick. On the same day the eloquent Father Burke preached a powerful sermon in Dublin for the starving children of Donegal. This was the last sermon preached by Father Burke.

TRAVELLING ON A BICYCLE TO SAY MASS.—The Rev. Father Sabela held an open-air service at Billingboro', Lincolnshire, England, which was well attended, a large number of Protestants being present. It will be remembered that it was by means of such missionary efforts that the foundation of the new Mission was laid by Father Sabela a few years ago, and their usefulness in a large and Protestant district such as that of which Father Sabela has charge can hardly be overstated. The strain on the strength of the missionary, however, must be very considerable, as Sunday's service involved a bicycle ride of thirty-two miles, between High Mass and the evening service. The distance from Sleaford to Billingboro' is only twelve miles by the road, but owing to a recent heavy rainfall, a brook which lies midway was impassable, and thus an additional four miles was added to the journeys to and fro.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL'S SUCCESSOR.—Rt. Rev. William H. Elder, D. D., the Coadjutor Bishop of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, will succeed the late Prelate, he having been transferred from Natchez, January 30, 1880, to Cincinnati, and appointed assistant *cum jure successionis*. Bishop Elder was born in Baltimore, in the year 1818, and received his early education in the schools of that city. Being destined for an ecclesiastical life, he entered Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, where he prosecuted his theological studies until he had advanced to subdeaconship. He then went to Rome, continuing his studies in the Propaganda for three years, when he was ordained a priest. On returning to his native Diocese he was appointed Professor of Theology in Mount St. Mary's College, and was made director of that institution. He remained in this position about ten years, and was then promoted to the Bishopric of Natchez, May 3, 1857. He is the third in the list of Prelates of that Diocese, which was erected July 28, 1837, his predecessors having been Right Rev. John J. Chanche, D. D., consecrated March 14, 1841, died July 22, 1852, and Right Rev. J. O. Van de Velde, D. D., transferred from the Bishopric of Chicago, July 29, 1853, died Nov. 13. 1855, and his successor being Right Rev. Francis Janssens, formerly of Richmond, Va., who was consecrated May 1, 1881.

HOPE AT HOME.— The *Dublin Freeman* is in right good humor over the situation. The Monaghan election makes it happy. It points out that this sharp contest was fought under Mr. Parnell's own life, and that by its result "Mr. Parnell has won hundreds of thousands of pounds for the tenants, leaseholders and yearly, of Ireland." "He is different," says the *Freeman*, "from every Irish Leader that ever swayed the country. Cold rather than impetuous, reserved rather then eloquent, he fits the time and has proven himself to be the man for the hour." The fact is, the Irish seem to be growing more and more pleased and proud of their leader, as time and trial test him. In the Monaghan victory, he has given new proof of his strength. The Conservative Dublin Daily avows that the Irish people "owe the Leader of the Irish Party a much greater testimonial than ever soldiers, proud of a general who led them to victory, owed to their captain." Very good.

FATHER BURKE'S LAST SERMON IN ENGLAND.—At the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary and St. Dominic, Haverstock Hill, a Requiem Mass was celebrated on Saturday for the late Father Thomas Burke, in the presence of a large congregation. Preaching at the High Mass on Sunday the Rev. Father Procter, O.P., said: We who worship God in this Church must feel that our dear Father Burke has a special claim upon our prayers, since we were among the last to be edified by his eloquent and earnest words. He came to us at the risk of his life, though warned by his medical adviser that his coming would be fraught with serious danger to his health, already in a very critical state. One who knew him and loved him well followed him to the very gate of his convent, and besought him not to undertake the journey. "I will go," he answered, "even if I die on the way. The Fathers in England will know then that I had the will at least to help them." He came, and although suffering acutely he preached to us no less than five times, rising from his bed of sickness to do so, and returning to it when his task was at an end. His work over, his illness became more serious, his life seemed to hang upon a thread, and he himself thought that the end was near. But God in His goodness reserved for him one consolation in the midst of his dire sorrow, that of dying in his native land, the scene of his labors, the home of his love.

THE most illiterate of all nations of Europe are undoubtedly the Russians. Of every hundred recruits drafted for service in the Russian Army, not more than ten know how to read, and not more than five how to read and write.

LITTLE CRIME IN IRLAND.—Since the execution of the Invincibles there has been very little crime in Ireland. During the month of June there were only fourteen agrarian outrages. At several of the recent assizes there were no criminal cases on trial. The High Sheriff of Waterford reported to the judges of the Munster circuit that he had not a criminal in either the city or county jail. In Louth the judge was presented with white gloves as a token of maiden assizes. In those cases that were set for trial the crime dated back to the time when the Invincibles flourished. There was a plentiful crop of informers in all such cases and convictions were readily obtained. It is notable that most of those charged with agrarian crime have never had any agrarian interests. They are mostly reckless spirits of the towns—roughs; and would be called hoodlums and dead beats in this country.

MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS. — According to the latest news received at the Propaganda, the Christians massacred with the

Rev. Father Bechet in Tonquin were put to death at Ké-Hau, in the province of Nam-Dinh. The worthy missionary was seized by one of the sons of Hoang-tam-Dang, who was the principal author of the Massacre of Christians in 1847. Three Cathechists and two Christians were immediately decapitated with Father Bechet, after a brief questioning concerning their faith. Shortly after another Christian was seized for having gathered flowers which he was about to place near a statue of the Blessed Virgin. An eighth was massacred, being recognised as a Christian by the scapular which he wore. This massacre took place on the Feast of the Blessed Trinity in the month of May. At this period the French had already occupied the province of Nam-Dinh.

IRISH MEASURES.—During the present session of the English Parliament many concessions have been made to Mr. Parnell and his party. T. P. O'Connor's Laborers' Bill has been passed through the Commons in a somewhat improved form, as Mr. O'Connor himself admits; the ministers have agreed to grant the loan demanded in the interest of the Irish fisheries; the poor law has been amended at the suggestion of the Irish members; the corrupt practices at elections bill has been modified to meet most of their objections; the principal of a peasant-proprietary scheme urged originally by Mr. Parnell, has been accepted; Mr. Gladstone has promised that the land act shall be amended next session so as to meet the views Mr. Healy recently urged in Monaghan; and young Mr. Gladstone, in a speech at Acton, has fore-shadowed the introduction of an Irish county-government measure. Indeed, for a session which commenced with so little promise for Ireland, the one just drawing to a close has been most important and beneficial to the country. The next parliament no doubt will see the Parnellites increased to sixty or sixty-five.

AMONG the excellent decrees re-enacted by the synod of the clergy of Toronto, which was recently held in St. Michael's College, the following is worthy of commendation. Dealing with priests who are deprived of their faculties, the synod decreed that all such clergymen will be supported, however, from the infirm priests' fund, in some religious house or with a parish priest approved of by the bishops, as long as there are good hopes of their sincere repentance and they give proofs of amendment.

FORTY-SIX YEARS A BISHOP. — Great preparations are being made to celebrate the forty-sixth anniversary of Archbishop Bourget's consecration to the See of Montreal. There are only two prelates older than His Grace in the whole of Christendom. He is the senior bishop on this continent. He was the first bishop of Montreal, the second appointed in Canada, the great De Lavel of Quebec, the founder of the University there, being the first. The archbishop is ninety years old.

A GREAT EEL-POND.—The greatest eel-pond in America is on the farm of James N. Wells, in the town of Riverhead, Mass. It covers five acres, and is now so full of eels, that they can be raked out with a garden-rake. Two years ago Mr. Wells put 2,000 dozen of eels into the pond, intending to have them undisturbed for five years. These have increased to millions. They are fed regularly every third day on "horse feet," a peculiar shell-fish. The eels know when they are to be fed, and the stroke of Mr. Wells' whip against his wagon calls thousands of them up to dinner, although any one else may pound away all day without any effect. One of these shell-fish, fastened to a strong cord and thrown into the water, may be drawn out in a few minutes with hundreds of eels clinging to it.

ALL parties in Ireland have been surprised at the unqualified approval given by the Conservative papers to the resolutions of the Catholic Bishops, urging on the notice of Government migration instead of emigration for the poor of Ireland. It is new and pleasant to find in this distracted land people of opposite politics agreeing on one point. With a population small for the size of the country, with the peasants starving in the "congested" districts, with America refusing to allow more shiploads of paupers to be landed on her shores, our eyes naturally turn to the millions of acres of waste lands at home, lying idle for want of hands to till them, lapsing into a state of wilderness. The Dublin *Daily Express* says, "They are not grass lands in the true sense of the word. They need perennial spade industry to keep them in good heart, and, though now grazed, or partially grazed, do not yield their owners the same return which they would yield if tilled in the normal course. There are, besides, large tracts of land which were never cultivated at all, but which, with a comparatively small outlay, would become a tempting venture to those who desire to be farmers, but cannot secure farms at home. . . . If we pay nigh a hundred millions a year in taxation, we have a right to ask some substantial return, and we have yet to learn that the Government would,

if they do their work wisely and well, incur any loss at all."

An Irish-American Leads.—It is our pleasing duty, to record this week, another Catholic success at the London University. We chronicled the recent success of Mr. F. J. Hannan, of Beaumont College, on his taking first place in the Honors Division at the Matriculation Examination of the London University. This week we are the first to chronicle a still greater victory in the same University achieved by a Catholic and a Religous. The Rev. Brother Potamian (Mr. M. F. O'Reilly), the zealous and talented Vice-Principal of St. Joseph's College, Clapham, S. W., has successfully passed the examinations for the Degree of Doctor of Science (D. Sc.) of the University of London. He is, we believe, the first Catholic who has ever attained this degree; and when we consider the study and research which he must have gone through to prepare himself for this searching and difficult examination, it must be admitted that he gained an honorable place in the Catholic University education. Brother Potamian now holds the same degree as Dr. Campbell Brown, D. Sc., our City Analyst, and Dr. O. S. Lodge, D. Sc., Professor of Physics at University College, Liverpool. He is a member of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and is by birth an Irish American.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

The editor of the *British Medical Journal* has made a tour of inspection in Donegal, Ireland, as a physician, and found 14,000 persons living on two cents' worth of Indian meal a day, the money having been sent from the United States, and being distributed by the parish priests.

The census statistics of British India for 1882 show a grand total of population of 254,899,516. Of these, 188,937,450 are Hindoos of various castes and sects. The Mohammedans are enumerated as 50,121,589. The Christians (that is, native Christians) are 1,862,896, and of these, 963,508 or a little more than half of the entire number, are Catholics. The remainder of the population is divided into Buddhists, Devil-worshippers, Sikhs and other sects and classes.

Boycotting the Irish Laborer.—The inherent meanness and spitefulness of the English character is shown in the persecutions which the Irish laborers in London are being daily subjceted to. Many of them are refused employment at the wharves and docks, and there seems to be a dead set against men of Irish nationality at the East end of London. English, Scotch and foreigners are chosen by the employers to the exclusion of the Irish, and no Irish laborer can get employment, except in cases where necessity compels the employer to take them. It is only a year or two ago when the English journals teemed with articles condemning "boycotting" in Ireland as an unjust, an immoral, and an illegal practice; but now not one of of them has a word to say against the "boycotting" of the poor Irish laborer by the wealthy English employer. Such is English justice and boasted love of fair play. It makes a great moral difference in English eyes whether it is a rackrenting Irish landlord or a poor Irish laborer who is boycotted.

The Assizes.—It is most gratifying, (observes the *Irish American,*) to read the charges of the judges at the Irish Assizes. They all congratulate the respective grand juries on the peaceful condition of the country. It is also deserving of remark that, in some places where serious crimes committed last year were investigated, the judges warned the juries not to convict any prisoner on the evidence of informers, unless such evidence was corroborated on important points by witnesses unconnected with the crime. The result in two cases was acquittal. That is the way to cause the people to respect the law.

Bangs.— Rev. Father O'Haran, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa., has condemned in severe terms the fashion of wearing bangs ; he says no young girl who ever expected to become a lady would be guilty of "banging" her hair. It is understood that a circular has been issued by Bishop O'Hara to all the clergy of the diocese calling their attention to the matter. The Rev. Father is deserving of the warmest thanks for his action. An exchange referring to the subject says : "So far from adding an attraction to the human face, the "bang" changes what might be otherwise considered a pleasing or pretty face, if you will into something of a cross between that of a squaw and a vicious mule and gives the whole countenance a brassy appearance. Away with 'bangs' by all means !"

Germany posesses the oldest priest living in the world. He is 108 years of age, and has been 84 years in the sacerdotal Orders. He dwells at Lupel, enjoys excellent health, and fulfills all his religious duties with the most scrupleous exactitude.

Personal.

CARDINAL MCCABE has arrived in Dublin completely restored to health.

WE learn that Father Byrne has resigned the presidency of Mt. St. Mary's college.

FATHER RYAN, the poet-priest of the South, is at Boston College. An article from his pen will appear in the October issue of our magazine.

REV. PETER CRUDDEN, pastor of St. Peter's Church, Lowell, Mass., since 1864, has resigned. He will be succeeded by Rev. Michael Ronan, of St. James' Church, Boston. The parish is a very important one, and a better appointment could not have been made to take charge of it.

THE Rev. Father Callaghan, D. D., of the Cincinnati Diocese, is engaged in writing a life of Archbishop Purcell; after finishing it he will go to New York City, where, it is rumored, there is a parish vacant for him.

MR. WILILAM REDMOND, the Parnelite candidate, has been elected over the O'Connor Don, at Wexford. The vote stood: Redmond 307 ; Don 126.

THE conversion of Mary Howitt, daughter of the notorious author of "The History of Priestcraft," is another instance of the many on record of the sons and daughters of extreme or bigoted Protestants submitting to the Catholic Church.

THE REV. JAMES MCGRATH, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Lowell, Mass., recently returned from Rome. It is now made know that he was there appointed, and will soon be proclaimed Provincial of the Oblate Fathers for the United States. Father McGrath is a native of Ireland, and served in Canada and New Mexico before going there. He will reside in Lowell.

THE venerable mother of Gen. Sheridan still lives in the same house in Somerset, Perry County, O., in which he was born. She is now eighty-three years of age.

JAMES W. O'BRIEN, Esq., has been appointed to the vacant judgeship in Charlestown district. Mr. O'Brien is only thirty-seven years old, but he has already earned a reputation as a very able lawyer. He is a graduate of Boston College.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE, widow of the well-known American illustrated newspaper publisher, is about to marry the Marquis de Leuville. The lady is about to join the Catholic Church, to which the intended bridegroom already belongs.

VERY REV. N. CONGIATO has been appointed Superior-General of the Jesuits in California.

REV. PATRICK W. RIORDAN, of the Diocese of Chicago, has been appointed coadjutor of the Archbishop of San Francisco, with the right of succession.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, the member for Longford, has been ordered by his medical adviser to absent himself as much as possible from the House of Commons during the remainder of the present session, and to attend only on occasions of importance. The honorable member is suffering from the effect of an accident which occurred in the House of Commons some little time back, and which has proved to be more serious than was at first considered.

THE VERY REV. JOHN HEALY, D.D., has been appointed Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment, Maynooth, in succession to the late Very Rev. Dr. Murray.

CARDINAL HOWARD, who, as our Roman correspondent reports, has left the Vatican for Paris and London, where he is daily expected, will also pay a visit to Dublin. It is reported that his Eminence is entrusted by the Pope with "a semi-official mission to the Foreign Office."

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN L. SPALDING, Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Peoria, returned home on June 13 from a long visit to Europe. Several thousand persons met him at the station and gave him an enthusiastic welcome. Bishop Spalding corroborates the statement that the Archbishops of the United States had been commanded to assemble at Rome next October, to arrange the programme for the Plenary Council to be held in America. The business of the Council will only pertain to ecclesiastical offices in this country, and will not involve Irish affairs.

MONSEIGNEUR CAPEL. — Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas John Capel, D. D., the eminent divine and theologian, arrived in New York recently. The learned divine will lecture in our principal cities, and remain in the country for a year or so. Mgr. Capel is a fine specimen of an Englishman, being about six feet in height and stoutly built, with a strongly marked face, showing character and determination. He was born in England, on October 28, 1836.

MR. REDMOND, M. P. has forwarded £2,000 making £6,000 remitted to the National League. His mission in Australia, he says, is only half done.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

THE LIFE OF THE VEN. GERARD MARY MAJELLA, Professed Lay Brother of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Translated from the German of the Rev. C. Dilgskron, C. SS. R. By a Redemptorist Father. Price, 15c.

"An abundance of the most extraordinary operations of divine grace, set in the frame of a very ordinary human life, is presented in this book. The atmosphere of miracles which he enters who disdains not to peruse these pages, will, in no manner, mislead the reader, provided he keeps constantly in mind the design of God in raising up souls similar to the soul of the remarkable Gerard Mary Majella." The preface concludes: "May this book contribute to the honor of God and the glory of his servant Gerard. May the reader while tasting of the sweet kernel not become displeased with the poor, bitter shell that surrounds it."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rev. J. E. Nolan, of Dublin, a great lover of the "grand old Irish tongue, has already published an Irish prayer-book, and proposes, for the edification of those who are disposed to cultivate and preserve the Gælic language, to publish also a pocket companion prayer-book, with Irish and English on opposite pages.

Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, wife of the President of the Irish National League of America, is writing a new book, which the Appletons are to publish. It is to be entitled "England, Ireland, and the United States," and will be economic, historical and social.

MUSIC.

White, Smith and Co., Boston.

Vocal: "The Monarch of the Woods," Song by J. B. Cheny. Choruses from Haydn's "Creation," viz.: "Despairing, Cursing Rage," "The Lord is Great," and "Awake the Harp." "No Surrender," Song, words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxael, music by Odoardo Barri. "Song of The Helmet," from Lecocq's "Heart and Hand." "When a Royal Princess," waltz song, from same opera. "A Young Gipsy Girl," from same opera. "God Pity the Men on the Sea To-night," quartette for mixed voices, by C. A. White. "Leave Me Not in Anger," song and chorus, words by Thos. P. Westendorf, music by Geo. W. Peasley.

Instrumental: "Remembrance of Baden Baden," grand valse, by P. Bousquet. "The Band," march brilliante, arranged by Chas. D. Blake. "Thoughts of Home." Nocturne for four hands, by Chas. D. Blake. "Clayton's Grand Galop de Concert," for four hands, by Chas. D. Blake. "High School March," by J. Thomas Baldwin. "Sounds from the Mountain Cave," by Chas. D. Blake. "Always Gallant," polka, by P. Galinbach, Jr. "Song of the Fisher Maiden." For Piano, by Chas. D. Blake. "Les Patireurs," Waltz, by E. Waldteufel. "Basket of Roses." Quadrille for 4 hands, by L. Strealboy. "American Progress." March Brilliante, by Leopold Cohen. "Basket of Roses." Quadrille for four hands, by L. Strealboy. Vim Galop, by W. F. Sudds. "Light of the World." March de Concert, by Chas. D. Blake. "Exiles Dream," Reverie for Piano, by W. F. Sudds. "My Love's a Rover. Waltz Brilliante, arranged for Piano by C. D. Blake. Overture to "Prince Methusalem," by Johann Strauss.

Books: Farmer's Mass in B flat." White, Smith & Co's edition, very finely issued. Also, "The Climax," for choirs, singing classes, conventions, &c., by H. S. Perkins, published in White, Smith & Co's well-known style.

W. A. Evans & Bro., Boston.

"Sad-fated Erin." Song and chorus. A very sweet melody. Can be obtained at 50 Bromfield Street.

NOT THE OLDEST. — The *Central Catholic Advocate* says: "Rev. Peter Havermans, who recently celebrated the fifty-fourth anniversary of his ordination in Troy, N. Y., is not the oldest ordained priest in America. The venerable Rev. E. J. Durbin, of the diocese of Louisville, Ky., was ordained in 1822, eight years before Father Havermans; and as he is still alive, hale and hearty, Father Havermans is not the "last survivor of the 259 priests in the United States in 1834." Father Durbin is at present at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown.

AMONG the priests present at the funeral services of Archbishop Purcell was the Rev. E. J. Durbin of Bardstown, Ky., who was ordained Sept. 21, 1822, and who was master of ceremonies at the Archbishop's consecration fifty years ago.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

PRIESTS.

We regret to have to announce the death of Rev. Dominic Joseph Lentz, O.P., who died in San Francisco on Sunday, July 8th, at St. Dominic's Monastery, Steiner street, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Rev. Luke Costello, who for more than three years was one of the assistant priests of St. Patrick's Church in Mott street, New York, died at St. Paul, Minnesota, on Wednesday morning, July 11. Father Costello was twenty-nine years of age. He was educated at Niagara College, and ordained at Troy in 1879. In March last he contracted a cold which quickly developed into consumption. He went to Florida, and thence to St. Paul, where he died.

On the 5th July, one of the oldest and much respected priests in the diocese of Tuam, Rev. R. Prendergast, P.P., Burrishoole, Newport, county Mayo, departed this life in the 72nd year of his age, fortified by the rights of the Church. He was in the 46th year of his priesthood, twenty-six of which he spent as parish priest of Burrishoole.

The Rev. Alexander McGillivray, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., died on July 4th. Father McGillivray was a native of the County of Antigonish, in Nova Scotia, and at the time of his death was in the 38th year of his age and the eighth year of his priesthood.

The death is announced of Very Rev. Dr. Kane, V.G., Kildare and Leighlin, and P.P., of Baltinglass, Ireland.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. J. Akeroyd, for many years Chaplain of the Boys' Reformatory at Market Weighton. Father Akeroyd was well known and much esteemed both in London and at Rugby, where he had done good service in both places as a Missionary Priest of the Order of Charity.

Rev. Charles R. Crossan, O. S. P., one of the Paulist Fathers, died at the convent of the Order, on the 31st of July.

Rev. William Clarke, assistant of Father Dromgoole, died on the 2d of August at that institution. He was born in Ballauagh, County Cavan, in 1843.

Rev. Thomas O'Hanlon, died at Port Ewen, N. Y., August 2d, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

Rev. Father Patrick, acting chaplain to the British forces stationed at Cairo, Egypt, died of cholera, on the 30th ult.

SISTERS.

There recently died at New Orleans in the Charity Hospital a notable woman, the venerable Sister Benigna, eighty-five years of age, and who had been connected with the hospital since the year after its foundation in 1832.

Fifty years of active and unrequited labor in the hospital! What a record of heroic bravery and unselfish devotion! How many waves of epidemic must this sister have endured at her post within that half century of noble service. Three times during this long period the country was overrun by the dread Asiatic cholera. Its most malignant phases must have come under her care in the hospital. Repeatedly the Yellow Fever scourge has visited the South, and New Orleans has experienced the most direful consequences of the affliction. No record has been kept of Sister Benigna's great work. No pen has described the dangers that she unflinchingly encountered. Yet as compared with her life what are your Florence Nightingales? Not that we would underrate unselfish benevolence in whatever degree; wherever it is exhibited it is praiseworthy.

But only a Faith such as that which animated the venerable sister of the New Orleans Hospital can produce an order like the Sisterhood of Charity. The Catholic Church alone can educate men and women to exalted vocations of this kind. There are hundreds of Sister Benignas still at work in the hospitals of the world, and thus it will be while the Church continues its great mission among men.

LAY PEOPLE.

Death of Martin Milmore.—The well-known and much-esteemed sculptor, Mr. Martin Milmore, died at his house, 113 Hammond street, Boston Highlands, Saturday, July 21. Deceased was born in Sligo, Ireland, Sept. 14, 1844, and came to Boston with his mother and brothers in 1851. Early in life he took lessons in wood carving from his elder brother Joseph, and from that went to fashioning in clay. His teacher in school saw the genius in the lad, and did everything in her power to develop and foster it. His first work was a bust of himself, which was followed by a bust of Joshua Bates, his principal at the Brimmer

school, where he attended. After graduating at the Latin school, he was instructed in the art of sculpturing by Thomas Ball. In 1863 he sent to the Sanitary fair a statuette entitled "Devotion." After leaving Mr. Ball's studio, he established himself in a studio of his own in Boston, and was very successful. He received the contract from the city for the soldiers' and sailors' monument on the Common, and went to Rome and studied for some time, completing the designs for some parts of the monument while there. The monument was unvailed in 1877. During a previous stay in Rome Mr. Milmore modelled busts of Pope Pius IX., Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson and other noted men. He designed the soldiers' monument at Forest Hill cemetery, and also the one at Charlestown. Among his works may be mentioned busts of Longfellow, Theodore Parker and George Ticknor, in the public library; one of Emerson, owned by Mr. T. G. Appleton; the large-sized ideal figures "Ceres," "Flora" and "Pomona," in granite, on Horticultural Hall. His bust of Charles Sumner was presented to George William Curtis by the State of Massachusetts in 1878. Among his prominent public works may be mentioned his statue of "America" at Fitchburg, of Garner at Cohoes Falls, N.Y., and soldiers' and sailors' monuments at Framingham, Fitchburg (2) and Woburn, Mass.; Keene, Amherst, Peterboro and Claremont, N. H.; Salem, N. Y., and Erie, Pa.; statues of Gen. Thayer at West Point, founder of the military academy; Gen. Berry at Rockland, Me.; the "Weeping Lion" at Waterville, Me.; and, he with his brother designed the granite sphinx at Mt. Auburn cemetery. Mr. Milmore's last work was a bust of Daniel Webster ordered by the State of New Hampshire for the State House at Concord. Mr. Milmore was a descendent on his mother's side from Gen. Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, and a cousin of two of the Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland. He was a member of the Boston Art Club, of the Horticultural Society, of the life class of the Lowell Institute and of the Tigers. For the last few years his health has been feeble, and during the last six months he has suffered from organic disease of the liver. He was never married, and is survived by his mother, well advanced in years, and two brothers. The funeral took place from the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, and was largely attended by relatives and friends. After the services, which were very impressive, the remains were taken to Forest Hill, for interment, followed to the grave by a large number of friends.

DEATH BY DROWNING.—On Tuesday, June 26, a promising young student of Holy Cross College, Worcester Mass., C. O'Callahan, was accidentally drowned in Lake Quinsigamond while out boating with several of his fellow students. The sad accident threw a cloud over the Commencement exercises which took place the following day. Young Callahan was one of the brightest students in his class; of a cheerful and amiable disposition, he was loved and respected throughout his college life by every one in the institution. The parents of the young man reside at Dedham, Mass., and the painful duty of apprising them of the sad fate of their son was imposed upon his teacher, Mr. Wm. Tynan, S. J. The funeral Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's Church, Dedham, on Friday morning, June 29, by the Chaplain of Holy Cross College, the deacon and subdeacon being Fr. Johnson and Mr. Tynan, S. J. A deputation of twenty-five students attended. The floral tributes were very profuse. The father and mother of Mr. O'Callaghan are grief-stricken, as the young man was an only son and gave promise of rising to a prominent place in society. May he rest in peace!

THE obsequies of Mr. John James Ryan, the highly respected Paris correspondent of the *New York Herald*, whose death we announced last week, took place at the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette, Paris, in the presence of the most distinguished representatives of the press of Europe and several members of the diplomatic corps. The high Mass of Requiem was celebrated by the clergy of the parish, the absolution being given by the Right Rev. Monseigneur Capel, D. D., an intimate friend of the deceased, and who, by permission of the *curé* of the parish, administered to him the Last Sacraments. The correspondents of the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily News*, *Standard*, *Daily Chronicle*, and *Manchester Guardian* assisted reverently at the function, each one, according to French custom, sprinkling the coffin with holy water. Mr. Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, was present, and displayed much emotion at the loss of an old and valued servant; and there were also to be seen Messrs. J. P. Leonard, J. Vincent Taaffe, P. Casey (*Moniteur Universel*), and J. Cullen. The body was afterwards removed to Père Lachaise, the hearse being covered with the choicest of flowers, sent by the American Minister, Mrs. Mackay, and other members of the Anglo-American colony in Paris. Mr. Ryan was an uncompromising Catholic; but his prudence had all the elements of American smartness, and in his lifetime he was frequently able to render obscure but valuable services to God's Church.

Mr. Ryan was born in Kilkenny, in 1813; and having made his preliminary studies in that city, he went to Trinity College, Dublin, where he won brilliant distinctions, especially in the class of *belles lettres*.

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THE Irish people are intuitively sound. From my knowledge of them,—their good sense, their rectitude of purpose, their deeply religious spirit,—I would conclude that any course of action on which they entered as a body—any policy which the great majority of them deliberately adopted, must needs be right and just. Such a people, so patient and so unsubdued, so conscientious and so determined, must eventually command success; and, gentlemen, that success will be nearer and more assured by the union of all—Bishops, priests and people—in the great work of the regeneration of our country, and by the spirit which animates all, Ireland will become great and happy. ARCHBISHOP CROKE.

The Effects of the "Lost Cause."

I.

SAVE in a few breasts void of hearts, and save in a few heads innocent of brains, the animosities of the late war have no abiding place. Time heals hatreds. Only a few in this peaceful 1883 are living back 'mid the hates of 1863. Distance gives the eye a clearer, truer, fuller view of the forest-crowned mountain ridge. At its foot, up its slope, on its summit, you do not take in its real proportions. So with historic facts,—in their midst, or too near them, they lose their meanings,—be those meanings of small or larger importance. Distance of date gives distinctness to our judgment of facts. We intend, in a series of articles and with an impartial pen, to discuss some of the effects thus far following the going down of the Southern Confederacy.

Last April, twice nine years ago, the greatest conflict that ever shook this Continent (and it was battle-shaken from centre to circumference) closed, with honorable defeat for the men who wore the Gray, and with victory for those who wore the Blue.

The fanaticisms of the North,—born of brains, and the enthusiasms of the South, beating in hearts, had clashed for four years, with varying fortunes, in many a well-fought field. Success seemed to perch now on the flag of the Union, now on the Stars and Bars. To-day there was hope assured in Richmond, and to-morrow hope hovered over Washington City.

There were braveries on both sides—and grand sincerities as well—and convictions equally strong; but the head is harder than the heart; and fanaticism, generally, triumphs over enthusiasm—fanaticism with greater numbers. We do not use the term fanaticism in an odious sense,—we de-

sire to let it have the very best sense it can bear. For certainly the question of slavery preceded in order of time the question of preserving the Union; — and it is just as certain that the agitation of the slavery question fanned the first flames of the war. And that agitation was a fanaticism in its methods, — even if its object was well meant as to the abolition of slavery.

It is false to say that the South fought *primarily* for slavery. They fought for household and homes and all their rights; slavery was a right guaranteed to their land — which right of theirs by law, was regarded as wrong in itself by the Abolitionists of the North,— then in the minority — but minorities are very fond of interfering with matters of no concern to their interests or to their consciences. They appealed to a law higher than the Constitution of the country; that is, to themselves. And, as not only the Constitution of the country protected slavery;— and the vast majority of the citizens gave it countenance;— the minority not only appealed from the Constitution — but they also appealed from the majority to themselves the minority, in the which they ran counter to the very first principle of republicanism; and therefore neither in logic nor in name could they call themselves republicans. Their appeal was unrepublican. That we call treason, if there be such a crime in this country;— but treason or not, it was fanaticism. The conflict between the independent States was brought on by this fanaticism. The disunion that took place, apart from the question of slavery at all, arose from the clashing of two distinct and contradictory traditions and constructions of that very ambiguous instrument, called the Constitution of the United States. Politicians, who feel the popular pulse, statesmen, who feel the pulse of principle, differed — had disagreed for years as to relationship of the States to the Federal Government.

Was each State a perpetual slave to the Union; or was each State free to leave the Union, at its will? That was the question. From the agitators of the North came wild words. From the South came back echoes of defiance. Thoughts begin words, words begin wars; and wars are woes, Years went on ringing with words of violence on both sides. The Southern people felt convinced that the election of Mr. Lincoln was a certain step to the abolition of slavery. "We must save our rights," they said; "and to save them, let us get beyond the reach of such interference." And to do so, anticipating encroachment, they seceded. In war came — a civil war. It was not a rebellion. When so many millions of people rise up as one man to defend themselves from anticipated wrong (the while their right to secede without such reason, had in its favor some of the highest authorities in the land, North and South), they need no apology. Their united act is their defence in law and morals. In the South the lawyers and judges,— who are the exponents, representatives and guardians of civil and political rights,— with rare exceptions, said: "The South is right." In the South, the ministers of all forms of religion, Protestant, Catholic, Hebrew,— who represented the rights and duties of the Consciences of the people almost to a man, — proclaimed, "The South is right." In the South was this union. How dif-

ferent in the North. The representatives of law and religion were divided. Hence the North abounded with Southern sympathizers.

Now sentiments are the reasons of the heart; and in the Northern States there was a deep and wide-spread sentiment in favor of the Confederacy. Mark me, reader, my only object in stating these facts, is to show that immense numbers in the North did not think the Confederacy as void of every right, or its defenders as traitors without honor.

So the war came and went on. Rifles represent rights or wrongs. Muskets mean logic as well as lead. The lead may kill men's bodies, but the logic may be on the side of the souls of the killed. Soldiers mean something other and higher than men paid to kill. Else they are butchers. They represent ideas, principles, and they attest their convictions by facing dangers and fronting death.

And yet arms are not arguments. The duel of armies in matters of honor and principle proves nor more nor less than the duel of two individuals. And that proves nothing. Success is not the test of right or principle. Success is the test of force — of greater or less strength. In the realms of ideas and of morals, material force, whether it succumbs or succeeds, means nothing at all. It simply creates a fact. Too much stress is laid on the words: "We conquered you." To conquer means to overcome force by force. The result still remains in the material order. But from that material result may follow effects in the political, social, and moral order. No matter, then, who were in the right, or who were in the wrong,— the South or the North — what have been the effects of the war different in its result to each, in the North and the South? These are the questions we intend to discuss — a discussion that has nothing to do with the causes, the different results, or the animosities of the now almost forgotten civil war, for we live too fast to remember much.

A. J. R.

Quarantine Against Landlordism.

A PARTIAL list of the great landholders of the United States discloses the fact, that six Englishmen own between them six million acres of American lands. This is exclusive of several immense ranches owned by absentee English speculators in Texas; nor is any account taken of numerous large purchases of railroad lands recently made by European capitalists in Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska and other Western states.

Is English landlordism about to emigrate to this country? Such would seem to be the meaning of this trans-Atlantic greed for American investments. Frightened by the theories of Bakonnine, M. Malon, Wallace and Henry George, the landed proprietors of Europe are turning for security to

America, where the dominance of a great middle class establishes the rights of property beyond danger of any Nihilistic or Collectivist assaults.

We quarantine against the fleeing population of countries cursed by contagion. The American authorities held the Irish emigrant ships out of port in 1847, and let their living cargoes rot in their fever prisons, sooner than expose the people of this country to the epidemic.

Now, here is an aristocracy of landlords fleeing from a social leprosy, which its own selfish filth has engendered. As Matthew Arnold has well said, "Their system has materialized the upper classes, vulgarized the middle classes, and brutalized the lower classes." The proletariat are up in arms and crying chaos and anarchy. The monster of *sans culottism* has been aroused from his slumbers. The pious Spaniard, with his Black Hand, and "the finest peasantry in Europe," have joined in a merry-go-round with the Pagan Cossack and the French Collectivist in one universal clamor of execration against the pampered social despots, who have held them so long in poverty and subjection. May we not truthfully denominate this condition of affairs a species of social rottenness and economic disease?

Yet the landocracy, who are almost entirely responsible for it, are openly transplanting their system into this country. They are sowing the seeds of a festering social contagion in the free soil of this Republic. They are establishing here the conditions that imply an American peasantry and an American upper class, an American proletariat rabble, *canaille*, and an American aristocracy of landlords and territorial sovereigns.

By all means let us quarantine against this noxious movement. We have already stopped the further importation of the poor victims of the accursed English land system — the assisted pauperism sought to be emptied into our eastern cities. Let it be resolutely determined to stop the further acquisition of land in the United States by foreign speculators.

This land may be acquired principally in three ways: (1,) by purchase directly made from the general government. (2,) by purchase made from the railroad corporations. (3,) by purchases made from the land officers of the various states.

The next Congress, convening in December, can place a quietus, so far as foreigners are concerned, upon the acquisition of land by the first method. Sales of public lands to aliens can be prohibited. A like law, passed by the legislatures of the different states, where state lands are yet unsold, would be equally effective as to the third method. But the opportunity for evasion, and the immense tract of land (140,000,000 acres) in the hands of railroad companies would render all this provision nugatory without a more drastic and effective law. What is therefore needed is a statute in every new state especially, and for all the territories of the United States, invalidating the title of all lands acquired by aliens, after the passage of the law, unless residence accompanies ownership. Such a provision is demanded by the highest notions of public policy.

Of course, the chief danger of landlordism arises from domestic greed;

but when we have struck a blow at the ambition of foreign landlords we have gained a moral victory which will enable us to meet the domestic enemy upon a better footing.

It is to be trusted that the next Congress will make a serious business of the land problem in this country; that not content with sweeping millions of acres free of the claims of dishonest corporations, it will proceed to legislate against further abuses. Safeguards ought to be established against American landlordism. But in any event, alien speculators ought to be forever shut out. If a beginning is to be made, here is the opportunity.

We look with sincere expectation to the conduct of the Irish-American members, so numerous and so capable, in the next House. If they accomplish nothing else but this, they will merit the approbation of their fellow citizens. Going into Congress, largely upon a prominence attained in a great land *cultus*, they ought to be able to pioneer the way for their colleagues of other descents, in the settlement of this question.

H. J. DESMOND.

Early Printing.

IV.

SOME "DOTS" ABOUT EARLY BOOKS.

PERHAPS our readers think we have drawn out the discussion too long; but, in order to keep faith with such hunters of old books as may be among them, we purpose to close the series now by giving a few casual hints, in our usual desultory manner, about the signs and tokens whereby genuine editions of early works may be distinguished from the sham ones which flood the market.

Early specimens of printing are marked by the extraordinary size of the characters, as well as by their thickness and inequality. The Mazarin Bible is an instance in point. Generally they were of the rude Gothic style, mixed with those produced by hand, to imitate the writing of those times, and were therefore subject to the abbreviations of *mss.* It was the custom, also, to leave blanks for the capital letters at the beginning of chapters, to be filled up by the illuminator. Laborde* gives some beautiful samples of these, especially the "Alphabet Grotesque," executed by a Flemish master, for an edition of the Bible for the poor, and which not only deserves its name but is really very fine. Monks generally did this class of work, and numerous specimens of their generous, artistic labor for the use of the poor remain in the early Scriptures and Lives of the Saints.

The only points in use at first were the colon and the full stop, but afterwards an oblique (/) answered the purposes of the comma. There

* *Nouvelles Recherches Sur l' Origine de l' Imprimerie.* Paris, etc.

was seldom a title page on a separate leaf; works usually began thus: — "*Incipit liber qui dicitur*," etc. The term "*Editio princeps*" has been given to editions of classic authors which were thought to be the first, that is to say, which were taken directly from the manuscripts. Again, the same term has been applied by bibliographers to all editions printed prior to 1480. It is, of course, in either sense of the term, difficult to distinguish the genuine editions.

Another feature of early publications was the absence of the printer's name and the date of publication. When these were inserted, they were mostly to be found at the end of the volume, accompanied by some pious ejaculation. There was also another curious custom, continued in some books to this day, of adding the mark or vignette of the typographer, an invention ascribed to the elder Aldus. An alphabetical list of one hundred and fifty-three of these is given in the appendix of Hone's *Introduction to Biography*.* Monograms, too, were much in vogue, these generally containing the initial letters of the printer's name or else some curious device. A familiar acquaintance with these monograms is desirable, inasmuch as it is of great service in ascertaining the identity of publications destitute of a date. The earliest specimen extant is that of Faust and Schoeffer, annexed to their first Psalter. The two letters A. V., enclosed in a little square, designated the works of Antoine Verard, son of the celebrated printer of that name, who flourished at Paris between 1480 and 1500. Caxton, as well as his successor Wynkyn de Worde, each had no less than three of these devices. The monogram used by William Faques, "king's printer," who had joined in some patent with Robert Pynson, was extremely curious. It consisted of a white triangle, based on the apex of a black one. On the former is a text taken from the Latin Vulgate, sixteenth chapter of Proverbs, — "*Melius est modicum justo super divitias petob* (*peccatoribus*) *multas;*" and on the latter another from the same chapter, — "*Melior est patiens viro forti, et qui dominat.*" John Day, another early printer, who published various important works, had for his motto, "Arise, for it is day;" a witty reference, as wit went then, to his own name, as well as to the enlightening influence of the new invention. It is reported of him, also, that when he used to awake his sluggish apprentices, he enforced the words of his motto by a sharp application of the rod.

Disuse of abbreviations was amongst the earliest improvements in the art of printing, as was also the numbering of pages, which had hitherto been counted by the sheet only. The exact period, at which arose the custom of putting letters at the bottom of each sheet, in order to denote its sequence, is not known. Though these marks are familiar, every one may not perhaps be aware of their use. They are principally intended to distinguish the sheets in the printer's warehouse, and to guide the binder as to the number of leaves into which the sheet should be folded. The folio

* *Vol. II. Pages xx.–xxv.*

copy of the *Baldi Lectura Super Codic*, etc., printed by Jo. de Colonia and Jo. Manthen de Ghenetzen, 1474, and preserved in the public library at Cambridge, seems, however, to indicate in some measure the date of the introduction of this useful custom. About the middle of the book, the letters begin to appear at the bottom of the terminating pages, as though the idea had been conceived and adopted during the progress of the work. They were in use at Cologne as early, probably, as 1475, and at Paris in the following year. But Caxton does not appear to have applied them to his works before 1480.

As the art advanced, eminent men took pride in correcting for the press, in such cases where the printers were greatly esteemed. Publications accordingly rose in value in proportion to the abilities of the corrector, whose name the printers frequently subjoined. Robert Stephens, a celebrated printer of an early period, was so anxious to free his edition from all errors, that he hung up the proof in public places, awarding those who were acute enough to discover an error.

Nevertheless, errata were, necessarily, very abundant in the early stages of printing. A work published in 1561, entitled *The Anatomy of the Mass*, is a striking instance of this. It is a thin volume of one hundred and seventy pages, and is accompanied by a list of errata of fifteen pages! The editor, a pious monk, tells us, in a notice prefixed to this awkward squad of literature, that he was led to the serious undertaking of correction, in order to defeat the artifices of the arch-fiend, whom he accused of having, for the purpose of making a holy book ridiculous, caused the printers to make such monstrous blunders as were never equalled before. Then, there is the story of the printer's widow, in Gemany, who looked forward, it seems, to laying aside her weeds, and, at the same time, lightening the new matrimonial yoke. So she stole down into the printing office during the night, and altered in a new edition of the Bible, which was printing in her house, the sentence of subjection to the husband pronounced upon Eve, in Genesis, chap. 3, v. 16. She cleverly substituted "na" for the first two letters of the word "herr," and thus changed the passage from "and he shall be thy lord" (herr) to "and he shall be thy fool" (narr). The lady paid dear for her frolic. It is said she was imprisoned for life on account of the crime. The errors of the Bibles printed by Field and Hill (1653) are a proverb now, and constitute their value in the eyes of collectors. One is affirmed to have had six thousand; and Laurence Sterne is said to have actually counted three thousand six hundred in a London printed Bible.

Probably, though, errors were as little the fault of printers then as now. Sterne is poor evidence. Judging by the pages of his *ms.* of *Thristram Shandy*, exposed to public view in the British Museum, his printers must have saved him from innumerable blunders. He had a peculiar, not to say slovenly, system of spelling. The same remark applies now with double force. Great care appears to be taken in printing and correcting proofs, and nine-tenths of the errors perpetrated are to be charged to the

writer. He is less subject to a rigid system than the printer, and develops, therefore, a natural idiosyncracy, which frequently takes refuge in the fantastic tricks that make the printers laugh.

There are many other things which it would seem proper to notice in a paper like this before wishing our readers, in the language of the old books we have been wading through, "a very fair good-day, and sempiternal joy forever," such as stereotyping, presses, etc. But strange to say, they do not come under the head of early printing at all. The early presses remained inconceivably rude; there was little change in the original mechanism until the present century, when the huge wooden beams of Gutenberg and Faust gave place to the slim, strong, durable iron work of the press as we know it. Stereotyping, too, in its main features, is a purely modern invention. It is true, some abortive attempts were made, towards the end of the sixteenth century, by J. Vauder Mey, followed occasionally by others in subsequent periods. But the practical application of the invention it was left to the nineteenth century to achieve.

The fifteenth and the nineteenth centuries are the printing centuries par excellence. Between them is a great gap in the progress of the art. Of course, it became, as time went on, more widely practiced, but in its appliances no important improvements were made. The cause of this stagnation is to be found in the great religious struggles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and in the civil and international wars of the eighteenth. Men's minds were diverted from peaceful pursuits generally, and all arts, as well as this, suffered in consequence by neglect. With the dawn of the nineteenth century the orderly march of development was again taken up. Brains, released from intense study of the art of destruction, devoted themselves with renewed energy to the arts of peace. Many are the everyday comforts secured us by this purified spirit of civilization — comforts which we do not fully appreciate until we look back and see what our ancestors endured. Not the least among the benefits bestowed by it upon the human race, is the perfection of the art of printing, which, by cheap multiplication, places within the reach of all, books more beautiful than those that the richest of ancient times were able to procure.

The End.

HUGH P. McELRONE.

THE *London Standard* calls attention to the danger — by no means an unreal one — of over-educating the children of the laboring classes. By all means let the sons and daughters of Hodge have a little learning, which with them need not be a dangerous thing. But the process should be watched, and its results calmly estimated. Whether the school hours and school lessons are or are not too long, ceases to be a pertinent question, when it is alleged without contradiction that they are supplemented by home lessons of indefinite length. It is also well worth considering whether the education now conferred is the wisest and most suitable. Sewing, of all things, is what girls should learn, and with this should go baking, scrubbing, ironing; so that they may be "serviceable" when the time comes. There is no reason why reading, writing, and what our ancestors called "summing," should not go along with these. But to omit these, and break down the young brain with a load of useless learning — that is the work of the pedant and the ignoramus.

The Irish in Virginia.

THE history of the Irish people at home, for the last seven centuries, is easily told. It is one of iniquities, spoliations, treasons, massacres and conquests. We have first to deal with the *adventurers*, half soldiers and half brigands of Henry II., then we are confronted by the *undertakers* of Elizabeth; then comes the Scotch of James I.; then the fanatic band of that canting hypocrite Cromwell; then the followers of Charles II.; then the *Shawn Buis* of William of Orange; then the Orangemen and Tories; then the famine of '46, with its hideous cortege of robbers and assassins, and the famine of '80, the events of which are yet fresh in our minds.

Such has been the history of our unfortunate countrymen at home. The annals of all other peoples offer, at least, to the student of history, some pleasant and glorious phases, the perusal of which calms the imagination excited by the crimes that darken preceding periods. In Irish history we find nothing to refresh our minds; nothing to calm our thoughts.

We must therefore go outside of Ireland to find pleasant and interesting matter about Irishmen. Their deeds of valor, glory and renown are found inscribed in the annals of every nation; but in no country have they been more distinguished and successful, in every walk of life, than in the United States. We do not propose, however, to write an article on the Irish in America; our object is simply to give some facts as to the Irish who came to Virginia, and whose descendants yet honor this old Commonwealth. Much can be written of the Irish in Virginia, and did time permit we would do so; we trust, however, that our efforts will be seconded by abler and better hands, and thus largely supplement our imperfect tribute.

The readers of your MAGAZINE well know that the settlers of Virginia were not of the best people. No colony is of the best. Virginia had a hard time in her early days. When almost destitute of inhabitants, the mother country sent out "fifty-four gentlemen and twelve laborers." This, of course, would ruin any country. After that they imported, or introduced *servants*, mainly from the criminals of London. They first had communism of property; next had sales of wives, and afterwards tobacco as currency. It must not be believed, however, that with the above condition of things that all were bad. They were, it is said, what the times needed, and therefore just and proper. Be that as it may, we say that if any man is wiser than his generation, he is not only ahead of his people, but he may be against them. The colony in Virginia had a hard time. When furnished with jail-birds from the courts of London, it was colonization. The good people descending from such should not be too proud and never supercillious. A close scrutiny might not be agreeable to some families. As to the Irish in Virginia, two things may be affirmed, as we believe, viz: no Irishwoman was ever sold for a wife, and no Irishman was ever sold as a redemptioner. It may be true that English women and English men were transported to

Virginia and then sold, but no *Irish girl* was ever sold to be the wife of any man; and no Irishman was ever sold in Virginia to pay his passage. We do not propose to comment on those — not Irish — who submitted to, or rather, accepted the necessities of the times. They did right; but we do say of the Irish, that they never were sold, especially the women, for any money consideration.

In an article of this kind, we can but name a few of the Irish families, who have contributed and still contribute so much to Virginia, in her intellect, culture, influence and wealth. The first authentic estimate we have of the population of the Colonies was of 1688, the year William and Mary usurped the throne of England, which placed the number in the Colonies at 200,000. Virginia had 50,000 of these, the balance being distributed variously among the other Colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia. Thus we see that Virginia, at that early date, had a population equal to one-fourth of all the other Colonies combined. We know that the persecutions of Cromwell drove thousands of men, women and children from Ireland to Barbadoes, and other western islands. In 1649 over 45,000 Irishmen were exiled beyond the seas. Thousands of these found their way to Virginia and settled there.

Among those who were driven from Ireland, and whose family afterwards became distinguished in Virginia was John Lewis, Esquire. He was a man of some means at home, which he increased by industry and frugality. His wife, Margaret Lynn, was a woman of noble traits of character and highly educated. He had four sons, Thomas, Andrew, and William, born in Ireland, and Charles, the child of his old age, born in his mountain home in America. The emigration of Lewis to Virginia, was the result of one of those bloody affrays, which at that time, and at all times, while landlords govern Ireland, so often occur to disturb the repose and destroy the happiness of Irish families. The landlord of Lewis was a nobleman of profligate and ungovernable habits (the usual characteristics of Irish landlords), seeing the prosperity of his lessee (Lewis), repented the bargain he had made, and under pretence of entering for an alleged breach of contract, attempted by the aid of a band of ruffians to take forcible possession of the premises and *evict* John Lewis and family. The scoundrel and his tools surrounded the house, and commanded Lewis to leave the premises immediately, which Lewis indignantly refused to do. At the time he had a sick brother, his wife and infant children in the house. With this small force he determined to remain and maintain his rights at all hazards. His determination being made known, the landlord was enraged, and blaspheming God and man, discharged his gun into the house, by which the invalid brother of Lewis was killed and his wife Margaret severely wounded. This so enraged the husband and brother, that he rushed from the house, attended by his devoted little band, and with the strength that only such a cause can give, this brave father and his sons soon succeeded in dispersing the cowards, though not until the *noble* author of the mischief had perished by the hands of the

outraged Lewis. Soon neighbors and friends gathered round, and by their advice Lewis fled the country, a measure rendered necessary in Ireland by the absence of justice in administering the laws, and the difficulty of establishing the facts of his case in an English court, and before a prejudiced and packed jury. He made, however, a full statement of the facts of the case, and having directed them to the proper authorities, embarked aboard a ship bound for America. He was followed by his family and some of his faithful friends and tenants. In due time all landed safely on Virginia soil, and fixed their residence amidst the unbroken forests of Augusta County, a few miles below the site of the present city of Staunton. As soon as the true facts of Lewis's case were known, he was pardoned by the King, and large land-grants in West Virginia were given to him. John Lewis lived to a ripe old age, and his four sons were well calculated to take his place and act as leaders of those who composed the Lewis settlement.

Thomas Lewis, the eldest son of John, was a man of learning and sound judgment — represented Augusta County in the house of Burgesses — was a member of the Convention that ratified the Constitution of the United States and formed that of Virginia, and afterwards sat for the County of Rockingham in the Virginia House of Delegates. In 1765 he was in the House of Burgesses, and voted for Patrick Henry's celebrated resolution. He had four sons, all of whom were in the War of the Revolution, the youngest of whom, Thomas, bore an ensign's commission when only fourteen years of age.

Andrew, the second son, was the Gen. Lewis who commanded at the Battle of Point Pleasant, fought May 10th, 1774. He was held in high esteem by Gen. Washington, and at the commencement of the Revolutionary War was recommended by him to Congress, as one of the major-generals of the army — which was slighted, however, to make room for Gen. Stephens. At the earnest solicitation of Washington, Lewis afterwards accepted the commission of brigadier-general, and commanded a detachment of the army near Williamsburg. He commanded the Virginia troops in 1776, and drove Lord Dunmore from his retreat on Gwynn's Island, firing the first gun himself, an eighteen-pounder. In 1780 he resigned his command to return home, being ill with fever. He died on his way home, lamented by all who knew him. "He was over six feet high, of uncommon strength and agility, and his form of the most exact symmetry," says the historian. "In 1768, with Dr. Thomas Walker, he was commissioner to hold a treaty with the Six Nations of Indians. They acted with commissioners from Pennsylvania and New York. It was remarked at the time by the governor of New York, "that the earth seemed to tremble under him as he walked along." His independent spirit despised sycophantic means of gaining popularity, which never rendered more than his merits extorted."

William, the third son, was an officer of the Revolutionary Army, in which one of his sons was killed and another maimed for life. When the British force, under that brave and dashing young Irishman, Tarleton, drove

the legislature of Virginia from Charlottesville to Staunton, the stillness of the Sabbath eve was broken in the latter town by the beat of the drum, and volunteers were called for to prevent the passage of the English through the mountains of Rockfish Gap. The elder sons of William Lewis were absent with the Northern Army. Three of his sons were at home, however, whose ages were 17, 15 and 13 years. William Lewis was confined to his room by a severe spell of sickness ; but his wife, with the firmness of a Roman matron, called them to her and bade them fly to the defence of their native land. "Go, my children," said she, "I spare not even my youngest — my fair-haired boy, the comfort of my declining years. I devote you all to my country. Keep back the foot of the tyrant invader from the soil of Augusta, or see my face no more." When this incident was told to Washington, shortly after it occurred, he enthusiastically exclaimed, "Leave me but a banner to plant upon the mountains of Augusta, and I will rally around me the men who will lift our bleeding country from the dust and set her free!"

Charles Lewis, the youngest of the sons of John Lewis, fell at the head of his regiment, when leading on the attack at Point Pleasant. He was as much beloved for his noble and amiable qualities, as he was admired for his military talents and skilful leadership.

The descendants of these brave men are numerous in this and other States. One of them, the Hon. John F. Lewis, has been U. S. Senator from Va., and is now Lieutenant-Governor of this State. Hon. L. L. Lewis, his brother, is now President of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, and the youngest judge that ever sat on the supreme bench of this State. We could fill pages with the names of those descended from John Lewis and Margaret Lynn; but enough has been said to show that this Irish family has done much to wrest this country from the hands of the tyrant, and give to Virginia and America that freedom and liberty which were denied them at home.

There were many other families like the Lewises, that having left their native land, were highly honored in Virginia. John Preston, a native of the city of Derry, Ireland, came to Virginia with his wife, Elizabeth Patton, in the early part of the last century. Among their descendants are several governors of Virginia, four members of different cabinets, vice-presidents, foreign embassadors, United State Senators, members of the House of Representatives, generals, preachers, presidents and professors in colleges, judges, lawyers, journalists, illustrious statesmen and explorers. The blood of this one Derry man has given bravery, beauty and wisdom to thousands of American people. The names of the illustrious descendants of John and Elizabeth Preston, who sailed from "Derry down Derry" over a century ago, are too numerous for a magazine article.

Benjamin Burden obtained a grant from Governor Gooch to locate 500,000 acres of land or any less quantity, on the waters of the Shenandoah or James River, on the condition that he should not interfere with any previous grants, and that within ten years he should settle at least 100 families on

the located lands. On these conditions he should be freely entitled to 1,000 acres adjacent to every house, with the privilege of entering as much more of the contiguous lands at *one shilling per acre*. Burden returned to England and in 1737, the next year, he brought with him upwards of 100 families to Virginia most of whom were Irish. Witness the names John Patton, Andrew Moore, John Mackey, Hugh Telford, etc. This first party was soon found, by others, who again drew others, until ere the first generation had passed away, the Shenandoah Valley was filled with Irishmen. There were, in addition to those above given, Mulhollins, Prestons, Paxtons, McGuires, Lyles, Cumminses, Campbells, McCues, McGowans, Willsons, &c., and no one will deny, who is at all acquainted with Irish names, that the above are fair samples. Thus planted in a new country, far remote from the centre of the English government, they fostered and cherished their ancestral hatred of tyranny and love of freedom. Hence, when the supreme hour came, and the dispute between the colonies and England commenced, the Irish of the Valley — indeed, of the whole country — were unanimously WHIGS of the most determined and unconquerable spirit. When called into the field they were among the bravest of the brave. General Washington signified his opinion of them, when in the darkest hour of the revolutionary struggle, he saw that if all other resources failed him, he would repair with a single standard to West Augusta, and there rally a band of patriots who would meet the enemy at the Blue Ridge and there establish the boundary of a free empire in the West. The spirit of these sires still reigns in their descendants. We are informed that Senator H. H. Riddleberger, whose ancestors on the maternal side are said to be of Irish descent, is a deadly enemy of England, and that nothing would please him more than to see this country at war with that oppressor of nations.

Your readers will readily see from the above that Ireland is not unknown in Virginia. At the present time we have in this city, Richmond, two of the pulpits of opposite churches, filled with distinguished divines. Right Rev. Bishop Keane of St. Peter's Cathedral, and Rev. Dr. Armstrong of the Episcopal Church, both natives of the County Donegal, Ireland, and than whom none are more eloquent. The most distinguished physiaians in our midst are of Irish descent, as instance, Drs. Hunter, McGuire, Frank Cunningham and J. D'Arcy Cullen. Virginia's greatest historian, the late John Burke, Esq., was a native of Ireland. He wrote a very valuable history of this State. As to the lawyers, doctors, editors, and others of some prominence, there is no end of the Irish. And in another department — in Lynch Law — we can boast of Judge Lynch, an Irishman, who was a foremost man in Virginia, and after whom the rich and prosperous city of Lynchburg is named. He certainly has made immortal the Irish name of Lynch. In these latter days, we could name many Irish in Virginia, who are distinguished and honorably represent their country. In this city we have some whose mental superiors are not to be found in this country; and in Norfolk, "the city by the sea," are Irishmen who will leave their impress upon their age; while

Petersburg, "the Cockade city," can boast of a couple of Irishmen's sons who form and shape the legislation of States. Virginia never had a penal law against an Irishman or Catholic. As a State she has a great claim on the Irish, for it was one of her sons that broke the backbone of Know-Nothingism in this country, and saved ourselves and our faith from that horrid monster. Henry A. Wise's name will ever be held in grateful remembrance by the Irish for the noble stand he took against those who would oppress our creed and race.

But we must close, and yet we feel that we have only begun, for hundreds of things have been left unsaid: but it is always so; and with the hope that our attempt will be followed up by others, and justice done to our country, not only in Virginia, but in all the States that make up this great Republic.

Richmond, Va., Aug. 6th, 1883. J. V. REDDY.

The Existence of a Future Life Demonstrated.

THE human soul is destined to an eternal life of recompense or chastisement, according to the merit or demerit of its actions here below. Once freed from its earthly prison the body, once that it has attained the limits of time, the soul will begin a never-ending life, happy or unhappy. How insignificant the vanities of earth when compared with this great truth! Materialists and sophists, in general, combat this truth, which both reason proclaims, and our holy faith teaches; however, neither their abuse of reason, nor their denial of the teachings of Divine faith, can alter in the least the fact that the soul is immortal, and that once separated from the body by death, it will soar aloft to judgment,— *Post mortem judicium*,—a just judge shall judge it according to its works, and his decision will be irrevocable. Admitting, then, the substantiality and simplicity of the soul, we will present three arguments, the most common to philosophers, establishing its immortality.

Three principal proofs concur in demonstrating the existence of a future life for the human soul; they are drawn from the *simplicity of its substance*, from *its natural tendencies*, and, finally, from the *merit or demerit of its free actions*. The first proof is called *metaphysical*, the second, *psychological*, the last, *moral*.

The metaphysical proof of the existence of a future life is deduced from the simplicity of the soul. Death, as it appears to us, consists in the *dissolution* of the substances subject to its law, that is, in the *separation* of the parts of which they are composed, never in their *annihilation*. Thus we speak of a body in putrefaction as being in a state of *decomposition*, and this is rigorously true. The composition alone ceases to exist; as to its elements they continue to subsist, and once given their liberty re-enter the common treasury of nature, there to serve again in the formation of new combinations.

Not so with the soul, however, which, in its quality of a simple substance, is not subject to the law of decomposition or death; therefore, the dissolution of the body can cause the soul no injury, and the latter is consequently immortal by nature.

The psychological proof of the existence of a future life for the soul is based upon its natural tendencies. There can be no disproportion between the innate inclination of a being and its end, unless, indeed, its author has failed to exercise a becoming providence in its creation. But death is contrary to our liveliest tendencies; it arrests, in their development, our other faculties, and leaves our destiny manifestly inachieved; therefore, death is only a change of state, and not the end of our whole being, otherwise, God, in creating us, has not exercised a becoming providence in our regard; but it is impossible to suppose that God, the Infinite Wisdom, has not exercised a becoming providence in the creation of all his works, and that more especially in the creation of his noblest work, the human soul; therefore, there exists a future life for the soul, the complement to its natural tendencies. The human soul tends toward immortality; not only does it want to live forever, but it desires to perpetuate itself in the thought of its equals, and the immortality which it seeks for itself, it likewise seeks to extend to the objects of its affections, in order that it may never be obliged to assign a term to its desires. No science satisfies its passion to know, no good satiates its desire to love. Would there not then be both contradiction and cruelty in creating this unlimited activity to be enclosed within the limited boons of the present life and the perishable objects of this world? Therefore, either the soul is not the work of a wise and good God, or it is immortal.

But the most decisive proof of the existence of a future life is borrowed from the moral order. The justice of God rigorously requires that Virtue be rewarded and that Vice be chastised. But neither the one nor the other of their ends is sufficiently attained in this life. Therefore there must be a future life.

The sanctions which the moral law finds in the present life are four in number, viz: — The natural sanction, that of tribunals, that of opinion, and finally that of the conscience. Each one of these is sufficient in itself and unable to complete the other three.

The natural sanction consists in the happy or unhappy influence which the moral conduct exercises over the soul, the body, and its exterior goods. Temperance, for instance, entertains the vigor of the body which the contrary vice ruins; a laborious life favors health; develops, if there be occasion, the intellectual faculties; increases fortune or influence, while sloth ruins and lowers man. This sanction, decidedly real in many cases with which we may come in contact, is nevertheless subject to a thousand exceptions; it does not attain the universality of good and bad actions, and could, moreover, never be proportionate to the degree of merit or demerit. Therefore it is insufficent.

The sanction established by public laws and applied by the public tribunals is not less incomplete than the preceding. Indeed, human laws (when executed!) punish vice, but they do not reward virtue; besides, how many bad actions are left unpunished, either because public order is not disturbed by their commission, or because the culprit succeeds in dissimulating his crime.

The sanction of public opinion is still more defective. The appreciations of the multitude are so variable, and often so unjust and passionate, that seducing vice not unfreqently receives the homage due to modest virtue. Here again, many acts, both virtuous and vicious, remain concealed from the public view, and thus escape its applause or condemnation.

There remains the sanction of the conscience, which is exercised by remorse or moral satisfaction. This sanction, at least, is always just, but it frequently fails in proportion, since we see the vicious become the more hardened according as they bury themselves the deeper in crime.

It therefore remains evident that the Divine Justice would be defective, had it not prepared another life in which it will render to each one according to his works; and it thus becomes certain that after the death of the body, the soul will retain with its existence a conscious and personal life which will render it capable of receiving either recompense for its virtues or punishment for its vices.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
And while the ashes mouldering sleep
Low in the ground,

"The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day."

ALPHONSE H. DE ST. ANGE.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP of Dublin has addressed a letter to the clergy of his Diocese, in which he exhorts them to pray for protection from the threatened visitation of cholera. He also exhorts them to urge upon the people the necessity for taking precautions, and to admonish them especially against the terrible vice of intemperance. His Eminence touches upon the subject of wakes, and directs the clergy to continue to use every effort to put down a custom often so shockingly abused. He also conveys to the faithful, through this letter, the very pleasant intelligence that the Peter's Pence Collection recently made has more than equalled the collection of last year. Some were afraid that, owing to the dissatisfaction felt at the Pope's late circular letter, this annual tribute to the Holy See (to which the poorest are wont to contribute cheerfully) might suffer from the temper of the people. Happily no such thing has occurred, and the measure of Irish offerings to the Holy Father has been more full and overflowing than usual.

The D'Altons of Crag: A Story of '48 and '49.

CHAPTER XV. Continued.

"Pardon me, Mr. Baring. I informed you that I have more arms than I well know how to employ. You know numbers of your friends who will be glad to receive them."

"What! you will not take them?"

"Not for the world! You can find plenty who want them."

However, Mr. Baring had the letter, the address on the cover of which named a place *only seventy miles away from the sojourn of him they called the "chief,"* and the pilgrim and the patriot Fullerton laughed more than we can measure or describe.

* * * * * *

What is shocking to hear is that the case of pistols was taken from Baring as he went home, and that he got what some evil-minded people called "the father of a beating."

CHAPTER XVI.

A WONDERFUL CONCESSION, AND A WONDERFUL JOURNEY.—A PENCIL BEAM UPON TWO HISTORIES.

About the period of Mr. Baring's meditations and great trials, Mr. Meldon appeared one day at the Crag. He was accompanied by his daughter Clara, and all the style within Mr. Meldon's command seemed "put on" for the occasion. The phaeton was shining; the horses was shining; and the harness outshone horses and phaeton. In fact everything looked "spic and span" new.

Mr. Charles Baring had been away for some days; and Mr. Giffard D'Alton was ill at ease, people said—so that, with all the offices of charity and her reading, which was never given up, Clara had been saying to her father that Amy's life was a great trial, and almost a misery. What rendered Clara's sympathy more active for her friend was the journey Mr. Meldon was about to make to Dublin, and the weary hours poor Amy would have to spend in their absence.

Clara, though so young, was full of good sense; and her education had given her confidence in herself. She loved Amy D'Alton deeply, and she conceived the wonderful thought of going to Mr. Giffard D'Alton to ask his concession for Amy to be a companion of her travels.

"Why, child," Mr. Meldon said, "you had better ask Amy herself first."

"Not for the world, papa. Amy would not move a step of herself, to leave Mr. D'Alton alone. I must try and win the old gentleman myself, and, once he consents, I am sure of Amy. In fact, I will make Mr. D'Alton *command* her to come with us."

Mr. Meldon felt proud of his child. He saw, moreover, how wise she was; and, kissing her on the forehead, he quietly said, "Bless you, Clara!"

We have now made the reader acquainted with the antecedents of this morning on which the Meldons appeared at the Crag, and, may be, the brilliancy of the "turn out," which was due to "Chrichawn" very considerably, had some connection with that astute individual's knowledge of the objects of the visit, and also his desire of its success. Why Mr. Leyton Seymour was left at home, we may readily guess; but Clara would have it so, if for no other reason than her desire to fight the battle with old Mr. D'Alton in the presence of the smallest number of witnesses that was practicable.

The phaeton flew along the road, and Slieve-na-mon seemed to fly the other way; while Clara's pre-occupation of mind kept her musing and silent.

Arrived at the Crag, little delay was made in sending up cards, and preparing for the interview. The old

gentleman was "at home," and, in honest truth, had taken a survey of the equipage, and a good one, before he entered the drawing-room. His eyes fell particularly upon Clara, and he said afterwards, that "his heart softened" in the view of the young girl, "he did not know why."

After the usual common-place, Mr. Meldon opened the way to Clara's mission by announcing that he and his daughter were going to travel for a month or two, and that their visit was almost a "good-bye," though they intended to call again. They would not leave before a week or ten days.

"An expensive thing is travelling," remarked Mr. D'Alton.

"Well, sir, money is made to purchase recreation and information, as much as for food and raiment."

"Hem!" shrewdly coughed Mr. D'Alton. "Does your friend, Mr. Seymour, accompany you?"

"He leaves to-morrow, and awaits us in Dublin or London."

"He is rich, I believe," continued the old man, and his grey eyes twinkled.

"Very wealthy," answered Mr. Meldon. "I should say his investments reach a hundred thousand pounds, and his property in Australia reaches several thousands a year."

"Phew!" emphatically replied Mr. Giffard D'Alton. "A hundred thousand pounds, and several thousands a year! 'pon my word!"

"Where is Amy, sir?" now demanded Clara Meldon.

"Where is Amy? Why, she is in her room, or in some cabin near. It is not hard to find that child of mine, Amy. She will be in great affliction after you, Miss Clara."

"No '*Miss*' now, sir! You promised me, ever so long ago — do you not remember?— that you would always call me 'Clara,' just as you call Amy by her name."

The old man looked towards the window, and he took off his spectacles to have a good survey over the Crag. When he came back he was busily engaged in cleaning the optical helps with his pocket handkerchief.

"Well, Clara," he said, "we must send for Amy."

"Not for the world, sir; oh, no!"

"What! are you not going to say good-bye to your companion?"

Clara reddened a little, then became much moved, and finally did an excellent thing. She burst into tears.

"What!" cried Mr. D'Alton, looking at Mr. Meldon. He beheld a smile on the face of the gentleman, and became re-assured. As Mr. D'Alton was a man of rapid thought and great penetration, perhaps he began to have a prevision also. But, with all his prevision and all his rapidity of thought, he never dreamt of what was coming. The fact was that one minute after she had commenced to weep, Clara was weeping round the neck of old Mr. D'Alton, and treating him in every way as if he were a relative, rather than a visiting acquaintance. Not a word the young girl spoke, but kept showering upon the old man the marks of a child's love.

The old man could only say "Child! child! What is the matter?"

"You like little Clara, sir?"

The old man smiled. "You seem to know that very well."

"I do! And I know you have said little Clara is like some one you loved long ago."

"True," answered Mr. D'Alton with a voice of real feeling.

"And you would not like to afflict Clara, and wound her, and —"

"What is it?"

"You must send Amy with Clara on this tour with papa."

The old man exclaimed, "On a tour! on a tour!"

"Yes, sir, with me."

Mr. D'Alton looked at Mr. Meldon, and he saw plainly Mr. Meldon had come to the Crag with the object enunciated by his daughter.

"Mr. Meldon," asked Mr. D'Alton, "What am I to think of all this?"

"Well, sir," mildly replied Mr. Meldon, and with a voice like music, "the children need each other. Neither of them has a mother; and they have learned to love one another ever so much. If you accede to Clara's prayer, and give us Amy for the next month or two, she shall be as dear to me as Clara!"

The old man started, he knew not why; and he felt inclined to weep; and at last he yielded, he knew not why; and by the same arms which won Clara's first victory, a second was was won; he declared "no matter what Amy wished, go she should."

"You shall hear from me constantly, and we shall be home within six weeks, I calculate. We shall bring with us a companion for Amy and Clara — our friend Alice Hayes."

"Then *I* am to rely upon Nelly Nurse and my most excellent nephew," rather cynically remarked the old man.

Here was something very strange, yet it fell in, somewhat, with Mr. D'Alton's idiosyncracies. "Mr. Meldon's respectability was unquestionable. Mr. Seymour was a man of great estate; and to tell the truth poor Amy led a very mopish kind of life where she was. *If* Mr. Seymour liked Amy? Well, she was as good as he was, whoever he might be; and she was rich too; and if he happened to like her, she would be clear of Baring; and then there was no expense. On Meldon he — Mr. D'Alton — would depend his life and fortune. The man warmed him up, whenever he addressed him." Such were his reasonings.

That evening Mr. Meldon met "Crichawn" at the hall-door.

"Well, Tom, how is the widow?"

"Ever so well, sir."

"And Alice?"

"Oh, sir, she lives in the other world entirely, thank God."

"You know she comes with us on our tour?"

"God bless you, sir! I know all of it; and she has her heart fixed on something else, her mother sez."

"Would you like to come with us?"

"Would I like to come? Ah, sir, wid Miss Amy that fed my family many a day — and Miss Clara — an' you — like to come? I suppose poor fellows like me have too much liking, so they have. They don't know how to curb themselves."

"Well, do you wish to come?"

"Yes, sir; but I don't want to follow the wish."

"Eh!"

"Ah, sir, the widow id be lonesome; an' I'm wantin' here, you know, about our own house; an' I dunno — somethin' about the Crag!"

"The Crag?"

"Ah, sir, I'm afeared about the Crag. The old man is odd — and he's good in many things, an' I'm not sure he won't require a man like me near him."

Meldon started.

"Oh, sir, make your mind aisy. I am enough for three score of the old man's enimies; an' I can tell you my own friends are among them that speak hard of old Mr. D'Alton."

"Your friends?"

"Yes, sir; they are there to guard and protect Amy's father."

"Guard the owner of the Crag as you would guard your father, Tom. The old man is very dear to me — very dear."

"Well, the honest thruth is, I always saw the same an' said it; but there's not a neighbor from this to Piltown or Waterford, that doesn't love Miss Amy, sir, and wouldn't lose a fall to save her wan single tear."

The preparations for departure were not extensive; and, indeed, with practised travellers preparations are always few. Amy was *persuaded* by old Mr. D'Alton that she "needed change;" and he declared that he himself would go to Bonmahon or Tramore, and stay at the hotel for a month or more. Nelly Nurse would mind him, and —

"Well, sir, what of my cousin?"

"He may go to ——"

Mr. Giffard D'Alton had lately been having somewhat more of Mr. Baring than was well for Baring's position in Mr. Giffard D'Alton's good opinion; and of all persons who deserved ill of Mr. Giffard D'Alton, and of some who did not, that gentleman was ever ready to make that unmentionable, hoofed biped a present. In truth, he had been recently consulting some prudent people regarding the possibility of "breaking the entail" by a "private act;" and Mr. Charles Baring had become aware of the same with something like dismay. That "friend and follower of the family," who gave Mr. Baring such wise counsel on a certain eventful night, came more frequently to his mind than ever.

CHAPTER XVII.

The journey to Dublin was to commence on the morrow week of the day of the conversation last detailed; and on the day before the departure of the tourists all the packages were duly arranged and duly labelled, and the hour for Amy's presence at Mr. Meldon's fixed sufficiently early to enable the family to reach a morning train from Clonmel. The father and daughter, and Alice Hayes, sat down in the pleasant drawing-room, and indulged the anticipations born of such a moment. Very likely the young people were excited by the expectation of many novelties and much pleasure, and Mr. Meldon enjoying that luxury of a kind nature — the pleasure he was going to bestow.

Three heavy knocks at the hall door startled the little company. The noise of "grounded arms" was then heard — done with a will as if to proclaim ponderous power. "Crichawn" was at the door in a moment. Mr. Meldon arrived immediately after, and found himself in presence of a dozen policemen.

"What is the meaning of this, gentlemen?" asked Mr. Meldon, when the police had entered the hall.

"We have been informed that Mr. M —— is harbored in your house."

"My house! who could have been so mad and so false as to name my house?"

"We cannot say," replied the sergeant. "We ourselves do not believe it, but we obey orders."

"And you wish to search?"

"We have been directed, if you pledge your word of honor that Mr. M —— is not in the house, to proceed no further."

"No, no; no 'word and honor' in this case. The information has been given likely enough to deceive you, by putting you on a wrong scent, or to annoy me; though I do not know how I could have made an enemy. In any case you must search!" Without further demur the police did as they had been desired. The children were a little alarmed at first, but soon rather enjoyed the investigation and the failure of the visitors. Every place in the house and in the yard, and the stables and the granary, was examined; but all were found equally innocent of harboring the redoubtable hero of many a "well fought field" (at hurling, however), and who was now feared for his designs, when his ability and strength would have taken another and more dangerous direction.

"We are very sorry, sir, to have worried you and your family."

"Worried us! Not in the least. I could not think of allowing you to depart without an examination; because a man does not always know every one or every thing in his house; and because I confess, though devoted to 'law and order,' I was not displeased to give the fine fellow the chance of a run during your delay."

Mr. Meldon gave the men some refreshment, for which they were extremely thankful, and they bade him farewell and a happy tour.

For some time James the Pilgrim and a man in the garb of a blind

piper, had been waiting at the right hand side of the entrance very modestly, as became them. Mr. Meldon, as soon as the police had gone, advanced towards James and gave him his hand. He then beckoned both the new comers into the hall, and drew James into the parlor.

"Well, James, my friend, have you seen Mr. Seymour lately?"

"I have heard from him, Mr. Meldon. He is in London."

"London?"

"Yes, sir; and making use of Father Hayes's letters of introduction. I think you will find Mr. Leyton Seymour more agreeable than ever."

"What do you mean, James?"

"I will not say just now," answered James; "but Mr. Seymour's father was worthy of a good son."

"Let us order the poor piper his dinner and bed."

"Like you, sir," answered the Pilgrim — "like you, sir. He wants both; — and he wants ten sovereigns."

"Ten sovereigns!"

"Yes, sir. The 'blind piper' is Mr. M ——, for whom the police have just been searching. He is on his way to America."

"Crichawn" entered.

"Sich a man! sich a man!" cried "Crichawn." "The owld aunt will hang 'im. Was there ever —?"

Just then Mr. Meldon beckoned to the piper, who joined the party.

"Sich a man!" again cried "Crichawn."

"All true, 'Crichawn,'" said Mr. M —— in a fine clear voice; "and I am sure, if you wanted to see your brother's wife, or Mr. Meldon, or even an old neighbor, once more before you left Old Ireland, *you* would venture more than I have; indeed you would."

Mr. Meldon presented his hand to the outlaw.

"I do not share your views — I will not say anything of your feelings; but I cannot help honoring your sentiments."

"Thank you, Mr. Meldon. I am grateful."

"But, sir," Mr. Meldon continued, "What on earth *could* you have done? You have had great proofs that 'democrat' power was not with you. What *could* you have meant?"

"Well, sir, the time will come. We *have* made a mistake. Ireland's clergy must always be the real power and ——"

"Ah, well, do not mind that! You must have suffered awfully on this run?"

"I have not, sir. I have enjoyed much, if I have suffered some. I saw men and women, and even girls, peril everything to protect me — ay, even when they told me plainly they were far from giving up 'Ould Ireland.' It is worth a life of work to prove a people so genuine and loving."

"I quite agree with you; and as I heard a neighbor say — you know Father Ned — the principle of national being is indestructible. Its development is only a question of time and circumstances. Your hazard this time was to see your aunt?"

"Yes; I would rather have gone to prison, than left Ireland without seeing her. She has given much of her life, indeed all of it, to me, in rare devotion. I have seen her; that is enough now. Ireland *a gradh's mavourneen!*" added the young man hoarsely, "shall we ever baptize your cause in the holy wells?"

"Give up your wells and rivers, now!" shouted "Crichawn;" "an' put on your coat, an' get off to the fair. Don't dhrive the baste too fast though," said the rogue. "And now let me see how the blue *ratteen* coat becomes you."

"Crichawn" soon had enveloped the wanderer in a long *ratteen* coat, on the back of which hung a cape down as low as the quondam "hurler's"

hips. He then handed him a fine pair of whiskers, not large but "bushy," as "Crichawn" called them.

"There, now," said "Crichawn," a little proudly, "there's an *Ould Irelander* for you! Isn't he as good as ——"

The young man seized "Crichawn's" hand and gave it a hearty wring.

"You are a kingly man?" he cried. "Oh, for a hundred thousand like you!"

"Now, you know ——"

"Yes, I know; you never came our road, and that makes me admire your friendship and your courage more."

Mr. Meldon was silent; but he was surprised.

"Crichawn" crowned his exploit by driving a cow to the door.

"Now *Paudheen Murphy*," said "Crichawn" with a droll glance, "dhrive that baste ever so aisy to the fair at Clonmel, an' at the corner of the main street, just at six in the morning, a farmer will give you fifteen gold guineas for her; an' the train leaves the station for Watherford about nine. There's warnin' that Mr. M —— is to be at the Thurles station to-day, and others with him."

As "Crichawn" mentioned Mr. M ——'s own name, that gentlemen at once saw his danger.

"Bless you, 'Crichawn,'" he cried. Then turning to Mr. Meldon, whose kindness had shaped the whole situation, he expressed his obligations as a gentleman should, and bade him farewell.

This chapter was intended for Mr. Meldon's journey, but the young enthusiast has borne us away, as he many a time has borne away thousands.

We will compensate the reader by saying as little of the road as we can; and hardly anything of the partings. Indeed, the partings were very few; and old Mr. Giffard D'Alton's was the saddest. He knew that ethereal love which Amy bore her father, and believed that she held her life in her hands for him, at any hour or minute of her existence. She was not at all insensible to his faults and follies. On the contrary both had caused her many tears. But a child's love — particularly a well-reared daughter's affection — defies all resistance, and rises above all depressing influences. Its eyes and ears and senses and everything are in the heart!

The three ladies — Amy, Clara, and Alice — had a pleasant time of it, and had a companion in Mr. Meldon, whose conversation was rich in knowledge, and, indeed, inexhaustible. Occasionally he mentioned Mr. Leyton Seymour's name, his fine property, and his family; and he saw plainly enough that such observations were not unacceptable to Amy D'Alton. He was glad of this for many reasons then working in his mind, and for many more which he hoped to see added to them.

Let us suppose the trains all to have been regular, and the boats to have been faithful to "sailing time," and good fortune, good spirits, and high hopes to have accompanied the friends all the way, and they succeeded finally in joining Mr. Leyton Seymour at the "Grosvenor," and filled that gentleman with joy! Well, thus we find them altogether in London.

The meeting was extremely agreeable to all parties, and the number just sufficient for the enjoyment of sight-seeing in the Metropolis though business in the Metropolis, was more to them. However, the particular calls and occupations of the gentlemen have so much to do with our mysteries, that we must decline to name them at present.

It was easy to see from Mr. Leyton Seymour's line of thinking, that his mind was very hard at work in a new sphere. He had been a great deal about the institutions which illustrated the science, art, and charity of

London; but what seemed to strike him most were the convents, particularly those that cared for poor orphans, and protected young women. Somehow, the devotion of the ladies to a work so great and so difficult, constantly forced itself before his mind, and when he found among the religious, not only the tenderly-reared aristocracy, but even those who had been brought up in very hatred of what they now worshipped with a hushed reverence, the saying of Pharaoh's necromancers came unbidden to his mind. "The finger of God, is here," he said.

The reader will not feel surprised that Mr. Leyton Seymour accompanied the party to the Roman Catholic church very frequently, indeed almost daily; and one of those visits had a singular influence on his future career — and on the career of one, at least, besides, himself.

One morning the ladies proposed to go to the Oratory at Brompton, and the gentlemen readily assented. It happened that as they drove from the door of their hotel, another carriage drove in the same direction, and street after street kept them company. At first they thought it curious, and then became really interested; but the interest culminated when they saw the carriage stop at the very same destination for which they were bound.

The occupants of both carriages entered the church together, and our friends saw that the strangers were ladies — or by their appearance, a lady and her maid. The lady, hardly eighteen, was a foreigner of quite a noble look and bearing; and the maid was a worthy companion for so much distinction. Whether the parties were a mutual distraction or were not, we cannot say; but fate had arranged that they should become acquainted. It was inevitable.

The fact is, that just as they went to the church in company, they came back in company, and finally entered the porch of the Grosvenor together. What could be more inevitable?

Clara Meldon therefore walked right across the ladies' parlor one hour after, and as her eyes met those of the foreign lady, both quietly smiled.

"You see," Clara said in French, "Mademoiselle, we must become acquainted, *le bon Dieu*, has brought us together."

"I am most happy," the young lady replied in the same language; "and such meetings are mostly providential."

Amy D'Alton now entered, when the foreign lady said in English, and with a very pure accent, "This is one of your companions?"

"Oh, that is Miss D'Alton, my most beloved friend. But here is papa. Oh, papa! I have been wishing you to arrive. I have made a friend," the little witch said most witchingly.

Mr. Meldon bowed low.

"My father's name is Meldon," she said, looking at the fair foreigner; "and my name is Clara."

"Well my name is Fernandez; I come right from Berlin, accompanied only by my maid."

"From Berlin!" Mr. Meldon remarked.

"Yes, and I leave to-morrow."

Mr Leyton Seymour just came in, and Miss Fernandez only waited the introduction before she added, "I am going to enter a convent, which you must come and see."

"To become a nun?" Amy asked.

"Precisely. In fact, I came for that purpose. But pray, did you not say Miss D'Alton," she said, after a pause, looking at Amy.

"Yes, that is my name."

"Have you any relatives in Austria?"

"I believe not," Mr. Meldon answered; "but——"

"I was going to say," continued the lady, "that a very old friend of our family, noble and wealthy, was named D'Alton, and something quite romantic makes the name dear to me."

"Indeed! Senora," Mr. Meldon said.

"Yes, sir. The Count D'Alton quarreled with his son, who had made a match below his rank. The son was quite as proud as his father, and they separated. Young D'Alton was educated in Cambridge, and was more than half an Englishman. Having quarreled with his father, he enlisted in an English marching regiment, and left for North America. The account of his death came to his father, I believe, the year I was born. But there was a vague report of a child; and I never hear the name of D'Alton, without feeling my mind stirred by the sad story."

Mr. Meldon and Mr. Leyton Seymour exchanged glances.

"This does, indeed, seem providential," said Mr. Seymour. "I have just had a letter from Father Hayes, in which he states that he is about to return from America, and that he will be accompanied by a young girl whom he discovered among the Micmac Indians. She had been brought up as the adopted daughter of an old Indian queen, and was generally known as 'Noœmie, the Indian princess;' but Father Hayes's inquiries elicited the facts that her parents were Europeans, who died while she was yet an infant, and that her father was an English soldier named Henry D'Alton, who had wealthy relatives, with whom, however, he had not corresponded for a long time before his death."

"Singular!" said the Senora Fernandez. "If this girl should prove to be the grand-daughter of Count D'Alton, what a joy it will be to the old man. He has long since repented bitterly of his harshness to his only son; and I understand he is even now in England, prosecuting, through the War Office, inquiries with regard to his death; though he had little hope of finding the child he was reported to have left."

"In that case," said Mr. Meldon, "Father Hayes will be a great aid to him. But we must be careful how we excite hopes that may not be realized; though I have no doubt, from what the lady says, that the mystery will be satisfactorily cleared up; and," he added after a thoughtful pause, and looking significantly at his daughter, "it may be that, in its elucidation, it will explain other matters which now appear even stranger than this does."

CHAPTER XVIII.

About the time indicated in the last chapter, at all events not very long after, two or three old friends turned into Father Aylmer's for "one of the evenings" himself and Father Power knew so well how to bestow. "One of Father Aylmer's evenings" passed into a proverb, and however spare the tabling might be — sometimes it was, as we have remarked already — the hearty welcome of the parish priest and the *bonhommie* of the curate, were gifts not every day to be obtained, even when the fare was most luxurious.

On the day of which we write, the arrival of an old friend and class-fellow in college, made Father Power a more radiant even than usual; and, as if to balance the years in the little parlor, old Father Morrissey, the nearest neighbor, came to make one of the happy circle.

Father Power's friend we must call Feehan, for convenience sake — and he was one of the most genial, most daring, and devoted men that ever wore alb or stole — like the "Great High Priest," always ready "to lay down his life for his friend" — or to share his last shilling with him. Father Feehan was under forty, wonderfully strongly built, and with an eye that shot out rays of reflection, or sparkled with humor as the occasion arose, and really looked as if he were going to sing, "Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?"

"So those 'Young Ireland' boys are off," exclaimed Father Feehan.

"How did you manage?" pursued Father Ned.

"I managed by sleeping in three different quarries three different days, and each succeeding night getting nearer the sea."

"Singular," Father Morrissey said, "that her Majesty's faithful 'Peelers' did not make your acquaintance on the road."

"As I said, we travelled at night, and always had three carts, going on 'on our lawful business;' in fact, we did carry loads of turf one night, and tents to set up at the fair of Ballybunion another night."

"Well!" the old parish priest said some what impatiently, "Father Feehan let us hear how the poor fellows got away."

"I succeeded in boarding a schooner one day last week. I found the captain was a Kerry man, and we agreed that he should receive £500 for landing the three men in Constantinople."

"Five hundred pounds!" exclaimed Father Aylmer.

"Ah, yes; your friend — or the son of your great friend — O'G—— from Dublin, paid two-thirds of the money."

"Then?" asked Father Power.

"We paid one-third in hand; the remainder to be paid on arrival."

Father Aylmer's foot was very busy beating the floor. "Gracious!" he said finally, and looking imploringly at Father Ned.

"Well, sir," Father Feehan said, turning to Father Aylmer; "Well, sir, our friend, the Captain, having got £160 in his pocket, took a 'vacancy' while we came on shore, and having, I suppose, got a fit of loyalty and avarice, he set sail and left us there."

There was a cry of indignation and astonishment.

"I found afterwards," Father Feehan said, "that the fellow was a Kerry 'souper,' who had apostatised some years ago. But, after all, we succeeded. I tried our fortune once again. This time the Captain, I found out, was an Englishman from Kent. I frankly told him our condition and our loss."

"'I shall take them,' said the Captain.

"Well, Captain, you are a frank, honest man. I will advance —'

"'Not a stiver,' replied the Captain. 'They can pay when they reach their destination.'

"'Thanks. Can you come alongside, or shall we sail out to you?'

"'Not for gold,' replied the Captain, "shall you sail out; and, in fact, it is very likely the fellow who pocketed your money, has, by this time, pursued his industry a little further, by giving information of your whereabouts. So we shall need water and refitting; and stay a couple of days in the Shannon.'

"And where are my friends to remain so long?'

"'They are to come on board today, and we shall make much of them in the hold. However, I shall invite the Custom House officers to a bottle of Champagne; and for the honor of the cause, I shall hunt up the Inspector of Constabulary. We shall have a jolly time of it.' You have it all now, gentlemen. I bade them adieu with a mixed feeling of joy and sorrow; but I believe they had all been convinced that the harvest time of national hope had not come, and that the counsels of their old friend had been the wisest."

"They are clear off — God be praised!" cried Father Ned; and the table wrung with hearty applause.

The chances of the future were then discussed, and Father Ned evidently knew very much more than an "Old Irelander" was generally supposed to know. In fact, the young fellows believed that his prudence invariably opposed his sympathy, and that all his feeling was for the cause and for them. Personally he was the friend of every one of them.

"Come, Ned," said Father Feehan. "You are a 'loyal,' man, we all

know; and you can therefore afford to sing a disloyal song."

"But I do not sing disloyal songs, Michael."

"Come, now; 'Who fears to speak of 'Ninety-eight'— you *must*."

"Will you make a contract?"

"The terms?"

"I shall sing 'Who fears to speak of 'Ninety-eight,' if you sing the song sung in college on Christmas night, 1834. We shall find who is the oldest rebel.

"'Done!"

Father Michael Feehan then commenced: —

"COME, O FREEDOM! COME."

Come, O Freedom! come,
And beam thee on our lovely isle;
The hope that glads a nation's heart,
Is bright'ning in thy smile.
Come! years have passed away,
And tyrant power hath flung
Its darkness o'er the sunny ray
That brightened her when young.
Its darkness o'er the sunny ray
That brightened her when young.

Come, O Freedom! come,
The patriot's heart is bursting still;
The spirit free as ocean's wave,
Brooks not the tyrant's will.
We love our fields of green!
We love our mountains blue;
And know we not what we have been?
Yes, Freedom! we love you!
And know we not what we have been?
Yes, Freedom! we love you!

Come, O Freedom! come,
And bless the hearts that beat for thee!
The brightest beams of the Summer hours,
Are bright but for the free!
Come o'er the western wave,
That bounds in thy presence grand!
And tyrant, coward, and shrinking slave,
Shall flee from our own green land;
And tyrant, coward, and shrinking slave,
Shall flee from our own green land!

We may well imagine how the old clergymen and the young enjoyed the reminiscences always so dear — the memory of sweet academic days, when the life of intellect and heart makes an elysium, which, alas! so soon vanishes in the presence of the world of hard realities.

Father Ned, however, half lived this evening in the charmed atmosphere of fourteen years before, and the same must be said of his classfellow, Father Michael Feehan; and though the elder clergyman had to banish the shadows of nearly five and fifty years, they renewed much of their youth in the associations which gathered around in the geniality of a loving reunion.

Father Ned Power kept honestly to his contract; and if his heart was half as emphatic as his minstrelsy, we have great doubts of his devotion to "law and order."

"And true men be you men,
Like those of 'Ninety-Eight!"

had hardly been pronounced, when the little company was excited to a degree indescribable — simply by the arrival of the post. Indeed there were two effects this evening from the same cause, and we question whether in the varied history of the results of opening letter-bags, two results more remarkable have been recorded. One of those occurred, as we say, in Father Aylmer's parlor; another at some distance to which we will adjourn in due time.

On consideration, we will leave the gentlemen at Father Aylmer's — first conjecturing what letters were in the bag; and then conjecturing whence the letters had come; and then conjecturing what were the letters. In fact, the minds of those around the little table at good Father Aylmer's were so occupied by song and story, that when the post-bag came, they had little inclination to open the letters at all; and so a considerable time elapsed before the surprise came upon them, and made the stir which none of them had anticipated.

The other place the post-bag made a stir at was, of all places in the world, at the Crag.

Thus it happened.

The post-boy was quietly coming along the road from Kilsheelan, indulging himself and his mule by a very quiet lounge, when he was overtaken by James the Pilgrim, who, as

usual, staff in hand, and rosary hanging down, was wending his way to one of his many haunts in and near Ballyneal, and around the mountain base.

"God save you!" was the Pilgrim's usual salute.

"God save you kindly, sir," answered the post-boy.

"You spare the mule I see, Pat."

"An' the wisping," answered the post-boy.

"Do you ever trot him?"

"Oh, yes, sir; but I keeps the trot for the avenue, you know."

"*Go dhirach*," remarked James, which is "just so" only more philosophically expressed in the *Gaelic*.

"Any news?" continued James the Pilgrim.

"Not much, only the 'boys' got off from Waterford, yisterday; an' Tim Cunneen bought a new hat!"

"You didn't hear that Miss Amy is going to be married?"

"Married! To who?"

"Oh, Miss Amy is going to be married, and Ally Hayes is going to be a nun!"

"Murdher!" cried the post-boy; and now he started. Before his companion could call him back, he had dashed along the road far on his way. He rushed through the gate to the Crag, and, as he approached the door, half the house had turned out to see who was pursuing the flying post-bag of Mr. Giffard D'Alton.

Mr. Giffard D'Alton himself was one of those who came, in no pleasant temper to demand an explanation.

"What is the matter that you ruin the beast with travelling like that!"

"Oh, sir, my heart is up to my mouth, I'm in a fright. Well, well!"

"Come in here, you vagabond. Come in! come in! I tell you, or—"

Poor Pat began to blubber and crave pardon, and make solemn promises for the "whole of the remainder of his life;" to be careful of "Bill," the mule; and, finally he thought the storm had lessened enough to venture in.

"Now tell me what whipped you up in that manner to-day?"

"I met the Pilgrim, your honor."

"Met the Pilgrim! Did that frighten yourself and the mule, you unmitigated rascal? Did that frighten you to death?"

"No; but he towld me something, your honor."

"Told you—told you what?"

"Oh, he said—murdher! he said Miss Amy was goin' to be a nun in England, an' Miss Hayes—that is Ally Hayes, your honor, but we calls her Miss Hayes now Miss Amy is fond of her—is going to be married."

Poor Pat had scarcely uttered his last syllable, when old Giffard had him by the throat, and swinging him round, tumbled him on the flour like a meal sack.

"You vagabond! you robber! you ruffian! how dare you say that to me!"

"Oh sir, oh sir, forgive me! forgive me.

"Say you told me a lie, say you told me a lie, you———"

"I did sir, I did sir, tell you a lie."

"Swear it you villain, swear it."

"I swear—I swear,"—the last part of his speech was uttered outside the door, to which location he had been unceremoniously kicked and cuffed by the enraged Giffard D'Alton.

Mr. D'Alton foamed at the mouth, and pitched a tumbler into the grate, assaulted chairs and tables most wickedly, and then sat in dudgeon with all mankind.

All we have been describing happened after dinner, when, strange to say, Mr. Giffard D'Alton was generally in the worst humor; but to add to his natural irritability, he had that day received an anonymous letter, threatening his life and "holding the mirror up to nature."

Everything has an end; and at last Mr. Giffard D'Alton's passion had subsided just enough to allow the post-bag a place in his memory. "I may as well open the bag," he thought, and he half sarted when

he saw two letters with the London post-mark lying on the table. He knew one to be from Mr. Meldon. He did not know the hand-writing of the other,—"Meldon! Meldon!" he cried, "if you have robbed me of my child!—you want my family's money —*my* money for the church; but I'll——"

At length Mr. Giffard D'Alton opened the letter.

He perused it greedily, wrapt up as if he had turned to marble. He drew a heavy sigh at length, and as he had been standing, he fell upon the old sofa, and the letter lay upon his bosom.

Long, long, perhaps an hour he lay —not thinking yet filled with thought; a thousand thoughts gathered together —too crowded to be examined, and each obscuring the other. He took up the letter once again. It was as follows:—

"The Grosvenor,
"September 2d, 1848.

"Dear Sir—The letter which accompanies this one is from Mr. Leyton Seymour. He has admired my young friend, Miss D'Alton, from the very first moment he met her. I told you of his immense wealth and respectable connections. He is placing his happiness in your hands, he says; and as I believe Mr. Seymour says nothing about means, I may say that he wishes every penny of Miss D'Alton's, to be absolutely settled upon herself.

"I am, dear sir, very faithfully yours, C. Meldon.

"Giffard D'Alton, Esq."

"Settle every penny upon herself!" he repeated. "Every penny! And I am to be left alone!" he half wept, "alone!"

He thought of the anonymous letter of the morning. He thought of how much the love of Amy had been to him a shield of protection. He thought of the gentle ways that soothed him without words, and the wise and kindly ways that often convinced him, when he would not admit it, and appeased him, he hardly knew why. He then looked around him and thought of all the light of his life faded, and neither within nor without a single friend! He thought of his son Henry. In that very room Henry and he had their last interview. From this very spot he had spurned him and sent him to exile and the grave! He thought of the reckless nephew whose character and habits he had half discovered; and he groaned—he groaned, and absolutely went down upon his knees—the letter still in his hand! Yet it was not to pray. It was as if he had seen an avenger, and knelt in horror.

"I am accursed! I am accursed! he said bitterly. "Life is just at an end — and no joy, no hope! I have lost my life for a lie — the lie that—no matter! Lucy! Lucy! had God left *you* to me, I had not been so hard— to *him*. Curse upon it what can money bring me now? Lucy! Amy! Henry!—an honest good wish — an easy heart? Oh, my curse!"

Mr. Giffard D'Alton was interrupted by a knock, and by the entrance of a servant, who desired to know if Mr. Cunneen might come up. At first he was inclined to be "out;" but he changed his mind, and in a hard voice said, "Let him come."

Cunneen came in with the bended humility of a man who was nothing, and who had nothing; but there was that sinister light in the corner of Mr. Cunneen's eye, which always signifies a man to be minding his own business and doing so successfully. He seated himself on the chair whi h he always occupied when with Mr. Giffard D'Alton, and he bent down the Iscariot brow of evil omen.

"I heard the news about Miss Amy, sir, and that brought me over."

"Umph!" was the eloquent rejoinder.

"Mr. Seymour is a wealthy gentleman, sir, and, of course, he will take no fortune, sir."

Another grunt; but the old man saw clearly that Cunneen had a stroke of trade in the hand of his sympathy.

"Mr. Seymour, sir, is a nephew of Lord Leyton, who has never married."

Strange, thought Mr. D'Alton, that Mr. Meldon never mentioned that. Yet he felt his heart leap a little.

"Of course, you will feel very lonesome after Miss Amy, sir; but, then, you have the best nephew in the world."

Giffard D'Alton turned suddenly on Tim Cunneen, and fixed his eyes upon him, so as to make his blood freeze apparently. Mr. D'Alton's eyes glared at him like the eyes of a tiger.

"Cunneen!" said he, "are you not the vilest deceiver, hypocrite, and devil that ever blackened the parish?"

"Mr. D'Alton!"

"Didn't you poison my heart against my son, belie him, drive him from home? You designing cheat! You miser! You usurer! You robber!

"Whatever you like, Mr. D'Alton: I am anything you like! I was faithful to you always, and I will not contradict you."

"You will not, you low-lived impostor — you —"

"Why, Mr. D'Alton, all in the world I said was that your nephew was a pattern — not a word more."

"A pattern?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much does he owe you?"

"A mere trifle, sir. I lent him some money to buy a horse."

"To buy a horse?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fifty pounds?"

"A hundred, sir."

"Come, give me a discharge in full for all he owes you, and I shall give you a cheque for a hundred and fifty."

"Well, sir, you know——"

"Well?"

"I mean, I lent him money, for other things."

"Other money?"

"Yes."

"Five hundred pounds?"

"Or more."

"A thousand?"

"Somewhat over."

"Come, write a receipt in full, and I shall give you a cheque for fifteen hundred pounds. Will you, you ——?"

"Well — no."

"Oh, you diabolical——"

Mr. Cunneen rose to the level of a great occasion. He straightened himself up, fixed his little black eyes on Mr. Giffard D'Alton, stamped his foot, and cried, "Who cares for you, D'Alton? No — no discharge — ay, not for two or three thousand! My business is my business; and I have not the curse of the poor and hard-working! You can never be worse than I wish you to be. And if you be miserable, you deserve it. I am sorry I cannot see you turned out of the door, with a bag upon your —"

Mr. Timothy Cunneen ended the sentence where he had found himself one and twenty years before — at the foot of the stairs. John, the butler, had stolen into the apartment, and had heard the last portion of Mr. Cunneen's address to his old master, which John rewarded by an embrace, that would be worthy of "Crichawn;" and, carrying his load half-way downstairs, pitched it recklessly away, to find the remainder of its road by blind gravity. Mr. Cunneen picked himself up, and muttering, "My day is coming! My day is coming!" he gathered himself for the roadway from the house.

Wretched indeed were the feelings of D'Alton of Crag; and, if this world can find punishment for a hard, money-grabbing heart, Giffard D'Alton had that punishment that day. Bereavement, desolation, hopelessness, darkness — utter darkness within and without, and around! "I wish I were dead!" cried the miser; "I wish I were dead!"

At eight o'clock, to the bewilderment of the butler and Nelly, and the whole household, who should ar-

rive at the Crag but Father Aylmer. How he contrived to venture out, and why that night, were the speculations of the domestics all; and great indeed was the excitement in the house.

"I want to see your master, John," said the clergyman.

"Ah, sir, I'm afraid ——"

"Well, John, you go, and say I desired you announce that your master's old friend — mind those words 'your master's old friend'— wants to see your master."

John disappeared and made the announcement exactly, expecting what he used to call the "master's thunder an' lightnin'," but he was mistaken. On the contrary, Giffard D'Alton coughed once or twice; and then took out his handkerchief. It is a fact that Giffard D'Alton absolutely wept.

"Father Aylmer is most welcome," said the old man, in a low voice.

"The masther will soon die," said John to the first servant he met: "he'll soon die!"

Father Aylmer was not only received courteously, but warmly; and he was just speculating on the cause of the change in his neighbor, when Giffard D'Alton said,—

"You came about Amy's good fortune, I am sure! After all, an old man might be sure of one steady friend, if the old man were wise. I declare, Father Aylmer, I never remembered till now, that you have been father and mother to Amy."

"Oh, I think yourself——"

"No, sir; no. I was hard, unbending, and unfeeling, and only for God and you, she never could have stood the Crag. I am heart-broken, Father Aylmer; and I deserved it all."

"You have God, Mr. D'Alton."

"I had, you mean — I had; but Him I drove away too."

"Mr. D'Alton, remember the word ever true — ever and ever true — 'I stand knocking; I stand knocking. He wishes — wishes always — *now* even — to come in.'"

Mr. Giffard D'Alton's face began to reflect a gleam of light. He only sighed, however.

"But Mr. D'Alton, are you aware that Mr. Seymour is to be received into the Church on All Saints' Day?"

Giffard D'Alton clapped his hands; absolutely, he felt a joy.

"And Mr. Seymour is likely yet to be a peer of the realm."

"I heard so from Cunneen wherever he got it."

"Oh, James the Pilgrim knows it all. He is an old friend of Mr. Seymour's father, and Mr. Seymour writes to him every week. You know, also, that Ally Hayes is joining a religious Order."

"Immediately?" asked Mr. D'Alton, really now thinking how lonely his daughter Amy would be.

"Not immediately. Her brother, the clergyman, is a great friend of Mr. Seymour, and they expect him to be over for the occasion of Mr. Seymour's reception into the Holy Church."

"Thank God!" old D'Alton cried. The old priest almost wept to hear him thank God.

"I have yet some more news, I do not attach much importance to it; but who knows? God is good."

Giffard D'Alton looked at him anxiously.

"You heard of dear Henry's death in 1831?"

"Yes, what of that?" the old man asked eagerly.

"Have you got the letter near you?"

"Ochone! I have read it many a time!"

In a moment he laid his hand upon it and presented it to Father Aylmer.

"This states that on the 8th of December, 1830, Henry D'Alton died, and was buried in Halifax, Nova Scotia; that he belonged to the 32d Regiment of foot."

"Precisely," the old man remarked, in a voice of emotion.

"I have found that the Henry D'Alton mentioned there was not our Henry."

Poor old D'Alton jumped to his feet. He was deadly pale; and for a moment seemed to have lost consciousness. He whispered, as if to himself, "Lucy! Lucy!"

When Father Aylmer could re-open the case prudently, he continued to say that too much importance was not to be attached to the news. "But we should take measures to sift the matter," he said; "and, please God, we shall."

"But how, how could you know about this?"

"A Spanish lady met dear Amy in London. She knew the father of the young soldier who died in North America. He was a Count D'Alton. Thinking Amy might be a relative, she told her how Henry D'Alton, a private in 32d Foot, son of Count D'Alton, had died in Halifax, in the year 1830, and left an only daughter, whom, by-the-bye, Father Hayes will bring home with him."

There was a pause.

"We shall see, old friend," D'Alton said, seizing the priest by the hand. "We shall see; but I fear the hope you have enkindled is too blessed to be realized for me, and that Henry does not live, or if he lives I have had too hard a heart ever to receive the joy of beholding him."

CHAPTER XIX.

"SHIVAWN NA CHOMHAIRLE." — THE "WHITE POWDER OF FION MACCUMHAIL." — D'ALTON'S DANGER.

THE reader will remember the lonely house at the foot of Slieve-na-Mon, where "Crichawn" put up on his way to the "Pookah's hole," the evening of the "Long Dance." It was an out-of-the way place, and the house was lonely and mysterious looking. Two elevations enclosed it, north and south, because in building up the mud habitation, expense had been saved by digging out the earth, so as to make a third elevation answer for the wall on the east side; though this made the place damp and very like a cave. How any human being could exist there through the long winter, in the clinging damp and often biting mist, and furious blast, we do not pretend to conjecture, as "one half theworld" is said, "does notknow how the other half lives."

In this dwelling, however, an old woman, popularly known as "*Shivawn na Chomhairle*," (Joan or Judith of the counsel,) for a long time flourished, and was an object of interest to many, and to some an object of great dread. She did not beg and she did not work, unless a small share of knitting; yet she never seemed to want a garment or a meal. She had living with her a female very small and attenuated, with pale face and black eyes, monstrously long fingers, and large hands. This woman might be any age from twenty to seventy, because she had no flesh to get wrinkled, and was active as a cat. The neighbors had it that she belonged to a race of whom people always spoke with reverence, and that *Shivawn na Comhairle* received all her knowledge from the strange witch-like-creature. To be sure, people who knew Shivawn a very long time said, that her real name was Joan Cleary, and that the younger one was "Bridheen," the old woman's daughter, and was sickly from her cradle; but the wise inhabitants shook their heads and ended the controversy by "*Tha go maith — bidheadh she mar shin*," which means, "Let us have no more about it — have your own way."

Shivawn was an herbalist of great repute, and the "medical department" did much for the pair; but the power of injuring her enemies by lessening the butter or making the cows run dry, or by other preternatural means, procured more than tolerance for Shivawn and Bridheen; they often got a *miscahwn* of butter, or a little bag of potatoes from those who sought their advice and protection.

Shivawn herself was slightly bent, with a very sallow complexion and black eyes. She had a profusion of

gray hair, which she wore over a tall fillet, and which fell down her back from a cap of questionable cleanliness. A tall staff which she used gave her an appearance of weakness, though for Shivawn's three score and ten, she was a woman of wonderful power. One thing we must add — that, rightly or wrongly, she was credited with more knowledge of poisons, quick poisons and slow poisons, than was good for her fame, or for her neighbor's security; and whenever a beast got sick in the barn, or blackened in the sty, "Shivawn's poison" came to the minds of the uncharitable of the locality.

Some time in the end of October, a man dressed in the ordinary garb of a countryman, approached Shivawn's cave, late at night. He wore the "*coatha more*" of that time, blue ratteen, falling nearly as low as the ankles, and with a kind of military-cut cape. The coat was closely buttoned up and bound around the waist by a cord. The man was of medium height, and had dark, heavy whiskers covering his face, of which little was seen above a deep "comforter" which he wore. His brogues were covered with mud, and he leant heavily on his stick as if he had made a long journey. Having entered the dwelling and got the reserved welcome which Shivawn always gave, he sat down by the fire of furze which, helped by some turf, was making vain efforts to warm the apartment.

"I came," said the stranger, "a long way, and I came on very great business."

Shivawn answered him in Irish, which was the only language she would speak, and told him she would be glad to hear. The visitor evidently could understand the Irish, though he seemed not sufficiently master of the language to speak it fluently.

The pale girl now joined them, looking like a phantom, so light, so thin, and so vacant-looking was she.

"Well sir,?" said she, in a very dreamy way, but in fair English, "what do you wish?"

"I am glad you speak English," he remarked. "You can more surely understand me."

"Not more surely than mother Shivawn," she replied; "but mother does not speak the Sassenach speech well."

"I suppose you are *on the run?*" croaked old Shivawn.

"Well, no," answered the stranger. "I suppose you have given a corner to many of the poor fellows here."

"What we do we are not in the habit of telling; but if you *were* on the run we would not turn you out," said the pale girl.

"There was a poor boy of the Keely's shot by a policeman over near the priest's, the other day," said the old witch, "and it will be a sore day for the murderer."

"How?" inquired the traveller.

"How?" answered the crone. "Leave that to me. I will make his cheek pale! I will turn his blood into ice; and the veins shall thicken and grow black, and the muscles of his arms and legs shall be twisted, and he shall die under the ban and the curse, a death, slow, and sure, and terrible!"

"And you can do that?" asked the strange man, now rather excited; "can you?"

The old woman moved her awful visage from side to side, while her unearthly eyes glared on the questioner. "Ah," the old crone half croonawned; "it will come; it will come; the brothers will be one, and the wise men will prepare; and the *fathers* will see hope — the *fathers* will see hope — and a benediction will descend upon 'the green!' The time of the 'Three Kings' will come at last."

"What is that?" answered the man.

"Are you a stranger not to know that at the time of the liberation, three kings will come to Ireland; and they will break the chain of bondage, and

establish the reign of right and freedom and *Erin* will be happy again!"

"That's a prophecy, is it?"

"*That* it is; and the man to hold their horses in the streets of Carrick will be born on Slieve-na-mon and is to have six fingers. They say that a male child with six fingers was born near the river at the other side of the mountain one week ago. We shall have justice at last," crooned the old woman; "and the Crag will shake."

"The Crag?"

"The means of the poor will be dragged from the gripe of the miser."

"How is that?"

"How is that! Has not old D'Alton the land that my father tilled?" the old dame continued, "and did he not level the home of my kindred."

"He has a hard heart, indeed," said the stranger. "But I thought you could remove him by your enchantment. Did you not say so?"

"I did!" half shrieked the old hag.

"She does not want to," interposed the pale girl.

"Bad as he is?"

"Bad as he is, there is worse you know—worse to come after him."

"Who is that?"

"Who is it?" again half shrieked the old woman; "who is it? Why, where did *you* come from, that you do not know who is to come after old D'Alton of Crag? Why, the greatest vagabond is to come — a villain false to God and the Church, and his mother, and his honor, and the name of his family — dirty Charley Baring."

"But, mother, I have heard that Baring is cut off, cut off."

"No, but he soon will be," said the old woman. "Amy D'Alton is going to be married, and the Crag is to go for her fortune — to a fine man! Oh, a fine man entirely, *beachus leh Dhia.*"

The man shook in his chair. He half rose, but again sat down.

"What is that you have said?" he hoarsely demanded of the young woman.

"I have said nothing," answered the young enchantress; "but my mother has said that Baring, the rake, is to be put out."

"Why, you seem to take an interest in Baring the rake," cried the witch.

"Well, indeed, I do take something of an interest in him; and I think after rearing him up in such expectations, it would be a hard thing enough to make a beggar of him."

A clap of thunder at this moment was heard, and a howl of wind succeeded, showing that the night was giving notice of the Winter. The younger witch left the house, seeming careless of the wind or rain, though they had abated very little. The old mother informed the stranger that she had gone to watch the lightning and gather fairy herbs lit up by the flashes; and that she would be quite prepared to answer any question, or give him any help he wanted when she came back. She lived in communication with "the good people." To all of which the stranger made no reply.

In three-quarters of an hour the night seeker came back, her hair dripping, her garments covered with mud, and her eyes standing as if under the influence of catalepsy.

"A hundred miles since, I will go bail," the mother said. "*Ta obuir aguing.*"

"We have work on hands," was the reply.

There was a pause. The girl shook out her hair loosely, appeared to calm herself after an emotion.

"I am ready," the young woman said; "I am ready! What want you in the air above or on the earth below — what want you?"

"Well, I want physic to cure sheep that got a blast; and I want poison to kill rats. Can I have them?"

"Have them!" cried the old

woman in the old tongue. "Shivawn has the herbs that were gathered in the November moonlight, and the leaves of the blessed alder that first met the sunbeams of the May. And she has the dragon's gall, and the juice of the serpent's fang, and the white powder discovered in the rath which had not been opened since the days of Fion MacCumhail."

"And the white powder is very strong?"

"The size of a head of a pin would kill a horse or a cow."

"How is it given?"

"Why, lay it on the bread that is eaten, or put it in the cup that is drank, and nothing that eats or drinks what the powder touches can live."

There was a wretched cluck of chickens in a corner. Shivawn placed the merest sign of white powder in a pewter plate, mixed with some crumbs of potato. She placed the plate beside a chicken, who pecked the food. In a moment the creature fell down, shivered and died.

"That is awful!" said the newcomer.

Shivawn now knelt down by a black, sinister-looking chest, and commenced a *croonawn*. She seemed weaving a spell, for her hair fell down about her, and she stared upon vacancy. She seemed calling powers from all places, far and near, and sending them on errands which required strength and rapidity. The mountain, the sea, the churchyard, and the bright stars, and the planets, were all invoked. The old crone wanted something "from the heart of the sea," "from the northern churchyard," and the high mountain "must send her a contribution," and "the river in the south," and all were commanded to "run fast to her — run fast to her!"

The stranger began to feel uncomfortable enough, and suggested that they might let him go; but the young woman requested him to be quiet; that he was more safe where he was than travelling on a dark night along Slieve-na-mon.

When Shivawn had satisfied herself with her incantations, it was far gone in the night or into the morning, and signs of ending the trial appeared in the opening of the big chest. The stranger had hardly courage to peep in; but he ventured a glance to see innumerable bottles of all kinds, bundles of herbs, and the bleached armbone of a human being.

The old woman brought from the big chest about a thimbleful of what she called the "white powder of Fion MacCumhail," and a small bottle distilled from the mysterious herbs, and which was intended to cure the sheep of the fairy "blast."

"How much am I to pay!"

The young woman answered, "Two guineas in gold."

"Two guineas!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," replied the witch; "and remember, if you show any hesitation, you get nothing at all."

He took out a pocket-book.

"No notes!" cried the tarmagant, as if she was going to strike him.

"I have no gold."

"That is not true!" she answered. "Look in your purse."

The man started, half in astonishment and half in horror.

Shivawn put out her hands to remove the packages, darting a fierce look at the stranger.

"No, no," he cried. "No! Here are your golden guineas;" and having paid down the money, he went his way.

The sun had not risen when the traveller who bore the charmed packages got out from the fields on the main road. He kept the road, however, only when there was no dwelling-houses by the wayside, and he took care to meet no one face to face, and in case he encountered a wayfarer, he went to the opposite side, and kept looking over the hedge, or wall, as the case might be. He was approaching a forge, about a mile from the Crag, and he took his usual

precaution. He walked quickly past, a hundred yards behind the forge, and he thought he heard a voice speak loudly. So he did. Our old friend, "Crichawn," held a horse of Mr. Meldon's by the bridle at the door of the forge, and cried, as the dark figure passed by behind, "Take these!" These were the words heard by the traveller.

In a quarter of an hour from that time "Crichawn" was speaking to Nelly Nurse at the Crag. Long and earnestly he addressed her in the Irish tongue. Nelly clapped and wrung her hands, and wept bitterly, and stamped; but "Crichawn" strove to appease her and encourage her, and at length succeeded in his efforts.

One thing, however, filled "Crichawn's" heart with a joy that rarely brightened his life. The Crag was beginning to wear a new aspect. He saw vast preparations and expensive ones, all around him, and the Crag was evidently preparing to give "His darling Miss Amy" a surprise and a welcome. "Thank God! Thank God," murmured the poor fellow; and then he thought of Ally, the "Queen of May," and though "proud and happy" at Ally's lot, we shall not be surprised that he heaved a sigh.

"Alone!" he said. "But no! My brother's wife is left to me, and Mr. Meldon, and Miss Clara, and och! the neighbors — every one so good."

On the evening of that day, Mr. Charles Baring returned to the Crag; and every one remarked his beaming benevolence and kindly humour. Every one had reason to enjoy his presence, because he had a good word or a good gift for every one. To Nelly he was particularly benignant, and he congratulated her on the great change in her old master, Mr. Giffard D'Alton; and he expressed a hope that he would live long enough to convert the enemies he had made for himself, and to make them all friends.

Nelly was taciturn. She listened and looked thoughtful.

Never was man in more awful straits than Mr. Charles Baring. Not only poverty but infamy was threatening him, and in the whole world he saw no mode or manner of escape. Cunneen had him bound, hand and foot, and the Crag was his, practically, at the moment; and all the furnishing and decorations added a poignant grief to the many that crowded his soul. What was he to do? We need not say that the "old follower of the family," who gave him such lessons in "things worse than death," and how natural "agrarian crimes" were in certain cases — very often was with him in spirit; and although he had striven to divest himself of the horrible feeling of having communicated with the Prince of Evil, he had striven in vain. Charles Baring was fast getting desperate. Any thing or place he thought better than what he suffered, and where he was.

Amy D'Alton's room had a door opening upon that of her father, and here, in this room, we find Baring that night. He is clothed in a dark dressing gown and soft dark slippers, and he is restless and worn. Ten o'clock strikes, and Baring takes up a newspaper. His eye falls upon "An Atrocious Murder!"

"Confound you!" cried Baring. He flung down the paper.

Eleven o'clock struck, and he listened with his ear to the the keyhole of the door opening upon old D'Alton's room. The breathing of a heavy and tranquil rest, regular as a pendulum was audible.

"Come!" said he now.

The "old follower of the family," he thought, was beside him, and he shuddered. He extinguished his candle, however, stole with cat-like step towards the door at which he had listened, took steady grip of the door-nob, noiselessly twisted it round, and entered with a beating heart the well-known chamber.

To be Continued.

The Fate of Informers.

THE family of James Carey, if one may judge from carefully preserved police traditions, were for a couple of generations back in communication with the Castle authorities, and that always "for a consideration," and in connection with the detection of offences against law and order. His father was a Crown witness in a case where a man was hanged at Naas, and his grandfather in a case where a man suffered the last penalty of the law at Mullingar. Nearer still to the present time, the mother of the man who has been execrated alike by all parties, and emphatically by those who had the saving of his neck from the gallows, was known to the police authorities as a constant and reliable source of information in the matter of thief-capture, as, within the memory of present members of the force, such characters who frequented a lodging house kept by her in James's-street, and unwittingly spoke too openly of their avocations, were betrayed, still for a consideration, and captured through the medium of her information, so much so indeed that after a time men of the class became known as "Mother Carey's Chickens." Carey, as a young man, appeared to have struck out a very different line, and to his familiars constantly professed an overweening ardor in the liberation of his country from a foreign yoke. As a working brick-layer he acquired amongst an over-enthusiastic and credulous set of companions a reputation of a thorough-going patriot of the most advanced type. This reputation stood him in good stead later on, when he made such matters stepping-stones to advancement, not scrupling to use terrorism when personal interest would not have availed. Despite a studiedly reserved and cautious demeanor, tempered withal with an appearance of outspoken *bonhomie* in matters affecting the interests of the masses, he was looked upon with somewhat suspicious eye by the authorities, who were by no means sure in what category to class him. An occasion in which the police took an especially close interest in James Carey was when the body of his late foreman in certain building works (a man whom Carey succeeded) was found drowned in the River Liffey. Carey was the last man known to have been in the company of the deceased, and the relatives of the latter expressed every anxiety to have this ugly business sifted to the bottom. The pursuit in this case proved fruitless, and strong as suspicion may have been — possibly, indeed, exaggerated by the outcome of subsequent events — no tag was found upon which to hang a charge, and the pursuit was abandoned, to be again resumed at a subsequent period and again dropped without fruit. The story of Carey's subsequent success in life, his somewhat unaccountable purchases of household property, while his available resources were ostensibly confined to a journeyman's wages, is not twice but a ten-times told tale. So, too, the correct demeanor preserved by him, the ostentatiously observed religious practices, which deceived so many of his acquaintances; the regularity of life which covered an intimate and, be it added, murderous connection with secret societies.

We come then to the event which, more than any other prior to the crowning villany of his life, brought him into prominence. This was the occasion on which Carey put himself forward to attack the contractor employed by the Corporation on sewerage works, and by his apparently disinterested action, so far advanced in popular favor that ere long, backed up by the dissonant interests of Tory-

ism and occult societies, he scrambled into public notice as Town Councillor of the Trinity Ward, and posed as the "man of the people" in the corporation of Dublin. It would be superfluous to go over in detail his imprisonment under the Coercion Act, which gave him still further occasion to act as popular martyr, and his constant endeavors both by fear and favor, to sustain the character assumed by him. His work as organizer of the Invincibles, as arch-conspirator, as moving spirit of the Park murders, as coward at the last, when, indicating "the man in gray" for the assassin's knife, he made his escape to a public house with a view of subsequently proving a deeply laid scheme of *alibi;* his system of terrorism upon his guilty confederates who, indeed, dared not attempt to leave the country, so much were they in dread of him; the elaborate *coup* by which at last the detective police of Dublin netted the entire nest of criminals, many of whom have already answered at the bar of the Almighty for their misdeeds; all this is, as he boasted he would make it, "history." So, also, is the thrill of surprised horror which ran through Ireland and the civilized world when a carefully formulated indictment was laid by the Crown before the world, in which the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, on the 6th of May, 1882 was clearly placed upon the shoulders of Irishmen who as a body had disclaimed the terrible deed. The first few days of the trial the thrill of surprise which ran through prisoners, jury, spectators, when James Carey, Town Councillor, stepped forth upon the table, not as heretofore, accused, but accusing; not as being tried but as an unblushingly deliberate and cold-blooded narrator of the crime in which the principal placed the hangman's noose around the necks of his dupes. The issue of the trials, the terrible mornings at Kilmainham, when the prayers of a horrified multitude were mingled with execrations upon the name of Carey—all this is mere repetition. After the base uses to which James Carey had been put were ended, the wretched man became nothing but a source of disquietude and anxiety to his jailers, the Government. His demeanor, arrogant during the ghastly and long drawn-out trials, so much so, indeed, that the Crown officials scarcely put themselves to the trouble of disguising their disgust, and that a learned judge stigmatised him from the bench. became more and more troublesome. Not content with perpetually writing ill-considered and somewhat nauseating epistles to those who blushed for their late forced association with him, he in full accordance with the previous tenor of his conduct, endeavored to take the high hand in official quarters. He assumed or pretended to think, that his wretched and cowardly denunciation of those who may be fairly termed his victims, had entitled him to a large pecuniary reward and substantial protection. The first claim the Government declined to entertain; the latter was felt by them to be a binding, if an irksome obligation.

Many and long were the consultations held as to the disposal of the man who came shortly to be termed the "Kilmainham White Elephant." To keep him in Kilmainham until his name had somewhat faded from glaring public notice, to smuggle him into an English prison and employ him there — aye, even to give him a chance of living under strong police protection in Dublin, all these were discussed; but it was soon felt that there was no possibility of his escaping a sudden and violent death unless sent abroad, and that efficiently disguised. This was against Jas. Carey's inclinations. Whatever scheme was proposed he found fault with it, until at last it was felt that the matter must be dealt with in high-handed fashion. Accordingly, on Tuesday, July 3d, James Carey, approver, was removed from Kilmain-

ham Jail. The *coup* for *coup* it was, as the eyes of the English-speaking world were directed upon the spot that held him, was cleverly and astutely carried out by the detective force of Dublin. But two persons within the prison walls, and these holding no subordinate position, knew of his removal. The affair, indeed, was so cleverly managed that no warder could have any idea of the important departure that had taken place. And even now, when standing outside the walls of Kilmainham, James Carey knew nothing of his destination, of the whereabouts of his family, of the "terms" (as he called them) upon which his liberty was at last given him. The same night, and not by the ordinary means of conveyance, he was safely conveyed to Kingstown, still guarded by a member, and a tried one, of the detective force. All this was so well carried out that no breath of the real truth was permitted to transpire. At Kingstown he went on board the mail steamer late at night and unsuspected, stopped on board, and in the morning crossed still unknown. Arrived at Holyhead he passed on to London and subsequently, after joining his family, went on to Dartmouth, and sailed by the Kinfauns Castle *en route* for the Cape. Two persons only in the United Kingdom knew, or thought they knew, of the destination of Carey. He was loath to go, and to his own complained bitterly of what he termed the ungenerous treatment of the Government. His nature was a compound of the coward and the cunning braggart, and having once saved his neck at the expense of his dupes, his hopes rose high as to reward from official quarters.

The fate of Bailey who was murdered in Skipper's Alley, Dublin, in the latter end of 1881, should have taught Carey how little dependence he could place on police protection when his services were no longer required. This Bailey gave information to the authorities which enabled them to make one of the most extensive seizures of arms and ammunition ever achieved by them in Ireland. Twenty-five rifles, twelve revolvers, 12,000 rounds of amunition, an immense store of dynamite, fulminate of mercury, detonating caps and gunpowder fell into their hands through Bailey's instrumentality. How did the government reward him? After a fortnight they withdrew police protection from him, but proffered to pay his fare to London, a generosity which would have lessened the British Exchequer by about $5. The wretched man begged to be sent out to some distant colony, pleading that his life would be in as much jeopardy in London as in Dublin. The representative of the Crown in Ireland could not dream of becoming responsible for such an extravagance. Bailey was turned adrift. His landlord would not let him back to his miserable tenement. His employer would not give him another hour's work. He was forced with his family into the workhouse. Even there the paupers turned against him, and rendered his existence so unendurable that he ventured into the outer world again with the desperate resolve to beg or steal as much as would take him out of the country. Three days after his body was discovered in Skipper's Alley and two bullets in his head told from what quarter his death sentence had come. No clue has ever been found to justify an arrest for the crime. Other Irish informers, too, have been uniformly foredoomed from the moment they appeared in the witness-box to tender evidence against their former friends. Pierce Nagle was the first traitor of importance in the Fenian ranks. To his revelations were due the convictions of the staff of the Irish People newspaper, and the first execution of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood — Luby, O'Leary, Kickham, O'Donovan Rossa and the rest. After his nefarious work had been accomplished he disappeared, and for eleven years

nothing was heard from him. But the vengeance and hate of an Irish conspiracy is everlasting, and in 1875 (eleven years after his treachery) it overtook Pierce Nagle. One cold, gray autumn morning his corpse was found under a London railway arch, a huge cheese knife driven through the back and penetrating the heart told that he had not died from natural causes.

Warner, the Cork informer, who was the first to reveal the existence of the seditious spirit in the army, was attacked a year or so subsequently in Clontarf. He was severely his assailant, who was taken on the wounded, but did not die then, and spot, got off with twenty years' penal servitude. Warner's wounds hastened his death, and added to the agony of his last moments. Talbot, to whom the lifelong imprisonment of Sergeant McCarthy and other military Fenians was due, escaped for five or six years, but it was only a respite, not reprieve. He was eventually shot through the head in Hardwicke street, Dublin, after leaving a brothel. He died in terrible pain, which was intensified by the bungling of surgeons who attended him, and who, in probing for the bullet, explored every inch of his cranium. Another military informer named Meara was shot dead in a public house in Bishop street, Dublin, before he had ended his appearance as a witness in the court-martial. The last informer who suffered the death penalty previous to Carey was a man named Clarke, who was traced all the way from Mayo to Western Australia, and shot while ploughing a field.

Alas! Poor Loyson.

GALLICANISM in France is in a state of bankruptcy says the Liverpool *Catholic Times*. The little conventicle in the Rue d'Arras, Paris, in which the ex-Carmelite Loyson attempted to revive the so-called French National Church, has proved a failure; and Monsieur and Madame Loyson are about to start for America to collect the funds which French Protestants and British "Anglicans" refuse. During the life of Dean Stanley, that rather electic churchman gave a yearly allowance to M. Loyson. At his death he left £500 to his son. But soon afterwards the late Archbishop Tait, of Canterbury, and Bishop Cotterill, of Edinburgh, both turned their backs on the venture, the latter describing Madame Loyson in a letter to the Abbe Vaudry, as "the evil genius of Père Hyacinthe." Happily, the Abbe Vaudry has returned to God's Church thoroughly repentant; and the Gallican chapel in Paris during the absence of M. Loyson will be in the hands of his two *vicaires*. M. Guettee, a Greek priest, in a recent article in the *Revue Orthodoxe*, of which he is the editor, shows that M. Loyson is out of the pale of every sect in Christendom. If he repents and returns to the Faith he may yet be reconciled to the Catholic Church. But, just as he has broken his double vows of the Sub Diaconite and the monastic state by contracting marriage, so he has set at nought the law of the Russo-Greek communion which makes the marriage of a priest with a widow null and void. Even now it is to be hoped that the prayers of multitudes of Catholics may avail, and that the scandal of the apostacy of the former preacher of Notre Dame may be repaired by submission to that Church which prided in his eloquence, and sorrowed in his fall from Divine grace. Paris gossip tells us that the former Carmelite is not happy, and

that to intimate friends he often avows, with tears in his eyes, that he regrets the loss of the joy and peace of his monastery, and the love of his brethren. If failure is to be the instrument in bringing him back to the Church, he has had enough of it, and to spare. He is the laughing-stock of the French infidels and the scandal of French Catholics. In Geneva he was expelled by the so-called Old Catholics; and since then he has been treated with marked coolness even by such doubtful characters as Bishop Reinkins and Bishop Herzog. He now wakes up to find that the heathenish Municipal Council of Paris looks upon his Gallicanism as a fraud, and that High Church Anglicans and other, who supported him because he was severed from the Holy See, refuse to be "gulled" any longer. In the United States it is hardly likely that M. Loyson will make any money. The most speculative agent will hesitate before taking up a lecturer who cannot speak a word of English, and who goes to preach the stale bondage of Gallicanism to a few people whose ideas of religious liberty are a quarter of century in advance of the French Republic.

St. Carthage.

THE *London Weekly Register* gives this account of a saint not much known either in Ireland or America. Every day we hear of new churches springing up throughout Ireland. In the picturesque little town of Lismore, on the banks of the Blackwater, a very fine one is now in course of erection, dedicated to St. Carthagh, better known as St. Carthage, the name signifying "amiable" or "beloved." The saint was of a noble family in Kerry, and it is told of him that when, as a child, he was offered the sword, spear, and shield, the gold collar and rich robes of a chieftain, he said that rather than have these he would learn the hymn he had heard sung by St. Carthage the Elder and his clergy on the banks of the Mang. "I was charmed by that divine song, and I never heard anything like that song, and they sung it all day long; and in the monastery, too, until bedtime, and when all had gone to bed the bishop sung it till late in the night. Master, I wish I were there with them to learn to sing that song." He was adopted by his namesake the Bishop, and was ordained priest in 580. Before his arrival in the Monastery of Bangor (properly *Benchor*, near Belfast), whether he went to complete his studies, an angel, it is said, announced to St. Comgall the coming of a great stranger. Carthage founded a monastery in King's county, where he became a bishop, and dwelt for forty years; and here a great community of disciples gathered round him from many countries. The King and some of the clergy of the district, turning against him, he departed from his monastery with his community, numbering eight hundred and forty-seven souls, and travelled a long time through Ireland till he came to Lismore, on the Blackwater, where he founded a monastery, a college, and and an asylum for lepers, a number of whom he had brought with him in his wanderings. In a few years Lismore "became a holy and renowned city, full of churches and monasteries." The last year and a half of his life he spent to the east of his great monastery, in a valley whither he had retired from the agitation of business and the homage of strangers; but

perceiving that the older monks suffered in their charitable visits to him, he begged to be carried home. Just as they were bearing him up the hill he saw the angel of God descending, and he ordered his monks to lay him down and give him the Holy Eucharist. Having received the body of Christ, he expired, and a cross was erected on the spot, and known ever afterwards as *Crux Migrationis*. He died in the year 637, on the 14th of May, and on that day his feast is marked in the ancient calenders, and is still observed in the diocese of Lismore, of which he was first bishop. The new church on the Blackwater is Italian Romanesque in style. The campanile will rise to a height of 120 feet. The door-ways are unusually large and bold, particularly that on the west front, which will be richly decorated with sculpture. The rose window will be surrounded with carved emblems of the four Evangelists, and the niche overhead will contain a figure of St. Carthage, the patron of the church, the gift of the Rev. William Sheehy, curate of the parish. Up to the present moment £8,000 have been expended on the building, and it is estimated that £4,000 more will be necessary to complete the undertaking. It is to be hoped that all Irish people who hear of this work will make some small contribution towards its completion.

Apart from its ancient sacred associations, Lismore is a most interesting spot. The clean little town stands among rich woods clustering about the shores of the winding and picturesque river. Truly, St. Carthage had excellent taste in choosing so lovely a situation for his monastery. His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who has on more than one occasion aided the clergy and people of Lismore, County Waterford, with munificent donations for religious and educational purposes, has generously given a thousand pounds to the building committee of the new church of St. Carthage, Lismore. The list of his Grace's gifts to the town is a long one. The priest's house, with an adjoining farm of 25 acres, has been granted to successive clergymen at a yearly rent of 1s. The schools of the Christian Brothers and of the Presentation Order have been endowed by him, and education for both sexes in Lismore is free. The erection of the Christian Brothers' residence was liberally contributed to by his Grace, and a high-pressure water supply for the use of the town's-people has been introduced without any increase of rent. The family of the late agent, Mr. Currey, have also been very generous in their donations to the new church.

The Crucifix of the Devil.

The Crucifix of the Devil is preserved at Rome, in the Convent of the Capuchin Friars on Mount Pincio (*Piazza Barberini*). It is a painting upon wood, thrilling in appearance, and impossible, once seen, ever to be forgotten.

Visiting a few years since the studio of a painter on glass, whose merit is only equalled by his modesty, a true artist, an austere and fervent Christian, one of those who tell their beads, but rarely make their fortune, my eye was attracted by a strange painting, copied from an old picture not unknown to me, and which has a curious and touching legend.

Long ages past there dwelt in Rome a young man of noble birth, who had wasted his entire patrimony in the wildest debauchery. Utterly ruined in money and credit, he had

recourse, like so many others, to that famous usurer, that cunning and experienced tempter, who, showing one day to the Son of Man all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, had said to him, "All this I will give thee, if, falling down, thou wilt adore me."

At the first summons of his young client the devil entered without any of his customary attributes in simple citizen's dress, and uncommonly like one of those unlicensed bankers who are so numerous in our day. The bargain was quickly made. In exchange for his soul, duly guaranteed by a document properly signed, and deliverable after death, at the requisition of the lender, the prodigal was to receive more money than was necessary to re-establish his fortune, and to enjoy until the dissolution of his mortal body all that earth could give — delight of senses, consideration, influence, the intoxication of power, in short, all that was purchasable with gold in those far distant and barbarous times.

However, ere this affair was concluded the borrower bethought himself of the necessity of requiring some material proof in attestation of the lender, and to guarantee, in so far as might be possible, the fulfillment of his promise. Therefore, doubtless by inspiration of his good angel, he addressed the fallen Son of the Morning:

Since you are Satan, said he, you have long haunted the world.

Since that day, wherein for my own benefit, I brought about the fall of the first woman — Eve.

Then you must have surely encountered, during the course of his immortal life, Him whom we style Christ?

I followed Him step by step, and rendered to Him, to the best of my power, all the evil which he wrought me.

You consequently saw Him suffer upon the cross; you witnessed His agony and death?

I was the delighted spectator of His passion, as I was the cause and instrument thereof. Through the kiss of Judas I betrayed Him, and I delivered Him into the hands of Pilate; through the medium of His servants I smote Him; by the hands of the executioners I crucified Him, having previously scourged him with rods. I had insulted Him by the lips of the Pharisees, and sorrowed Him through the abandonment of His friends, I it was, who tendered Him the sponge dipped with gall, and I pierced His heart with the lance of the centurion.

You could, therefore, paint his portrait such as he was at his last moment, when he exclaimed "All is consummated," and that darkness enveloped the earth?

Undoubtedly, I could readily do it, and it would be perfectly true to nature.

Well, then, do it, I pray you, ere my soul be irrevocably secured to you.

Forthwith, by two strokes of his masterly brush, stood out upon an ebony back-ground the image of the crucified Saviour, so true to life, and so heart-rending in its reality, that the prodigal, sinking to his knees, could not refrain from making the sign of the cross; by that happy accident the devil disappeared, leaving in the hands of his intended victim both the compact and the painting.

Mgr. Capel At Newport.

Mgr. Capel, preached a sermon before a wealthy congregation at Newport, R. I., recently, in the Church of Our Lady of the Isle, Dr. Grace, pastor. Many of the leading cottagers, including Col. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, Mme. Bonaparte and ex-Governor John Lee Carroll, and wife, of Maryland, were present.

"The Boot on the Other Leg."

ULSTER TENANT (*to his southern fellow countryman.*) — Say Murty, are not these the fellows that have been robbing us so long?"

MUNSTER TENANT.—The very same, begorra. And, judging by their present looks and actions, they'd be poorer themselves than they made us if they paid their debts,—which they can't do, for, you see they're begging already from Gladstone,—what we never did."

TRANSPOSED.

I.

To Mr. Gladstone, recently,
A group of Irish landlords came —
Their faces were a sight to see,
They all had grown so mild and tame;
"Good sir," they said, with sigh and moan,
"Our purses now are very slack;
Do help us with a little loan,
And sure we'll pay the money back."

They were not wont to whimper so;
Their pride is taken down a peg;
They once were strong and bold; but, lo!
"The boot is on the other leg."

II.

"Good sir," they said, "we've drank and spent,
Because, when driven to the wall,
We'd only got to raise the rent
And make our tenants pay for all;
But now we dare not use the screw —
In fact, 'tis turned the other way;
Do help us, dearest Gladstone — do!
We'll pay you — on some future day."

These self-same men sent many a crowd
Of honest folk to starve and beg;
To-day their haughty heads are bowed —
"The boot is on the other leg."

III.

"I'll think about it," Gladstone said;
"I'll strive to do the best I can."
But Harman sadly shook his head,
Distrusting much the Grand Old Man;
And Tottenham rubbed his portly sides,
And cried, "Alas! I know and feel
We're coming down with rapid strides
From turtle soup to Indian meal!"

These men will fill up the cup of woe
We drained unto the final dreg;
To-day its bitter taste they know
"The boot is on the other leg."

Dublin Nation.

Dwellings of the Poor in England and Scotland.

THE following startling account of the appalling destitution in England and Scotland we take from the Liverpool *Catholic Times.*

In no country in Europe are industrious poor — the lower classes of artisans, the day-laborers, the costermongers, and husksters — provided with worse, more overcrowded, and insanitary dwellings than in England. In our large towns especially, the way in which the poor are huddled together is simply scandalous. It is an offence against decency as well as against the primary laws of health. There are at this day in the midst of the boasted progress of the nineteenth century millions of people, families of from four to eight persons, whose dwellings consists of only one room. From recent official statements, drawn from the census of the kingdom of Scotland, it appears that: "In the city of Glasgow alone forty-one families out of every hundred live in homes having only one room, and that thirty-seven per cent. beyond the forty-one dwell in homes of only two rooms; thus seventy-eight per cent., or nearly four-fifths, dwell in homes of one or two rooms; and, further, that in Scotland nearly one-third of

the whole people dwell in homes of only one room, and that more than two-thirds, or seventy per cent., of the whole people of Scotland dwell in homes with not more than two rooms."

In England, at least in London, and in our large manufacturing towns and mining districts, the percentage of those who live in one room is even still larger. From moral as well as sanitary conditions the crowding together, night and day, of so many persons of both sexes and all ages is an evil which ought no longer to be tolerated in any Christian State. It is difficult for decently-housed people, enjoying all the comforts of life, to conceive the wretchedness and squalor, the dirt and disease, which beset the millions of people who, in wealthy and luxurious England, are doomed to pass all their days, from the cradle to the grave, in a home of one room. We believe this disgraceful state of things is not known, or, if known in part, is not realized by the wealthy or ruling classes; otherwise the richest and most powerful nation in the world, in an age which piques itself on its tender humanity, would surely not allow such misery to be prolonged and perpetuated. The poor themselves are uncomplaining, partly because they look upon such homes as their lot in life to be endured in silence, or partly because they despair of making their voices heard in the tumult of a world absorbed in its own selfish pursuits of business or pleasure.

Sir Richard Cross, as Home Secretary in the late government, in a bill for the protection of laborers' dwellings, endeavored to enforce upon those engaged in moving the dwellings of the poor, either for city improvements or to make room for railways or for other trade purposes, to provide suitable dwellings for the expelled laborers. But vestries, or the Board of Works, or rich companies are too often enabled on various pleas to defeat or evade the equitable provisions of the law. Lord Salisbury on the one side, and Mr. Bright on the other, have recently called public attention to the dwellings of the poor as the question of the day, inasmuch as such overcrowding of people in dwellings, which are little better than feverdens, is dangerous to public health as well as tending to the demoralization of the people. Mr. Bright, speaking of the misery and helplessness of all those families living in homes of one room, in all our great towns, and not a little in some of our small towns, said: "There is much of it which excites in me not astonishment only, but horror. The fact is, there passes before my eyes a vision of millions of families — not individuals, but families — fathers, mothers and children, ghastly and sorrow-stricken, passing in a never-ending procession from their cradle to their grave." But the question of coming to the relief of all this misery endured by the poor, concerns not the statesman or the politician only. It concerns the Christian, the ministers of religion, to whose charge and tenderness and loving care Christian charity commends the poor and those who cannot help themselves. In taking under his presidency the Catholic Society for the Improvements of the Dwellings of the Poor, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster has not only added another to the long list of good works undertaken or promoted by his Eminence in the interests of the poor and for the furtherance of the public good, but has discharged a great Christian duty.

More Land Grabbing.

The Earl of Aylesford and his brother, Hon. D. French, are about to make a tour of the Texas Pacific Railroad granted lands, where they contemplate purchasing a large tract, with a view to establishing the largest stock farm in the State. They will be accompanied by the leading officials of the Gould system.

Pleasantries of the Late Father Burke.

Father Burke certainly realized the truth of what Faber has said, of the advantage of a sense of humor even in the spiritual life. All barriers of stiffness, human respect, self-consciousness and conceit, broke down at once before the tide of his exuberant and overflowing spirits. The perfect confidence he inspired, as if by magic, brought many to higher things, who were at first only attracted by the charms of his wit and humor. "A man," says Cardinal Newman, "who divests himself of his own greatness, and puts himself on the level of his brethren, and throws himself on the sympathies of human nature, and speaks with such simplicity and such spontaneous outpouring of heart, is forthwith in a condition both to conceive great love of them and to inspire great love towards himself." And again: "He lived in them; he felt with them and for them; he was anxious about them; he gave them help, and in turn he looked for comfort for them. His mind was like some instrument of music, harp or viol, the strings of which vibrate, though untouched, by the notes which other instruments give forth; and he was ever, according to his own precept, 'rejoicing with them that rejoice, and weeping with them that weep;' and thus he was the least magisterial of all teachers, and the gentlest and most amiable of all rulers." We appeal to all who knew him, whether these words, written of St. Paul, might not literally apply to the great Dominican who has passed away! And is it strange that his faithful friends and spiritual children weep also; "because they shall see his face no more!"

In wit he rivaled Curran, Father O'Leary, O'Connell, and Moore. His humorous anecdotes, always to the point, always timely, always lending force to his arguments and making his eloquence more effective, would fill a volume. The pride of his native land and the glory of the pulpit, he rose as a giant from the grave of his martyred brethren, the patriotic and illustrious Irish Dominicans; of whom, in the words of the greatest English poet since Milton, it may be truly said that

"The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls mingling with their fame forever."

In 1878 Cardinal Cullen sent for him, and said: "Father Burke, how would you like to be bishop of Kingston, Canada?" Father Burke put on a sad look, and said: "Your eminence what have I done to annoy you? I thought that I had on every occasion tried to do as you wished, and now you want to send me where I will be frozen up nine months of the year."

"Well, then, say no more about it," said the Cardinal.

"Yes, but your Eminence, I feel mortified at my past conduct that causes you to wish to banish me, and literally seal my lips with ice."

Father Burke was poking fun even at the highest authority; he had no wish to leave the grand old Dominican Order.

His love of music was very great. He sang with great feeling the melodies of Moore, and almost every old English and Irish ballad that could be named. After some of the most exhaustive lectures he has been known to stay up for hours at a priest's house singing all the old melodies *siriatim*. In early life he had a delicious baritone voice; he was told he must either cultivate his preaching voice or his singing voice, and of course he chose the former. The last time he ever preached, morning and evening,

was at the dedication of the Church of St. Dominic, London. He was recommended to be Archbishop of Demerara, in the West Indies, but begged off, and another Dominican was appointed in his place. He was not reserved and solemn enough to support the dignity of high ecclesiastical honors. He felt that his work lay in a field nearer to the mass of his fellow men, where he could be more readily affected by their hopes and fears, their griefs and joys, and be in closer sympathy with mankind.

After he was priested and having been away from home some time he surprised the old folks with a visit. His father shook hands with the clergyman, not knowing him for his son. "You are a stranger here, Father?" he said. "Oh, yes," said the son, trying to keep a straight face. "I believe I am." "Where from, might I ask?" "From Dublin," still looking serious. "From Dublin? And did you hear anything of that lad of mine down there?" said the old man. "I am the lad myself," replied he; and I can but imagine the droll way he would say it. The old man took a good look at him, and then called to the mother, "Sure here's Nick."

In one of his lectures he exclaimed, "Oh, the light heart of the Irish race! If on this platform there were now an Irish piper or an Irish fiddler, and he struck up an Irish jig, do you imagine, priest and friar as I am, that I would not feel the heels going under me?"

He was invited to Killarney to preach a charity sermon in aid of the Christian Brother's school. The fame of his eloquence brought together a large fashionable audience. Lord Kenmare, Mr. Herbert, Lord Lansdowne and all the local magnates were present. He took for his text the laborious zeal of the Christian Brothers. He pictured forth the ascetic monk, lean, lank, and religiously solemn. He discanted on their virgils, their fastings, their abstemiousness. He grew eloquent over that zeal which made them but mere human shadows. The good father was much scandalized to notice that that his hearers were smiling at his solemn discourse, that the fashionable portion was almost convulsed with laughter. He tried to be more and more eloquent and impressive, however, and again reverted to the thin hungry monk. The ladies of the audience now thrust their handkerchiefs into their mouths to restrain violent giggles. Father Tom paused and was about to rebuke the scoffers, when his eye caught the rotund figure, jolly and robicund face of Brother Dominic, the head of the Christian Brothers' community in Killarney. Brother Dominic weighed 350 pounds, and his face was as large as a full moon. He was enjoying Father Burke's description of the ascetic monk. He did not think it applied to him. He too, was laughing. The collection was a good one.

The last sermon which he delivered in that very pulpit of the Jesuits' Church in Gardines Street, Dublin, previous to the one which caused his death recently. It was the feast of St. Ignatius, the great feast of the year with the Jesuits, and Father Burke was announced to preach the evening sermon. The congregation of the Jesuits' Church in Gardines Street is the most fashionable in Dublin, and the announcement that the great Dominican was to preach ensured that the congregation on this occasion would be not only fashionable but immense. Father Tom dined with the Jesuits the evening of the sermon. Instead of withdrawing some time before hand to think and refresh his memory, he, as was his usual custom, remained at the table pouring forth his brilliant conversation in a continuous stream. At dinner an idea struck him. He called for the decanter several times during the evening in a loud tone, and the very small helps he was taking from

it seemed to his friends, the Jesuits, to have a pronounced effect upon him. It could not be concealed but that Father Tom was getting boisterous in his manner and rather thick in his speech. He seemed to be excited too, and to have something in his mind against the Order to which his hosts belonged. He launched quite a tirade of abuse against the Jesuits, who, he declared, ought to be expelled from the country. There was no help for it; the poor Jesuits got quite uneasy. After a whispered consultation one of them came over and mildly suggested to Father Tom that they should take a walk in the garden as, probably, after the fatigues of the day, he was not feeling very well. Father Tom's reply was to call for the decanter more boisterously than ever and to declare that the suggestion was another piece of Jesuit chicanery. The anxiety grew intense. The immense congregation could be heard assembling. The Jesuits retired and prayed for inspiration. Then the Superior came round to Father Tom and in a kind voice told him not to be uneasy — that it would be all right — that, though it would be a great disappointment to the congregation, there would be still no great harm done — as one of their Fathers had prepared a sermon on the same subject, and could deliver it without inconvenience. Father Tom replied to this by something like a roar. His indignation with the Jesuits knew no bounds. Show him the vile juggler that wanted to preach instead of him till he would pitch him out the window. "Come along to the sacristy," he cried; "I'll stand no more of this. I'll go out and inform the faithful what class of men the Jesuits are and rouse the country against them."

By this time the great Dominican's speech was rather incoherent. The Jesuits followed him in fear and trembling. In the sacristy his conduct was also peculiar. He romped with the altar-boys and indulged in other frivolities. In one of the corners of the sacristy is a little flight of steps with a door at the top. Open the door and you are in the pulpit, for this corner is a corner of one of the transepts of the church. The Jesuits had no hope in anything else but prayer, and they all knelt down in the sacristy and prayed with all their fervor. Father Tom advanced to the pulpit. On the steps he staggered and fell. But he struggled up again, opened the door, and was face to face with the mighty congregation.

At last the moment had arrived. The Jesuits listened with breathless horror for the first word. It came — a hoarse and terrible shout from Father Burke in the pulpit — "*To hell with the Jesuits!*" Again, the shout repeated — "*To hell with the Jesuits!*" What the feelings of the Jesuits praying in the sacristy were then must be imagined, for I cannot describe them. I believe the Father Superior fainted. The others listened for what was to follow. "Yes, beloved brethren," went on Father Burke after a little pause, "that is the cry which is ringing through the length and breadth of Catholic France to-day" — and forthwith he launched into a splendid sermon from that text on the expulsion of the Jesuits which was at that time taking place in France. The whole thing was a joke of the eloquent Dominican. It was characteristic of the man that at the same time the cry struck him as an effective opening for his sermon it also suggested to him the idea of this piece of fun with his entertainers.

He was lecturing on "The Vitality of the Catholic Church": "When Pius the Seventh was imprisoned, and the great Napoleon pursued his victorious career through Russia, in his march on Moscow, there was a poor gardener in Ireland who worked for a Protestant gentleman. He was in the garden one morning when he was accosted by his employer thus:

'Well, Pat, you'll have to give up the Pope at last. He is gone. He'll never come back to Rome again!' 'Do you tell me so?' said Pat. 'Oh! it's a fact; you'll never see a Pope in Rome again!' 'Well,' says the poor man, 'I can't believe that.' 'I will lay you a wager it's a fact,' said the gentleman. Pat replied, 'I have no money, but I have a little pig; and if you lay a fine pound note against the pig, I'll lay a wager that before the pig is big enough and fat enough to be killed the Pope will be back again in Rome.' Napoleon fell like the temple of Dagon, when Sampson pulled the pillars from under it; and Pope Pius the Seventh came back to Rome. Then the poor man went to his master and received the five pounds. But when he took the money home to his wife, she said: "Oh! you had no business to keep the decent man's money. The bet wasn't a fair one. You knew before hand how it would turn out." So the man went back and restored the five pounds, saying to his master, "'It wasn't a fair bet. I was sure of the pig all the time.'"

EQUALLY happy was the rebuff which, as the story goes, Father Burke administered to a gentleman of aggressive controversial tendencies, who tried to force on an argument with the "Popish priest" in the compartment of the railway carriage wherein both were traveling. The amateur theologian wound up a long tirade with the words, "And I tell you, sir, I don't believe in such nonsense as Purgatory." Whereupon, Father Tom, with a solemn face, but twinkling eye, retorted in his gravest tone: "Well, sir, if you don't believe in Purgatory, you may go to hell." For an instant the gentleman was indignant, but catching the real meaning of the reprover, indulged in a hearty laugh, and desisted from further theological disputation.

ANOTHER capital instance of his ready wit is afforded by his reply to a dissenting minister who, in a good-humored way, rallied Father Tom on the doctrines of the early Irish Church, and repeated the absurd assertion, first made some forty years ago, that St. Patrick was a Protestant. "Now, sir," was the dry rejoinder, "how can you think that, when we have a full list of all who accompanied our Apostle to Tara, and you know there is no mention of Mrs. St. Patrick among them?"

Crime in Ireland Compared with Philadelphia.

THE *San Francisco Monitor* replies to a sectarian journal of that city which blamed the Philadelphia Convention because its delegates did not frame a resolution manifesting their horror at the frequency of the crime of murder in Ireland. For the information of censorious critics, as well as to enlighten a great many people who — through ignorance, malice, or stupidity — are led to believe that murders are more numerous in Ireland than in any other part of the world, we prove, from statistics which cannot be denied, that *more murders are committed annually in Philadelphia than in Ireland.*

Philadelphia is known as the city of "Brotherly Love," its inhabitants are prosperous, many of them owning their own homes; trade is good, employment plenty; neither famine nor coercion laws are known to the people, nor does a single incentive to crime exist in that city of 847,170 inhabitants, as against the 5,000,000 people of Ireland, multitudes of whom are harassed by hunger, rendered desperate by being deprived of their homes, and ridden over rough-

shod by a ruthless soldiery quartered on them for the purpose of taunting them into breaking the brutal laws which British legislation has imposed upon them, against the will, wish, or desire of an overwhelming majority of the oppressed people. Yet, be it known to the ignorant or infamous enemies of Ireland, that during the year 1879 there were no less than *forty-nine murders* committed in the city of Philadelphia, and in the same year the number in Ireland was *five!*

In 1880 there were committed in the city of "Brotherly Love" *thirty-four murders*, while among the five million Irish there was just *one murder for every million of inhabitants.*

Here are plain facts which we challenge any one to contradict, and we add that there are more murders committed in America in a single year than there are in Ireland in a century.

English Administration in Ireland To-day.

To a stranger visiting Ireland there are few things more striking than the complete distinction between the government and the people. Elsewhere, whatever be its form, the government is supposed to exist for the people's benefit, and to depend for its continuance on the national prosperity. In Ireland the case is entirely different. The government is simply a class of officials dependent for their appointment and pay on the English ministry, and indifferent alike to the wants or the feelings of the country. Many of them are total strangers to it, and, almost without exception, all profess strong dislike to anything distinctively Irish or national. In official circles the public funds are habitually spoken of as the property of the government, and any application of them to Irish purposes as acts of generosity. The people, or, at least, the majority of the population, are constantly described as a lawless crowd, whose unreasonable dislike of government must be kept in check by force. Their religion is a badge of inferiority in most of the higher offices, and any strong national sympathies are looked on as nearly, if not absolutely, criminal. The law is regarded as an essential part of the government in the sense of the official administration, and it is expected that government interests shall be paramount to all other considerations in the action of the legal functionaries. Strangely to American ideas, the representatives of the popular majority in Parliament are ever and always regarded as the natural enemies of what is known as the government. As for the minor representative bodies, such as the municipalities and the poor-law boards, an important part of the work of the government officials is to keep them from committing errors. That the popular representatives must be unfit to govern, is a cardinal principle of action in the government circles. They admit that some representation is needed to give the country a legal resemblance to England; but they hold that such representation shall always be under the control of the officials appointed by the English ministry.

One would be astray, however, in supposing that the Irish government represents the politics of the ruling ministry in England. In theory it may; but in practice the Irish executive is a permanent body of officials, holding office for life, and regulating its actions mainly by official tradi-

tions handed down from generation to generation. The Lord-Lieutenant, the Secretary for Ireland, the Lord-Chancellor, and a few others, are all that are changed with a change of government. The heads of the various departments, among which the work of the executive is divided, remain on for life, and often defy Parliament to interfere with their "vested interests." In Ireland the management of a public office, such as national education, is looked on as a piece of property, to which the rights of its official managers are sacred, and the needs of the public service altogether secondary. In this way it comes that the traditions and practices of the old penal times are preserved in Ireland for fifty or sixty years after the penal laws have been effaced from the statute-books. Catholics are still looked on as highly inelegible for important offices, and especially for the magistracy, though they form nearly four-fifths of the whole population. The still older tradition of discouraging Irish manufactures, which was the approved official practice under William of Orange, is also preserved to a considerable extent, and even increased. There is comparatively little new legislation in Ireland, as may well be supposed when the only legislative body is a Parliament which has to make laws for the whole British Empire. The judiciary is much more closely connected with the executive than in either England or the United States. The Lord Chancellor and most of the superior judges are members of the privy council; and the duty of all governmental departments, both legal and executive, supporting one another against the people, is regarded as a matter of course. In this way, the various boards into which the Irish executive is subdivided, enjoy almost complete freedom from either legislative or judicial interference. Each in its sphere is nearly absolute, and though combined action for any useful purpose is hard to be obtained among them, action of any energetic kind is not considered advisable in government circles. To draw pay, discharge routine duties, and make no innovations, are the sum total of ordinary official duties. Whether the country thrives or is ruined, is nothing to its officials, whose pay is drawn from the English treasury, into which the Irish contributions are emptied. It is often said that the prosperity of a country is little affected by its government. A brief study of the existing *régime* in Ireland, and the material ruin which has gone on, deepening under its influence for nearly forty years, would dissipate such an idea. We shall merely point out the chief branches of its administration and their character, and leave our readers to judge.

As there are no county governments, properly speaking, a good deal of the functions performed by such bodies, where they exist, devolves in Ireland on the grand juries. These are appointed by the sheriff of each county at will from the ratepayers whose annual valuation exceeds one hundred pounds, leased property. Beyond selecting them from the different baronies, the sheriff has no restriction in law on his choice. Custom, however, which in the country parts of Ireland is more powerful than law, prescribes that the grand jurors shall be only selected from the "gentry," that is, from the landlords or their agents, with occasionally a few wealthy farmers or merchants intermixed. As the sheriffs are themselves appointed invariably from the same class by the Lord-Lieutenant, and are changed from year to year, the class constitution of the grand juries has been steadily preserved through all the Irish agitations. Besides their duties of finding or throwing out bills for crimes, the Irish grand juries have to allow or reject claims for compensation for injuries and malicious mischief. As in such cases it is common to allow exemplary damages, that is to say, amounts exceed-

ing the actual losses sustained, their power to aid friends is very great. The number of claims for compensation allowed to persons of the same class or political views as the grand jury, is usually very much larger than to any other section of the community. In like manner when a "respectable" person is charged with a crime, it is usual to give him the benefit of doubt where any exists, while the opposite rule is applied to persons who only belong to the farming or working classes. Though the Catholics form nearly four-fifths of the whole population of Ireland, and are the majority in twenty-seven of its thirty-two counties, in some amounting to nearly forty to one, there is, we believe, no instance of a grand jury containing a majority of Catholics known, except in a few cities. On an average they run from four or five to ten per cent. of the whole, and, of course, are utterly powerless on a division.

The practice of having the grand jurors as well as the magistrates and most other officials drawn almost exclusively from one religious body, the Episcopalians, who number about a ninth of the population, gives a striking illustration of the manner in which the influence of the penal laws of the last century is still kept up at the present day. The law declares that the Irish Catholics are entitled to equal rights with any other class of their countrymen, but it makes no provision for distributing the various offices according to right. *They* are assigned to-day as they were when a judge ruled that "the law did not recognize the existence of a Papist in the country." The legal Protestants down to the Emancipation had a monopoly of the local government by law. The danger of a civil war and the reprobation of the civilized world compelled the abrogation of that law; but almost the same monopoly is now upheld by official custom. Such, in this respect, is the religious equality enjoyed by Irish Catholics in 1882. The dominant caste still exists with two badges, landlordism and Protestantism of the once legal type, and it still holds a fast grip on the local administration.

In addition to their legal functions, the grand juries have control of the public works of each county, such as roads, bridges and public buildings, for the maintenance of which they levy a county cess. Its total amount in Ireland is about six million dollars annually. The patronage of this is almost wholly left to the juries, and in awarding contracts they occasionally take personal considerations into account quite openly. Thus, near Dublin, last year, bids from responsible parties were rejected on the ground of their having been Land Leaguers, and much higher tenders accepted from contractors belonging to the landlord class. The public funds are thus at the disposal of a class entirely distinct from the taxpayers. How admirably calculated such a system is to maintain class bitterness and to discourage local improvements, may be easily judged.

The relief of the poor and the maintenance of the public hospitals are provided for by a distinct system of local taxation known as the poor rates. Its amount varies from year to year, but on an average it is nearly the same as the county cess levied for public works. It was, we believe, about five and a half million dollars in 1881. For its levy the country is divided into poor-law unions, distinct from the baronies. Its administration is intrusted to the boards of guardians elected by the rate-payers, being, with the exception of the municipalities, almost the only instance of popular representation in the administration of the country. So jealous, however, is the government of any popular management of Irish affairs that besides the elected members an equal number of magistrates are appointed by virtue of office in each ward. These ex-officio guardians seldom meddle with the actual busi-

ness details, but usually take an active part in dividing the patronage of the rates. Nevertheless, the superior energy and generally greater intelligence of the elected members frequently outweighs the organization of the official representatives. The boards of guardians are thus almost the only centres of political life in the country districts of Ireland, and, on the whole, their administration is much superior to that of the grand juries; nevertheless, their power is extremely limited. The amount they can levy, the mode in which relief is to be administered, and the very diet of the poor-houses is prescribed by law; and all their acts are subject to the approval of a body of three commissioners appointed by the Lord-Lieutenant, and known as the Local Government Board. The latter examines the accounts of the boards of guardians, and may charge the chairman of each with the amount of any items it objects to. They have also the power to discharge, without reason given, any officer of a union, or even to suspend the whole body of guardians and appoint others in their place. The distrust of elected bodies is a characteristic feature of the whole administration of Irish affairs. That appointed officials can do no wrong seems to be a maxim of "the powers that be" in Ireland. They have acted on it consistently for over three centuries, and they act on it to-day. It is remarkable that after so long an experience the belief of the Irish people on this point is in direct opposition to that of their rulers.

The system of legal relief for the destitute poor is a modern feature in the Irish administration, having only been established in 1838, in a great part through the exertions of O'Connell; nevertheless the board which controls it has been handed over, as completely as the older departments, to the class which formerly described itself as the Protestant ascendency party. The majority of the commissioners that compose the local government board belong to that class, and from it are also drawn almost exclusively the higher officials, who under the name of inspectors and auditors examine the accounts and actions of the elected boards of guardians, and ratify or reject them at discretion. No qualifications are required for these appointments, the rate of pay for which is nearly four thousand dollars a year each, beyond the personal favor of the local government board. Anything like sympathy with the popular will in politics is, of course, an insuperable obstacle in the way of attaining one of these well-paid offices. In relieving the destitute poor of Ireland the closest attention is paid to economy by the officials. The quality and quantity of the food they may receive is strictly regulated by acts of the Imperial Parliament. Corn-meal porridge, potatoes, bread and milk, in limited quantities, form the staple of the diet, allowed in the workhouses, meat being almost unknown. In general it is forbidden to the boards of guardians to grant relief to anyone except on condition of entering the workhouses, unless those institutions are too full to receive additional inmates. On entering, parents and children, husbands and wives are separated, and allowed no intercourse with one another in their daily life. Tasks are allotted to the inmates of the workhouses at the discretion of the superintendents and guardians, and they are not allowed to leave those tasks or absent themselves from the house without permission from the superintendent. A peculiar uniform, of coarse stuff, is provided for the inmates, resembling that of prisoners. In fact the chief difference between life in an Irish workhouse and life in a prison consists in the lower scale of food provided for the honest poor. The proportion of the population receiving relief at the public expense is much smaller in Ireland than in England or Scotland, in spite of the poverty of the population. In Ireland,

last year, about one hundred and twelve thousand persons, or one in every forty-five of the population, were receiving public aid. In England and Wales the number was over eight hundred thousand, or one to every thirty inhabitants. Whenever outdoor relief is granted to the poor, special care is taken to prevent its being excessive. In Dublin, shortly before last Christmas, about eight hundred persons were getting public assistance outside the workhouses. The sum allowed for the support of each was between fifty and sixty cents a week. Deaths from starvation and famine fever have been more numerous in Ireland than in any part of Europe since the establishment of the English poor law system.

The Irish common schools are under the control of another board, appointed by the English ministry, without any qualifications for such a trust. The commissioners are twenty in number, all belonging to the landlord or official class, and, of course, wholly free from any popular sympathies. Unlike the local government board, however, half of the education commissioners are Catholics, not, of course, representative Catholics, but simply officials professing the Catholic faith. The greater part of the commissioners do nothing whatever, and the whole management is left in the hands of a paid commissioner, whose decisions are practically law in educational matters. The national schools, as they are called, are subject to no local representative body. A manager, in the person of some influential resident, is recognized for each by the board, and by the manager the teachers are appointed and dismissed at pleasure, but the public of the district have no voice in the matter. The schools are visited and examined semi-annually by official inspectors, but any attempt at introducing improvements, except ordered by the central board, is vigorously repressed. A cast-iron system of regulations is imposed on the schools, without regard to local requirements. The only books allowed are a series prepared in great part forty-five years ago. It may be added that any reference to Irish history or nationality is strictly forbidden in the Irish schools. In fact, though the Irish language is spoken by nearly a million of the population, it is only within the last few years that elementary teaching in that language has been permitted, and no provision whatever has been made for training teachers in the language, or supplying books in it to the pupils.

The organization of the whole system of education for Ireland was originally intrusted to a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, who conducted a private academy in Dublin. His assistants took charge of the normal school (there is only one such establishment for the whole of Ireland), and succeeded in imprinting such a character on it that, for some years back, the Catholic teachers, who form three-fourths of the whole number, have given up frequenting it. Thus, trained teachers are extremely few, and the number is decreasing rapidly. The system, however, being independent of the public will, makes no attempt to modify the objectionable features of its training. During a good many years, the board was in the hands of a Protestant majority. The Rev. Mr. Carlyle, the Scotch clergyman already alluded to, was its first chief, and prepared many of the school series imposed on the country. Two Catholic officials out of a board of seven was then considered ample religious equality for the creed of four-fifths of the population. The numbers were subsequently increased to six in a board of fifteen members. The Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Whately, who, in virtue of his office, was a leading member of the Irish executive, was also appointed to the educational board, on its formation in 1831. His Grace had just been brought over from England to occupy the See of Dublin, in accord-

ance with the practice alluded to, a century before, by Swift, in the lines:

"Our law and our Church dear England maintains,
For which all true Protestant hearts should be glad,
She sends us our Judges, our bishops, and deans,
And better she'd give us, if better she had."

The system of national education, in the administration of which Dr. Whatley was the most prominent personage, had been established avowedly in consequence of the failure of previous legislation in favor of exclusively Protestant schools for the Irish people.

Lord Stanley, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, expressly stated that, in the new system, the most scrupulous care should be taken not to interfere with the peculiar tenets of any description of Christian pupils. Dr. Whatley proceeded to carry out this principle by preparing a series of Scriptural extracts, Protestant hymns, lessons on Christian evidences, and the history of religious worship, which were introduced into all the schools under the control of the board. At the same time, Catholic works were strictly excluded, and by this means, as privately acknowledged by himself, the good Archbishop hoped quietly to achieve the object of rooting out Catholicity from Ireland. The board of education was left under his influence for about twenty-two years, with the natural result of awakening strong public suspicion and dislike of its administration. In fact, at present the model schools, corresponding to the high schools in America, which are all under the direct management of the board, are avoided by the great majority of the people, as anti-Catholic and unnational! Nearly four-fifths of the present population of Ireland, it may be added, are Catholics. The total amount spent last year on public education in Ireland was about three million seven hundred thousand dollars. Men teachers receive salaries ranging from one hundred and seventy-five to three hundred and fifty dollars; females, from one hundred and thirty-five to two hundred and ninety dollars. The average pay in Ireland for teachers is almost exactly half what it is in England. The deficiency of popular education in Ireland is looked on by the English ministry as a weighty objection to granting any measures of home rule in that country.

University education in Ireland has a much more definite legal character than in America. University graduates have special representatives in Parliament; and, though not absolutely indispensible, university certificates are of the utmost importance in obtaining admission to the professions of law or medicine. In fact, the employment of an unlicensed medical practitioner is considered a gross piece of lawlessness by the Irish tribunals. The only university in Ireland, down to 1849, was Trinity College, which was under the control of the state church. It was not only Protestant, but its teachers were obliged, before admission to their chairs, to take an oath denouncing the religion of a majority of their countrymen as "damnable and idolatrous." Catholics, however, might attend their lectures on paying the usual fees; but they were excluded from all the scholarships, fellowships, and other prizes of the college. That this arrangement was somewhat unfavorable, and even unjust, towards four-fifths of the nation, was freely admitted by the government at the beginning of the century. In less than fifty years afterwards they attempted to partially remedy it by the foundation of the Queen's University, which differed from Trinity in admitting Catholics as professors, in limited numbers. In Belfast College, indeed, the theory was the only difference, as no Catholic was appointed on the staff, though Catholics were the majority of the population of the province of Ulster. The new university was

also more strictly official and anti-national than Trinity College, and, in consequence, its failure was admitted by the government after thirty years' experience, and a new establishment founded in 1880. This admits students of any college or creed to university honors and degrees if they possess the needed literary qualifications. That the government should have sanctioned such a principle, after only eighty years' experience, is a striking proof of the progressive nature of the Irish administration. The want of men of culture among the mass of the Irish people is frequently given by the Protestant gentry and members of Parliament as an evidence of their natural unfitness for self-government.

The danger of correcting admitted abuses too hastily is a constant source of apprehension to the Irish administration. Its dealings with the education question are a good example of its way of avoiding such a risk. During the penal laws, when Catholics had no legal existence, the public endowments for education were naturally confined to the legal Protestants.

Circumstances beyond the control of government compelled the repeal of the penal laws at different times, and, in consequence, it was found that three-fourths of the population were Catholics as a matter of fact. As they, in consequence, were liable to look for some share in the public funds, the government deemed it right to regard that portion which had been set apart for education as private property of the dominant sect. In this way a body numbering about one-ninth of the Irish people, retained control of university education for fifty years, and still retains the lands originally set apart for its support. The estates of Trinity College are nearly two hundred thousand acres, or one per cent. of the whole soil of Ireland. They were granted originally for public purposes. Government made a small sect the legal public by the penal laws, and the public endowments have remained with that sect since. The tendency of Irishmen to recur to the evils of past legislation, whose character no person now defends, is looked on by the English public as strong evidence of the unpractical and sentimental character of Irish grievances.

In no department is the peculiar nature of the English administration better illustrated than in the eminently practical one of Irish public works. Their intimate connection with the material prosperity of the country, is fully recognized by the practical English people. Indeed, that commerce must largely depend in any country on its harbors, its roads, railroads and canals; that the overflow of rivers in flood-time must materially affect agricultural interests; that protective legislation is necessary to prevent the destruction of fisheries, and that all these are essentially public works, no one who pays a moment's attention to the question will attempt to deny. In America the people are so trained to the practice of self-government in all the details of public life, that it is hard to realize how completely the control of works such as we have just mentioned is vested in the executive central government in Ireland. A railroad cannot be constructed, or a public tramway laid down; a river cannot be deepened or embanked; water-works cannot be established for the smallest town, nor a harbor be formed for shipping without special acts of Parliament. The cost of obtaining such is always considerable, for it must be held in mind that "lobbying," under the name of parliamentary agency, is a strictly legal institution in the British empire. But the obtaining an enabling act for such works by no means ends the interference of government in every part of their working. The raising of money to carry them out, the countless questions of private rights affected, the variations that may be needed from original plans, and a

thousand other points, which here are determined by arbitration or the public interest, are in Ireland reserved for the decision of the central executive. It must be borne in mind that home rule is declared to be wholly inconsistent with the maintenance of the present governmental system, and home rule is prohibited not only in Parliament but also in local affairs. As it is impossible for Parliament to superintend all the details of such works, its functions in that line are, according to the usual plan, delegated in Ireland to a board.

The functions of the board of works are twofold. It "interprets" in official language the acts of Parliament relating to railroads, drainage, canals, and generally to the spending or lending public money on national works. Thus, when permission has been granted to build a railroad by act of Parliament, the board of works afterwards has to examine the plans and surveys, and decide whether they provide adequately for the improvement of the district traversed. It also appoints arbitrators to condemn any lands required for such works. In fact, questions relating to river navigation, drainage, the building of harbors and docks, water-works, and even a good deal of the late land acts are under the complete control of this body. For instance, in 1870, Parliament passed a law, by which tenant farmers might obtain loans from the state, repayable by instalments, for the part purchase of their holdings. The board at once fixed the smallest loan that would be issued at such a figure that very few tenants could take advantage of it. Nullification, of this description, is a favorite practice with Irish boards.

Extensive as is the field of operations thus appointed to the board of works, no check is maintained over its action. Its annual expenditure is about one million of dollars, the greater part being on such government buildings as as barracks, prisons, coast-guard stations, and courts. Most of the work, in connection with these, is done by contract. From evidence given by the board itself before a Parliamentary committee, it seems to be looked on as quite unnecessary to award such to the lowest responsible bidder. Relatives of officials, being better known to the board, get a preference in many such cases. The architect employed by them also acts openly as chairman of a Dublin building society, though a treasury law expressly forbids officials from engaging in private works. Breach of the law by officials, however, is not regarded as lawlessness in Ireland, and entails no punishment. The board simply admits the fact, and does nothing. To prevent trouble and save expense, no official meetings of the board itself are held, nor is it considered needful to publish any accounts of its transactions.

The body thus vested with the management of Irish works, is not numerous. It consists of a Scotch colonel and an Irish engineer, both holding office for life, and quite irresponsible to any tribunal. It is complained that the slowness with which business in the department is transacted has a bad effect on the public prosperity. One example may be given: A canal was cut by the board between Lough Erne and the Shannon during the years between 1846 and 1859. The total cost from public and private sources was two hundred and twenty-eight thousand pounds, about eleven hundred thousand dollars. On its completion it was handed over to local trustees, whose engineer pronounced it wholly useless for traffic from its faulty construction. The board received the engineer's report in 1860, and simply declined to answer. The facts of the case were finally published after only *eighteen* years, and the charge of the engineer was fully admitted. The canal, of course, had been useless, and continues so; but it is pleasant to learn that the board of works draws

its pay with perfect regularity. Its officials are all men of recognized "integrity" and extremely outspoken in condemning any waste of public funds on poor relief.

The tendency of the Irish people to depend on the aid of government in all their public undertakings, is a point which is frequently urged in England, and especially in Parliament. The board of works has naturally to cope with this tendency, and it does so very effectively. In 1878, before the land agitation commenced, a curious official report was published by Parliament, showing the amount spent, and loaned respectively towards Irish railroads, harbors, drainage, inland navigation, and fishery piers. These, it may be seen, include pretty nearly everything which, in America, would be regarded as public works. The actual amount spent on the whole, out of the Imperial funds, averaged *twenty-five* thousand dollars a year. Loans were granted on good security to railroads, to the amount of about thirty-five thousand pounds a year; towards harbors and piers, of something like six thousand pounds a year; and towards drainage works, of about nineteen thousand pounds. These, however, were all secured by first mortgages on the property, and thus the sole amount actually spent was on piers for fishing-boats along the west coast. Twenty-five thousand dollars were annually employed on such works; but since 1880 this grant has been discontinued for a characteristic reason. The Canadian government made a grant for the relief of Irish distress, and, as the erection of piers was found the most effectual way of aiding the poorest and most industrious class of the people, a hundred thousand dollars of that money were applied to such works. The board of works, in consequence, has thought it best to withdraw the customary grant of aid of the fishermen for a few years, on the grounds of economy. The total yearly revenue raised from Ireland, for Imperial purposes, is somewhat near thirty-six millions of dollars.

On a review of the various functions of the board of works, it will be seen how few enterprises of an industrial character are exempt from its jurisdiction. There are, however, a few such; and as a specimen of the mode in which the action of the administration is brought to bear on them, the Dublin exhibition of 1882 may serve as an example. A number of Irish manufacturers and merchants, having the Lord Mayor of Dublin at their head, determined to get up a display of Irish manufactures, with a view to their encouragement. They excluded politics of every shade, and avoided any demand on the government, either for help or patronage. The result was peculiar. The exhibition was denounced by the official class as disloyal, and the whole power of its friends was directed to preventing its being held. On the completion of the building by popular subscriptions, which amounted to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the government suddenly issued a circular to the constabulary through the country, directing them to take the names of all persons supposed to come up to visit the Dublin exhibition. As the police had power to arrest any one at pleasure, it was hoped thus to deter visitors from the disloyal, though quite legal, exhibition. A threatened resignation of the whole police force, which occurred simultaneously, owing to official ill treatment of that body, prevented the benevolent designs of the authorities from being carried out, nor was it renewed. The character of the attempt is strikingly typical of the system of rule in Ireland.

The police administration of Ireland is organized on a plan quite distinct from that of any other country. No local or municipal police are allowed to be organized. The executive provides a force of about twelve thousand, armed and drilled

in military style, who are expected to discharge all the duties of enforcing the law throughout the country. An inspector commands in each county, with five or six subinspectors under him. These are the commissioned officers of the force and are highly paid, and selected from the class of gentry almost exclusively. The subinspectors obtain their appointments by competitive examinations, in which Latin, Greek, English literature, and various similar studies, form the tests. The close connection of those subjects with a police officer's duties, illustrates the highly practical character of the Irish administration. It is also a fairly adequate precaution against persons not belonging to the wealthier classes finding admission. The combination of literary and military tastes is naturally confined to such; but to prevent the danger of poor men slipping into the service by mere literary ability, another remarkable test is added. Before a candidate is elegible for appointment as subinspector, his family must guarantee him a salary of fifty pounds a year, during a period of probation as a cadet. The unaccountable manner in which mere ability is usually combined with prejudices against the existing system of government in Ireland, unless its possessor is strongly interested from practical motives in its support, is a sufficient explanation of this remarkable rule. The constables are recruited from the farming classes, and receive about double the pay of soldiers in the army. The only precaution taken with them is, that they shall never be employed in their own country, and that in each barrack men of different districts and religious persuasions shall be grouped together. The duties of the force are not usually heavy. They drill for about an hour each day and patrol the roads for a few hours in the evening. The peculiar arrangements adopted for keeping them apart from the population, naturally renders them almost wholly inefficient in arresting criminals. As, however, there is little ordinary crime in the country, that is a matter of secondary importance, unless in times of disturbance. Times of disturbance, in the official sense, usually occur in Ireland about every nine or ten years and last three or four years. The officials and judges say they are wholly unaccountable for by any natural causes. The usual remedy applied is a coercion law. The habeas corpus act is suspended, men are imprisoned on suspicion, for unlimited periods, and fines are levied on the disaffected district. The last is much recommended by the officials; but a serious obstacle to its application, is found in the increasing poverty of the country. Just before Christmas an application was made to levy a hundred thousand dollars in taxation, off a district in Galway and Mayo, where a Mr. Burke had been murdered. At the same time, it was found impossible to recover the poor rates, in a large part of the district, the people being penniless. The problem of how to levy taxation on a destitute population, is one on which the whole intelligence of the Irish administration has been engaged for some time; but the solution arrived at has not yet been made public. We may remark that the total cost of the Irish constabulary is rather large, amounting to nearly seven millions of dollars for the past year. Three million six hundred thousand are spent on popular education. The average cost of a school teacher is very close to one-half that of a police officer, and their numbers are nearly the same.

The boards which we have described are the real government of Ireland at present. It will be seen that the system is a quite peculiar one. It has grown up entirely since Catholic Emancipation. The penal laws having then been abandoned, the English government had to decide between letting the Irish people manage their own affairs, or devising a new system for governing them. The board system was invented in consequence,

and since the death of O'Connell and the abandonment of the repeal movement, the boards have practically had absolute sway in every department of the government of Ireland. How the country has thriven under them, a few figures will show. The area of cultivated land was nearly six million acres in 1851. In 1881 it had fallen to less than three millions two hundred thousand. During the preceding ten years six hundred thousand acres fell out of cultivation. During the same period there absolutely had been a decrease of twenty thousand cattle, about a million of sheep, and over half a million of hogs. The fisheries of Ireland employed a hundred and ninety thousand men and boys in 1847. They fell to twenty-four thousand in thirty years. Mines and miners shared the same fate in a lesser degree. The population had gone down by uninterrupted decreases from eight millions two hundred thousand to five millions one hundred and seventy thousand. The wealth of the country at the time of the union was estimated at one-ninth of that of England. At present, judged by the income tax-returns, the amount of funds held in Ireland, and the value of Irish and English railways, it is about one-twentieth. No class in Ireland, is exempt from the general decay. Ulster, during the last ten years especially, has actually suffered the greatest losses of any province.

Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Catholics have suffered alike, both in numbers and in wealth. The ruin which has fallen on Ireland is wholly unknown in any other country of the modern world. Like its form of government, it is wholly peculiar to Ireland, and whether the latter be its true cause or not, we leave our readers to judge for themselves. To govern Ireland by English ideas has been for three centuries the object of the English government. It has carried out its policy unchecked for nearly two. The moral result has been the most infamous penal code known to man; the intellectual, to reduce to ignorance a country which was once the school of Western Europe; and the material, to inflict on it a ruin, such as has never before been witnessed in a Christian land.

From the facts we have stated, it may be judged how eminently practical a question is the demand of the Irish people for home rule. They simply ask that the system which is crushing them shall be removed. They demand that the representatives of the people shall replace the foreign boards which control every branch of public life, that the laws shall be made by the people who live under them and shall be administered by men of their own approving. With less than this they cannot live in their land. The choice is home rule or extermination. The land question, on which so much has been written, is but one branch of Irish grievances. The whole system of English government is ruinous to Ireland. The English Parliament is powerless to remedy its defects in detail, but so long as it retains control of Irish affairs, it will be forced by the current of events to occupy itself with them and their results. Already it has been forced to sacrifice half its freedom of debate to the exigencies of Irish politics. It must sacrifice the whole before it can hope to suppress the complaints of the Irish people. If the English people will not allow the Irish to be partners in self-government, they must themselves accept a partnership in centralized thraldom. We shall see what choice they will make.

BRYANT J. CLINCHE in *American Catholic Quarterly Review.*

"POLLY," said a lady to her servant, "I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes Polly returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was seventy-two years, seven months, and twenty-eight days old.

Luther's Legacy.

THE fourth centenary of the birth of Martin Luther is in full celebration at Erfurt and elsewhere in Germany, with all the solemnity of religious services, with all the gaiety of illuminations and of bunting, with all the pomp of an "historical procession," and with whatever dignity attaches to the patronage and presence of Saxe-Weimar's Hereditary Prince. Here in England we have heard the echoes of the merry-making at Erfurt. The telegraph wires bring us tidings of Festivals in Public Gardens, and Banquets in Knights' Halls; and, taking his pleasure sadly, after the manner of his nation, the English Protestant is going to have his own celebration of Martin Luther in his own way — by sermons in chapels, and a meeting in Exeter Hall. In the meantime, the daily papers, just beginning to feel the dullness of a moribund Session and season, the closing of Law Courts, and the flight of families to the sea-side, have coined all sorts of fine phrases over the affair, to fan, if possible, into flames the embers of that old controversy which it seems almost an anchronism to revive. Fine phrases have their purpose in the world, and to multiply words is, as we know on the authority of the Prime Minister, "to preserve the balance of expression." But in the vital questions of religious controversy, fine phrases are somehow out of place. They will not satisfy hungry souls, nor save sinning ones; they will not enforce the difficult lessons of the Christian life, nor restore unity and fellowship to a shattered Christendom.

When, therefore, we read about "liberty of conscience" and "emancipated mind" we feel not only shame for the meaningless words, but grief for the well-meaning persons whom those words will lead astray. When we say this we speak in no spirit of bitterness, and with no desire to impute conscious falsity to those who coin such phrases and obtain currency for them among their fellow-men. Moreover, in such matters as the development of the dramatic imagination and the discoveries of science, we are in no mood to under-rate the advances of modern times, nor should we think it vital to deny that the children of the Protestant world — being more devoted to mundane affairs -- are wiser in their generation than the children of the Church, whose hearts are set on Heaven. The thief who steals a sovereign is certainly a sovereign the richer, but his temporal gain does not palliate his crime; and even if it could be proved — which we by no means admit — that Protestantism brought into play human energies and capabilities latent till then, we should still be exactly where we were in the controversy — for what would it profit the world to have added to its literary treasures or its social science and lost its soul? All these fine terms, then, about "freedom of thought" and "liberated learning" are beside the controversy, and they will not hoodwink really religious Protestants, whose views on this matter will be identical with our own. "Freedom of conscience," then, is all that remains; and what that signified in the mouths of the great mass of those who favored Luther's movement in Germany, is only too easily set forth. Were it realized by the serious Protestant, he would eliminate from his vocabulary this phrase with even more decision than he used in the case of the phrases that have gone before. He may smile at this "mental freedom" as a name to bandy about among blind people; but he will never again allude to this

"moral freedom" among pure ones. Such a fair-minded Protestant has, indeed, already made inquiries in the field over which we are again called to travel — we mean Mr. S. Baring Gould. He has seen that "man is elevated from a condition of animality and sin into one of sanctity, either through his co-operation with God, or without it — in other words, God expects him to exert himself to overcome his passions, or He does not. The former is the Catholic teaching, the latter the Lutheran." It is impossible to fuse the two — though an attempt has been made by the Established Church in England, which owes, probably to the influence of Beucer, the novel introduction of the Commandments into her Communion office as a protest against the doctrine of justification by faith only. But Beucer's desire to enforce morality was displeasing to the rigorous Lutherans who denounced him as only half a convert to their "liberty of conscience" and as destroying "the foundations of the Gospel." Beucer saw clearly enough what was the charm which this fine phrase had for the people. "What attracted them," he said, "was that it afforded them the faculty to live after their own lusts." "Since the preaching of the Gospel" — by "Gospel" must always be understood Luther's dogma of justification — "all kinds of turpitudes and iniquities have been committed," says another witness — Link, of Nuremberg; and, to illustrate his statement, we append a telling table of criminal statistics in that city — the list of the number of persons there condemned to death before and after the Reformation of Luther: —

	Before Reformation.	After.	
	15th Cent.	16th	17th
For incest	1	12	9
Theft	19	81	128
Highway robbery	5	21	35
Murder	12	52	45
Infanticide	0	6	33
Unnatural Crimes	2	11	6
Coining	2	8	6
	41	190	272

This, then, was "liberty of conscience," as understood by German Lutherans, but not, let us hope, by any number of our Protestant fellow-countrymen, who, even amid the excitement of centenary celebrations, will surely renounce the phrase, once they are made aware what it really meant and what it still implies.

London Catholic Register, Aug. 11.

How Affairs Stand in Ireland.

It is no exaggeration to say that a revolution has taken place in Ireland, within the last month, which has advanced the National cause beyond the most hopeful expectations. It was confidently predicted that the effect of the "No-rent" Manifesto and the Park Murders would be to throw the country years behind on the road of political progress. All things, indeed, pointed in that direction, and the bravest hearts grew discouraged. Hence, the success of the past month were in a great measure unexpected, and have truly worked a revolution in social and political matters. A new life has been awakened; new energies have been created, and the possibilities of the future are such as to make every Irish heart beat with joy. The exultation and the buoyant spirits that now animate the National ranks, are only equalled by the dismay and terror that have seized

on the enemy and paralyzed every action.

The Monaghan and Wexford elections have been the forces that brought about this change. In a negative way, but still in a very marked degree, the report of the Lords' Committee on the Land Act, and the reply of the Land Commissioners thereto, have been important factors in the same direction; and it is quite certain that the hopeless muddle into which the government got over the Suez Canal affair, helped, also, to strengthen the position of the Irish cause.

Your readers are, of course, long since aware of the splendid victory which was won in Monaghan. It was the most crushing blow that fell upon the government for the last fifty years. Liberalism as a distinct political power in Ireland is smashed. In their most sanguine moments the Irish party did not feel quite confident of success; but the enormous majority with which Healy carried the day, quite astounded them. I was talking to one of the organizing committee of the National League the other day, himself a man of great political influence in the West, and he said he never saw Parnell in such high spirits; that hitherto he was anxious and uneasy, for a false step, or a defeat, even though small, might in the then state of affairs, have hindered the progress of his work very materially; but now he is confident and strong with the strength that comes from knowing that he has the country at his back, and says he is bound to win all along the line. Away in country districts, among remote parishes in the mountains, and in poor little villages along the western coast, the news of the victory was received with the wildest delight. The moral effect upon the country cannot be over estimated. Where there was doubt and hesitancy before, faith and confidence in the Parnellites now reign supreme, and the enemy has "taken refuge in a policy of silence."

Ulster, of course, was always regarded as the happy hunting-ground of Whigs and Tories, the citadel of British domination in Ireland. The popular party could never bring any great Irish question before the House of Commons without Gladstone and his followers throwing in their teeth that *they* were not all Ireland; that the voice of Ulster was to be heard — loyal Ulster, that ever stood for law and order and the Queen and the Constitution. But when loyal Ulster got the chance she kicked Mr. Gladstone's dairy man back among his butter crocks, banished the Tory bagman as an unclean spirit, and took to her bosom young rebel Healy, who boasted that he and his friends knocked law and order into a cocked hat in Ireland. The North has been stormed and won. It is now admitted that Parnell is the dictator of Ireland. And the country is determined more than ever to give aid and sympathy to him, who far beyond any living Irishman has contributed to make parliamentary representation powerful for the promotion of Irish interests, instead of being the Valhalla of humbugs and the appanage of family greatness.

Possessed of rare and unrivalled power of making a correct political diagnosis, he sees that strength of party means strength of argument, and accordingly he is preparing his plan of operations for the great electoral campaign that is very near. Disgraced and humiliated by a series of defeats, from small amendments up to the big thing of the Suez Canal, it is now agreed on all hands, that the so-called liberal government has no other plank on which to go to the country except the promise of a new Reform Bill; and it is confidently stated that dissolution will be prefaced by a county franchise bill. So a large and extended franchise, we are sure to have; and an extended franchise will be the lever for great political changes and social reform in Ireland.

Irish hopes never looked brighter than at present. The cool calculation and patient waiting of events, which mark out Parnell as unique among leaders, have worked wonders. Judging from what he and his little band have already dragged from a merciless government, we may well indulge the hope that a rich harvest of triumphs will follow, when, with a purified and strengthened party, he will be master of the situation — and it is a foregone conclusion that the next general election will see the National Party marching up the floor of the House of Commons 80 strong. Then will have arrived that terrible consummation which the *St. James Gazette* contemplates with horror, when "we must consent to see English political life utterly disorganized, or we must grant to Ireland whatever measure of Home Rule it claims."

The Wexford election, too, has strengthened the National cause, for it throws a clear light on the impregnable position of the Irish party. After the tragedy at Monaghan, the Wexford election fitly came as a screaming farce. The most ridiculous fiasco that has taken place these years on the platform of Irish politics was the stalking of O'Connor Don for Wexford. I will not say, rejoice at the victory, because every one expected the victory. To think that Wexford, with its proud memories of bygone years and enthusiastic devotion to the National cause, would favor the representative of our hereditary oppressors, only proves that the landlords, like a certain kingly race, "can learn nothing and forget nothing." An unholy alliance was entered into between Whigs and Tories to rout Parnell's rebels and "apostles of disorder." The great O'Connor Don, the scion of a royal house, was painted in party colors and shoved out as their strongest man, to do battle with the Philistines; and it was only under the protecting ægis of Healy and Sexton he escaped being torn to pieces by the Wexford populace. If the kingly Roderick knew that one of his name could act such a part, how

> "His corse, long dead, from its narrow bed
> In anger and shame would rise again."

The political requiem of the Don is now sung, and with him lie buried many a Liberal hope.

Sligo, which is now vacant, will, of course, give a fitting colleague to the gifted Sexton, and score another victory for the people.

It may be said that I attach undue importance to the parliamentary party and to parliamentary warfare; but I assure you I am only echoing the voice of the country when I say, that the feeling and belief here is that the only political engine we have is a parliamentary representation, which will be reflective of the people's will.

I think this can hardly be impressed too often on the minds of our American friends. Accustomed to the freedom and happiness and prosperity of the Great Republic, they cannot fully understand the facts of the situation in "the old land" and the difficulties that beset our path. The decisive action which they might be inclined to suggest, would simply mean national suicide. I can well understand enlightened Irish-Americans, with brave and honest hearts, and with the recollection of past wrongs weighing with the weight of all the centuries on every moment of memory, chafing in indignation at the continued thraldom of an oppressed people; and I admire, as every one must, the spirit that prompts them to daring deeds for their country; but it is a truism to say, that it is downright folly to think seriously of a conflict with the huge colossus of British power under existing circumstances. The energy that is expended on such unprofitable speculation, is so much wasted power that could be splendidly applied in the field of practical politics.

With constitutionalism vanishing into the regions of political abstrac-

tions, it does, indeed, seem the refinement of irony to suggest the carrying on of our operations on the deceptive lines of the Constitution: yet it is the only breastwork. By a determined and united parliamentary party, deriving its strength and inspiration from a determined and united people, and working on all of the Constitution that is left them, ultimate triumph is sure to be achieved. Up to this the Irish party can say—"Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course, and we are graced with wreaths of victory." The popular will is triumphing all along the line. The walls of ascendancy and bigotry are crumbling one by one before its attacks. Tyrant majorities and the remnants of a dominant landocracy may retard its progress for awhile; but they must finally fall before the growing power of the people, the strong arm of popular education, and increased political enlightenment.

Well, now listen to the negative influence of the Irish party on the Imperial Parliament. For the last three weeks the Suez Canal was the question of questions. Every paper you took up, columns upon columns about the Suez Canal met your eyes. Remembering England is "a nation of shopkeepers," doing an enormous trade with the East, it will be seen at once by everybody what grave issues were involved in any dispute about such an important pulse of commerce as the Suez Canal. Gladstone promised and agreed to give De Lesseps £8,000,000 of public money to cut a second canal at Suez. The trading interest and stock jobbing interest of England rose as one man and threatened to kick Gladstone out of the House of Commons if he attempted such a thing. The Prime Minister of England is known to be a man of iron will. He determined to carry his point. Parties were pretty fairly balanced on the issue. Feelers were sent out to the Irish party to know their attitude; but when Gladstone found that Parnell and 35 of his followers—counting 70 on a division—would go dead against him, he caved in at once and withdrew from his promise, and is now a humiliated man before the country; while the Irish party is reverently regarded as a power that can do a great deal of harm and a great deal of good. When their influence comes to be more distinctly felt they can get anything they wish. The slow but steady process of undermining English rule in Ireland has set in with a vengeance.

The Land League was driven under the surface; but it has come up in the most unexpected quarter on earth. The House of Lords is now the place where the Land League grows and flourishes and sheds its principles around in a most refreshing style. On the evening of the 27th of July the Marquis of Waterford, a great Tory chief with tracts of land and hordes of serfs that the heart of any despot might yearn for, proclaimed that "*peasant proprietary was the only solution of the Irish difficulty.*" O change! Wondrous change! They at least have seen the handwriting on the wall that their hour has arrived. And the "communistic doctrines" of Davitt have become the articles of Faith which every Landlord is now bound to believe.

But the most remarkable document that ever emanated from this august assembly of wooden-heads, is the "Final report of the Lords' Committee." Ostensibly intended to inquire how the "purchase clauses" of the Land Act were working, it is nothing more than a litany of regrets over their vanished glory and departed power,—the power that for centuries laid corpses in many an Irish cabin, and brought sorrow and shame to many an Irish home. How soothing to Irish hearts filled with manly hate for wicked men, must be these laments of the vultures of the people—"*Compulsory reduction of rent* for a long term of years, must produce *serious loss and injury to owners of every*

class. . . . The effect of the recent legislation has been to reduce the owners to poverty or ruin. While for the interest of the tenants in thier farms there is a free market and a high price, it is clear upon evidence, that land in Ireland is in the case of owners practically unsaleable. *Landlords, many of them hitherto resident in the country, are ceasing to reside.*"—"Let them go! may Heaven speed them! Be their righteous doom decreed them!" And then comes the terrible catastrophe — "*The relations formerly subsisting between landlords and tenants have been destroyed.* An *alteration for the worse has occurred in the habits of the tenants.* They have become demoralized and *they readily lend themselves to the hope of fresh agitation and a New Land Act.*"

Great are the mercies of the Lord! The serf has arisen and felt that he is a man. The spirit of the new year has been breathed into him. And the bloated ruffians who have fattened on the blood of God's people, hear the voice of retribution ringing in their ears.

It is not in human nature that these Lords would let the authors of their misfortune go without hard names, so they have agreed that Gladstone's Commissioners are so many salaried robbers. The Commissioners replied. It is admitted by them that they have no fixed principle of action, and that their style is a random one. And then comes the singular and wonderful admission that if the Land League were allowed to live and develop its system of test cases, the Land Act would have been a grand success, the country would have been soothed, and Gladestone would have brought his gray hairs in honor to the grave. So the Land League has been vindicated out of the mouths of its enemies. Coals of fire heaped on Governmental heads. And one more unatoned sin left at the door of the impertinent "Buckshot."

Liberals and Conservatives, Commissioners and Ministers are tearing each other over the land act and the whole business is sure to come up again within twelve months and a sweeping bill passed by Parliament.

But amid all the chaos and confusion of opposing interests, three facts stand out in bold relief beyond the region of controversy,— that a human being has no longer the power of life and death over his fellow creature; that "Healy's clause" is there with its mine of undeveloped wealth for the tillers of the soil; and that the foul corpse of landlordism is being carried to its unholy grave amid a requiem of curses from emancipated slaves.

There are many other matters that I would wish to speak about, but I fear I have prolonged this letter to an undue length. I intended to have said something about the National League, its work and progress; something about the despotism of coercion which manacles our people; the position of Church interests in the new development of political matters; the Parnell tribute fund, which has been a success beyond conception; the prospects of our Irish harvests, which are not too bright, as the country has been long wrapped in rain; and writing as I am from the West of Ireland, I feel sure Irish eyes will eagerly scan these lines for some allusion to Knock,— that holy land where are being daily wrought the silent wonders that gladden Catholic hearts, and where gleams of Heaven's glory still light the peasants' homes; but these I will reserve for another letter. I have dwelt on those events of political importance which agitate the public mind, and are among the directive forces that shape political action; for seeing the giant efforts that are always made by a hostile Press to minimize the importance of what are national victories, the true meaning and effect of our successes cannot be too widely known.

I intended also to devote a large portion of this letter to the industrial

movement — a question pregnant with great things for the future of Ireland. I am convinced, as every one must be who studies the social problem of this unhappy land, that a well developed scheme of industrial pursuits must not only increase our national prosperity, but also strengthen our political power. It is true that landlordism has long lain on the country like a nightmare, paralyzing every social energy. Every hand in the unfortunate peasant's house, down to the innocent little girl of ten years, is pressed into the ignoble service of producing rent for the idle drone they call "the master;" and the daily struggle for existence is still the absorbing fact with the Western Irish tenant.

The jealous and selfish interests of British commerce that cannot bear a rival, will never encourage those arts that are productive of a nation's wealth; and the fostering hand of a native parliament cannot be raised to create those myriad streams of industry that would go to swell the tide of our country's prosperity. But yet, much could be done. Is it not appalling to see the crowds of young Irish girls that are yearly flying from our shores in search of the employment they cannot get at home. If a system of cottage industries were started by the national organization that has such vast power at its command, a beginning would be made, a step given in the right direction, and a spirit of self-reliance created. The world-famed Sister M. Francis Clare has already developed this idea of cottage industries, in her temporary industrial schools at Knock; and the young girls she has taught have turned out work that is getting a high name in the English markets. Miss Ada Yeates is also working this idea in Carraroe and in Loughrea; and specimens of peasant girls' work will be exhibited at the Boston exhibition.

Mr. Davitt is inaugurating an industrial movement that will embrace all Ireland. He intends having a central committee in Dublin, and sending lady organizers among the peasantry to have them taught the various industries suitable to women. And then he hopes that the Irish societies in America will open a market for the sale of the manufactured articles. This is a beginning, small and limited it may be, but still a beginning. And let us hope that when God sees a brave people trying to help themselves, He will bless their efforts, and hasten the wished-for hour when the dawn of prosperity and freedom will break over the hill tops of holy Ireland, lighting Irish hearts and Irish homes with happiness, peace and plenty.

J. V. M., An Occasional Correspondent.
August, 1883.

Miracles.

The age of Miracles still lives in God's Church. In no age of the Church has this been more visible than in our own. Here in Boston, one of the most remarkable cures that ever occurred has taken place in our midst. The subject, the daughter of one of our best known citizens. We proceed to relate the particulars of this wonderful dispensation of Providence.

About eleven years ago, when Grace Hanley was a little over four years of age, she was thrown out of a carriage and severely hurt, her spine receiving a serious, and what was regarded then and later on, as an irreparable injury. The best medical

skill of the city was employed to remove the difficulty and prevent the deformity which invariably results from such accidents. Dr. Buckminster Brown, who is recognized as one of the best experts in cases of spinal trouble, was called in, and after a year's constant care and steady attendance, but little improvement was noticed in the condition of the little sufferer. She was obliged to remain constantly in bed for several months at a time, and her parents were forced to recognize the fact that she must be a cripple for a life. As the years rolled by this conviction grew on them, but they never relaxed their efforts to effect a permanant cure. About eighteen months ago they consulted Dr. Bradford on Boylston street, who has made a life-long study of spinal trouble, and little Grace was sent to the hospital on Louisburg square under his charge. There she remained for six months or thereabouts, and Dr. Bradford was obliged to admit that he could not remove the difficulty. Everything that money could procure or science offer for the relief of their afflicted child, the parents procured, but without avail. She was unable to walk; she suffered constantly intense pain, but without complaint or murmur, and was given up finally as an invalid for life.

Finding that the case was given up by the physicians, the family had recourse to heaven for succor. Masses were said for her benefit and novenas offered up constantly. The little sufferer herself, never ceased to petition Divine Providence for relief. A short time ago one of the Fathers connected with the Redemptorist Church, on Tremont street, where the family has been accustomed to worship, suggested that she undertake personally a novena, and visit the Church every day for nine days, and and pray at the altar of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. He assured her that if she did this she would leave her crutches behind her and depart in perfect health. Little Grace, with the consent of her parents, agreed to do this in the fullest faith that her petitions would be heard. August 10th, she began her pilgrimage to the Church, and never missed a morning for nine days. She was carried down stairs by her father, placed in a carriage with her crutches and driven to the Church door, where she was lifted out and assisted to her pew. There she sat and prayed with the fervor of the saints of old. At the close of her devotion she was carried back to her carriage, and driven home only to resume her painful efforts at locomotion on crutches. There was no variation of the programme. On Saturday morning, August 18, the last day of the novena, she was taken as usual to the scene of her devotions by her father and her aunt and grandmother. When she was lifted out of the carriage her crutches were brought as usual, and by their aid she slowly and painfully reached the family pew. She sat through the morning mass, and the officiating clergyman, as was the custom, carried and administered to her there the Blessed Sacrament. While wrapt in devout contemplation of the blessing she had received, she was suddenly seized with a sense of feeling of dizziness, which led her to believe that she was about to faint. She reached her hand out to her aunt who sat by her, in a nervous sort of way, but suddenly experienced a strange sensation. She felt herself grow strong and confident. Something told her she was cured, and she immediately arose, and without any aid whatever walked down to the altar dedicated to our Lady of Perpetual Help and, kneeling down offered up her thanks to the Mother of God for the great boon that had been conferred on her. Then she arose and walked steadily out of the church, leaving her crutches in the pew. Several reliable witnesses were present at the time who can testify in detail to the truth of this narrative, and who were awe-stricken by the remarkable occurrence. At the church door

Grace was met by her father, who expected to be obliged to lift her into her carriage. What was his astonishment and joy to see her walking towards him wholly unaided! He sent his son home with the carriage and had the intense satisfaction of walking side by side with his daughter to his residence at the corner of Tremont and Parker streets. Arrived there he saw her walk boldly and briskly up the steps leading to the front door, and from there up one flight of stairs to her mother's room. Since then Grace Hanly has suffered no pain whatever; she walks about as other people do; eats and sleeps as healthy people eat and sleep, and has no recollection of the intense pain she suffered before her dire malady was so miraculously removed. We have personally investigated this case, and declare without hesitation that it is one of the best authenticated cases of miraculous cures recorded in modern times. We have (says *The Republic*) been aware of the fact that for eleven years little Grace Hanley was unable to walk or help herself in any way; we have, of our own knowledge known that the best scientific skill that money could procure had been employed in her case and without avail, and we saw her a few hours after her miraculous cure, and talked with her, noticed her changed condition and saw her walk about the house as though she had never been afflicted. No medicine brought this about, for the doctors had, long since, ceased to give her medicine; no surgical skill brought it about, for the surgeons had abandoned her case as hopeless many months ago; prayer and faith we recognize, in the light of the facts which have come to our knowledge, as the sole agents in this marvellous cure; and there are more than a dozen witnesses, who stand ready to testify to the truth and absolute reliability of the plain and simple statement of facts which we have made after a careful and searching investigation. The result will remain unquestioned: Grace Hanley went into the Mission Church on the morning of August 18, a cripple; she left it an hour later perfectly and permanently cured. No human agency contributed to bring this result about.

We congratulate our old and honored friend, Col. P. T. Hanley and family, upon this wonderful manifestation of Divine Providence through the intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

The Colonel is one of our best known citizens, is connected in family relations and business with James McCormick, Esq., and was among the braves of the old Ninth who served during the rebellion, and came home with all the honors.

The Montreal True Witness gives this account of

Miracles at St. Anne De Beaupre.

The age of miracles is not yet past. Twelve hundred men and women left Ottawa at the beginning of the week, on a pilgrimage to the famous shrine of St. Ann de Beaupre, where incredulity is frequently disconcerted and and overwhelmed, if not convinced, by unmistakable invasions of the supernatural. Those twelve hundred people, who are as intelligent and in as full an enjoyment of their senses as any body of free thinkers, have had the opportunity of witnessing and of bearing testimony to several manifestations of the Divine intervention in favor of three fellow-pilgrims who went to St. Ann de Beaupre helpless and incurable, and who returned cured and whole. The principal case is that of a young woman, who had not walked for three years and four months. She is a native of Aylmer, near Ottawa, and is twenty-one years of age. Some years ago an injury happened to her knee, which deprived her of the use of the leg and obliged her to go on crutches. She had the services of the Hon. Dr. Church and Drs. Woods and Prevost, but all their medical science was of no avail. The

evil became worse, and during the past three years the young woman had to be carried on a litter. Finally, as a last resource, she resolved on paying a visit to the sacred shrine of St. Anne, and made preparations to accompany the Ottawa pilgrimage, which was under the direct supervision of His Lordship Mgr. Duhamel and several prominent members of the clergy. We will allow the favored pilgrim to tell the story of her miraculous cure in her own simple words, the truth of which is vouched for by the most reliable authorities: "Well, you see," said the cured girl, "I was borne on the train at Aylmer by four men with a litter. My leg was completely useless and would swing helplessly from side to side or twist around. When we got to the Church of St. Anne de Beaupre, those of the party worst afflicted were first brought to the altar railings to receive the blessed sacrament. I was carried in and placed fourth railing from the end. I had scarcely knelt a moment when a strange feeling came over me. It was as if a great weight had been taken off my heart. I received the Sacrament, and remained kneeling, directing my prayers to St. Anne for nearly an hour, when all at once I rose up and walked away. I got up as instinctively as if I never had anything the matter; in fact when I rose from the railing I forgot that my leg had been bad, and was not fully cognizant till I found myself walking."

The second and third miraculous cures took place on board the Richelieu steamer, on the return trip from St. Anne to Montreal. One was little Miss Burns, aged six, of Ottawa. This child was a cripple and never had been able to walk, and was only able to move her legs with difficulty. The Rev. Father Labelle, who accompanied the pilgrims, thus relates the miraculous event: — "As we were coming into port we all joined in singing the *Te Deum* in thankfulness for our successful pilgrimage. The little girl, who had evinced a wonderful faith, all through the pilgrimage, was leaning on her crutches, when suddenly she walked away, leaving them behind. They are now on the boat. She walked up to the depot to take the train for Ottawa, and she is now thoroughly cured. The third miraculous cure was that of a little boy of about the same age as Miss Burns. "He had never had the proper use of his legs — he was in fact paralyzed." On reaching Montreal Father Labelle told him to offer another and final prayer to St. Anne. "Talk to her," said he, "as if you were talking to your own mother." The clergyman left him alone to his devotions for some moments, when the child came to him walking and perfectly cured. He, too, left his crutches on the boat.

Biography of a Mosquito.

If the mosquito were a very rare insect, found only in some far-off country, we should look upon it as one of the most curious of living creatures, and read its history with wonder — that an animal could live two such very different lives, one in the water and the other in the air. We speak of the mosquito as if there were but one, while really there are over thirty different kinds, all, however, having similar habits, so that a description of one answers for all. The female mosquito lays her eggs on the water. She forms a little boat, gluing the eggs together side by side, until she has from 250 to 350 thus fastened together. The boat or raft

is oval in shape, highest at the ends, and floats away merrily for a few days. The eggs then hatch and the young mosquito enters the water, where the early part of its life is to be passed. You can find the young insects in this, their larval stage, in pools of fresh water, or even in a tub of rain water which has been standing uncovered for a few days. They are called wrigglers, on account of the droll way in which they jerk about the water. They feed upon very minute creatures, and also upon decaying vegetable matter. Near the tail the wriggler has a tube through which it breathes. If you approach the pool or tub very quietly, you can see them in great numbers, heads downward, with their breathing tube above the surface. If you make the least disturbance, they will scamper down into deep water. After wriggling about for two weeks, and changing their skins several times the larva becomes a pupa.

You know that most insects in the pupa state do not move, but take a sleep of greater or less length. Not so the lively little mosquito. In its pupa state it becomes a big-headed creature which does not eat. It moves about quite rapidly, but not with the same wriggling motion; it now has a pair of paddles at its tail end, and takes in air through tubes near the head. In five or ten days the mosquito ends its life in the water, and becomes a winged insect. The pupa comes to the surface, and the skin cracks open on the back, allowing first its head and chest to come forth, finally the legs, wings and rest. This is a most trying moment in the life of the insect; if a slight puff of wind should upset it before the wings are dry, it will surely drown; only a small proportion of the whole number succeed in safely leaving the pupa case, the greater share become food for the fishes. If the wings once get fairly dry, then the insect can sail away, humming its tiny song of gladness. How does it sing? Perhaps when you heard its note at night you did not stop to consider. It is a point which has puzzled many naturalists, and it is not certainly known how the note is produced, but probably the rapid motion of the wings and the vibration of the muscles of the chest are both concerned in it. The most interesting part about the insect — the "business part," as some one has called it — is its sting, or sucker. This is not a simple, sharp-pointed tube, but consists of six parts, which lay together in a sheath, and are used as one. How sharp these must be to go through our skin so easily! After the puncture is made, it then acts as a sucker to draw up the blood. The insect which visits us is the female. We rarely see the male mosquito. Blood is not necessary to the existence of the mosquito, and probably but a small share of them ever taste it. The countries in which mosquitoes live in greatest numbers — actual clouds — are not inhabited, and there are but few animals.

The Cholera.

Dr. John Roche, an English physician who has had remarkable experiences, gives as his conclusion that cholera is purely and simply a specific fever, only inferior in its ravages to yellow fever, and closely allied to it. Cholera has a period of incubation varying from two to fourteen days: prone to attack the enervated and those subject to depression from any cause. It is contagious, and liable to occur periodically about every ten years in some parts of India. It seems to have visited the British Isles about every sixteen years, and as the period has elapsed since the last outbreak, it is more than likely to occur this year. Those persons who indulge in no enervating habits, and take nothing internally which would arrest the secretions nor too drastically stimulate them, and partake of nothing which is highly fermentable, may safely feel that they are cholera-proof during an epidemic.

Our Young Folks.

FOUR LITTLE MISCHIEFS.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TIN WHISTLES.

"I say, Bunko," said Jock, "wouldn't it be fun if we were to pretend to be a band coming round to play under the windows?"

"Oh! wouldn't it?" said Bunko; "but how could we do it, Jock? Nobody would believe we were a band. And we haven't got any instruments. And if we had we can't play them."

"You're a duffer," said Jock. "If you don't care for the fun, I'll do it all by myself."

"You couldn't be a band all by yourself," said Bunko.

"Couldn't I!" said Jock. "People can do anything if they only make up their minds to it. I've learned that much. That's the way everything great gets done in the world."

And Jock set up his little nose as high in the air as possible, and looked as if he was determined to be a Wellington or a William Tell.

Bunko was conquered. "I will be a band, too," he said, "if you will give me something to play on."

"Of course I will," said Jock. "I know what I am about. You might have been sure I would not ask you to be a band without giving you something to play."

"Where will you get instruments?"

"I'll tell you all about it. Sam has promised to buy me two tin whistles, fine long ones with plenty of holes; and anybody can play a tin whistle."

"Oh! yes," said Bunko, a little disappointed. He had been thinking of clarionets and violoncelios.

"Then Sam is to get us two of the men's jackets and hats to dress up in. We will pull the hats over our eyes and the people will never know us. They will come out and give us pennies, and won't it be fun?"

"Awful fun!" said Bunko. "What shall we do with the pennies?"

"Oh! I don't know," said Jock. "Save them up till we can think of something."

For two days the little boys could not think of anything but this plot of theirs for having "awful fun."

Sam had secret meetings with them in a corner of the barn, and promised on his word of honor not to tell anyone what was going to happen. Jock walked about with his head very high, and the air of a man who had a great deal on his mind; and Bunko was always going off into sudden explosions of laughter about nothing, in a way that astonished Nurse.

Sam was as good as his word, and the two tin whistles and the two men's jackets and hats were left for the boys, at the appointed hour, in a dark nook in the barn. Just after the sun had set, when the twilight was creeping on, Jock and Bunko stole into the barn and found the treasures waiting for them.

"O! I say, Jock, this hat is far too big."

"Of course it will be too big," said Jock; "but who will notice that?"

"Oh! I say, look here! How can they help noticing this? And I should have no mouth to blow with!"

There stood Bunko with the hat down over his face, covering all his head down to his chin.

"You *are* such a little fellow, Bunko. I never thought you were so small before. Let us see. Here, I will tie my handkerchief about your head, and that will fill you up a bit. There, that is a trifle better. Can you see?"

"I can just blink up a little," said Bunko; "but my mouth is out at

any rate. Where's my jacket? Now I am all right."

"These hats are very strange ones," said Jock; "I think Sam must have gone to the biggest men in the place to borrow them. It wasn't fair of him."

Jock had put on his own hat, and felt himself swallowed up in it.

"Oh, Jock! you look exactly like Papa's umbrella when we hung his hat on the handle," cried Bunko.

"Do I?" said Jock, crestfallen. "Can you lend me your handkerchief, Bunko? I must tie it on, as I tied mine on you."

"Now, I think we will do," said Jock, having, like Bunko, got his mouth out of the hat. "You know the light is not very clear now, and they won't see anything wrong. Strolling-band boys are never very well dressed, I suppose."

"Not in the country, I believe," said Bunko. "In London the bands always wear good clothes."

"We'll pretend we left our good clothes in London, and brought these old ones into the country because of the dust."

"Yes, indeed. People will easily understand that," said Bunko.

"We had better go now," said Jock, "before it gets too dark for them to see us."

"Where shall we go first?" said Bunko.

"I think under Mrs. Dale's parlor window," said Jock. "She isn't so sharp as Nurse, and she won't know us so well."

Off they went, feeling very sheepish, though they would not acknowledge it to each other. However, they plucked up courage, and, not meeting any one, they arrived at Mrs. Dale's window and stood there, and put their whistles to their mouths.

The first sounds that came were very faint indeed.

"Nobody will ever hear that," said Jock in an undertone. "Do make more noise, Bunko."

"I am making all the noise I can, Jock," whispered Bunko, and the he blew a shrill note, enough to se one's teeth on edge."

"That's better," said Jock. "Now let us blow loud together."

"What is that dreadful squeaking noise?" said Mrs. Dale to her dairymaid, with whom she was going over accounts in the parlor.

"'Tain't none of the animals, ma'am," said the dairymaid. "It's too near for the pigs."

"Just look out of the window and see," said Mrs. Dale.

"Oh goodness!" said the dairymaid, "if it ain't two little strange figures as ever I see, playing on whistles!"

Mrs. Dale left her seat at the table and came to the window.

"Poor little chaps!" she said, "I suppose they belong to tramps."

"Same tramps as stole Mrs. Green's children's shoes and stockings," said the dairymaid. "I'll go and hunt 'em away."

"No, Susan, have patience a little. Perhaps the poor children are hungry. Oh, my ears. Did you ever hear such squeaking?"

Mrs. Dale threw open the window, and the boys drew back for fear of being recognized.

"What do you want, my lads?" said Mrs. Dale.

"Penny, ma'am. Hungry, ma'am," said Jock, not venturing to say many words.

"Well, here is a penny. You ought to be at home in your beds. Where do you live, and have you a mother?"

"London, ma'am. Mother's in London, ma'am."

At this Bunko nearly exploded with laughter, but Jock nudged him.

"Don't be unkind to your little brother," said Mrs. Dale. "I daresay he's tired to death. Dear, dear, Susan! to think of a mother sending her children tramping the roads from London with nothing but tin whistles to depend on for their daily bread!"

"Oh, ma'am! you're too soft,"

said Susan. "Don't be too quick to believe the likes of 'em."

"Are you hungry, my boys? Would you like some supper?" asked Mrs. Dale.

"Don't bring them in here!" cried Susan. "As likely as not they belong to thieves."

"Throw us a bit of bread, ma'am," cried Jock.

Mrs. Dale, longing to bring them into the house, but afraid of Susan, and of her husband, who would be in presently, went to a cupboard and threw them half a loaf out of the window. Jock caught it and took a great bite out of it, and then gave a bite to Bunko.

"Poor children! They have no more manners than a pair of little wolves. Poor neglected children!" said Mrs. Dale sorrowfully.

"Oh! ma'am, there's more than manners astray with them," said Susan. "I knows the sort of 'em. Not a bit hungry, I'll swear, for all their bites."

"Where are you going to sleep to-night, my boys?" asked Mrs. Dale at the window.

"Somewheres about here," said Jock, and again Bunko nearly exploded with laughter.

"There, now," said Susan; "here's a nice thing to be thinking about in our beds. They belong to a nest of tramps, ma'am, as is harboring and hankering about this place."

Just as she spoke the parlor door opened and Nurse Green came in.

"Oh, Mrs. Dale!" she said, "I am so uneasy; my two boys have never come home this evening."

"Don't be uneasy, Mrs. Green," said Mrs. Dale; "Farmer has them, I'll be bound. He hasn't come home neither, hasn't Mr. Dale, to-night."

Jock and Bunko had heard Nurse's voice through the window, and slipped away round to the other side of the house, where they stood still again, and began playing their whistles under the nursery window.

Kitty and Rosie were at the window in their night-gowns in a moment.

"Oh, Nana! do come here and look. Here are two such queer-looking boys, such little boys in big clothes playing whistles just below!"

"It isn't nice music," said Rosie.

"Oh, my! what screeching!" said Nana.

"Well, poor fellows! I suppose they never learned any better," said Kitty. "They're doing it for pennies; and perhaps they have nowhere to go. What will they do when it gets quite dark?"

"Squeak, squeak, squeak!" went the two tin whistles, and Nana opened the window to send the boys away.

"Here's a penny, boys, and run away with you. Boys like you ought to be in bed."

The boys caught the pennies and shook their heads. They were afraid to speak here lest they should be known at once.

In the meantime Farmer Dale had come home and entered the parlor where Nurse and Mrs. Dale and Susan were talking about Jock and Bunko. When they saw Mr. Dale come in without them Nurse uttered a cry of anxiety.

"Oh! Mr. Dale, haven't you got my boys? My last hope has been that they were with you."

"Haven't seen them since the afternoon," said Mr. Dale, looking very grave. "Don't mean to say they're lost?"

Nurse wrung her hands. "Where ought we to go to look for them?" she said. "I haven't seen them for an hour. Last I saw of them they were playing under the trees before the house."

"Perhaps those two little tramps might have seen them," said Susan. "Oh, gracious! they're gone."

"Tramps?" said Mr. Dale. "Are there tramps about?"

"Children's shoes and stockings were stolen the other day," said Susan, "and this evening comes two

rascally-looking little boys playing screechy tin whistles for pennies right up to the window. There's a nest of them somewheres in the neighborhood or I'm not a Christian girl!"

"Maybe you're not, Susan," said Mrs. Dale severely, "for you were as hard as flints on them poor little harmless lads."

"I don't like to hear of tramps, however," said Farmer Dale.

"Oh, Mr. Dale!" cried Nurse, "don't say they have stolen my boys! Oh! what will become of me, and what shall I say to their mother?"

"Don't take on, Mrs. Green, till we see a little further," said Farmer Dale. "I will go round and look for the penny whistlers, and see if anything is to be got from them."

The farmer went out of doors, and the women followed him. As soon as they turned the corner of the gable they all heard the tin whistles screeching and squealing away.

"They're not gone, anyhow," said Susan, darting forward.

"Here, you young rascals," she cried; "come here and speak to the master."

As soon as Jock and Bunko heard this, and saw the farmer and Mrs. Dale and Nurse all coming up to them, they turned on their heels and flew as fast as they could away across the grass and among the trees. They had not intended to be caught like this, but meant to have left the hats and coats in the barn when they had had enough fun, and to have come in quietly and heard all about the travelling band. So now they ran their best to get away and hide; but Farmer Dale rushed after them.

"There!" cried Susan, "I knew they were at the bottom of it. You'll see if they don't belong to the tramps that has stole your boys, Mrs. Green."

Nurse Green groaned a heavy groan, and cast up her eyes as she thought of the wickedness of the world.

Meantime, as Jock and Bunko fled, they found the farmer overtaking them, and trying to make more speed they dashed against one another and both rolled over on the grass. The hats that were so large flew off their heads and trundled away, and there lay the boys kicking up their heels and laughing wildly.

The farmer gave a loud shout, and all the women came running to see what was the matter.

"Susan was right," roared the farmer. "Sure enough they be the tramps that knows all about your boys, Mrs. Green. It's your boys, as usual, that has been making old fools of us all!"

"Why, it's never Jock and Bunko themselves!" cried Nurse, coming up. "Oh! you dreadful boys, I've always said you would be the death of me yet some day;" and Nurse sat down on the trunk of a tree and looked ready to cry.

"It's all right, Nurse, and we've had a jolly bit of fun!" cried Jock. "There, there! don't faint!" and he began to fan her furiously with the end of her own mantle.

Of course Nurse Green gave Jock and Bunko a good lecture before they went to bed that night; but all the same there was great fun over the whole story next morning in the nursery, and Kitty was never tired hearing about how they managed it all, and admiring Sam's kindness in lending them the coats and hats.

CHAPTER XIII.

KITTY WASHES AND IRONS HER PINAFORE.

Poppie and Bet had now got holidays at their school and were at home all day, so that they were able to have many a merry game with Kitty and Rosie. They were also very useful to their mother, and Kitty was much surprised to see how many clever things Poppie, who was the eldest, could do about the house.

She could broil a chop as nicely as any cook, could make bread and puddings with only a little help, and knew

how to wash and iron her own pinafores. Kitty looked on with astonishment and admiration as her little friend cleverly performed these wonders.

"But you know I am bigger than you," said Poppie. "I am two years older, and ever so much taller and stronger of my age."

"Yes," said Kitty, "I am small and thin." It was the first time she had thought of her thinness as a misfortune.

"Still you might learn to do a great deal," said Poppie. "I had to begin younger than you."

"But there's Nurse, who wouldn't hear of it," said Kitty. "You've no idea. She won't even let me dress myself. And then at home in our house there is somebody to do everything. I don't get the least chance to be useful."

Poppie laughed. "If I were a little lady, I should think it great fun to have people waiting on me."

"No, you wouldn't," said Kitty. "It isn't nice at all. I am sure it is far better fun to have to do things yourself."

"Well, I think mother would teach you some things; and perhaps Mrs. Green would give you leave to learn."

"I will ask, I will ask!" cried Kitty clapping her hands above her head in glee; and away she went to look for Mrs. Dale, who was picking peas in the garden. At first Kitty could not find her.

"Mrs. Dale, Mrs. Dale!" cried Kitty. "I want you so much. Oh! Mrs. Dale."

Mrs. Dale was sitting in between the long rows of green peas, with a round open basket on her knees, half-filled with pea-pods, and a large white sun-bonnet on her head, protecting it from the sun.

"I'm here, my dear, I'm here!" she called in answer to Kitty's impatient summons. "What do you want with me?"

"Oh! Mrs. Dale, I want you to teach me to wash and cook like Poppie."

"But, my dear, Poppie is a farmer's child who will have to work always to help her parents. You most likely will not want to cook and iron, but will have other things to do."

"No matter, Mrs. Dale. It can't be any harm to learn to do things, can it? And, oh! it would be so nice. You can't think how I long to wash."

Mrs. Dale laughed. "Well, we will see about it," she said. "I can't say I think you are wrong this time, and work is better than mischief any day. What would you think of beginning by helping me to shell these peas?"

"Oh! I should like it of all things," said Kitty. "Will you really let me do it?"

"Gladly, my child. I don't think Nurse will object to such clean work as that."

Kitty was set up in a sunny window of the nice clean kitchen, with a large white apron tied under her chin and round her waist, and with two dishes before her, one containing the unshelled peas, and the other to hold the peas that came out of their shells. She did her task so nicely, that Mrs. Dale was greatly pleased, and promised to give her other bits of work to do.

To wash and iron something was the most earnest desire of Kitty's heart; and the next morning she wakened quite early, about five o'clock, and heard Mrs. Dale go downstairs past the door of the room she slept in. Up got Kitty and dressed herself as well as she could. She was not in the habit of doing this, and she did not find it quite easy. She put on her stockings with the heels to the front, where they stood up in little bags on her instep; however, she buttoned her shoes over them and thought they would do.

"It is no matter at all," she thought, "if I can only walk downstairs in them."

Then she had to put on her petti-

coat the wrong way and fasten it up the front, because her little hands could not manage to tie the strings behind. "But nobody will see that," said Kitty to herself, "when my frock is put over it."

The frock had to be fastened behind, but Kitty thought Mrs. Dale would stand her friend in this difficulty; and so having said her prayers, she seized a soiled white pinafore which she had worn the day before, and armed with it, tripped downstairs as softly and quickly as she could.

"Oh! dear Mrs. Dale," she said, running into the kitchen, "will you be so kind as to fasten my frock up the back? I shan't be able to do anything while it keeps flapping open!"

Mrs. Dale looked in astonishment at the rather wild little figure, and then laughed heartily. In a few minutes she put Kitty to rights and made her look as neat as usual.

"And now, my dear, will you tell me what has brought you out of your bed at this hour? Even Poppie will not be up for another hour."

"Oh! Mrs. Dale, I want to wash. You know you said you would see about it. And when my mamma at home says she will see about it, we always know she is going to do it for us. And you are just the same. You said 'perhaps,' and your perhapses always come true."

"I never did see such a child to coax," said Mrs. Dale; "but what will Mrs. Green say?"

"Oh! Nurse is always pleased enough when things are *well over*," said Kitty. "When she sees that I have washed my pinafore and am quite clean after it, and not sloppy, she will be as pleased, as pleased. You'll see, Mrs. Dale, if you let me try."

"Well, my dear, I'll take the chance, not to vex your little heart. If more little ladies learned to be useful, I don't say but it would be a very good thing."

"I've brought a pinafore, Mrs. Dale, and you see all I want is some water and soap."

The end of it was that Mrs. Dale took her out into the wash-house, where all was nice and orderly, and set her to work. First she placed a large brown earthenware pan on a broad bench and half filled it with warm water. Then she placed Kitty standing on a low stool at the pan, all tied up in a huge kitchen apron of strong material, and gave her a piece of soap not too large for her mites of hands. Plop went the pinafore into the water, and Kitty's cup of happiness was full.

Mrs. Dale showed her how to rub the soap on the pinafore, and then to rub the pinafore till it grew by degrees whiter and whiter. Mrs. Dale gave it a few strong rubs with her own hands, which Kitty did not quite like, as she was greatly afraid it would get clean too soon, and that her joy would come to an end.

"That will do, Mrs. Dale, thank you," said Kitty. "I know quite well all about it now. *Do* just go away, Mrs. Dale, for a while, and you shall see how white I will make it."

Then Kitty worked away all by herself, and she thought that no play she ever made was half so delightful as this washing.

"When I am grown up," she thought, "I will ask papa and mamma to let me be a washerwoman."

When Mrs. Dale saw that the pinafore was looking pretty white, she fetched some fresh water, in which it got a second washing.

"Oh! it is as white as snow, Mrs. Dale," cried Kitty. "What must I do with it now?"

Mrs. Dale then brought a pan with a little starch and blue in the water, and in this Kitty rinsed the pinafore nicely. And then, after passing through some clear water once again, the pinafore was wrung out carefully and slightly dried, while a small smoothing-iron was getting heated in the fire.

"Now, Kitty, you have done this very well," said Mrs. Dale, "and have not splashed much; but I must tell you I am much more afraid of the iron for you than of the soap and water."

"Oh! Mrs. Dale, I will be so careful!"

Mrs. Dale then placed her kneeling on a chair at the ironing-table, on which she spread first a blanket, and afterwards a snow-white cloth. Next came the pinafore, and was stretched, just a little damp, quite flat on the white cloth. And last of all came the hot iron, with a little iron-stand to hold it. The handle of the iron was all rolled up in cloths to keep it from feeling too hot in the hand.

Kitty's eyes glowed with eagerness, but she was as grave and quiet as possible. She knew that this ironing was a much more serious business than the washing.

After running the iron all over the pinafore once, Mrs. Dale allowed Kitty to take it in her own hand, and and to try and do with it what she had done. Mrs. Dale would not leave her now, but stood by watching to see that nothing was burnt.

"Don't let it stand on any one spot," said Mrs. Dale," "keep running it all over as I did."

Kitty took great pains to do as she was bid, and as the pinafore got drier and drier, the ironing got easier. At last it was quite done, and looked wonderfully well.

"And you didn't do much of it, now did you, Mrs. Dale? Oh! Nurse will never believe it."

"She will get a great surprise, I am sure," said Mrs. Dale. "Now we will hang the pinafore on a rail before the fire to air, and you shall have some breakfast with me in my parlor. My tea is just made, and I have got some honey for you."

Kitty jumped up and hugged Mrs. Dale, who then took off the huge apron, and there was Kitty as tidy as if nothing had happened.

They then went into the parlor, where the windows were open and the flowers all looking in, and Kitty had a large cup of milk with a little tea in it, and a great deal of cream, and a large piece of scone with honey on it.

"Oh! it has been such a good morning, dear Mrs. Dale," said Kitty with sparkling eyes. "And oh! I want you to promise me something in a great, great secret. When I am a real grown up washerwoman I mean to come and live here in a cottage. And you will give me all your washing, won't you, Mrs. Dale?"

Mrs. Dale laughed till the tears came into her eyes. "That I will, my dear, as soon as you are ready to take it," she said heartily. And now run upstairs with your pinafore, for Nurse will get a fright if she finds your bed empty, and does not know where you have gone."

Off flew Kitty, and burst into the nursery.

"Look at my pinafore! Look at my pinafore!" she cried, shaking it at Nurse Green. "It's the very one I wore last evening, and you said I had got it in a mess. I washed it and ironed it myself this morning."

"The child is gone out of her mind," said Nurse.

"I knew you would say something like that," said Kitty; "But Mrs. Dale is going to tell you all about it."

To be Continued.

"I DON'T LIKE YOU."

"Alice," said Aunt Grace, "keep off that bed of pansies." Alice was nearly three years old, and had not yet learned that every thing in life does not happen to be just the thing we like, so Alice walked across the bed of pansies.

Aunt Grace paused in the centre of the large gravelled garden-path and called —

"Alice, come here, dear."

Back came Alice, exactly as she had gone, straight over the bed of pansies.

Aunt Grace was justly provoked. "You naughty child, did I not tell you to keep off the flowers." "Yes, Anntie," was the demure reply.

"And why did you not keep off them then?"

"Tause you see, de clay is soffer nor de gravel, Auntie, ole dravel hurs my fees."

"That is no matter, you disobedient child. I will punish you severely if you walk on the flowers again," Aunt Grace said, and she looked as if she meant it.

Alice looked at her in surprised indignation.

"I all'us doos fot I like athome," she said, "an' I don't like this nassy ole place at all, an' — an' I don't like you *vorse*.

This was meant to be very emphatic, but Alice was rubbing her eyes, and keeping back the tears, so that her words were not very distinct, and Aunt Grace, did not quite catch her meaning, so she softened towards the tiny culprit.

"Well, be a good child, and I shall not punish you," Aunt Grace said, and taking Alice's hand, they walked to the house.

"Auntie, I wants dat ittle sicken to put in my buzzie," was Alice's next speech, as a large hen with her pretty yellow flock came pecking around.

"You cannot get it, Alice, the poor little chicken would die," Aunt Grace explained.

Alice immediately pouted, "Vel, I vants it, an' I don't like you."

Rover the house dog, was eating some biscuits outside of his kennel.

"I vants to play vid Rover, and eat dat bister," said Alice.

"You musn't go near Rover, he would bite you, and dog-biscuit is not good for children," Aunt Grace replied, shortly.

"'Tis good fen I likes it, an' I don' like you *vorse and vorse*," Alice very emphatically declared, as they went on to the house, and straight to the pantry, where Aunt Grace was occupied for some moments.

Alice caught hold of a canister of cayenne pepper, and cried out joyfully,—

"Oh, Auntie, dis is a drand smenin bottle, oh, take a smenin, Auntie."

"Oh, no, Alice dear," Auntie cried, in alarm, "it would hurt you, put it away at once dear."

"I don' like you," Alice shouted more vehemently than ever. I vil smen it and eat it too.

"Very well do so," said Aunt Grace really vexed, as she went on coolly with her work, and left Alice to her own devices.

True to her word Alice took taste and smell at the same time, but if one could judge by the kicking, screaming, and cries of distress which proceeded from the pantry and rang through the house, Alice liked the pepper even less than Aunt Grace, who had at least allowed her for once to do "what she liked."

A Miracle. — In connection to the pilgrimages this year to Lourdes a very remarkable story has been told. M. Lasserre, a French journalist, states that he had nearly lost the use of his eyes. After vainly trying the remedies proposed by his medical advisers he was, almost against his own convictions, prevailed upon by a friend to go to Lourdes. This friend was M. de Freycinet, a Protestant. M. Lasserre went to Lourdes, prayed for the recovery of his sight, and, at last fully believing that a miracle would be accomplished in his behalf, applied a towel dipped in the waters to his eyes and forehead. He says that he was "almost terrified by the result." Two minutes after the water had been applied, he found himself cured, and since then he has had no return of the painful affection of which he had been the victim.

Useful Knowledge.

Boy Inventors.—How the steam-valve and power loom come to be. Some of the most important inventions have been the work of boys. The invention of the valve motion to the steam-engine was made by a mere boy. Newcome's engine was in a very incomplete condition, from the fact that there was no way to open or close the the valves except by means of levers operated by the hand. He set up an engine at one of the mines, and a boy, Humphrey Potter, was hired to work these valve-levers. Although this was not hard work, yet it required his constant attention. As he was working the levers he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the same time he had to open or close the valves. He procured a strong cord and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine, and the other end to the valve-lever, and the boy then had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion. A short time after, the foreman came round and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine, he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of so great an invention. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put in a practical form, and made the steam-engine an automatic working machine.

The Sun Cholera Mixture.—Now that it has been ascertained that the cholera which has appeared in Egypt is the genuine Asiatic article, from which the worst is to be feared should its march eastward not be stayed by strict quarantine regulations, cholera prescriptions are in great demand by correspondents, who write to the editor as if he were a personal friend and the family physician. For more than forty years what is known as "The Sun cholera medicine" has stood the test of experience as the best remedy for looseness of the bowels ever yet devised. As was once vouched for by the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "no one who has this by him and takes it in time will ever have the cholera." Even when no cholera is anticipated it is an excellent thing for the ordinary summer complaints, colic, diarrhœa, dysentery, &c., and we have no hesitation in commending it. Here it is: Take equal parts of tincture of cayeene, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubard, essence of peppermint, and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose, fifteen to thirty drops in a wine-glass of water, according to age and violence of attack. Repeat every fifteen or twenty minutes until relief is obtained.

Two Cheap Medicines.—When weary we should rest; when exhausted we should sleep. To resort to stimulants is suicidal; what weary men need, is sleep. What exhausted women need, is sleep. The lack of sleep produces neuralgia, paralysis and insanity. Many a person dies for want of sleep; and the point where many a sufferer turns his back from the gates of death to the open path of life is where he sinks to sleep. Of almost every sick man it may be said, as of Lazarus, "If he sleep he shall do well." Another excellent medicine is sunshine. The world requires more of it, morally and physically. It is more soothing than morphine, and more potent than poppies. It is good for liver complaint, for neuralgia, for rheumatism, for melancholy—for everything. Make your rooms sunny and cheerful; build your houses so as to command the sunlight all day long.

Ice for Teething Children.—The pain of teething may be almost done away, and the health of the child benefitted by giving it fine splinters of ice, picked off with a pin to melt in its mouth. The fragment is so small that it is but a drop of warm water before it can be swallowed, and the child has all the coolness for its feverish gums without the slightest injury. The avidity with which the little things taste the cooling morsel, the instant quiet succeeds hours of fretfulness, and the sleep which follows the relief, are the best witnesses to this magic remedy. Ice may be fed to a three-months' child this way; each splinter being no larger than a common pin, for five or ten minutes; the result being that it has swallowed in that time a teaspoonful of warm water, which, so far from being a harm is good for it, and the process may be repeated hourly as often as the fretting fits from teething begin.

Standing on the Head.—Mothers may well counsel their boys not to change their natural position in this respect, since serious evils arise from a flow of the blood to the brain, to say nothing of other dangers from this unnatural position, including accidents from violent efforts. Let it be borne in mind, also, that all jars of the brain, by blows on the head or otherwise, are dangerous, often laying the foundation for brain disease, so often regarded as causeless.

Sitting on Cold Ground.—All mothers may not know the danger, after violent exercise, while in perspiration, of sitting on the wet or cold ground or stones, by which the large nerve which runs to the lower limbs is injured, occasionally resulting in paralysis of the limb. The danger of colds is a general one, while that of injury to this nerve is sufficient to induce mothers to warn their children.

The Humorist.

"WHAT makes your face so red?" said an inspecting general to a hard-drinking soldier. "It's modesty," replied the soldier; "I always blush when spoken to by a general."

"SEE here, wife, you indulge that boy too much. He is a perfect mule." "Oh, husband, please don't accuse our poor boy of having an ass for a father." The old man was silent.

"HENRY, why don't you keep a supply of cloves in your pocket?" said a young lady to her escort at the theatre, recently; "you wouldn't then have to run out after every act, and I don't see why you are so awful fond of cloves, anyhow!"

AT a wedding where the bride was very dilatory in arriving at the church, a lady remarked concerning the affair: "Well, the idea of that woman being late in getting here, when she has been waiting twenty-six years for just such a chance."

HANS ON "DOT MOSQUITER." — Hans went to the country for a few days' recreation, but returned on the early morning train. When asked why he did so, he said: "Dot mosquiter vos a grade pird. He vas vun of dese pecoollar gases dot ven you got him he don't vas dere. Id vas alvays youst the same vay. Ven you slap him you alvays shtrike de blace dot he vos youst left already. He vos got a fine voice, doo, und vhen he sings you some leedle songs, you don't could vent to shleep right away for more as a couple of hours already."

"LOOK here, squire, where was yeou born?" said a persistent Yankee to a five minutes' acquaintance. "I was born," said the victim, "in Boston, Tremont street, No. 44, left-hand side, on the first day of August, 1820, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon; physician, Doctor Warren; nurse, Sally Benjamin." The Yankee was answered completely. For a moment he was stuck. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he quickly said: "Wa-al, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or a brick house, dew you?"

THE TALE OF TWO STRIKES. — "Johnny, hurry up, and get ready to go to school, or you'll be too late." "I ain't goin', mother." "Not going! And why not?" "I've struck." "Struck! What do you mean by that?" "Why, didn't pap read in the paper last night about persons strikin', and said it was right for the oppressed to strike?" "And I hope you do not call yourself oppressed, do you?" "Of course, am. If a fellow doesn't want to go to school, and his mother makes him go, isn't he oppressed?" "So, you have struck, have you? Well, I'll see if I can strike, too." And just as soon as Johnny saw his mother reaching for the strap, his first strike came to an end, for he darted out of the house, and was down to the schoolhouse in a twinkling.

ON MISS ANNIE BREAD.

"*Toast* any girl but her," said Ned —
"With every other flutter —
I'll be content with *Annie Bread*,
And won't have any *but her*."

"WHAT do you do with sick people when they can't sleep?" asked an English physician, travelling in the East, of an Arab doctor. "We set them to watch the camels," was the laconic reply.

YOUR daughter graduates this month, Mr. Thistlepod?" "Yes, she'll be home about the 20th, I reckon." "And your son graduates, also?" "Oh, yes; he'll come home about the same time." "And what are they going to do?" "Well," said the old man, thoughtfully, "I don't just exactly know what they do want to drive at, but Marthy she writes that she wants to continue her art studies on the Continent; so I think I'll send her to Greece in the dairy and let her do a little plain modelling in butter; and Sam, he says he's got to go abroad and polish up a little, and, as good luck will have it, he'll be at home just in time to spread himself on the grindstone and put an edge on the cradle-blades against the wheat harvest." And the old man smiled to think that he hadn't thrown money away when he sent his children to school.

A LAWYER, retained in a case of assault and battery, was cross-examining a witness in relation to the force of a blow struck: "What kind of a blow was given?" "A blow of the common kind." "Describe the blow." "I am not good at description." "Show me what kind of a blow it was." "I cannot." "You must." "I won't." The lawyer appealed to the court. The court told the witness that, if the counsel insisted upon his showing what kind of a blow it was he must do so. "Do you insist upon it?" asked the witness. "I do." "Well, then, since you compel me to show you, it was this kind of a blow!" at the same time suiting the action to the word, and knocking over the astonished disciple of Coke upon Littleton. When the lawyer rose to his feet, he said he did not wish to ask the witness any more questions.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1883.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE PAPAL LETTERS AND IRELAND.—That prince of diplomatists, Tallyrand, allowed his mail to remain unopened for a month, when, as he said, he found most of the business about which letters were written, had settled itself. There was entirely too much talk about the Pope's Irish letters, which, addressed solely to the Episcopate, had no reference except very remotely to the people at large. Michael Davitt in a letter to a Philadelphia Journal speaks of Irish clericalism — that is the influence of a portion of the Irish priesthood and Episcopate with decidedly English sympathies. This is nothing new. There have always been such men, but they have been in the minority, and they have never exercised a marked influence upon the national life.

So far as Catholicity is concerned, the people of Ireland cannot be contrasted for an instant with the French people, with whom love of country has been felt in the same, and at home on a more emphatic and operative manner, than love of the Church. It is extremely doubtful whether, if the alternative, were set before the French to give up their country or the Catholic faith, they would not more readily abandon the latter. The fact is that no such alternative is ever thinkable. But men may exaggerate the importance even of religion. In no possible conjuncture, can patriotism be obliged to abandon the Catholic faith; and Ireland might expel the whole Episcopate as traitors, without surrendering an iota of the Catholic religion. The Pope as a temporal ruler, or the invader of a country, might lose his life in war, without the slightest detriment to the faith of the man that pulled the trigger.

We flatter ourselves that Catholic Ireland understands all this perfectly, and we have not the slightest fear that politics or agitation or clericalism or Dublin Castle or "our correspondent at the Vatican" can modify in the least, the deep rooted and intelligent Catholicity of the Irish people. With Tallyrand, we are disposed to let the letters "slide." The quiet work for Ireland will go on to its assured goal. The Atlantic is roused, and all the Mrs. Partingtons in the world cannot stop it with their brooms, even if made from the best of English or Italian heather.

THE LUTHER ANNIVERSARY.—It would be a good idea for our priests to deliver a lecture or a sermon on the Life and Character of Martin Luther, some time before the grand anniversary comes off, about this time, or any time up to October. No doubt the papers will be full of the Reformer; and a statue of him will be unveiled in the city of Washington. For those that read German there is a recent work, Jannsen's "History of the Middle Ages," which traces the Reformation to its true sources. Bossuet's "Variations," Audin's "Life," and Möhler's "Symbolik," will be found useful.

There is one trait of Luther's character and religion which would effectually "settle" him in American minds, and that is his rampant hatred of popular government, and his fiendish opposition to the Peasants' War, which was a struggle for liberty, carried out on the same lines as our own American Revolution. As our day deals rather with principles than with the private character of the man that enunciates them, we would suggest the presentation of Luther's ideas and teachings, rather than the scandalous excuses of his private life. We doubt whether the latter would much impress a mixed audience, or have much influence through the press. The very character of Luther — abhorrent as it is to higher Christian feeling — would rather tell in his favor in a corrupt generation. His drinking, his women, his bacchanal singing and swearing would not thrill the modern man with terror. But to show him as a fierce enemy of all modern ideas, popular government, tolerance of divergent opinions, and the advocate of intolerable despotisms and despots, would cool, in America, any ardor to reverence a man who would have been the first to condemn the basis upon which our Republic rests — the sovereignty and self-government of the people.

A NEW MONTHLY. — Messrs. Clarke Bros., of New York, have issued a new Magazine entitled, Dio Lewis's Monthly. It is full of interesting matter to the general reader, more particularly to the health of the softer sex. The price is only $2.50 a year.

THE article from the *The American Catholic Quarterly Review*, is worthy of special attention. It is one of the ablest of the many able articles that are appearing in our American Quarterly.

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA. — One day he was preaching to the people of the city of Rimini about repentance and a new life. They stopped their ears and would not hear him, which, St. Anthony seeing, he went to the seashore, and stretching forth his hand he said: "Hear me, ye fishes, for those unbelievers will not listen," and an infinite number of fishes, both great and small, lifted their heads above the water and listened to the sermon of the Saint in praise of their Creator.

WE hope our correspondent, J. V. REDDY, Esq. will give us more of "Old Virginny." We guarantee that our readers will "neber tire" of it.

CHARACTERISTIC OF QUEEN BESS. — It seems the Queen had a dispute with the Bishop of Ely, to whom she addressed the following note:

Proud Prelate. — I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement; but I would have you to know that *I who made you what you are, can unmake you, and if you do not forthwith fulfill your engagements, by G,* —— I will immediately unfrock you."

"Signed

"ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN."

MARTIN LUTHER believed the devil haunted his rooms. He threw his ink-bottle at his infernal Majesty one time, but he does not say whether it hit him or not. There were noises in his boxes and closets, which Luther never doubted came from his great enemy. When he heard the sounds, he made jokes at them and they ceased. "The devil," said Luther, "will bear anything better than be laughed at."

THE FOREIGN EXHIBITION was formally opened in this city on the 3d of September with great eclat. Saturday evening previous the members of the press, and others were invited to inspect the building, the goods of all nations, &c.

After a general look all round, a bountiful collation was provided by the management, which was partaken of with a will. There are exhibits from forty-five nations. Ireland comes in for a large share, the most prominent position in the great hall being devoted to the Irish exhibit. The first and most conspicuous object in the exhibition is a *fac-simile* of the Treaty-

stone of Limerick, in the centre front of the stage. A copy of the terms of the famous, or infamous, treaty — broken by England "ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry," — is attached to the pedestal. Immediately behind stands a Celtic cross from Callan, county Kilkenny, a reproduction, by Mr. James O'Shea, of the Callan Marble Works, of an ancient monumental cross, of which so many still remain in various parts of Ireland. There is a cabinet or ornaments in bog-oak, arbutus, and native gems; a collection of saddlery, state harnesses, &c; inlaid arbutus wood, fluid magnesia, camphor, and mineral waters and linen thread; Irish lace, medical preparations, whiskey, oatmeal and linens; specimens of the Women's Cottage Industries, founded within a year by Michael Davitt, and ably carried out by Miss Ada Yeats, of Carraroe, county Galway. They include crochet and needle-work, boys' and children's caps, Berlin jackets, babies' dresses, imitation Honiton point-lace trimmings, stockings, cuffs, mitts, fancy wool mats, and a multitude of other things, useful and ornamental, the work of the poor peasant women of the west of Ireland. Carraroe, where Miss Yeates commenced her labors in the West, contributes some tastefully executed pieces of children's crochet, out-of-door and evening costumes, handsomely trimmed with lace and silk, one of which is made by a child of seven years; two cushions, on which are liknesses of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt, embroidered, in silk on Irish poplin; and some pairs of babies' boots, worked by the nimble fingers of a child of five years.

Another department is entirely devoted to Ireland's splendid industry of woolen manufactures, which completes the strictly mechanical part of the exhibition. A miniature Irish jaunting car occupies one side of the last row; national statuary and paintings adorn the middle, and a large collection of Irish antiquities attracts attention on the left of the department. Among the latter are arrow and spear-heads of stone and bronze, "celts," smoking-pipes, finger-rings, and other ornaments, swords and javelins of other days, &c. There is also a lump of butter said to be 700 years old, which was found imbedded in a bog, with the finger-marks of the woman who made it plainly visible. The manufacturers of Ireland have at this exposition an excellent opportunity for the display of their wares before an appreciative and friendly community, and a great variety of other articles, too numerous to mention. It is the first time on record that Ireland has appeared as a distinct nationality in any exhibition outside the limits of its own country.

Mr. John Pearce, Commissioner to Ireland, has worked indefatigably to make the Irish exhibit a success, and in his labors he has had the cordial co-operation of the Mayors of Dublin, Cork, Limerick, and Belfast, and also that of Mr. Parnell and others of the Irish leaders who take a pride in showing to the world that Ireland is not lacking in workmen and workwomen of skill and ingenuity.

The exhibition will remain open until the 1st of December, at the Mechanics Building, Huntington Avenue, from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. Price of admission to the whole exhibition 50 cents.

THE THIRD ANNUAL EXPOSITION of the New England Manufacturers and Mechanics Institute opened auspiciously on the 5th of September. Coming so soon after the opening of the Foreign Exhibition, the interest manifested by our citizens in the first, naturally drew attention to our own industries. The day was all that could be desired. There was a grand procession, consisting of military, distinguished men from the South and West, and the foreign commissoners. In the procession Gov. Butler was the observed of all observers, and was lustily cheered by the thousands who assembled on the streets to witness the pageant.

The exhibition is now open day and evening. Price of admission, 50 cents.

HE rides at ease whom the Grace of God carries — *A'Kempis.*

THE POOR LANDLORDS.—The grievances of owners of encumbered estates in Ireland were expounded to Mr. Gladstone the other day, by a deputation representative of Irish landlords, which consisted of the Earl of Dunraven, Lord Lifford, Viscount Castletown, Colonel King-Harman, M. P., Mr. H. Villiers Stuart, M. P., and Mr. A. Loftus Tottenham, M. P. The deputation dwelt on the depreciation of the land, which had become in many districts practically unsaleable. There was imminent danger of mortgagees foreclosing, and the case was one in which loans of public money might be made for paying off mortgages, with advantage not only to individual landlords, but also to the country generally. In a large number of cases the

margin between the interest on the pecuniary obligations of landlords and their income had almost or altogether vanished. Mr. Gladstone expressed his sympathy, and said he regarded the subject as one that deserved the consideration of the cabinet.

Mary Trainor, a Pittsburgh girl, 19 years of age, lost her life a few days ago by a noble act of heroism. She was a domestic servant in the employ of Peter Bell. His little child wandered out on the railroad track, and hearing the train coming Miss Trainor rushed out and was horrified to see the little one almost in the jaws of death. She rushed to it, and succeeded in seizing it in her arms, and then attempted to retrace her steps. The train was too near, however, and throwing the child clear off the track she was struck and had her feet badly crushed. She was also injured about the head and body, and death ensued shortly after the rites of the church were administered.

In the decrees reaffirmed by the recent synod of the diocese of Toronto, Canada, it is declared that the Archbishop is not to be held responsible for any debts contracted by priests or building committees, except when he gives a legal document or mortgage or signs a note. When a priest gets spiritual faculties in the diocese he is not as a hired servant, but as a voluntary workman in God's vineyard; he is not to look to the bishop for salary, but to the people for whom he labors. Should he render himself unworthy and is deprived of his mission, he has no claim on the congregation or on the bishop. Priests are forbidden, without the permission of the bishop, to contract debts over $100, or to countersign notes, or to become security for anybody, or to receive money on deposit.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has recently received as a pious tribute to Peter's pence from five Catholics, not of Italian nationality, gifts amounting to two million francs. It is an open secret that one, if not two, of these handsome offerings were from English hands. One of these English Catholic offerings consisted of the magnificent sum of £20,000. These tributes, it is stated, were all offered to his Holiness, personally, at private audiences. But private tributes however munificent, cannot supply the Vatican, since the Holy See has been despoiled of the States of the Church, with the necessary means of carrying on the work of the Church throughout the Catholic world. Hence the need of the appeal, which is being prepared, to all the Bishops of Christendom to awaken the consciences of the faithful as to the discharge of the important duty of contributing with renewed zeal to Peter's Pence.

When Marwood, the English executioner, was about to leave Ireland, a few weeks ago, one of the policemen who accompanied him as a protector, began to joke with him about his profession. Marwood bore the attacks very calmly for a while and when asked if he had a son, replied quietly that he had; whereupon he was asked if he intended to put him in his own line of business. "Well," said Marwood, with a keen look and a sly twinkle in his eyes, "if he's a good boy I will; but if he turns out a blackguard I'll make an Irish policeman of him." The hangman has died recently.

Nationalities in the English Army. — It is interesting to note that according to the latest official return the following is the proportion of English, Irish, and Scotch soldiers in the British army:— Cavalry: English, 7,668; Irish, 1,024; Scotch, 686. Royal Artillery: English, 11,565; Irish, 2,373; Scotch 966. Royal Engineers: English, 2,633; Irish, 373; Scotch, 248. Infantry: English, 34,824; Irish, 11,970; Scotch, 4,650. Foot Guards: English, 4,260; Irish, 355; Scotch, 828. Household Cavalry: English 911; Irish 90; Scotch, 198. It will be seen that while in the infantry and cavalry of the line and the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers the number of Irish soldiers greatly predominate over the Scotch, in the picked corps — the Household Cavalry and Foot Guards — the proportion of Scotch over Irish recruits is somewhat remarkable. It may be added that while the militia battalions of the Irish regiments are kept up to their full strength, there are several of the auxiliary battalions of the Scotch regiments in a weak condition, the 4th Brigade of the Gordon Highlander, Seaforth Highlanders, &c., being officially described as "not yet formed."

The Earthquake.— The Bishop of Ischia has happily been saved from the earthquake, although several priests and nuns of his diocese have perished.— Collections are being made throughout Italy for the sufferers from the terrible earthquake at Ischia. The charity and generosity of the people are shown by the spontaneous manner in which money and clothing and gifts are offered. In Rome are seen large caravans with the words painted in large letters on the sides: "*Carita per Casamicciola.*" Ladies strip off their bracelets and jewels and throw them into the caravan. The plates are filled with money; shopkeepers give goods from their shops

for the benefit of the sufferers.—The Holy Father has sent to the Bishop of Ischia the sum of twenty thousand francs for the sufferers by the earthquake of Casamicciola; while the President of the French Republic has sent one thousand francs for the same purpose.—The priest of Ischia felt and heard the earthquake in that town, and set off alone to Casamicciola to help as far as he could. He took off his clerical hat and coat, and worked like a laborer, risking his life innumerable times, and descending into the cellars of the tottering ruins to carry people out in his arms.

CATHOLIC SUCCESSES AT THE ELECTIONS.—The municipal or administrative elections took place recently in several of the more important cities of Italy. What has given them a new significance and special importance on the present occasion is the fact that the communal and provincial councillors who succeeded in being elected are the nominees of the "Clericals," or Catholic party, without the shadow of sacrifice or yielding of principles. In the most distinguished cities—Naples, Genoa, Florence, Turin, Forli and Syracuse—especially in those where the Liberal spirit in hostility to the Church displayed itself strongest, there is a remarkable return to a better public sense. The people are beginning to recognize how fatal has been the rule of Liberalism. The moral evils and financial difficulties to which they had been formerly led by Liberal municipalities, have produced a natural re-action; and the larger cities now return the candidates of the Catholic associations, who are chosen for their personal character rather than for their political color. In Rome the Catholic element in the municipality has been able to turn aside measures destined to destroy venerable monuments of Catholicity.

IT is inexpressibly silly in Irish-Americans to grow effusive over the killing of Carey. At Syracuse, N. Y., thirty-two guns were fired off to celebrate the event. It would seem that the smiting of the miserable wretch were a great Irish and National victory to be hurrahed over as a portentous blow at England. But there are fools among all Nationalities. Even in America a whishy washy sentimentalism gnashed its teeth at Guiteau and threw up its cap when the gallows finished him.—*The Catholic Citizen.*

TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION OF LIFE.—It is believed that 100,000 persons perished in the North Baatam in the recent calamity. It is also believed that the garrison and the fort at Anjer were swept away. An extensive plain of volcanic stone has formed in the Sea Campong, Sumatra, preventing communication with Telok Belong and South-west Java.

THERE are two steamers contracted for by the Cunard Steamship Company, which will go at a speed of nineteen miles an hour, crossing the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York in less than six days. The tonage is 8,000 burden and will have engines of 13,000 horse-power, 500 feet long by 57 feet in breadth, and will cost $3,000,000.

SPELL ABLE.—The *Washington Catholic* tells the following Abel anecdote: Father Durbin's mention of that great champion of the faith in Kentucky, Father Abel, recalls an anecdote of him that we do not remember to have seen in print. Bishop Flaget was travelling to Vincennes, accompanied by Father Abel, who was a large, powerful man. Stopping at a tavern in a small village, the good Bishop was grossly insulted by a big bully of the place, who was drinking, and thought it popular to abuse a Catholic Bishop. Father Abel soon interfered, and told the fellow kindly he ought not to insult an old man who was not interfering with him. The quiet manner of the priest seemed to anger the fellow more, and he got so boisterous that Father Abel said he would have him put out of the house. "Who will do it?" asked the bully. "I will, if no one else can be found to do it," replied the priest. "You will have to spell 'able' first," said the bully. "That's my name," cried Father Abel, and seizing the fellow in his powerful grasp, he put him outside the door before he could make any resistance, and not wanting to fall into the priest's hands again, he did not return.

POPE LEO XIII. SENDS A PICTURE TO THE DETROIT EXHIBITION.—A member of the Art Loan Association of Detroit, Michigan, has been entertaining an idea for some time past, which in view of possible failure, has been communicated to but few, of obtaining from Leo XIII. a contribution to the exhibition. Through the kindly offices and influence of Rev. Father Walshe, Superior of the Jesuit Fathers, this idea has been happily realized. A gift from the Vatican is on the way hither as a donation, first to the exhibition, and afterwards to the permanent museum, to which latter it will prove to be the first art gift offered. The picture was shipped on the 14th of July and is expected shortly to arrive. This application to the Pope was made through Father Mazezlla, S. J., in Rome, a man high in favor with Leo XIII., distinguished for his scholarship and art taste.

"Go ye and Teach all Nations."—During the present year the Urban College of the Propaganda in Rome contains 120 students, who are divided into the following rites: Eleven Armenians, nine Syrians, five Syro-Maronites, nine Chaldeans; the remainder being of the Latin rite. Among these are reckoned, two negroes from Central Africa, one American negro, one Chinese from Shanghai, one Cingalese, twenty-two Irish, eleven Germans, six Albanians, one Hungarian, five Slavs, one Georgian, one Swede, one Dane, ten Greeks, two Persians, four French; the remainder being from North America, Australia, England, Asia Minor, and Mesopotamia. The Greeks have a college of their own in union with the Ruthenians, but are under the direction of the Propaganda, and attend its schools. The Armenians also will leave this year for their own college, which was established by Leo XIII. by his brief of March 1, and is under the direction of Cardinal Hassun. These figures certainly give a very vivid idea of the Catholicity of the Church.

Orangemen and Catholics have not forgot their old feuds. This time the war was in Scotland. It seems that on the 12th of July no less than from 20,000 to 30,000 assembled from far and near at Coatbridge. This was rather a strong force for the Catholics there to attack, and so the demonstration that day was allowed to pass over in comparative quietness. On the 18th both parties made up for the glorious opportunity for a fight then lost. A serious riot occurred between parties and was kept up till Monday night. Bands of men armed with picks and hammers paraded the main street. The police attempted to disperse the mob, but were unsuccessful. The police were re-inforced by a strong body of mounted men. As the mob would not disperse and commenced to stone the police, the Riot Act was read, and then the whole body of police, both mounted and on foot, charged upon the crowds and dispersed them in all directions. The casualties are not yet fully known. Probably the most uninviting corner in all Scotland for a quiet residence is Coatbridge, in Lanarkshire. Dundee is called "smoky," and Greenock "rainy," but Coatbridge takes the shine out of them, and seems eternally in a blaze. It is a perfect hive of industry, and is greatly composed of engineering, boiler-making, and ironworks of all kinds. Then it is surrounded by Gartsherrie, Calderbank, Whifflet, Airdrie, Holytown, Mos-end, Motherwell, and other places, with their almost innumerable blast furnaces, coal and iron pits, and other public works. Of all these Coatbridge is the central pivot, and there for some inexplicable reason all their inhabitants gravitate, especially upon a "Pay Saturday" night.

The "stock" biography of Judge Black, copied by nearly all our daily contemporaries, says he was "of Scotch-Irish descent, as the name of his mother, Sullivan, indicates." "That name, dear daily friends," says *The Pilot*, "was pure Irish before Scotland had anything living in it but hares."

The Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin has issued a timely warning to his people on the importance of temperance as one of the best safeguards against cholera. His Eminence strongly condemns the custom of "wakes," at which there is so much drinking by those who attend, and so much danger of infection from the dead body. Wakes had a holy origin in keeping watch (or "wake") beside the deceased, and offering up prayers for his or her salvation. The custom, however, led to abuse, as necessary refreshment changed to excess, and it is well, for many reasons, that it should be abandoned forever. His Eminence thanks God for his restoration to health, and thanks the Catholics of the archdiocese for their generous subscriptions for his Holiness the Pope.

New York Savings Banks.—The most unsatisfactory portion of the various statements lies in the vast amount of accumulated surpluses. If the banks were properly and equitably managed such large surpluses could not accrue, as they are simply the undivided earnings of the deposits, and they just represent the amounts of which depositors in a sense have been defrauded. The aggregate surpluses of the Savings Banks in the State amount to no less than $62,114,693, and that of those in the city to $36,310,142 — or an average of $57 on each open account in these banks within the State, and of $61 on those in the City. That state of matters is altogether uncalled for. Taking the entire State, including the City, there are 1,119-512 open accounts in Savings Banks, and the amount due to depositors upon them is $420,831,007. Fully the one half of this amount is deposited in banks within the City. Altogether the statements show an exceedingly frugal and saving disposition on the part of the people.

Colored Catholics. — In the city of Baltimore there are about 11,000 colored Catholics out of a colored population of 55,000. To care for these there are now in that city these churches and schools: —

St. Francis Xavier's church, accommodating some 1,800 people, filled several times every Sunday. St. Monica's church, recently purchased from Protestants, and opened by Solemn High Mass *coram episcopo* on last Septuagesima Sunday. It is in South Baltimore. A school for girls, kept by a colored community of Oblate Nuns. A large three-storied school near St. Francis Xavier's church, recently acquired; six lay teachers teach the children. In East Baltimore a small boys' and girls' school, in Baltimore a fine school hall, recently acquired, near the new church of St. Monica's, waiting for means to supply the teachers. St. Elizabeth Home, under some Franciscan Nuns (Third Order), from the Franciscan Convent at Mill Hill, London. This last, its first year, it has taken care of fifty-six children. The Sisters also help in the schools.

A DECREE OF PROPAGANDA divides the Vicariate-Apostolic of Benin on the African coast, forming a special Prefecture Apostolic under the name of Dahomey. The newly nominated Prefect-Apostolic of Dahomey is the Rev. Father Ernest Marie Ménager, of the Society of African Missionaries, who have their mother-house at Lyons, France.

THE PETER PENCE collection in Dublin amounted to $9,000.

THE DOMINION Government of Canada has granted the sum of $44,000 for the erection of schools for the Indian children in Manitoba. According to the Prince Albert *Times*, two of these schools will be located at Qu' Appelle, and one at Battleford; the first two being Catholic and the one at Battleford Protestant.

IN 1729 the first Catholic Church was built in Philadelphia. There are now in that city a magnificent cathedral, besides forty-four churches, fifty-three chapels, two colleges, twelve convents, twenty-two academies, thirty-six parochial schools, and fourteen hospitals and asylums. In the archdiocese there are 350 priests, and a Catholic population of 500,000.

JOHN ROACH has secured the contract for the building of the new United States cruisers. This is a triumph for Irish skill and enterprise of which all Irishmen have reason to be proud. Mr. Roach is an Irishman who, unlike many other wealthy men of the race, is not ashamed of the country he came from, and, it needs scarcely be said, that country has no reason to be ashamed of him. He stands at the head of the ship building business of the country, and employs a large number of Irishmen in various capacities. His success in this instance has evoked some envious criticism from papers friendly to his defeated competitors, but the American people have full confidence that any ship built by John Roach will be able to perform the work she is intended for. We hope yet to see John Roach build an Irish navy that will sweep the commerce of England from the sea.

"YOU must be very much surprised and disgusted at the change you see in the Irish representatives in the House of Commons," said an American snob to Sir John Pope Hennessy, a short time ago. "Well, no," calmly answered the Cork man. "When I was a young man, there were four leading Irish members. One was a forger, and committed suicide" (this was John Sadlier); "the second robbed the people through fraudulent banking, and was expelled the House of Commons" (this was James Sadlier); "the third embezzled the government funds, and absconded" (this was Edmund O'Flaherty); "the fourth, who was the friend, associate and colleague of the other three, the English whigs made an Irish judge." Of course he was talking of Judge Keogh. Then said Sir John, looking up with a quizzical smile, "No, no; I am not so much surprised and disgusted as you think with the present state of the Irish representation in the House of Commons." — *Irish American.*

WHAT DRUNKENNESS DOES.— In days past I have seen drunkenness and the effects thereof. I have seen the dead bodies of women murdered by drunken husbands; I have seen the best men in America go down to disgraceful graves; and I have seen fortunes wrecked; prospects blighted; and I have perused a great many pages of statistics. There are crimes on the calendar not resulting from rum, but were rum eliminated, the catalogue would be so reduced, as to make it hardly worth the compiling. Directly or indirectly, rum is chargeable with a good 90 per cent. of the woes that afflict our country.— *Petroleum V. Nasby.*

THE PALLIUM.— The ceremony of investing the Archbishop of Halifax with the Pallium, took place on the 15th of August. There were present the Bishops of Charlottetown, Arichat and Chatham. The sermon of the occasion was preached by His Lordship the Rt. Rev. Dr. Rogers, Bishop of Chatham. The introductory remarks of his learned discourse explain the

meaning of the ceremony. He said: "The occasion which brings us here to-day is one of those sacred functions growing out of the institution of the holy ministry in the church of Christ. The pallium is the emblem of patriarchial or of metropolitan jurisdiction received from the sovereign pontiff, the visible head on earth of the church. It is one of the pontifical robes of office, a distinctive mark or sign of authority in the ecclesiastical hierarchy, conferred ordinarily on patriarchs and archbishops, and sometimes, though rarely, on a simple bishop, by the Pope, to indicate the full and complete investiture with jurisdiction and installation in office, of the recipient. According to canon law, the newly appointed archbishop, even though consecrated, cannot assume his full title until he be duly invested with the pallium — except, indeed, by virtue of the Pope's dispensation, which is often granted to prelates in distant parts." The day was further interesting as the anniversary of the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Dr. McIntyre, Bishop of Charlottetown, and of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Rogers, both of whom were consecrated on the 15th of August, 1860.

WORDS OF CHEER.—"It is the earnest desire of the Government that Ireland shall have a larger measure of self-government. I trust that Parliament will not separate without giving it," says Mr. Chamlain. Mr. Chamberlain, member of the British Cabinet, has unambiguously declared himself in favor of the extension of a considerable measure of self-government to Ireland. Yet he remains a member of the same cabinet as Lord Selborne, Lord Hartington, Lord Derby and Sir William Harcourt. Mr. Chamberlain is the coming man.

UNDER the "Loan" clauses of the Irish Land Act, the tenant-farmers have made application for loans, amounting to two million dollars, to improve their farms. One million has been already granted.

THE ITALIAN EMIGRATION TO AMERICA, is developing into almost alarming proportions. From January 1st to May 1st of this year, according to the *Corriere Mercantile*, the port of Genoa sent out 11 Italian steamers, with 6,772 emigrants, 3 Italian sailing vessels, with 180 emigrants, and 6 French steamers, with 2,317 emigrants, all for the Argentine Republic. Besides these 3 steamers left the same port with 1,637 emigrants for Brazil, making a total of 10,906 Italians who have left by Genoa alone in a space of four months for the New World. This is taking no account of the very large emigration in the same direction from Naples. The results of this very remarkable Italian immigration into South America are felt not only in Italy, but in the Argentine Republic itself, where, we understand, all trade is rapidly falling into the hands of Italians. Buenos Ayres, indeed, is fed, clothed, and housed almost entirely by Italian labor, for not only the energetic Northerner, but even the indolent Neapolitan, seems to develop in South America into one of the most active and frugal of workmen, with whom the natives find it almost impossible to compete.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT was prorogued on the 25th of August.

THE O'HARA'S fortunes have been chequered, but they still hold large possessions in that part of Connaught of which they were for many centuries the lords. In old times they founded and endowed religious houses with princely liberality, and the ruins of these (some of them still beautiful, like Benada Abbey, on the banks of the Moy) are scattered over "O'Hara's Country." In early days they gave bishops, saints and martyrs to the Church; yet their names appeared in sad profusion on the "Convert Roll" of the eighteenth century. And they had their reward, being left in possession of their estates, and suffered to continue to hold the position of gentlemen. However, notwithstanding their having thus gone over ignobly to the minority, the people always regarded the O'Haras with affection, and a good understanding has always subsisted between the representatives of the early chieftains and the descendants of the tribes that once owned the sway of O'Hara. The late Major O'Hara, whose death occurred in 1860, represented the county of Sligo in the Irish Parliament for twenty years, and in the Imperial Parliament for an equal length of time. He assisted the Catholic cause in days long before Emancipation, and strenuously opposed the Union. The reverend author of *Ballysadare and Kilvarnet* devotes several interesting pages to the O'Haras. Having spoken of their popularity, he thus continues — "The O'Haras have good reason to feel proud of this popular predilection, and should never forget, while reflecting on the high varied honors of the family, that their greatest distinction in the eyes of the country, is their being bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of the old Irish chieftains." In spite of all this, Mr. Lynch, the Nationalist candidate, has been elected member for Sligo.

Two policemen have been dangerously shot while evicting Denis Renshawe from his tenancy in county Down, Ireland. Renshawe is an Orangeman.

THE NEW SONS OF PILGRIM FATHERS. —The proposed scheme for training colleges in Ireland, which will be suited to the country and the people — that is, to Catholic Ireland — appears to have excited the susceptibilities of a body calling itself "The Manchester and District Branch of the Liberation Society." Its Committee recently held a meeting at their offices in St. James's square, Manchester. They passed and have advertised a resolution expressing their regret at the action of the Government, and declare that "They regard this step as a serious blow to the system of united and unsectarian education now existing in that country," that is, to that system for covert and underhand proselytism which was imposed upon the people so many years ago, and which has been opposed by the nation ever since. These Liberationists are mostly sons of those Pilgrim Fathers who were so well described by Artemus Ward as having "gone to America to have freedom for their own worship, and to prevent other people from their'n."

THE *New York Freeman's Journal* is always cynical. It endorses the Catholic Total Abstinence movement only as far as it applies to *bad* whiskey. — *Central Catholic Advocate.*

GAINS OF THE SESSION.—Irish Parliamentary energy has, during the present session, won conspicuous results. The fisheries act gives one million and a quarter of dollars to develop the coast fisheries. The tramways act gives ten million dollars to develop railroad communication, and a quarter of a million to test the practicability of the migration scheme. Another quarter of a million goes to help emigration, despite the protests of the Irish party.

HOME INDUSTRY.—The Home Manufacture movement is gaining ground in Ireland. In Wexford, we hear, the United Agricultural Society, under the patronage of the Earl of Portsmouth, Viscount Monck and Sir John Power, will give prizes at their annual show, on the 12th of September, for the best piece of frieze, tweed, or flannel, not less than ten yards, made by the exhibitor. Also prizes for the best lot of home-made linen, suited for general purposes of the farm-house; best pair of woollen socks or stockings; best specimen of plain needlework, and best specimen of mending or darning. In addition, prizes will be given for wool, butter and honey; also for the neatest-kept farm laborer's cottage.

THE handsome new Church of St. Peter, at Dorchester, Rev. Peter Ronan pastor, is now nearly completed, and makes a very elegant and capacious edifice. The body of the church has a seating capacity of thirteen hundred. The church was to be dedicated this month, but on account of His Grace Archbishop Williams being summoned to Rome, the ceremonies have been postponed until November.

FRANCIS CAREY, brother of James Carey, the informer, was attacked and threatened by two men recently in Dublin. He drew a revolver and pursued them and gave them into custody. They have been put under heavy bail.

A MR. SHAPIRA, of Jerusalem, alleges that he has recovered a most ancient manuscript of the Book of Deuteronomy, and is trying to sell it to the British Museum for $5,000,000. Don't he wish he may get it?

THE correspondent of the London *Times* at Alexandria states that Egypt is incapable of self-government; and that if the British troops were withdrawn no European family would thereafter remain in the country.

THE IRISH REGISTRATION BILL was rejected in the House of Lords by 52 to 32. The action of the House of Lords merely delays the bill. Mr. Gladstone has promised Mr. Parnell that he would introduce a larger measure on the subject next session. The bill in any case, had it passed, could not come into operation till next year, as the registration period for this year is over in Ireland, so that after all, a measure next session may be quite in good time.

POPE LEO XIII. is in favor of educating girls — "those of the highest as well as those of the most humble condition." He says that women is destined to be the most powerful aid to the well-being of the human race," but that that may be so, education of both mind and heart is needed.

EARL SPENCER, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, replying at Cork recently to an address of the Earl of Bandon and the municiple authorities, said that he foresaw happy results of the Cork Exhibition, and trusted that new industries would arise in the congested districts of Ireland.

QUEEN VICTORIA does not like Gladstone's eyes. — *Rochester Democrat.*

They are not Brown. — *The Catholic Union and Times.*

GERMAN INFLUENCE IN PALESTINE.—In the Holy Land, at least, the new Kaiser may be said to have succeeded to the heritage of the Holy Roman Emperor. The *Moniteur de Rome* calls attention again to the remarkable German colonization and growth of German influence in Palestine, to which we referred several weeks ago. The first of the colonies is that of Jaffa, settled by Würtemberg emigrants in 1872. They set up model shops and workshops before the gates of the old town, and took to manufacturing agricultural implements and vehicles, suitable to the almost roadless country. Needless to say that German industry and thrifty habits soon made the colony flourishing. Of the second colony at Kaiffa, at the foot of Mount Carmel, English readers know a good deal from the pages of *Blackwood*. This little colony of four hundred souls, with its dazzling white houses and municipal self-government, is described as "a miniature German city in the middle of Asia." The third colony is near the Russian hospice close to Jerusalem. There is no doubt that German influence, both political and social, is steadily on the increase among the Arabs, who are great worshippers of success, and on whom the German victories over France in 1870 have not been lost. When the newly acquired territory of Caesarea, with its port, is properly colonised, "the entire Syrian coast, from Cape Carmel to Jaffa, will be in German hands."

THE SUICIDE. — Mr. Mulhal has already shown us in the pages of the last *Contemporary*, that however bad be the reputation of our Babylon for suicide, however ominous the reputation of London Bridge, yet, in this respect, we stand very much better, not only than Paris, but even than Berlin (Paris, 402, Berlin, 170, London, 87, suicides per million). The following from the *Berlin Post* for June 1st, bears out this as regards the city on the Spree: "The moral situation of Berlin appears to be deplorable. The list of murders, suicides, and accidents has never reached such high proportions as during last May. Last Wednesday (May 30th), the number of corpses delivered at the amphitheatre for post-mortems, or at the Morgue, was as high as 81. Two cases of infanticide were proved. Five women and three men had poisoned themselves with strychnine, cyanide of potassium, or oxalic acid. Three women, seven men, and one child had drowned themselves. One man had stabbed himself in the breast, three others had blown out their brains. One woman and nine men had hanged themselves. Moreover, six men had died of apoplexy or sunstroke; one woman and six men through other accidents. The number of persons whose cause of death was not ascertained was thirty-three." A pretty good day's record for the great city where, as everybody knows, the god "Culture" is chiefly worshipped. Is "Plutus" or "Culture" the more terrible Moloch of the two ?

DESTRUCTION OF A MONASTERY BY FIRE. MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF THE INMATES. — The large Passionist monastery of St. Joseph's situated on the Frederick road near Baltimore, was totally destroyed by fire on the night of August 5th. No one was, fortunately, injured, all the inmates having ample time to escape. The monks were all asleep, when about 10 o'clock the alarm clock in the room of Father Bernadinn, which always went off regularly at 2 o'clock in the morning, at which time the Fathers arose for prayers, suddenly went off. Father Bernadinn arose, and was astonished to find the time only 10 o'clock. He was about retiring again. when he smelled smoke, and opening his door, heard the roar and crackling of flames over his head. He grasped the bell rope and gave one peal of the big bells in the cupola, when the rope parted. It had been burned in two. The work of waking the inmates took but a few minutes, and attempts to check the fire were at once made, but ineffectually. The fire had broken out evidently on the roof, in a corner where the monastery adjoins its lately erected church. Tinners had been at work there that day, and the fire is supposed to have caught from one of their fire-pots. Father Bernadinn considers the strange action of the alarm clock providential, for had the fire gained much further headway, the escape of the inmates would have been impossible. The building was of stone, 110 feet long by 32 wide, and was originally built in 1837 at a cost of $50,000. Since then improvements costing $10,000 have been made which, with the valuable contents, make the total loss over $100,000. There is only $10,000 insurance on the whole. The Passionists first came to the United States in 1852, coming at an invitation of Bishop O'Conner. Their first ministry was in Pittsburg, the second in Dunkirk, N. J., the third at Hoboken, N. J., and the fourth was destroyed as stated above. The residents of the building were Fathers Liveratus, rector, Father Gaudentius, vicar, Fathers Lucas, Enbius, Bonaventure, Mark, Emanuel and Andrews and seven students, Fathers Cornelius, Erasmus, Norbert, Cajetan, Bernadinn, Luke and Morris and six brothers, viz., Boniface, Richard, John Ignatius, Stanislaus, Barnadinn and Boniface. The building was a tall one with towers. The fire lit the country for miles around. The monks watched the conflagration from the gardens, and many

shed bitter tears over the destruction of their beautiful home, and all seemed overwhelmed by their great loss.

BOSTON COLLEGE. — There has been a large accession of scholars at the college this term. Glad to hear it.

IRISH TRAMWAYS.— Of the Irish Tramways Bill which was passed in the House of Lords on the afternoon of August 23rd we are able to give these particulars: It contains provisions for devoting £100,000 toward the aid of emigration. Mr. Parnell was not entirely satisfied with this clause. While acknowledging the benevolent motives of Mr. Tuke and his friends, he promised that he would prove that the people removed had been partly shopkeepers and partly laborers, and not farmers at all; that consolidation had not taken place and that the emigrants had fared very ill. Another portion of the Bill provides for migration within the borders of Ireland by establishing conditions for advances to companies for purchase of lands on condition of re-sale. The portion affecting the construction of steam tramways, with a guarantee of one-half on the local rates and the other half from imperial funds (not exceeding the modest figure of two per cent interest), was favorably received, though the Irish members doubted whether the grand juries are to be trusted with the initiation and prosecution of tramways.

ASSISTED EMIGRATION.—MANCHESTER, N. H., July 1883. TO DONAHOE'S MAGAZINES, I hope you will find a place in your popular MAGAZINE for the following remarks, which I think are of great importance to our fellow-country people, in Ireland.

The remarks which I intend here to make, are called forth by the late action of a delegation of American Irishmen who called on the president of the United States, to request that he would put a stop to the immigration of Irish paupers who are assisted by their government to immigrate to this country.

Now, I assert that there was neither patriotism nor philanthropy in their action, because Ireland and America would be benefited by the immigration, for there is a superabundance of labor in Ireland and it is wanted in America where manufactures and agriculture are increasing at a great rate, so great that the demand far exceeds the supply, and will continue so for many years. Therefore the action of the delegation could not have been prompted by the love of Ireland or the love of America, as it would not serve either.

I think it was the weakest thing President Arthur did since he took office, to comply with their request, in sending back a number of people after they had touched the free soil of this country.

What if the immigrants were poor? It is not rich people who usually immigrate, it is the poor who come in search of work, and whose labor would help to enrich this country.

It was said lately by a writer on political economy that every immigrant who lands on our shore, is worth a thousand dollars to the country, even if he had not one cent.

I must say that the Irish were served worse than the Chinese, for when their immigration was about to be stopped they got timely warning, and even after the passage of the anti-Chinese bill there was ample time allowed for the landing of any Chinese, who had started from China before the bill became law, and the Chinese were far greater paupers than the Irish, for the Chinese were absolutely poor slaves.

The Irish got no warning; they believed that they were free to come and remain, and without any warning were seized like criminals, sent back, and left helpless on shore like rubbish, far away from their homes.

The people who were instrumental in bringing about this state of things need not glory in their success.

If the Irish, as is asserted, are impoverished at home, why will their fellow countrymen here band together to prevent their coming to a land of plenty, where they may by honest industry gain a fair livelihood; what their fellow countrymen ought to have done was to join together and help the few who were destitute, instead of helping to throw them back into the state of distress from which they had emerged. It was as if a drowning person, who had after a great struggle succeeded in reaching land, were thrown back again to perish.

And this was done by the action of some of their own country people, through political spite, and in order to embarrass a foreign government; but unfortunately the blow fell upon the innocent victims who could not foresee it.

No such action as some of the Irish have taken against their own country people, has been taken by any other nationality; no such action has been taken by the Germans, the French, the Italians, the Scotch, the English, or any other nationality.

When the Jews had lately been obliged to quit Russia, and come to this country, they were received with open arms by their co-religionists instead of throwing them back again on the tender mercies of Russia. I think the example of the Jews is one that we should follow.

A lover of Ireland and the Irish.

DENNIS V. O'LEARY.

Personal.

Rev. James Joseph Carberry, of the Order of Friars Preachers, has been notified of his appointment as Bishop of Hamilton, Province of Toronto, Canada. Father Carberry is at present with the Master-General of the Dominicans at Rome.

The Rev. Robert Fulton, S.J., Provincial of the New York-Maryland Province of the Society of Jesus, and Rev. Robert W. Brady, S.J., President of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., sailed in the Cephalonia, on Aug. 25, for Europe, whither they have gone for a short time on business of the Order.

The Rev. D. A. Quinn, formerly Pastor of the Cathedral, Nashville, Tenn., is now connected with the Cathedral, Providence, R. I., in which Diocese he will reside for the future. It was only at Father Quinn's urgent request that the Bishop of Tennessee permitted the transfer.

Very Rev. Father J. Mackey, late of St. Patrick's, Cincinnati, at present engaged in collecting funds to liquidate the indebtedness of Mt. St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, has met with eminent success. To date he has succeeded in obtaining $11,000 in donations and $5,000, the interest of which is to be used to educate worthy poor young men for the priesthood.

Mr. Nicholls Lynch, the Parnellite and Home Rule candidate, was returned member for Sligo by a large majority. Sligo was once one of the most conservative counties in Ireland. This contest had certain features of special importance. Probably the most notable is the evidence it afforded of the cordial understanding existing between Mr. Parnell and the Irish Catholic bishops. The three bishops who have spiritual jurisdiction in the county first selected a candidate themselves—Professor Baldwin. Mr. Parnell objected to this candidate, as he was Land Act Commissioner, and it is against the policy of the Irish party for any member to hold office under any government but the free government of Ireland, which they are striving to create. He pointed this out to the bishops and named a candidate of his own, an independent gentleman, Mr. Lynch. The bishops acknowledged Mr. Parnell's wisdom, and forthwith withdrew their candidate, and used all their influence and that of their clergy in triumphantly returning the nominee of the Irish leader. The English press have perceived this *entente cordiale* with unconcealed chagrin. The *London Daily News* remarks that it is proof that the Papal circular has failed, if the circular intended to alieniate the support of the Irish bishops and clergy from the movement of the Irish people headed by Mr. Parnell. Meanwhile the Irish people look almost with amaze at the series of victories that have alighted on the standards of the National party since the year began — Mallow, New Ross, Monaghan, Wexford, Sligo — and, looking, wonder how it will be when the opportunity comes for a general engagement all along the line.

Monsignor Capel is described by a New York journal as having impressed his hearers favorably from the beginning of a recent sermon. In his reading of the Epistle and Gospel he uttered each word with a distinctness and richness of expression that could not fail to excite admiration. When he laid the book down and began to preach he became magnetic. With no oratorical display whatever he succeeded in holding the close attention of his listeners chiefly by the force of his strong personalty. His voice, which is rich and strong, and apparently under thorough control, was aided by a direct and forcible utterance, and in a manner as graceful and expressive as it was earnest. He was not prolific in gesticulation, and such gestures as he did make use of were wholly with the right hand and arm, and were more or less energetic as the required emphasis demanded. Monsignor Capel is a rapid and fluent speaker, and he makes use of plain language. His ideas are expressed tersely and generally in words that at once makes a positive impression upon the mind, leaving no doubt as to their meaning. The Monsignor is very skilful in making his points effective by the inflections of his voice, and one noticable fault was his occasionally dropping his voice at the end of a sentence, so that only those persons who were near him could hear the concluding words. The famous prelate's pulpit oratory is made particularly charming by the successive changes that take place in his expressive features when he becomes thoroughly aroused. His bright, clean-shaven face is a comprehensive index of his thoughts. The Monsignor spoke nearly three-quarters of an hour, and a large congregation would undoubtedly have been pleased had his sermon been twice as long. Monsignor Capel said to an inquirer in Philadelphia the other day: "I wish you would inform people that my name is not Cappelle, but Cay-ple. You don't talk about Cappelle Street, Dublin, do you? It's an old Norman name, the family name of Lord Essex, and has been in the country long enough to be pronounced rightly."

Notices of Recent Publications.

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JUST PUBLISHED, the Funeral Oration on the Most Rev. John B. Purcell, D.D., First Archbishop of Cincinnati, delivered July 11, 1883, at St. Peter's Cathedral, Cincinnati, by Right Rev. Richard Gilmour, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland. Together with an account of the funeral obsequies. Price 10 cents. Sent free by Mail on receipt of price.

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Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

SERMONS AND DISCOURSES by the late Most Rev. John MacHale, D.D., Archbishop of Tuam. Edited by Thomas MacHale, Ph. D. Price $2.

This is a fine edition. It contains select Sermons and Discourses while the Archbishop was Professor at the College of Maynooth, and during the course of a long apostolic career in the church of Ireland. They are arranged as follows: I. Great Truths of Religion. II. Detached Moral Subjects. III. Festivals. IV. Subjects for Special Occasions. V. Discourses in the College of Maynooth.

ALL the above books may not only be had of the publishers, but of Messrs. Noonan & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Bishop of Columbus, Ohio, has issued a Pastoral Letter on Schools and Education, which should be read by all teachers and in the family. It is published at the *Catholic Columbian* office, Columbus, Ohio.

THE AMERICAN TEACHER is the title of a new monthly magazine, published by the New England Publishing Co. of Boston, and is the union of the very successful monthly magazines *The Public School, The Primary Teacher, The Teacher's Companion* and *The Kindergarten Messenger*, in one 32-page quarto, full of valuable matter relating to the principles and methods of education, as interpreted by our best teachers and writers on that subject. Its editors are T. W. Bicknell, the educational editor and publisher of Boston, W. E. Sheldon, former editor of *The Primary Teacher*, and W. N. Hailmann, the able expounder of Kindergarten methods. The first number of this magazine is exceedingly interesting and valuable. The articles are practical, cover a wide range of topics, and are written by some of our ablest teachers. Price $1 a year.

Teachers of all denominations can learn valuable information in the management of children.

"THE NUTSHELL HISTORY OF IRELAND," by A. M. Sullivan, has appeared in England. Amongst other interesting facts recorded in the "Nutshell" we find the following: "Despite all disadvantages, Ireland makes a goodly show on the roll of scholars, poets, authors, *savants*, soldiers and statesmen of the world. Swift, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Moore, Banim, Griffin, Carleton and Lever, in literature; Burke, Grattan, Curran, Plunkett, Richard Lalor Shiel, O'Connell, Duffy, Magee (Bishop of Peterborough), Butt and Lord Dufferin, in oratory, statesmanship and politics, — are familiar names. In the last generation Wellington, and in the present the only two capable generals England has in command, Sir Garnet Wolseley and General Roberts, have been contributed by Ireland. Hogan, Foley, McDowell and Farrell, as sculptors; Maclise and O'Connor, as painters; Balfe and Wallace, as musical composers; Professor Tyndall and Dr. Haughton, as scientists — all Irishmen, are honorably known. The two most competent historians of our own times in the English language, Mr. Lecky and Mr. Justin McCarthy, are Irishmen. In the camps and courts and cabinets of friendly foreign states, from Vienna to Madrid, and from Paris to St. Petersburg, men of Irish race have long been marked to eminence and fame. Finally, it may be said that the labor, industry and enterprise of Irishmen have largely contributed to the prosperity and power of those comparatively new states in the Western and Southern hemis

pheres that promise to exercise potential influence on the future world."

At a book sale in London, *Lydgate's Lyf of Our Ladye*, in verse, printed by Caxton, sold for £880, the highest price ever paid for a perfect Caxton, with the exception of the magnificent copy of the *Recyeil of the Historyes of Troye*, formerly in the possession of Elizabeth Grey, Queen of Edward IV., which produced £1,060 10s. at the Duke of Roxburghe's sale. In the same sale Dame Berner's *Boke of St. Albons*, printed there in 1486, although slightly imperfect, brought £600; the first printed Bible with a date, vol. I. only £30; a small portion of the *Golden Legend* (pp. 44 to 98) printed by Caxton in 1483, £30 10s.; *Officium Beatæ Mariæ Virginis*, with eight miniatures, £20 10s.; and the *Ordynarye of Crusten Men*, printed in 1506 by Wynkyn de Worde, imperfect, £10.

MUSIC.

White, Smith and Co., Boston.

Instrumental : "Jolly Dude Schottische," arranged by Geo. Thorne. "Dance of the Gnomes," March Tempo for Piano, by Rich. Eilenburg. "Forget-me-not," Gavotte, by Giese, arranged for Violin and Piano by Wm. Gooch. Gavotte, "Stephanie," by Czibulka, arranged for Violin and Piano by same. "Always Gallant," Polka by Fahrbach, arranged for 4 hands by C. D. Blake.

Books : "Prince Methusalem," Opera Comique in 3 acts, translated and adapted by Emile Schwab, Music by Johann Strauss, full score. "Mozart's 12th Mass," full score, arranged by V. Novello. "Handel's Messiah," arranged by W. G. Best, full score. The above works are issued in Messrs. White, Smith & Co.'s. very best style, and are deserving of much praise for their beauty of appearance as well as correctness.

The Argentine Republic sent this week a large subscription to the Parnell fund, through Mons. Dillon, with a flattering letter promising future help.

How to mitigate the toil of wash day during these hot summer months is worth knowing. We are assured that James Pyle's Pearline does it effectually, without the slightest danger to the finest fabrics.

What Mr. O'Shaughnessy Thinks.—Mr. Richard O'Shaughnessy, who recently resigned his seat in Parliament as member for Limerick, ostensibly because the attitude of the Irish party, to which he belonged, was too aggressive, and whose acceptance of the offer from the government of the life position of registrar of the Petty Sessions of Dublin, impelled Mr. Parnell to intimate a suspicion that the government wanted the seat occupied by him, delivered a farewell address to his constituents at Limerick recently. He took this opportunity to explain his position and give his reasons for relinquishing his membership. He repelled the insinuation and charges that he had been influenced by the government to take this step, or that he had any ulterior motives at the time of his resignation, other than to sever his active connection with a party with whose objects and aims he was in perfect sympathy, but with whose methods he was not in accord. The policy of the Irish party in Parliament had become obstructive to the interests of the cause it sought to benefit, and he felt he could no longer act against his convictions. Ten years' experience in politics as a member of the Irish party, had assured him that the mass of the English people were honestly anxious that Ireland should secure the rights and benefits she asks for; that they were generous in their views regarding the necessities of the Irish people, and that more moderate methods would hasten all that is now being retarded by a policy of aggression and obstruction. A large body of the true friends of Ireland begin to think so too.

Curran was once asked by one of his brother counsellors: "Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" "Nothing but the head," was the reply.

An Election in Limerick.—The renegade member for the "City of the Violated Treaty," has at last got his pay, and another soldier will be added to the gallant little band who, under Mr. Parnell's leadership, carry on the National battle in the House of Commons. Richard O'Saughnessy has resigned his seat for Limerick City in order to take a government office. It is hardly necessary to say that a Nationalist will succeed him.

A Conference of the priests of the Diocese of Cincinnati, called by Archbishop Elder, met recently to consider the subject of devising means to pay the debts of the late Archbishop Purcell and his brother. It was decided to take no action until the courts have decided questions now pending as to the liability of the church property for the debt.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

ARCHBISHOPS.

We regret to chronicle the death of the great Archbishop of Sydney, N. S. W. It is but a few weeks ago since he was in Boston. Among the Catholic institutions he visited was that of Rev. Father Scully, in Cambridgeport. His death came to us like the shock of an earthquake. He seemed to be in excellent health. Never was the Scripture warning more applicable than in that of Archbishop Vaughan—"In the midst of life we are in death." He was on his way to Rome, and was stricken down in Liverpool, and expired on the 19th of August. He was only fifty years of age. The Archbishop was one of five members of his family, all of whom occupy high positions in the Church.

The Most Rev. Roger Bede Vaughan, Archbishop of Sydney, New South Wales, was the second son of Lieut. Col. Vaughan, and was a brother of the Bishop of Salford. He was born at Courtfield, near Ross, Herefordshire, England, Jan. 9 1834, and attained his education at Down side College, near Bath. He became a Clerk Regular of the Benedictine Order, and in 1861 was appointed Professor of Mental Philosophy at the Benedictine Gymnasium of St. Michael, near Belmont, Herefordshire. He took the chair of the Principal of the same priory during the ensuing year under the title of Cathedral Prior of Newport and Menevia. He was nominated Coadjutor Archbishop of Sydney, Australia, by the Pope, and was consecrated with the title Archbishop of Nazianzu, in St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Liverpool, March 19, 1873. When Archbishop Polding, of Sydney, died, in 1877, Archbishop Vaughan succeeded to the office. He is described as having been an eloquent and powerful preacher, and had acquired a high literary reputation. He published a work called "Life and Labors of St. Thomas of Aquin," in two volumes, in 1872; and among his other publications are "Views on Catholic Education," "Ecclesia Christi; Words Spoken at the Opening of the Second Session of the Fourth Provincial Council of Westminster;" "Higher Education," "Advent Conferences," "Hidden Springs; or, Perils of the Future and How to Meet Them," and "Pius IX. and the Revolution." The Archbishop delivered an oration on O'Connell at the centenary of the birth of the latter, in 1875, which was published in pamphlet form and widely deciminated.

The death is announced of Monsignor Lion, Archbishop of Damietta, who died, if not a victim to the cholera, at least in consequence of the fatigue produced by his devoted attention to the stricken members of his flock. Monsignor Lion was in his 57th year, and belonged to the Order of Friars Preachers. He was named Delegate-Apostolic of Mesopotamia, Kurdistan, and Little Armenia, in 1874, and was also Administrator of the Archdiocese of Babylon.

PRIESTS.

The Rev. James Hennessey, of Great Barrington, Mass., died on the 21st. He was pastor of St. Peter's parish in that place, for a number of years. The funeral took place on Friday, August 24, at ten o'clock, and was very largely attended.

Rev. Cornelius O'Connor, of St. Mary's Church, Winchester, Mass., died at Nantucket on the 17th instant, at the age of 53 years. Father O'Connor was formerly pastor of Provincetown, but shortly after the time of the formation of the Providence diocese he left that place and returned to the archdiocese, when Archbishop Williams assigned him to the parish of Winchester. Of late Father O'Connor's health has been impaired greatly, and he went back to the scenes of his early labors in the hope of recovering. A second attack of paralysis proved fatal to him, however.

We regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. P. Molloy, P. P., V. F., of Ballymore, county Westmeath. The reverend deceased succumbed, after a lingering illness, in the 52nd year of his age and 27th of his sacred ministry. Much regret is expressed by the parishioners of Ballymore and adjoining parishes on the demise of Father Molloy, whose piety, zeal, and kindness of disposition endeared him to all.

It is our painful duty to announce the death of the Rev. John Kehoe, parish priest of Ballon, County Carlow. Father Kehoe was born in 1819. He was the second son of Mr. Kehoe, of Carrick, where the family have resided for centuries.

FATHER PATRICK DUGGAN, O. S. F., of London, England, is among the victims of the cholera, at Cairo, in Egypt.

SISTERS.

DEATH OF A VENERABLE SISTER.—The venerable Sister Benigna, who was eighty-five years of age, and had been connected with the Charity Hospital, New Orleans, since the year after its foundation in 1832, died July 27. The hospital, now in the heart of the city, was in 1832 a rudely built structure in the swamp in the rear of the city. Sister Benigna was a nurse in the hospital through many epidemics in the first half of the century, and continued her supervision over several wards up to two years ago. Then she was relieved on account of her age and growing infirmities, and placed in charge of the linen rooms. She performed her duties faithfully up to a recent date, when, feeling ill, she lay down and in a few hours she breathed her life away in a prayer, with her last breath kissing the crucifix. She was greatly revered by her parish sisters and the employees and patients of the hospital. She was born in Baltimore in 1798, of Irish parents, and was known as Susan Cosgrove.

LAY PEOPLE.

THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD, legitimate heir to the throne of France, after a long sickness, died on the 6th of August. He was the last of the descendants of Louis XIV., who, in accordance with the laws and treaties of the old monarchy, were qualified to inherit the French crown; and with his demise the title to the throne passes to the Count of Paris, who, by the rule of primogeniture, represents the right of succession transmitted from Louis XIII., through the younger of his two sons—through that prince who, during his lifetime, was known as *Monsieur*, and as the Duke of Orleans. It is, in other words, about two and a half centuries since the family, of which the Count of Paris is the head, branched off from the parent stem, and for about a hundred years the princes of this House have been conspicuous for sympathy and co-operation in the uprising of the French people against the traditions of the *ancien régime*. For the first time, therefore, the advocates of constitutional monarchy and the believers in the divine right of kings can now look to the same person for the realization of their dreams; the hereditary claim to rule, and the historical prestige of the white flag, having at last devolved upon a family which more than half a century ago adopted the tricolor, and all of which that banner is the emblem.

JUDGE JEREMIAH S. BLACK died at Brochie, his residence, near York, Penn., on August 19, at the age of 73. Judge Black was a noted lawyer, and was elected in 1851 Chief Justice of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, and was re-elected in 1854. President Buchanan apppointed him Attorney General of the United States, and when General Cass resigned from the Cabinet in December, 1880, Judge Black succeeded him as Secretary of State. He was a democrat of the old school, and as regards native intellectual vigor, legal acumen and learning, and honesty of purpose and intention, very few public men of our age have been the peers of Judge Black, and none, that we now recall, his superiors. His exposure of Ingersoll's blasphemies was a telling rebuke to that blatant infidel; and his defence of the Irish movement, and exposure of the evils inflicted on the people of Ireland by British misrule, was one of the most vigorous arguments that have been made on the subject. His ancestors were of Irish birth.

MR. TOBIAS BOLAND, father of Rev. L. P. Boland of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, and of the late Rev. F. J. Boland, of St. Francis de Sales Church, Charlestown, died on Monday, September 3, at the residence of Mr. Patrick Denvir, in Charlestown. The deceased was 79 years and two months old. He was born in Cashel, Tipperary county, Ireland, and came to the United States in 1826. He leaves a daughter who is a religieuse at a convent of Notre Dame, in Montreal. He leaves two sons, together with Father Leo. His wife was Eleanor, sister of the late Bishop Fitzpatrick. The funeral ceremonies were held at the Cathedral on the 5th, in the presence of a large number of friends. In the sanctuary was Right Rev. Bishop Healy and a large number of clergymen. The remains were interred in St. Augustine's cemetery, South Boston. May his soul rest in peace. During his long life Mr. Boland was charitable to the poor and was a liberal supporter of our charitable institutions. We learn that he has remembered many of them in his will. His death was peaceful and happy. His affectionate son, Father Leo, was constantly with him in his last sickness, and closed his eyes in death. Happy father, happy son.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL is an advocate of Home Rule for Ireland.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. X. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1883. No. 5.

"WE are accused of using strong language. One would imagine from what has been said that we should only be engaged on these benches with a thurifer incensing the treasury bench. Understand the present position in Ireland,— nine-tenths of the people hate and the other one-tenth despise you, for they know your game as well as we do — that you are only an engine for the extraction of rent and for the extraction of taxes. From the day you first landed on our shores, seven hundred years ago, down to 23d of August, 1883, you did nothing for the people that you could possibly abstain from doing. You racked and tortured the country in the interests of a miserable clique. You have all the weight of interest, of money, or position for you. You have the seven deadly sins on your side — you have everything that the oppressor and the tyrant has. Hope not to influence our minds. Make your speeches, make your statements, produce your police documents, talk to the English public, for the Irish public neither believe you nor respect you."

T. M. HEALY, M. P. FOR MONAGHAN.

The Effects of the "Lost Cause."

II.

FANATICS fought for the destruction of the right of slavery in the South. That was wrong. Fanaticism is always wrong. Others, hundreds of thousands of gallant Northern soldiers fought for the preservation of the Union. That was patriotism — and they were right by reason of their convictions. No sincere Southern soldier ever blamed a sincere Northern soldier. Their sincerities, at least, equalized their honors. But mere sincerity proves neither the right nor the wrong of a cause. Of itself alone it simply proves the character of the individual. But that is a great deal. Well — the war closed. The South had fought against the world; for the whole world was the recruiting ground of the Union. The South was completely isolated. The rest of the world only now and then beheld its flag floating over the Alabama sailing the seas, under the guidance of Admiral Semmes. No such conflict against such odds, and with smaller resources, ever lasted so long, or closed with such honor. The surrender at Appomatox was, after all, an insignificant triumph. A few thousands half-starved and half-clad Confederates, under as noble a man and great a soldier as this country ever knew, yielded to more than one hundred thousand men, under a general whose principal was that three or four men will last somewhat longer than one. And the Bonnie Blue Flag was furled forever; and another cause like that of Ireland and Poland went down in defeat. The defeated went home in sorrow. The victors marched home in joy. Requiems in the South. Hosannas in the North. But time moves on and away from any and every great event, yet carries towards the future, out of every event, its consequences.

A certain amount of demoralization follows every war, — because war is abnormal, and in a sense unnatural. It is always in some way *vae victis*, but cannot then be also a "*vae victoribus.*" Meseems that history proves it. Triumph is always a glory and a material gain; but it is sometimes a moral loss. Defeat is always a misfortune and a material loss, but it is oftentimes, perhaps nearly always, a moral gain. Victory makes men and nations proud, arrogant and tyrannical, — for the transition from the exercise of force to the exercise of reason is always slow; and to pass from the animosities of hatred to the charities of heart suddenly never has been known.

Misfortune humbles and chastens her victims. Sorrow has a purifying power. An enforced obedience to the will of the conqueror, — hard at first, softens into a resignation to the will of God. When soldiers meet soldiers in conflict, honor is the rule. When the war closed the soldiers' work was done. The defeated and the victorious parted — each knowing the gallantry of the other. But the woes of the Southern States were not over yet. Down from the North came harpies, in the shape of politicians — and a soldier politician is worst of all — to gnaw at the bleeding heart of the South — to trample on the prostrate foe; to pilfer; to prey on the ignorance of the emancipated negroes; to rouse strife between the white and black, and to try to undo, politically, what the war had decided. It was in the days of so-called reconstruction, — which to these men meant destruction of the very promises and guarantees of peace and protection made by soldiers to soldiers. No one, save those who lived in those days, can understand the sufferings endured by the South. Of course, there were retaliations here and there against such cruelties. And each private retaliation was magnified by falsehood into an accusation of general southern disloyalty. This reconstruction era was a slow crucifixion. The South bore it. It is well to carry the cross. But when those who wear a victor's crown of laurel will look quietly on, — or, in a passive way, encourage their own people to weave a crown of thorns for the brow of a suffering people, sincere in keeping their word of honor to return again to the Union — we must conclude that their success began to show deterioration of character. Magnanimity was promised — cruelty was practiced. Honor was pledged, and honor was dishonored.

Had President Lincoln escaped the bullet of Booth the pacification of the South would have been complete in a year's time. For he was a just, honest and humane man. He had a heart. But, unfortunately, Andrew Johnson, unworthy of his office for more reasons than one, had succeeded the murdered president. Andrew Johnson at times lost his head, and he at no time had a heart. Then he and Congress were like dog and cat — Congress being the cat, which belongs to the tiger family. Congress was made up of men whose blood was boiling with hatred of the Southern people. And so the chastening of the Southern people went on. Meanwhile, it is known of all, political corruption, even in public way unashamed

swept over the North. Another result of success. General Grant was elected to the presidency. And ever since then, as we heard a friend of ours wittily say, the presidential chair has been the camp-stool of soldiers. None but generals need apply. For the first time in the history of this country the president made no scruple of honor or conscience in receiving presents. Another result of success in the highest place of the Republic. During his first administration he allowed the South to still suffer on — and unjustly. During his second administration he was much milder towards the South. Then the question of the third term was sprung on the country. Great political leaders favored it. It meant a sort of perpetuity of power — and still millions desired it. A daring innovation, almost revolutionary. Another result of success. Mark you, all these are not only political effects, following after the war, but their *morale* is descensional.

General Hayes was, to say the least, a president with a doubtful title of office. Another result following the war. The people acquiesced quite quietly. Some were sullen, the most were apathetic — partizanship had precedence of patriotism — awful corruptions made politics a very Augean stable, — but the people got used to its stench. Another political result of the war.

Another general — a reputed Christian, — poor Garfield, ascended, or descended (whichever word you please), to the presidential camp-stool. After his unfortunate taking away, documents are brought to light proving that he was not what he pretended to be. Degeneracy again in the presidency. Another result of the war. The late star-route trials have conclusively proved that from top to bottom of the Federal Government, from highest down to lowest, integrity of character, honesty of purpose, and all the other qualities that go to the making up of the character of our public servants, are the exception to the general rule of corruption. Another result of the war. These are only the political effects — and they mean an almost general degeneracy of principle, and an almost general ascendency of political corruption. The press proclaims it everywhere. The people know it. In politics all things are ruled by venality. But what of the social effects caused by success in the North and by defeat in the South?

H. J. R.

Life is like a house, where in youth we may view a beautiful and ever-changing scene from every window on the basement story; gradually, however, time blocks up these windows, and in old age we are driven for the only light obtainable to the skylight, a little window that looks heavenward from the upper rooms. Alas! if the accumulated dust of years cannot be removed by enfeebled age, which is thus doomed to expire in gloom and sadness.

Obligations of Protestant Writers to Catholics.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE assurance of Protestant writers is supremely ridiculous. Their ignorance and their impudence go hand-in-hand. Father Faber deplores as a great misfortune that the literature generally accessible to English-speaking Catholics is mainly Protestant. Protestants, while they trod upon the necks of the Catholics, could afford to argue illogically, for force supplied the want of reason. "*Pro ratione voluntas.*" That time, thank God, has passed away. People now look for sound reasoning, (at least we do), before we believe Protestant assertions.

A Protestant writer lately in Great Britain, James Payn, has an article on "Sham Admiration in Literature." He has the courage to call in question the justice of the encomiums bestowed on "Childe Harold," over which he says many a reader has yawned. He alludes to the tyranny of fashion in this matter, and he mentions incidentally that Macauley boasted that he himself was the first man who ever read Spenser's "Faerie Queen" through. Another English writer admits that there is much rubbish in Shakespeare.

It has been the fashion to lavish the highest eulogiums on Shakespeare. Well, I have no objection to see the great dramatist receive whatever praise he is justly entitled to.

I dare say that it is not generally known how largely Shakespeare is indebted to Catholic writers, not only for the mere outlines of some of his plays, but even for the entire plots and incidents. It is not long ago since I read in a work of standard authority, that Shakespeare evinced his great ability in working up the materials of the "Merchant of Venice." I have read in a later writer that Shakespeare took the play from an Italian notary of the fourteenth century and *made only such changes as the transformation of a narrative into an actable play required.*

The materials for his English plays (historical) were taken from Holinshed's Chronicles. In fact, so well known was this, that a certain edition of Holinshed was called the "Shakespeare edition." Shakespeare was also indebted to English writers, his contemporaries, who, like himself, were indebted to the writers of Italy.

It is said that, although Shakespeare began his dramatic career as an adapter of plays, he afterwards struck out boldly for himself. But that assertion is hardly reconcilable with the fact that his latest works (at least one of them) has been borrowed from Greene's "Pandosta."

If, then, Shakespeare is shown to have borrowed, in great measure at least, his plots and his incidents, what shall we say of his language, of his imagery? Imagination is not certainly an English faculty. It has been lately stated that England is indebted for whatever she possesses of refined

taste to the Celtic element. When a great French wit was asked his opinion of a certain book by the author, he replied, "My dear sir, your book has a great many new things and a great many true things; but the new things are not true things, and the true things are not new things."

There are many circumstances connected with Shakespeare and his age, that will serve to give us a more correct notion of him than can be got from writers "who" (as O'Connell said of the London *Times*), "are like misplaced milestones, and cannot by any possibility, tell the truth."

Napoleon said of Moreau's famous retreat through the Black Forest, that it was a great blunder; but as the French Directory wanted to set up somebody in rivalry to him (Napoleon), they extolled it to the skies as a master-piece of strategy. When the celebrated John Wilkes was at the height of his popularity, a lady who was loud in his praises was asked whether Mr. Wilkes did not squint, and she replied, "yes; but not a bit more than a man of sense ought to squint." Now, Protestantism had things all its own way in England in Shakespeare's time. It was easy for it to give its color to things. Catholic knowledge was of course still in the country. The monastic orders, under the guidance of the Catholic Church, had spread a love of literature in spite of adverse circumstances. The Church had been robbed; but the learning she had given existed for a generation or two after her. Like the vessels of the Temple, which the Babylonians profaned, the learning which adorned the Church could also adorn the Court. England was, in that respect,

> "Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled:
> You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will;
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

True, the twilight of learning lingered after the Church, the source of that learning, had gone down in blood. Elizabeth's policy isolated England. The intercourse which existed between England and Italy was stopped. Englishmen ceased to read the works of Catholic writers. The career of the human mind received a terrific shock. Admitting even that Shakespeare's genius is as great as his most ardent admirers could wish, he was only a few rounds on the ladder of excellence, for if the Reformation, that most untoward and frightful event, had not taken place, men far greater than Shakespeare would most certainly have arisen. The "gnomic wisdom" with which we are told Shakespeare abounds, is not to be wondered at when we recollect that writings like those of Thomas-a-Kempis were numerous in the preceding century; works far more wonderful in their "gnomic wisdom" than Shakespeare's. The power of analyzing character too, which has been regarded as one of Shakespeare's great excellences and peculiar faculties, is not to be wondered at now, when we see that that power is common to hundreds of novelists, many of whom show a deeper insight into human character than Shakespeare. It was well too for Shakespeare, that he came when the English language was settled. The Bible was translated

into English in James's time. It contributed largely to keep the language stable and unchangeable. Judging from the poor labors of the gentlemen who in our day made the "New Version," it was a lucky circumstance for the English language, and for Shakespeare, too, that there still remained in England enough of the knowledge taught by the Church to accomplish a work which has certainly done much incidental service to English literature. We can never deplore enough, whether as Catholics or as lovers of learning and the arts, the great evil done by the mock Reformation.

OXFORD, N.J. P. A. TREACY.

The Murderer's Friend.

YEARS ago, in a far-off Southern town, a terrible murder was committed. What the cause was,— a quarrel arising from jealously, or from hate, or from some random dispute: I do not now remember. The murderer waylaid his victim, and slew him by mauling him on the head with a fence rail. He was apprehended; the proof was complete; he was condemned. His faithful lawyer, determined to leave no stone unturned, picked out a half-dozen flaws in the indictment, and in their strength obtained a new trial. This happened three times over, the trial, the condemnation, the inevitable flaw. "My client shall not be hanged as long as a technicality defeats him," was the motto of the lawyer, a conscientious deacon of the Presbyterian Church. Years passed along; considerable irritation was felt in the community because justice was thus retarded. Many even spoke against the lawyer. "He is not only obstinate —he is foolish," was the common thought. He was said to have spent hundreds of dollars out of his own pocket in appeals to get a new trial for a poor negro without a cent or a friend in the wide, wide, world. Still the lawyer persevered.

Now, scoffers at divine Providence, behold the result. The last efforts had failed; the murderer was to die; his doom was fixed. So far he had refused to confess, doggedly maintaining his innocence. He would seem, to ordinary apprehension, a being lost both body and soul. Thus, too, judged the various preachers of the Protestant denominations in that little Southern village. Not a soul of them visited that outcast, that leper among men.

Catholics are few and scattered in most regions of the south. They are there mere units in the vast sea of Protestants around them; and they appear perhaps to our separated brethren — not the monsters we are conceived to be by the numerous admirers of Maria Monk and company in England and the North for your Southern man; is a gentleman in feelings, and would scorn to entertain such grovelling notions of human nature;— but certainly Catholics must seem to them strange and abnormal creatures, congenial to the land of romance and fable, pretty in a tragedy, and proper in the Middle

Ages, but utterly out of date, utterly absurd, utterly unreasonable now. To minister to these poor Catholics the mission priest comes, on an average, say once in three months, so enormous is the territory he has to traverse. Well, it happened that the priest came to the little village in question shortly after the murderer's last condemnation.

This priest was an ugly little man, old and gray-haired, pale and emaciated from fasting and prayer. But to one who knew him, who knew his meekness, his holiness, his kindness, the tenderness of his ministry in the awful tribunal of confession, his face was that of an angel! His broken English was no longer ridiculous; and the shriven soul heard in it the most musical cadences and sweetest vibrations of harmony.

After performing his usual offices, some Catholic incidentally let fall an observation in regard to the coming tragedy. In an instant the priest was all questions and attention. Half-an-hour remained before the departure of the train.

"Show me the way to the jail," said the priest.

He was perhaps ten minutes in the murderer's cell. He promised to come back. From that day the negro was a changed man. Before sullen and ferocious, he became now gentle as a child. With almost infantile joy, he fondled and kissed the crucifix and the scapular the priest had given him. His jailers would find him often kneeling in his cell and dissolved in tears. Still the remembrance of the pious man, and of the words of hope he had spoken to him about Christ, and the sweet token of that conversation ever before him, cheered him in his gloom, and the smiles were in his eyes while the sobs were in his voice.

As soon as the other ministers heard of these doings of that audacious popish imposter, they hastened to repair their blunder. One after another they came. "No, I do not want you," was the murderer's answer. "I am a Catholic." The sign of the Cross made by his hand, the Crucifix hanging on the wall, the scapular displayed on his neck, confirmed these words; they were scared, and gathering up their dignity incontinently fled. And now, friends, since we are laying our heads together, what in the world is to be made of this papistical outrage? They soon saw, if they could not understand.

The priest came, meanwhile, once or twice to visit the condemned. At last the day of the execution drew near; on its eve the priest appeared. He prayed with the murderer late into the night. Next morning early he went to the cell, heard his confession, administered the last Sacraments, and accompanied him to the scaffold. An immense sea of faces surged below. Vague murmurs swept across it, and tears coursed down rugged and hardened cheeks, to see the herculean man before them, once so fierce and sullen, now tranquil and subdued, going to his death. He spoke a few words, confessing all, warning others by his example, and professing a trembling hope in Christ. He gave the signal before the time, the black cap covered his head, the noose was adjusted, a dull thud was heard, and a sinful but repentant soul went to its Maker and Judge.

A simple tale of truth is best unadorned.

H. P. McE.

How Lawyers Received a Patron Saint.

"PRAY did you ever hear how it happened that while every other profession has a celestial patron, lawyers have none?"

"Unless it be that they are so used to pleading, they can answer for themselves, I never did."

"You shall hear. A long time ago, when these things were settled for good and all, a lawyer in Rome, seeing this deficiency went to the Pope to complain of it. Thereupon the Pope, surprised at the lawyer's piety, and willing to reward him, took him into a church full of fine statues of the saints and angels, and says his Holiness. 'You shall be blindfolded, and then go up and kiss the foot of some statue here, and whichsoever image you embrace, he shall be the patron of the lawyers.' So the lawyer was blindfolded (very carefully too, for the Pope would not trust him any further than he could see him) and went groping about for a patron saint. Now amongst the rest there was one representing the Archangel Michael tramping on Satan; the lawyer went along till he came to this group, and laying hold of a figure which he took to be St. Lawrence on his gridiron, his eyes were unbandaged, when he found himself embracing the prostrate form of the devil!"

DR. HUNTINGTON'S "ROSEMARY." W. J. O.

Follow Your Blow.

A friend of my childhood,
A wise man, I trow,
Had always this maxim:
Boy, *follow your blow!*
Hit out, and hit fair,—
Ne'er the girdle below:
Steady, boy! ready
To follow your blow.

And Life is your battlefield,
Warrior youth!
For Virtue be valorous,
Strong in the truth!
Mid a foe triple-armed
And thrice-deadly we go:
Hip and thigh smite unflinching,
And follow your blow!

In the thick of the fight,
Midst the leaders of men,
Hand-to-hand in the conflict,
With voice or with pen,
This boys' lore may profit
Even genius to know:—
Prove your hit! and the proof is
To follow your blow.

As in war so in wooing,
'Tis all much the same,—
Alike with a difference,
Changing the name:
Though the bosom of beauty
Be soft as the snow,
Strike home with a will, heart,
And follow your blow.

Oh, the peace sure possest,
The great victory won!
Though we fall in the fray,
Let us fall at our gun!
There is joy in the battle,
Full fronting the foe:
Strike! comrade of heroes,
And follow your blow!

E. O'R.

Brownson's Works.*

We have now before us the fourth volume of the collected writings of Doctor Brownson. We have always felt, and have never been chary of saying, that America, more particularly Catholic America, has good reason to be proud of Orestes Brownson, of that great genius and great intellect, which illumined by God's grace and conquered by the overwhelming truths of Catholicity, bowed in homage before the eternal verities which true faith conveys to the soul and mind of man. But in thus evidencing our regard for the memory of the great writer and convert, of him who struggled through the mists of doubt and religious ignorance to the firm foothold he was to find within the fold of the Church, we have not hesitated to express our doubts as to the prudence of the course adopted by the editor and publisher of the new edition of Doctor Brownson's Works, in issuing anew to the world writings which he himself could hardly find words to condemn, when once he had received that light which was vouchsafed him through the mercy of God.

We are not nor do we pretend to be theologians, but we are sufficiently versed in the tone of American society and the drift of American thought to know that to the majority of Americans, outside the Catholic Church, Orestes Brownson is and will remain an entity. To those still outside the Church his works before and after his conversion will have exactly the same value. They will not, unaided, be able to discern aught but contradiction between the two series of writings. They will see a change of tone, and a difference of thought as well as of expression; but will they see more? Who can say? Let us however take other ground, ground which perhaps Catholics only can thoroughly understand, and let us ask whether we should like to think of Doctor Brownson at the end of his life as anything but sorry and regretful for his earlier writings? We cannot imagine we should be sorry to imagine him otherwise. We should be astonished, were he now alive, to hear that he had reissued his heterodox writings, unless indeed accompanied by a page for page commentary exposing his own errors and withdrawing his own falsities of doctrine and teaching. This we could understand, but nothing else. In point of fact nothing else would be compatible with his own position as a Catholic.

It may be that some will think us narrow-minded in assuming this position, but we are aware that the broadest is not always the safest way, and that the man who can see the margin of his path is not likely to go far astray Our view is simply this. Where Doctor Brownson is right his writings have a value, where they are wrong they have none. We are not now, of course,

* The works of Orestes A. Brownson, collected and arranged by Henry L. Brownson, Vol. IV., containing the writings on Religion and Society prior to the Author's Conversion. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse, 1883.

referring to the merely biographical value of his writings, a point with which we have dealt in our first review, but rather with that which should we think chiefly concern a Catholic publicist, their utility to Religion and to Truth. There can be no comparison between the earlier portion of Doctor Brownson's life and that of Cardinal Newman's, although American writers in the Catholic press have not hesitated to institute one. Cardinal Newman in the beginning of his career was as determined and as clear in his knowledge of the purposes of man's existence, his living to love, know, and serve God, as devout in his maintenance of Church discipline, as earnest a preacher and writer on all the fundamental truths of Christianity, as at any time during the past ten years; while at the corresponding period of Doctor Brownson's life, he was a simple wanderer amidst the haze of intellectual doubt, sorely troubled to know what was right or wrong, and sometimes, even, when he had stumbled on a truth, not at all sure that it was one. As the learned Editor of "The Month," himself a scholar of high repute, says, in an article paying due tribute to Doctor Brownson's well earned fame, "we are more and more convinced that it was a great misfortune to him to have entered by his own gate into the domains of Catholic philosophy and theology."

Now we do not want to be misunderstood. We will not yield to any one in expressing our respect and admiration for the great writer whose works we are dealing with. Taking his life as a whole, regarding it in its entirety, none can but feel profoundly impressed with the picture it presents, sad in its shades and shadows, but brilliant too in its glorious light and triumph. It is because of our respect for Doctor Brownson's memory, and because of our regard for something else beside, that we regret the method which has been adopted in the re-publication of his writings, feeling as we do most sincerely, that were Doctor Brownson himself alive, he would never permit the publication of such a volume as that which lies before us, a volume which bearing on its front, such an inscription as this one does — "Brownson's Works — Heterodox Writings" — almost provokes an expression of impatience, an impatience in no way lessened by the fact that an Editor so capable of providing a proper commentary, one which would have pointed out and corrected every error, and, so to say, taken the evil sting and virus from these writings has neglected this, which was, as we think, his most primary duty. In conclusion we will only say a word by way of anticipatory reply to those who may think that we should have spoken differently upon the appearance of these volumes, or welcomed them with less of discrimination; and this word shall not be our own, but that of the great and eloquent Father Faber —

"Truth, remember — and this is one great distinction between Catholics and heretics — truth is not ours, but God's. Truth is not ours to bate and pare down. Truth is God's; it has God's majesty inherent within it."

And for sake of this sacred principle, we have spoken here as we have done, and not because of want of high respect for the memory of Doctor Brownson or of almost reverent feeling for the filial devotion which has led to the giving anew of his works to the world.

WM. FRANCIS DENNEHY.

More Miracles.

Another well-attested case of miraculous cure at the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help occurred lately. Miss Ellen F. T. Meagher, who resides at 304 Harrison avenue, Boston, had been sick for three years, and her friends several times thought her on the point of death. Physicians seemed to do her no good. And at last, on the advice of one of the fathers, she was induced to make a novena to Our Lady. Saturday morning, August 15, was the last day. On that morning she arose with the assistance of her sister and made preparations for going to church in the carriage when it should come. Promptly at 6.30 o'clock it arrived, and, supported on one side by the banister of the stairs and on the other by her sister, the descent to the street door was begun. It was a laborious, painful proceeding, and required several minutes. Finally they arrived at the church in time for the seven o'clock mass. After being assisted into the edifice the patient knelt near Our Lady's altar, and immediately lost all sense of her surroundings. She remained in this state during the mass, and was only aroused to consciousness by the priest's voice pronouncing the benediction. Upon being aroused, she motioned to one of the altar boys and requested him to send a priest that she might receive communion, which was done. She continued on her knees in meditation for some time longer, until the blessing for the sick had been pronounced at Our Lady's altar, when she suddenly arose without any special intention of doing so, and stood up without assistance. Two of her sisters were present at the time, and were delighted to see her walk down the aisle unassisted. A great many others present also witnessed the proceeding, and were, to say the least, not a little surprised thereat. She returned home in the carriage, ascended the stairs without any difficulty or assistance whatever, and subsequently partook of breakfast, which she relished keenly. At noon the physician called and was astonished at the great change that had taken place. Since then Miss Meagher has walked out daily, and has not experienced the slightest sense of weariness.

Mary Lizzie Cronin, in the winter of 1880-81, was enjoying a sleigh ride with a party of friends when she met with an accident which finally developed, as termed by the officials of the City Hospital, into an incurable case of inflammation of the spine, which produced paralysis in her lower limbs, and prevented her from walking or using them in any manner. Through the intervention of prayer, however, under the direction of the mission fathers of Roxbury, and her confessor, Rev. Fr. Ryan of the Church of the Sacred Heart, in East Boston, it is claimed that Miss Cronin has recovered the power of walking, and her strength and healthful appearance are rapidly returning. Miss Cronin's story appears to be pretty well substantiated by the testimony of her friends in East Boston.

MIRACLE OF MIRACLES.

The following account of a VISIT TO LOUISE LATEAU, is translated for the *Catholic Columbian*.

BRUXELLES, *Belgium*, *April* 8, 1883.

Mr. Editor.— You ask me for some notes on the pious excursion which I recently made to Bois d'Haines, and the impressions which I felt on the journey. I hasten to comply with your request, and yet can say little more than what your readers have already heard and admired many times.

Many interesting articles have been written in religious papers concerning Louise Lateau, the stigmatized of Belgium, but perhaps the new affirmations of a witness who has just observed the prodigious phenomena spoken of for so long a time, may still contribute to enlighten their judgments.

Leaving Bruxelles Thursday, April 5th, at 3.30, in one hour we were at Manage; after an hour's walk we were in the house of Rev. Father Niels. He was engaged writing his journal, in which, by order of the ecclesiastical authority, he is to record all facts concerning Louise Lateau, the stigmatized. No one is better prepared than himself to fulfil this duty. He has been the confessor of Louise for twenty years, and is the ordinary witness of those marvels of the supernatural world, and his memoirs already form volumes, in which the smallest details are of great interest.

At first Father Niels, who is pastor of Bois d'Haines, appeared severe and impatient, but he soon got over this, and was very kind to me, particularly after I had explained the object of my visit. He granted me the signal favor of allowing me to carry the Holy Communion the following day, Friday, April 6th, to the stigmatised. I did not sleep throughout the entire night; this favor had so excited me that I could not close my eyes.

The good Father had told me that very frequently the holy Host escapes of itself from the hands of the priest to go into the mouth of Louise. I promised myself to watch the fact well, and to hold the sacred Host firmly between my fingers, to convince myself well of the miracle. The next day, Friday, at 6.30, I was in the church, when I took the Blessed Sacrament, accompanied by many strangers who had come to see the wonder. We finally reached the house of Louise; it is small and neat, near the road, half hidden by a row of thorn bushes, and has but one story and four rooms. It is in this humble house that many bishops, doctors, professors of universities, from all parts of Europe, have come to kneel and wonder.

We enter her room, my emotion continually increasing. The room is quite small, about six by nine feet. Louise was in bed; and for the last twelve years she has taken no nourishment except the Holy Communion, which is brought to her every morning. When I went with the Blessed Sacrament the saint was panting on her bed. After the ordinary prayers, I took the Holy Eucharist between my fingers and turned towards Louise, when to the admiration and astonishment of all present it slipt from my fingers and went to the mouth of the saint, (April 6th, 1883,) as if it was in a hurry to rest in her heart. I was taken with a trembling which I could not

control; all the strangers were weeping, but Father Niels calmed me, saying it was an ordinary occurrence with him.

After Communion, Father Niels uncovered the hands of Louise, and then we were all witnesses of the great miracle which happens every Friday. The blood was flowing abundantly. It flows all day from her hands, feet and side. It was the 781 Friday since it commenced flowing. Late in the evening the wounds close of themselves, to open again on the next Friday, and there remains only a small scar showing the stigmata.

Another phenomenon has also taken place every Friday since July, 1868. It is the ecstacy. It begins at 2 p. m. and ends at 3. I was there again at the foot of her bed at 2 p. m. As soon as it begins her body from the head to the hips is partly raised from the bed; her eyes are fixed toward heaven, motionless, without winking. Her bleeding hands are raised as though endeavoring to take hold of some invisible being; her ears are attentive to words which no one can hear; joy, compassion and fear show on her face, following one after another; one would imagine a soul freed from the prison of the body and the weight of it. During the ecstacy the natural life, as it were, is suspended. We sang the Magnificat and the Salve Regina. During this time Louise lived in a superior world, absorbed in contemplation, and insensible to things exterior surrounding her. But if a prayer for the Church is recited, even in a language unknown to her, her sensibility becomes extreme; her face becomes animated and reproduces the sentiments of the prayer; she smiles at the names of Jesus and Mary; her face is radiant at the Gloria Patri, at the Magnificat, and becomes sad at the Stabat Mater. If a layman places his hand before her face she pays no attention to it; if it is the hand of a priest she smiles; if you put something common in her hand, even a crucifix, which is not blessed, she will not hold it; if the same article is blessed and put in her hands she will seize it with happiness and hold it fast; if a priest not authorized, even a bishop, call her during the ecstacy, she pays no attention to it. But if it is her confessor or the bishop of the diocese, even in a low voice, the ecstacy ceases immediately. These experiments have been tried many times and before many witnesses.

God accomplishes it to show in a manner more evident and more incontestable His supernatural action upon the chosen soul of Louise. For twelve years Louise has taken no nourishment except the Holy Eucharist, which she receives every morning. All kinds of food have been tried, even altar bread not consecrated, but she cannot retain any; she took it for obedience, suffered great pains by it, and finally these trials were abandoned. For Louise Lateau the Holy Eucharist is the daily bread and the only bread, and it is for her the nourishment both of the soul and the body, and as soon as she has received it her contemplation is perfect, she becomes insensible to everything around her, her lips move no more, her eyes are closed, and even breathing ceases. Every morning after Communion, for about fifteen or twenty minutes, she is in ecstacy, people around her talk, women kiss

her hands, lay their beads upon the scars of her hands; she is insensible to all. I will say no more. I am yet moved by too many wonders. I bless God for having permitted me to witness so much of his goodness and power.

REV. GERRE.

Death of Louise.

It was Saturday, the feast of St. Louis, King of France, August, 25. Death was now indeed near at hand. On the Friday morning the Rev. Fr. Duclos, O. M., of Montlucan, had brought the Blessed Sacrament to Louise. As if the inhabitants had had a presentiment that this was to be the last of these touching processions, crowds came to kneel on the route of the viaticum, and lights were lit in the windows. Five or six men carried torches. An Irishman, to be able to approach Louise, took on himself the office of bell-ringer, and carried the lantern. Some eight or ten ladies followed the pious *cortege*. As they entered, every one was struck with the patient's position; she lay on her right side, pale, moaning and coughing. After the affecting ceremony, Louise grew calmer. But the end approached with rapid strides. At the head of the bed stood Adeline, her younger sister, weeping. Towards three o'clock Louise was told that Extreme Unction was about to be administered, which seemed to give her great pleasure. At last, about seven o'clock, the cure of Bois d'Haine entered the house with the sacred oils; there were also there Dr. Lecrinier, M. de Fayt, the sacristan, and the members of the family. Dr. Lecrinier found Louise considerably weaker. The pulse was at a hundred a minute; the swelling in the left hand had subsided, but a great swelling had appeared on the right foot. The agony had begun. On Saturday morning, at six o'clock, Louise felt her death approaching, for when her elder sister, Rosine, on hearing the bell of Bois d'Haine Church ringing for Mass, asked if she might leave her, was answered by a negative motion of the head, as if to say: "stay."

For three weeks, Louise had not spoken to her sisters, or to any one. Immediately after she had received the sacrament of the dying, she addressed her sisters, who had tended her with wonderful devotedness and tenderness. To them she gave her last wishes, expressing a desire to be buried quite quietly, without any display, like her mother. During the night, between Friday and Saturday, she had a slight access of delirium, in which she was heard to murmur, "To-morrow. . . . St. Louis. . . what a lovely bouquet." Towards half-past six o'clock a light sigh told that death had done its work. Her last words were, "Jesus, Mary." . . . It was nearly nine when we penetrated this morning (Monday) into the little room, where lay the mortal remains of Louise Lateau. She lies on a simple bed, covered by a counterpane of red calico. On her head is a plain peasant woman's cap, and a woollen kerchief round her bust and shoulders. On her breast is a cross from Jerusalem, which, by the by, a visitor tried this morning to carry away. A little figure of our Lord on the mantelpiece. . . the only light was a candle near the window. Adeline and a friend and neighbor, Egidia Desmet, are

praying at the foot of the bed. The grief of Adeline is quite painful to witness; she refuses to leave the room for a moment. Lastly on a *console* at the foot of the bed, statuettes of our Lady of Lourdes, Our Lady of Victories, and of St. Peter. On the walls hang pious pictures, and the Papal Blessing sent by Pius IX. Such is the death-chamber of the humble and devout girl, whose name has become so well known. Nothing could convey an idea of the respect which the inhabitants around have for the '*stigmatisée de bois d'Haine.*' Yesterday afternoon several were kneeling in prayer near the hedge which borders the modest enclosure. Another noteworthy fact — Friday, the 24th of August, would have been the eight hundred and first recurrence of the extraordinary hemorrhage, to which Louise was subject, but this Friday was the only one on which she lost no blood, for she had no ecstasy. Louise Lateau was born the 29th of January, 1850. She was therefore 33 years and seven months of age. The phenomena in connection with her lasted twelve years.

The Shrine at Knock.

Four years ago, Aug. 21, at the hour of eight o'clock, the Blessed Virgin appeared, for the first time, on the gable of the church of Knock. To-night there were thousands gathered together. Since the commencement of this month, and especially during the past week, the pious people from far and near are making their pilgrimages to our Lady's shrine, to petition for their restoration to health, or to return thanks for favors granted. There are accounts of many cures that have taken place here. The people were wonderfully impressed when, on Sunday last, they heard from the lips of the Rev. Father O'Connor, of Truro, Nova Scotia, his account of his miraculous restoration to health, through the intervention of our Lady of Knock. Shortly before six o'clock, Sister Mary Frances Cusack, the nun of Knock, accompanied by her seven novices, wearing white veils, proceeded to the chapel grounds. At this hour the chapel grounds were quickly filling with new arrivals, by foot and by car. The prayers of the people, as they performed their stations in the chapel, or prayed before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, or accompanied the groups who, reciting the rosary, made a circuit of the chapel, grew more and more fervent. The shades of evening were stealing gradually over the district. The moon was gradually rising in the horizon. Shortly after seven o'clock the procession formed, and started from the colossal statue of our Lady, which marks the spot of the apparition. It was composed of hundreds of children, dressed in snow-white dresses, their heads crowned with wreathes. The tones of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary were sweetly sung. All soon joined in the procession, which proceeded around the chapel grounds. Each had a lighted candle. The banners sent as offerings were also carried. At least 5,000 persons joined in the procession. It seemed in the dull light of the lovely summer's evening with not a breath to move the stillness, that heaven had come down upon earth. The visible presence of the great Queen of Heaven was felt by all present. Thus, for the space of an hour, the procession passed round and round.

At last all gathered in front of the gable where our Blessed Lady appeared, and the solemnity of the scene should be witnessed — it could not be described — as the loving strains of the hymn,

> "Look down, O Mother Mary, from thy high throne above;
> Cast down upon thy children one loving glance of love,"

rose up from the kneeling multitude. Immediately after, Benediction

of the Most Holy Sacrament was given in the church, which could not contain the assembled people. A large bonfire was lighted opposite the chapel. The progress at Knock is most remarkable. The Convent is raising its magnificent proportions. In its every detail it is a grand undertaking. The Archdeacon's new house is advancing to completion. All around seem to have received a new vigor and life through the instrumentality of our Blessed Lady.

Dwellings of the Poor in Dublin.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Weekly Register* writes: In a part of Dublin called the "Coombe," about the poorest and most thickly-populated portion, a striking change has been made in this respect. Leaving the quays and passing Christ Church Cathedral, the explorer will easily make his way to this ancient, wretched, dilapidated region. Here it is that the "Coombe Area" has been cleared and built upon. Pleasant red-brick cottages stand where foul, half-ruined walls but lately stood. A large asphalte space secures air and a certain amount of quiet for the dwellers in the new houses, and a fountain is to be erected in the midst of it. Of this smart little red-brick colony, in the midst of dilapidation and dreariness, a correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* remarked some time ago that it "only required a canal and tulip-beds to suggest a Dutch town." The same authority goes on to say: — "Out of 210 dwellings not one is vacant, and, *mirabile dictu*, not a sixpence has been lost in rent by the company since they started. The total population of the various blocks amounts in the aggregate to about a thousand persons. And here may be made a remark which applies in all cases hitherto examined where congested spaces in large cities have been cleared and on them dwellings of the nature we described erected.

"The classes whose dwellings have been swept away are not identical with those that replace them. In nearly every instance the houses or cottages have been taken by young couples. The aged change not their ways so rapidly, and have a certain contempt for improvements, sanitary or otherwise, which they regard as new-fangled." In order to keep untidy tenants out of the neat cottages in the Coombe Area, an agreement is signed between tenant and landlord (the Artisans' Dwelling Company), which ensures that clothes shall not be hung out to dry from the window, poultry or pigs shall not be kept, and lodgers shall not be harbored. Other excellent engagements are also made by the "agreement," and the new tenants are particular in fulfilling its requirements. In other parts of Dublin, also, or its outskirts, pleasant well-contrived little houses of cheerful red-brick are springing up, and like the Coombe cottages, are inhabited chiefly by newly-married pairs, or pairs with young families. As a rule they are kept with remarkable neatness, making a pretty show of white curtains, and flowers in the windows. It is to the mistresses of these new dwellings that the ladies of the Sanitary Committee find their visits most welcome. The young wife who has just got a neat little place of her own is eager to enter the lists with her neigbors, and take a prize for neatness and the cultivation of geraniums.

A "Nutshell" History of Ireland.

IRELAND, an island on the western extremity of Europe, constituting a portion of the state known as the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, lies between the parallels of 52° 26' and 55° 21' north latitude, and between 5° 20' and 10° 26' west longitude, Greenwich meridian. It is 306 miles long and 182 broad; its superficial area being about 32,713 square miles, or 20,808,320 British statute acres. The interior of the island is in the main a fertile plateau, but toward the shore on the south, west and north, rugged mountains rise irregularly to a height in some places of over 3,000 feet. The coast, on the west especially, is bold, and in many places precipitous; but is, on every side, except on the southern portion of the eastern shore, deeply indented with bays, fiords, and estuaries, affording natural harbors of great capacity. The scenery is strikingly picturesque; in some parts of unsurpassed beauty. The southern and western counties, however, contain many tracts of bleak and desolate country. In the low lying parts of the island there are vast areas of peat-moors or "bogs," embedded in or beneath which are found the remains of primeval forests. There is historical certainty that more than a thousand years ago the island was richly timbered from sea to sea; but the destruction of the woods by the English power in the course of its five centuries of warfare with the natives, has left Irish landscape on the whole exceptionally bare of trees. There are numerous lakes; some of considerable size. The principal river, the Shannon, flows into the Atlantic on the western side of the island; the Lee, the Blackwater, and the combined Suir, Barrow, and Nore, reach the sea on the south coast; the Bann and the Foyle on the north; and the Slaney, the Liffey, and the Boyne on the east. Of the cities and towns of Ireland, few can be deemed important as to size or commercial activity; the principal of them being Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Waterford, Limerick, and Derry. The first-named city is, as it has been since the reign of King John, in the thirteenth century, the national metropolis and seat of government. The country is politically divided into four provinces; these being subdivided into thirty-two counties. The climate throughout is mild and genial; more moist than that of France or Britain, but much less rigorous than that of either in winter. Although coal, iron, copper, lead, silver, and gold, have at one period or another been mined in Ireland, shafts and adits of long-forgotten times being occasionally discovered, the mineral resources of the country, judged by practical experience are poor. Manufacturing industries, unless on a very insignificant scale, are almost unknown, outside the province of Ulster; the great bulk of the inhabitants being engaged in agricultural pursuits. The population was, at the last census, 5,159,-

839; exhibiting a serious and steady decrease since 1841, when it was 8,175,124.*

Ireland is governed by a viceroy, subject to the imperial cabinet in London, and is represented in the imperial parliament by 103 members in the House of Commons, out of the 652 who constitute that body. Out of 494 princes, peers, and bishops, who sit in the House of Lords, twenty-eight are titularly Irish.

Few European countries are possessed of authentic historical data reaching to an age so remote as that to which the ancient records or memorials of Ireland in one shape or another extend. Like all old countries it has its fabulous and legendary periods; but reasonable certainty is attainable at a much earlier period in Irish history than it is in most other cases.

The inhabitants of Ireland, of what may be called the native race, belong to the great Celtic family. For two thousand years past they have claimed to be pre-eminently "Milesians," that is to say, descended from an expedition of conquerors, led by the three sons of a military chief named Milesius, who, according to well-received tradition, landed and subdued the country some ten or twelve centuries before the birth of Christ. But inasmuch as at least two distinct colonizations had previously been effected, and as the Milesians simply reduced their predecessors into subjection, and did not extirpate them, it is clear the general population in the course of time became more or less a combination of the new elements and the old. The Milesians originally came from a birthplace variously fixed in Persia, Syria, and Phœnicia, and indisputably were of eastern origin. They were a race of soldiers and statesmen, conquerors and lawgivers. It was they who virtually organized and constituted the Ireland known to history for the last 1500 years.

The political system they established was a strange mixture of a republican monarchy and a military aristocracy. The country was divided into five sub-kingdoms, an Ard-Ri (literally high-king) being supreme sovereign. This chief-king was elected from the reigning family or dynasty; the electors being the clan-chiefs, these latter in their own sphere being elected by the clans. A parliament or "feis" assembled triennially at Tara, in which sat the princes, chiefs, judges, high priests, brehons, and bards of the whole nation. This legislative body, one of the earliest known in history, revised the old laws and enacted new ones, very much as modern senates and assemblies do. On the introduction of Christianity by St. Patricius or Patrick in the fifth century, the existing code of laws was referred to a commission, consisting of one chief, one brehon, and one Christian bishop, with a view to purging it of pagan ideas and adapting the statutes of Erin to Christian principles. The body of laws thus revised and codified are now, by order of the British government, being translated and published, as a rare and valuable treasury of ancient jurisprudence, parliament making an annual grant for the purpose ever since 1852.

Such was the constitution and polity

* It is calculated that in 1847 the population was about 9,500,000.

which prevailed in Ireland down to the sixteenth century, a period of more than 2000 years.

From about the year 200 B. C. to A. D. 800, the Ireland of ancient history may be said to have attained its zenith of power and reputation. In the three centuries which followed the introduction of Christianity, the country was pre-eminently the great centre of scholastic and missionary enterprise in western Europe. To its free schools and universities flocked students from every part of Christendom, and Irish missionaries and teachers spread throughout the known world. With the incursions of the fierce and savage North-men or Danes, plundering and desolating hordes of pagan marauders, which began about the close of the eighth century, commenced the disorganization and wreck of the Milesian nation. These hordes, just then the scourge of western Europe, never were able to conquer the country as they did the neighboring island of Britain; but an intermittent war of utter barbarism, prolonged through 300 years, utterly demoralized it, and almost extinguished a civilization that had been the light of western Europe in its time. From A. D. 900 to A. D. 1170, with the exception of a brilliant interval of a few years under Brian I., who broke forever the Danish power, disintegration rapidly made way. The idea of a common national interest or a central national authority was almost totally discarded. Each sub-king fought for his own hand, and the post of Ard-Ri was claimed by various competitors in reckless and exhausting contests that bathed the land in blood.

Meanwhile, England, that had yielded more or less easily to every invader, Saxon, Dane, and Roman, once more received a new yoke. Its new conquerors were the Normans, who, fortunately for its future welfare, were strong enough to weld, albeit by ruthless process, the Danish, Saxon, and British kingships and communities of England into a single political system. By the middle of the twelfth century the Normans had well consolidated their new kingdom, while Ireland had been steadily breaking into fragments. One of the Irish sub-kings, MacMurrough, prince of the Leinster or Lagenia, revolting against the Ard-Ri, who had indeed deposed him, applied to Henry II. of England for help in his quarrel. Henry gave him permission to seek auxiliaries or mercenaries among the Norman-English knights and free-lances. One of these surnamed Strongbow, accepted MacMurrough's terms, and swiftly landing a powerful force on the Leinster shore, succeeded in restoring him to his principality. These Norman adventurers, brave, skilful, and highly disciplined, saw a splendid opportunity for pushing their fortunes in the distracted and faction-torn condition of Ireland. They helped now one chief, now another, always on terms of payment highly advantageous to themselves, and soon their marvellous success and their daring ambition excited the jealousy and anger of King Henry. He called on them to return to England. Strongbow made various excuses for disobeying, and Henry, to the great satisfaction of the Irish princes, announced that he would proceed to Ireland in person to investigate the conduct of

the Norman adventurers. He did so come to Ireland, and at once assumed the rôle of arbitrator or authoritative regulator of affairs, civil and ecclesiastical, pretending, as to the latter especially, that he had got a bull from his countryman, Pope Adrian, commissioning him to restore order in Ireland. The Irish princes did not quite realize all that this exercise of quasi-friendly offices involved, until long after Henry had returned to England. When they did, that is to say, when they found the Norman auxiliaries of one of their own body, converted into the garrison of a foreign king, they were dismayed. Some at once resisted; others diplomatized; a few submitted. Some felt the reality of the change; others did not. For centuries after the so-called "conquest" by Henry II., most of the native chiefs ruled their principalities or made war on one another, just as they did before a Norman had set foot on the Irish shore. Fitfully but gradually the Anglo-Normans pushed their power; yet it was not until the close of the sixteenth century, or more than four hundred years after Henry's landing, that the struggle of native Irish sovereignty against English rule closed in the tacit surrender of Ireland to James I.

During the latter half of the last century of the above period, a new element of antagonism was imported into the conflict. Religious animosity was added to race-hatred and national hostility. The English peers and people followed Henry VIII. into the Reformation; followed Queen Mary out of it, and Queen Elizabeth into it again. The Irish, on the other hand, clung more devotedly than ever to the Catholic faith; a circumstance of contrast which has largely contributed ever since to keep the two peoples distinct, and which, allied with race influences and national traditions, marks each with a separate individuality.

With the reign of James I. began the political system which, with little variation, still exists in the union of Ireland under one crown with Scotland and England. England came in by succession to the Scottish king, and by a remarkable coincidence or concurrence Ireland at the same moment virtually surrendered to the sovereignty of a Gaelic prince, sprung from a race kindred to its own. Throughout the whole Stuart period, from 1600 to 1700, the national feeling and action of Ireland, with a loyalty fatal to Irish welfare, were displayed on the side of the dynasty thus accepted. In the victorious rebellion of the English republicans against the duplicity of Charles I., as well as in the still more successful English revolt against the despotism of James II., the Irish remained steadfast to the royalist cause; and, in the result, paid a dreadful penalty for such disastrous fidelity. The soil of the country was declared forfeit by the existing owners, and was parcelled out as spoil among the soldiery of the Cromwellian and Williamite armies; hundreds of thousands of acres were bestowed on the mistresses, court favorites, and natural offspring of William and the early Hanoverian princes; while the native gentry, beggared and homeless, were banished and proscribed, and the general body of the people reduced to a condition little short of outlawry.

Under what is known as the "penal code" from 1700 to 1775, the bulk of the population were forbidden to educate their children, to attend religious worship, to carry arms, to learn a trade or to hold property. The schoolmaster and the priest had each a price on his head; and statutes of George I. and George II. went so far as to make it felony to send an Irish child abroad to receive the education forbidden at home.

There was one circumstance, which, apart from the shocking barbarity of the "penal code," has made it rankle in the breasts of the Irish to the present hour; namely, that it was laid upon them in flagrant violation of a solemn treaty signed between the English and Irish commanders, duly countersigned by royal commissioners on King William's part, at the close of the Williamite struggle in 1691. Although the splendid army of Scandinavians, Dutch, Swiss, Prussians, Huguenot-French, and English, which the Prince of Orange led into Ireland, had defeated the raw levies of the Irish royalists at the Boyne, and, more by happy accident than generalship, driven them from their position at Aughrim, he was again and again defeated before the walls of Limerick, which city was defended by General Sarsefield, in command of the Irish armies of King James.* At length, William, who was a brave soldier and a statesman, saw the wisdom of arranging terms with such a foe; and accordingly, on October 3, 1691, articles of capitulation were negotiated whereby the Irish army, retaining its arms, colors, bands and transport-stores, marched out with the honors of war, free to enter the service of King William or to sail for France where King James now resided as guest and ally of Louis XIV.

The "civil articles" of the treaty of Limerick stipulated, in substance, that there was to be no proscription, no confiscation, no disarmament, and that the exercise of the Catholic religion should be as free as it had been in the reign of King Charles II. After the rough draft had been agreed upon, but before the fair copy was signed by Sarsefield, the arrival of a French fleet with considerable aid in men, money and stores was announced to the Irish commander, and he was entreated not to sign the treaty; he replied sorrowfully, that the news reached him an hour too late, that his honor and the honor of Ireland were pledged and should not be broken.

No sooner, however, had the Irish army sailed away to France than the treaty covenants, despite the protests and endeavors of King William, were cast to the winds. Angered at the idea of having no spoil by confiscation to divide, the anti-Stuart faction, now dominant in the Irish parliament, refused to approve the king's treaty, and, by stopping the supplies, compelled William to yield. Thereupon commenced the proscriptive legislation, known as the "penal code." The more severe these enactments grew, the more alarmed the dominant party became lest the Irish masses should rebel against them; and thus

*A worthy counterpart to this defence of Limerick was the heroic conduct of the Protestant Williamite garrison and population of Derry, who, despite the most cruel privations, gallantly kept the city against a Stuart-Irish beseiging force, until the arrival of a relieving expedition.

further and further severity was deemed necessary, as repression and alarm acted and reacted on one another. As a matter of fact, not even during the memorable Scottish risings of 1715 and 1745, which so nearly restored the Stuart line, did the Irish at home give pretext or justification for such a policy.

The self-expatriated Irish battalions, however, now serving as an Irish brigade in the service of France, took heavy reprisals on the English power, confronting it on every battle-field, and deciding by their impetuous valor the fortunes of many an eventful day. At Fontenoy, fought May 11, 1742, by a French army of 45,000 men under Marshal Saxe, in presence of the king and the dauphin, against an English force of 65,000 men under the Duke of Cumberland, victory was snatched from the British commander at the close of the day by a decisive charge of the Irish regiments. It was on the arrival of the despatches which announced the fate of Fontenoy, that George II., much of a soldier and little of a bigot, is said to have exclaimed, "Curse upon the laws that deprive me of such subjects."

In the minds of many besides King George, a reaction against the terrible rigor of the "penal code" had, by this time, set in; and events were drawing near, which rendered its continuance impossible. According to the political constitution which the Anglo-Norman sovereigns conferred on their colony in Ireland, that country was annexed to the British crown, but not placed under the legislative action of the English parliament. On the contrary, it had a parliament of its own, supreme as to Irish affairs. When Henry VII. was strengthening his royal prerogative and generally centralizing his government, he had a statute passed by a subservient Anglo-Irish parliament at Drogheda, known as "Poynings Law," rendering the Irish parliament subject to the control of the English legislature. The unconstitutionality of this law was always asserted and "Poynings Act," was disregarded by Irish parliaments in the reigns of Charles I., Charles II. and James II. The Williamite parliament in London, however, from the first claimed the power to bind Ireland; a claim from time to time contested by jurists and public writers on the Irish side, who, though thoroughly Protestant, and attached to the new dynasty and the English connection, vehemently repudiated the idea of such subjection in legislative matters. The dispute was embittered by the manner in which the London government repressed Irish trade and manufactures. An address to William III., from English manufacturers, complaining of too successful Irish competition, elicited from that monarch a remarkable promise that "he would do all that in him lay to discourage manufactures in Ireland." This royal pledge unhappily was only too well fulfilled. The Irish parliament of 1719, in the midst of its penal legislation against the conquered Catholics, openly resisted the doctrine of subordination. The Irish House of Lords forbade the sheriff of Kildare to execute a decree of the English peers; whereupon the latter body retaliated by reaffirming "Poynings Law" in still more galling terms.

The controversy, with little respite, went on up to 1775, when there rolled across the Atlantic a tocsin of liberty in the echoes of Bunker Hill. By this time a patriot party had appeared in the Irish parliament, a parliament in which no Catholic was allowed to sit, led by Lord Charlemont, Lord Kildare, Flood, Hussey-Burgh, Sir Lucius O'Brien, and Ponsonby; later on by the man, the splendor of whose fame truly illumines this page of Ireland's history, the illustrious Henry Grattan. Encouraged by the conduct of the American colonists, they grappled boldly with the oppressions and corruptions of the government; their earliest efforts being devoted successfully to the liberation of Irish trade from the fetters that had crippled and well-nigh destroyed it. They next claimed the restoration of the ancient freedom of the Irish Parliament. King George and his cabinet resisted while they could, but the concession was inevitable. Sorely straitened by the effort to subjugate Washington and his colonial levies, the London government had to withdraw the troops from Ireland, which was now garrisoned and guarded by a national volunteer army of 150,000 men. The volunteers, who were citizens as well as soldiers, enthusiastically sustained the movements of Grattan. A thoroughly national spirit was aroused throughout the island. The long-oppressed Catholic millions clasped hands with the long-dominant Protestant colony or garrison. With the capitulation of the British armies to Washington, and the recognition of American independence, vanished the last hope of successfully combating the Irish demand for a free parliament. A solemn treaty, in the form of a statute of the British parliament, 22 Geo. III. chap. 28, renounced "forever" the usurpation of "Poynings Law," and covenanted that the ancient constitutional right of Ireland to be bound only by laws of a free Irish parliament should henceforth be "unquestioned and unquestionable."

The effect of this measure of national liberty seemed to be magical. In the ten years that followed, Irish trade and commerce expanded in a degree never known before or since. The spirit of tolerance also for a moment prevailed, and some of the most grievous of the penal laws were repealed. The country seemed to go forward on the road to progress, by leaps and bounds, under the guardianship of the free parliament won by Grattan and the volunteers.

This great victory, as well as the previous recovery of commercial freedom, was long retarded by the restricted franchise and anomalous usages under which the parliament of the period was returned. The representation of many boroughs was literally owned by aristocratic proprietors; and presentation to a seat in the House of Commons was bought and sold like any other marketable title or commodity. The national party, under Grattan, now directed their attention to a reform of a system so fatal to public liberty. The British minister, on the other hand, the American war being over, had his hands free, and he determined to maintain a system which would enable him in a few years, by the expenditure of money in purchase of seats, to subvert all that Grattan had ac-

complished, and overturn the treaty arrangement of 22 Geo. III. chap. 28.

The struggle progressed for seven years with increasing earnestness on each side, when suddenly an event occurred which threw the great game totally into the hands of the British minister, and swept the Irish popular party into a situation that proved disastrous. The French revolution of 1789 burst forth like the blaze of a tremendous conflagration. The governing classes all over Europe were stunned with horror and dismay. The friends of popular liberty hailed the event with joy. In Ireland, the property-classes, flinging all other considerations aside, rallied to the side of governmental authority, so as to strengthen the bulwark against republican principles. The government, thus reinforced, at once assumed a stern and haughty attitude towards anything in the nature of popular discontent or democratic manifestations. The Irish national reform movement, after struggling for a few years with such a state of things, eventually broke to pieces; its leaders differing widely on the new doctrines or principles launched in Paris. Some sided with the government rather than embarrass the arm of authority at such a moment; others were for pushing the movement forward on still broader lines; while many, Grattan himself included, retired from the scene, as if foreseeing what was about to happen.

The advanced section, driven from their open movement, all aflame with the new gospel of liberty, equality and fraternity, and infuriated by the English minister's design of betraying or subverting the settlement of 1782, enrolled themselves in a secret revolutionary conspiracy for the overthrow of British rule in Ireland. Although their main reliance was naturally on the bulk of the population, who were Catholics, the original founders and earliest adherents of the enterprise were Protestants; chiefly Ulster Presbyterians. Later on, men of all religious creeds, and unquestionably men of the purest motives and loftiest character, embraced the design. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, son of the duke of Leinster, was at the head of affairs; its ablest organizer, Theobald Wolfe Tone, being stationed in Paris as accredited agent or ambassador to the French directory.

The government early discerned the advantage which an abortive insurrection would give them in persuading the property-classes to "draw closer to the centre of power and authority" by consolidating the parliaments; and for a time the proceedings of the revolutionists were viewed with secret satisfaction. By the end of 1796, however, this feeling gave place to alarm when it was found that the French directory had determined seriously to assist the Irish party. This determination was made plain by the dispatch of a powerful expedition under General Hoche toward the close of the year. A storm dispersed Hoche's flotilla, only a few vessels of which reached the bay of Bantry, on the south-west coast of Ireland.

The government now sought to force the hand of Lord Edward, by compelling him to take the field before another expedition could be prepared. To this end "martial law"

was proclaimed, and shocking means were used to goad the populace quickly into a rising.

While it was yet uncertain how far these tactics would succeed, an overwhelming blow fell on the revolutionary party. Their central council or directory were surprised and seized in the very act of deliberating on the question of immediate operations; and a few days subsequently Lord Edward was captured, after a desperate struggle, in which he was mortally wounded. Less by concerted action than as an impulse of desperation, the insurrection now broke forth in four or five of the Irish counties—Antrim, Wexford, Wicklow, Kildare and Carlow. In Wexford the outburst was almost entirely the result of the forcing process above referred to. The people, half armed and wholly undisciplined, took the field in rude array. Destitute as they were of military leaders, equipment or resources, they nevertheless, through several months, fought a fierce campaign, which the entire available strength of the government forces barely sufficed eventually to subdue.

Like all other bursts of popular passion this rising was marked by some lamentable excesses; or rather, in a struggle in which "no quarter for rebels" was the watchword on the one side, and in which discipline in the popular camp could be but slender, episodes of savage vengeance were in a sense inevitable.

The rising in Ulster had been quickly and easily suppressed, and all the other counties of Ireland lay quiescent during the Wexford revolt. Disaffection and desire to rebel was intense; but a conviction prevailed that insurrection single-handed against Great Britain must absolutely fail, and another French expedition was expected. When it did arrive, under General Humbert, who landed at Killala, in the north-west of Ireland, in August, 1798, with a force of a little over 1,000 men, the government was flushed with victory and the populace utterly overawed. Humbert defeated a force of nearly 5,000 opposing British troops at Castlebar; but eventually had to surrender to an overwhelming force under Lord Cornwallis.

The after-scenes of this insurrection were barely less tragic than the struggle in the field. The scaffold and the executioner long plied their dreadful work, completing what the fusillade began.

It was at such a moment Pitt produced his long-meditated scheme for breaking the treaty of 1782, and abolishing the Irish parliament. Even amid the gloomy horrors of 1799 his proposal was at first defeated in the Irish parliament; the constitutional nationalists, under Grattan, Curran, Charlemont, Parnell, Ponsonby, and Plunkett, making a last desperate effort of resistance. By the next year, however, Pitt had expended nearly 2,000,000*l.* in buying up what were called "proprietary boroughs," and otherwise purchasing votes sufficient to secure a majority, and in 1800 his scheme of "union" was carried through.

By this time Bonaparte had become the terror, as he subsequently very nearly became the conqueror, of Europe. England alone successfully defied and victoriously encountered

him. On English soil alone, it may be said, constitutional government for the time dared to exist in the old hemisphere. For fifteen years all other political issues seemed abandoned or forgotten in view of the titanic struggle which culminated and closed at Waterloo.

Beyond a madly hopeless attempt of the youthful enthusiast, Robert Emmett, in 1803, to renew the insurrectionary enterprise of 1798, Ireland may be said to have lain sullenly dormant through the eventful years that saw the meteoric course of Napoleon.

When next an Irish question challenged public attention, new elements of political power, new leaders, new tactics, came into view.

Hitherto the Irish Catholics, nine-tenths of the population, being forbidden the rights of citizenship, had to depend for public advocacy on those noble-minded Protestants, like Grattan and Curran and Parnell, who, from a pure love of justice, espoused their cause. The Ireland which had legal or political existence in the eighteenth century, was merely the handful of Anglo-Irish Protestants settled in the country. The millions of Celtic bondsmen around them counted for nothing in the state, except as material for taxation. The bondsmen now arose and strode into the political arena, to determine their own fortunes. The political Ireland that appeared with the nineteenth century was a Celtic Ireland; or, rather, an Ireland that excluded none and embraced all Irish-born men of whatever race or class or creed. The question of Catholic emancipation had early enlisted the efforts of Grattan and other of the Protestant patriot leaders in Ireland, and even in 1799 had made such way in England that Pitt pledged himself to make it one of the first measures the united parliament would pass. George III. absolutely refused, however, to entertain the question, and it was put aside. Forth from the ranks of the Irish Catholics there came a leader of their own race and faith, destined to make king and cabinet alike feel his power. This was Daniel O'Connell, who, for nearly half a century, was the foremost political figure in Irish history. He aroused and combined the masses of the people; he covered the country with the network of a vast organization, and soon five millions of people, fired with enthusiasm and determined to be free, were disciplined to obey his will.

The government sternly combated the movement; forbade it, proclaimed it, prosecuted it, punished it — all in vain. O'Connell was no sooner suppressed in one shape than he reappeared in another. Again and again the king and the government declared that no concession could be made to demagogues and agitators; that the law would be vindicated, and established institutions in church and state upheld. Although no actual outbreak occurred, the state of affairs in Ireland was critical in the extreme. In 1829 the Duke of Wellington, who had taken office expressly on a pledge of opposition to emancipation, announced to the king that it was a choice between its concession or civil war — civil war in which a vast body of English popular opinion would side with the Irish people, and in which the Irish regiments of the army dare not be called upon to act against

their countrymen. King, cabinet, and parliament forthwith saw the question in a new light, and the penal code was in effect expunged from the statute-book.

From this period may be said to date a series of efforts on the part of British statesmen to grapple with the more prominent or pressing of Irish grievances; seldom or never, however, until popular complaint of them, long neglected or resisted, had developed into disorder, disaffection and violence.

Between 1829 and 1835 the country was convulsed with a struggle against "tithes." The Protestant clergy were authorized to levy on the agricultural inhabitants, nearly all of them Catholics, a tenth of the produce of the land. After three or four years of stormy agitation, disfigured by deplorable outrage and violence, the people at length combined in a national "strike" against tithes. This proved effectual. A law was passed abolishing tithes in form; that is to say, adding them to the landlord's rent, and compelling the landlord, to whom the amount was paid in rent, to pay it over to the clergy *minus* twenty-five per cent. for the trouble of collection.

These victories encouraged O'Connell to undertake an enterprise more serious and more formidable than any he had yet attempted, namely, an endeavor to recover the separate parliamentary constitution of Ireland, subverted by Pitt in 1800, or, as it was called, to "repeal the union." The Irish masses were now full of confidence in the ability of their leader to accomplish anything he took in hand. Their social and physical condition was still painfully low. The grinding exactions of exorbitant land-rent left the agricultural population, as a royal commission of inquiry under Lord Devon declared them to be, "the worst housed, the worst fed, and the worst clad peasantry in Europe." They retained, however, the hopeful buoyancy of their Celtic nature, and the marvellous success of the total abstinence or "temperance" movement under Father Mathew (a Catholic priest of Cork city) had enormously elevated their *morale*. The abolition of the Irish parliament in 1800 had at the time been vehemently resisted by the ultra-Protestant party in Ireland; but when, in 1840, O'Connell, the Catholic leader, took up the question of its recovery, it was found that their attitude had totally changed. The parliament and the nation which they had contended for was one from which Papists were excluded. So far from favoring legislative restoration now that the Catholics had been emancipated, they ardently implored the government to maintain the union, and not deliver them up to "popish ascendancy."

O'Connell's movement, therefore, though it was sustained by more than three-fourths of the people of Ireland, encountered from the outset the mistrust, the dread or the hostility of the Irish Protestants. The full power of England was pledged to oppose it as an attempt to dismember the empire. The Irish leader found himself in a critical position. The government, so far from yielding to the popular demand, plainly meant to encounter it by force. Were England engaged at that moment in any serious foreign complication, concession

would have been inevitable. But never in her history was she more great, more powerful, or more strong. She was at peace with all foreign nations, and, possessed of a giant's strength, was ready to use it in stamping out once and forever this dangerous Irish idea of national autonomy. O'Connell's embarrassment was all the greater because there had now grown up around him a race of young men who scorned his exaggerated love of peaceful ways of moral suasion, and who held the lawfulness of Ireland recovering the right she claimed by armed resort if practicable.

This conflict between the "moral force" and "physical force" principles of what were called respectively the "Old Ireland" and "Young Ireland" parties, rent the great Irish movement in twain.

In the midst of the controversy there fell on the country a calamity that buried all political thought or effort for the time. This was the Irish famine of 1847-9. In the autumn of 1846 the potato crop, which formed almost the sole support of the population, was struck with blight and rotted in the ground. All could see the awful consequences that were at hand; yet the action of the government was disastrously tardy, circumlocutory, blundering and impotent. The people perished in hundreds of thousands amid scenes of anguish and horror beyond human power adequately to portray. Howsoever culpable the inefficient action of the government in coping with the difficulty, the conduct of the English people was truly noble. They poured princely subscriptions into the treasuries of various relief-associations, and did the best that private effort could achieve to mitigate the dreadful affliction. Nearly every country in the world joined in the Samaritan endeavor; but foremost and first — far outstripping all the rest, England included — was the land that long had been the free asylum and happy home of expatriated Irishmen, the United States of America.

O'Connell died, aged and heart-broken, in May, 1847.

In February, 1848, revolution in Paris once more sent the impulse of insurrection through Europe; and once more Ireland yielded to its influence. The young Ireland party took the field, or rather vainly attempted to do so, under William Smith O'Brien. The leaders of this abortive movement were anything but good revolutionists. They were men of genius, poets, scholars, artists, orators; men of purest and loftiest aims, fired with the generous enthusiasm of youth, maddened by the famine-scenes around them. But they were utterly incompetent as military conspirators, and their attempt broke down on the threshold. It cost Ireland, however, a heavy penalty in the dispersion of a school of intellectual culture and activity, even the early-checked literary labors of which have left a deep imprint on the literature and the politics of that country.

There followed upon the famine of 1847 and the abortive insurrection of 1848, a period of utter prostration. To the dreadful havoc of the famine there was now added wholesale eviction and expatriation of the ruined tenantry. In many parts of the island "clearances," as they were

called, swept away the entire human population of the district, in order that vast bullock-ranges, sheep-runs or grouse-moors, might take the place of homesteads and villages. The human suffering involved in this policy can only be estimated by those who know how passionately the Irish peasant clings to the spot, however humble, which has been the birthplace and the home of his forefathers. In truth, the eviction-scenes of that period, 1849 to 1860, rendered inevitable the events that have convulsed Irish society for the last twenty years. Hundreds of thousands of the eviction-victims perished by the roadsides or in the pauper barracks. Other hundreds of thousands fled or were deported to America. They went with bursting hearts, ready to embrace any enterprise, no matter how wild and hopeless, that promised vengeance on the power that had driven them forth.

As early as 1858 some of the exiled Young Ireland leaders conceived the idea of utilizing for revolutionary purposes this feeling on the part of the American Irish. The result was the organization of the Fenian conspiracy by Mr. James Stephens and Col. John O'Mahoney. Keenly alive to the cause of failure in 1848, the Fenian leaders aimed at careful preparation and extensive military organization. Notwithstanding the strong opposition of the Catholic clergy, and the dissuasions or protests of those nationalists who believed insurrection impracticable and mischievous, they pushed their enrolment with intense ardor and earnestness, and succeeded in establishing the most wide-spread and formidable revolutionary movement known in Irish history since 1798. In armament they were utterly deficient, but their organization and discipline were on the whole remarkably perfect. The government throughout was kept well-informed by its spies in the conspiracy, and in 1865 swooped suddenly down on the leaders in Dublin, seizing the subordinates simultaneously all over the country.

The organization never recovered from this fatal blow, although for fully two years subsequently it made desperate and persistent efforts to reconstitute itself; and at length, in March, 1867, gave the signal for a national uprising. The moment the long formidable secret society came out into the open, its great spell was shattered. It was found to be just as deficient as the much-blamed Young Ireland movement, of 1848, in the most elementary conditions of military existence. The fortitude, devotion and heroism, exhibited by its members in the dock and in the dungeon, enlisted for them the sympathy of thousands who had condemned that enterprise; and even among English statesmen the feeling spread that the Irish question must be dealt with by remedial, not by repressive, measures.

Mr. Gladstone, as leader of the liberal party of England, gave eloquent expression to this conviction; and announced that, to begin with, the Irish state church, as a badge of conquest and an oppressive burden, must be swept away. In the general election of 1868 he was returned to office with an enormous majority, and well fulfilling his promise, he forthwith carried through parliament an act for disendowing and disestablish-

ing the Irish Protestant state church. Practically the measure was one of disestablishment alone, for as to endowment, he was able so skilfully to arrange the financial portion of his scheme that not a shilling less income than before was secured to the church.

This reform he followed up in 1870 by an act which aimed at settling the still more important and much more exigent question of land-tenure in Ireland. The latter attempt fell lamentably short of the real necessities of the situation; a shortcoming which occasioned great disappointment.

Meanwhile, in the twelvemonth that followed on the disestablisment of the church, there ensued the most remarkable transformation ever witnessed in Irish politics. The Protestant "conservative" party — peers and commoners, landlords, merchants, and aristocrats — reached out hands to the Catholic millions, and openly offered to join them in a national movement for the restoration of Irish parliamentary independence. This, no doubt, was in some degree through resentment on their part against England for selfishly throwing them over and repealing the union between the churches. But it was also largely through genuine conviction that a wise compromise between total separation by rebellion, and national extinction by the domination of the London parliament, ought to be presented to a people so plainly determined not to acquiesce in the existing state of things.

Mr. Isaac Butt, an Irish Protestant barrister of great eminence, may be said to have negotiated the remarkable alliance or fusion of parties, creeds, and sections, which, under the name of the "Irish Home Rule Association," made its appearance in 1870. The programme of this movement was, on the one hand, reconciliation between Catholic and Protestant. Irishmen, between peers and peasants, liberals and conservatives; and, on the other, reconciliation between Ireland and England, on the basis of a federal union, whereby Ireland should enjoy such legislative and administrative autonomy as is possessed by a state in the American republic.

Even among the Fenian or separatist party this experiment was favorably regarded, as presenting the minimum of a satisfactory compromise, and in a few years the movement took such hold on Irish public opinion that, tried by every test known to constitutional countries — parliamentary, municipal, and township elections — the national will has, ever since, year by year, with more and more determination declared itself for "Home Rule," as the scheme is called.

In 1872 the old system of election-procedure was replaced by ballot-voting, whereby for the first time the Irish people were enabled freely to manifest their views in the election of representatives. In the next following general election of members to the imperial parliament in 1874, the home-rule party carried fifty-seven out of one hundred and three Irish seats. In the elections of 1880 they carried sixty-five; and it is computed that on the next occasion they will return at least seventy-five or eighty members.

Despite the strong parliamentary majority from Ireland in favor of

national autonomy, the cabinet of Mr. Disraeli in 1874, and down to 1880, backed by their powerful following in parliament, imperiously refused every measure of reform or amelioration which the Irish party demanded. With especial earnestness and perseverence the Irish members, year by year, besought the government to deal with the land-question as one which might any day lead to a catastrophe. Their warnings were disregarded; their efforts at remedial legislation were haughtily overborne by enormous majorities of British and Scotch votes. In 1878 the harvest was a failure in Ireland and in England. In 1879 it was almost a total loss in the former country; and a gloom of terror darkened the land. A repetition of 1847 seemed at hand Now, however, there was seen a startling change in the spirit and action of the people, as compared with their conduct in that year. In stern and resolute tones they announced that the subsistance of a toiling population was a first charge on the land; and on the earliest whisper of landlord preparations for a gigantic eviction campaign, the whole island sprang to action, with a cry that the hour had come when feudal landlordism must fall.

Throughout 1880 and 1881 there raged in Ireland a fierce and implacable social war, with such evil concomitants of incidental disorder, violence, and outrage, as usually attend upon popular convulsions.

Mr. Gladstone and the liberal party were restored once more to power by the general election of 1880. In 1881 the great English statesman took the Irish question in hand; bringing in a coercion bill in January, and a land bill in April of that year. The former added fuel to the flame in Ireland, by its Draconian severity, exceeding anything known outside of Russia. The land bill, on the other hand, was a measure of noble and comprehensive character. It did not "disendow and disestablish" Irish landlordism, but it stripped it of the despotic power it had so mercilessly and disastrously used in the past. Justly irritated by the coercion act, and bitterly disappointed that the new land law did not wholly abolish landlordism, the Irish tenant-farmers at first received the latter measure in a sullen and almost hostile temper. The disposition manifested by Mr. Gladstone, however, in 1882, to supplement its beneficent provisions wherever needful, so that the measure might accomplish before many years the establishment of a "peasant proprietary" — as originally proposed by Mr. Parnell and the Irish Land League — may be said to have brought the people of Ireland to recognize in the land act of 1881 a charter of liberty and a guarantee of a peaceful and happy future.

The character, temperament, and habits of the Irish people have naturally been influenced by vicissitudes of their stormy history. Among the peasantry the regrettable effects of their furtive life in the penal times can even still be discovered in various ways. It is only within the past half-century that the two races — the Anglo-Irish and Celtic-Irish — have fused in any marked degree. The people are brave, naturally quick-witted and intelligent, hardy, laborious, inured to toil, patient in privation, hospitable, warm in their affections,

devoted in their fidelity to friends; but dangerously fierce and quick in anger, easily aroused and quickly allayed. Their deeply religious fervor, and their passionate love of country, are, perhaps, the most prominent traits in their character. In public life they are capable of great achievements under the influence of enthusiasm, hope, or confidence; but are impatient of results, and exhibit a lack of plodding perseverance and cool methodical action. In fine, the buoyant and volatile temperament of the Celt largely prevails; yet their more extensive intercourse with other peoples of late has considerably developed in them a steadiness and seriousness of purpose which has attracted general attention.

Since 1830 education has made great progress among the Irish people; and their material condition has on the whole been vastly improved; but the start was from a point painfully low. It must be long before they can fully recover from the dreadful effects of those not-remote centuries during which education was "felony by law." Throughout the period that gave to English literature the works of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, and "rare Ben Jonson," of Dryden, Pope and Addison — the period during which it may be said the intellect of the modern English nation was being formed and cultivated, and its civilization moulded and refined — Ireland was having the eyes of the mind put out, and intellectual blindness and habits and tastes of barbarism forced upon her by law.

That dreadful policy has been abandoned, and at length the Irish race are being allowed access to the blessings of education. Between 1831 and 1840 a system of primary schools was established by the government, which, although ill recommended in many respects to popular confidence and favor, has been almost universally availed of: it may now be said that in every cottage in Ireland the school and the printing-press have wrought or are working a marvellous revolution.

Despite all disadvantages, Ireland makes a goodly show on the roll of scholars, poets, authors, *savants*, soldiers and statesmen of the world. Swift, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Moore, Banim, Griffin, Carleton and Lever, in literature; Burke, Grattan, Curran, Plunkett, Richard Lalor Shiel, O'Connell, Duffy, Magee (bishop of Peterborough), Butt and Lord Dufferin, in oratory, statesmanship and politics, are familiar names. In the last generation Wellington, and in the present the only two capable generals England has in command, Sir Garnet Wolseley and General Roberts, have been contributed by Ireland. Hogan, Foley, McDowell and Farrell, as sculptors; Maclise and O'Connor, as painters; Balfe and Wallace, as musical composers; Prof. Tyndall and Dr. Haughton, as scientists — all Irishmen, are honorably known. The two most competent historians of our own times in the English language, Mr. Lecky and Mr. Justin McCarthy, are Irishmen. In the camps and courts and cabinets of friendly foreign states, from Vienna to Madrid, and from Paris to St. Petersburg, men of Irish race have long been marked to eminence and fame.

Finally, it may be said that the labor, industry and enterprise of Irishmen have largely contributed to the prosperity and power of those comparatively new states in the western and southern hemispheres that promise to exercise potential influence on the future of the world.

A. M. SULLIVAN.

The Personality of Satan.

A HIDDEN enemy is a specially dangerous one. It has ever been the aim of Satan to hide himself. It is his masterpiece, as in these times, to get his very existence denied. Let me try, then, to draw him from his hiding-place for our mutual benefit. It is a question whether by mere reason, apart from revelation, we may not demonstrate the existence of angels good and bad. A link is wanting in the chain of creation, if you eliminate the Order of Angels. The elements, the vegetable world, the animal world, man, angels, Almighty God, are, as it were, the steps from the lowest order of creation to the throne of the Creator Himself. The system is marred by the omission of the angelic order. Again, look at the universal conflict of good and evil in the world. Unassisted reason has attributed this to the agency of immaterial beings of some kind, and there has been a universal belief among mankind, in their existence: call it superstition or not, there is the fact. Again, whence come thoughts, familiar to everybody, unconnected with any earthly circumstance, of peculiar hatefulness? We even call them diabolical, which is the only character we can give them, instinctively. What reason, then, seems to argue, Revelation at any rate certifies. It is of faith that there are angels good and bad, and the chief of the bad angels is Satan. He is mentioned six times by name in the old Testament, and twenty-five in the new. We will notice, then, his intellectual power; his will power; his power over the fallen angels; and his hatred of man. Though fallen he still preserves his angelic nature; therefore his force of intellect is immensely superior to that of man. We know by the process of reasoning an angel knows intuitively. The power of man is rationality, if it may be called so, an angel's is intellectuality. It would not be exaggeration to state that the one intellect of Satan is superior to the combined and concentrated intellect of human nature. Then look at his experience of 6,000 years' study of human nature, and we have a formidable foe in the person of Satan. Secondly, let us notice his will-power. A man's greatness is measured by his power of will. But the strongest human will is enfeebled and changed by the weakness of the flesh to which the soul is united. An angel's will is inconvertible, being influenced by no material nature. What he wills he wills to the end with awful energy, and Satan is bent on man's destruction. Thirdly, though the devils hate one another, yet they for the present constitute an infernal hierarchy as it were. Satan is their chief, and they obey him. They can unite for one common object, just as Pilate and Herod did; they know that object is to be obtained only by system and method, and, therefore, obedience. And as each soul is protected by a guardian angel, we must believe that Satan tells off one of his host to confine his attention to the ruin of each soul. Lastly, remember his hatred of man, because it was probably envy, at the fact of God being made man and not an angel, that ruined Lucifer. Hence his fell purpose to ruin the objects of the Incarnation. But we must not forget that there are limits to his power. He is completely in the hands of God. See the history of Job. He cannot force the will of man. He cannot read the thoughts of the heart. Therefore we have really no need to fear, and no excuse for falling into his power. St. Theresa said she was more afraid of those who feared the devil than she was of the devil himself, and it is written, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

REV. WALTER CROKE ROBINSON, St. Charles Church, London.

Earthquakes, Cyclones and other Casualties.

THE great disasters at Ischia and Java recalls forcibly other casualties of this kind which in times past have devastated portions of the earth.

Ischia itself, and, indeed, all Southern Italy, has been particularly unfortunate in this respect. The dead at Casmicciola will not exceed 2,000. So far the loss of 922 persons has been proved, sixteen families not having yet returned their numbers of dead and survivors. But at the worst these sixteen will not make the number amount to over 1,000; and there cannot have been more than a thousand strangers killed. Only two years ago, on March 5th, 1881, an earthquake occured here and 107 people lost their lives. Casmicciola is one of the two great earthquake zones, the other district being the western portion of South America. In no century since the earliest record in history has Southern Italy and Sicily escaped suffering from frequent and severe earthquakes. From 1773 to 1776 this region was constantly disturbed. No fewer than 964 shocks occurred here in the year 1773, of which 501 were of the first degree of force. The earliest recorded earthquakes in Central Italy happened in 68 A. D., when Herculaneum was partially destroyed. Sixteen years later occurred the memorable destruction of this city and Pompeii. For eight days the lava poured in burning streams down the sides of Mount Vesuvius, burning the two cities and burying them under the liquid fire.

There is scarcely a portion of the earth's surface that is not more or less subject to earthquakes, and records of their destructive effects have been transmitted to us through every age.

During the reign of Tiberius, 16 A. D., 120,000 people lost their lives in one day, in consequence of an earthquake.

In 1346 and 1347 destructive earthquakes occurred in Asia Minor, Egypt, Cyprus, Greece and Italy.

In 1586 Lima and Callao, in Peru, were destroyed.

In 1692 the city of Port Royal, Jamaica, was destroyed.

In 1693 Catania and 140 other towns and villages in Sicily with 100,000 people were destroyed by earthquakes.

Since the records of history there have been no earthquakes equal to those which ravished different parts of the world in the 18th century. Among the most important are: In 1746 nearly the whole of Lower Peru was laid waste; in 1750, Concepcion, Chili, was destroyed. In 1755 a destructive earthquake occurred at Lisbon in Portugal. Every house in the quaint old city trembled and thousands fell, while in the Alps the shock was felt and away on the coast of Sweden. The warm waters gushing from the springs of Teplitz ceased to flow, but after a while burst forth with redoubled impetuosity, deluging the country around with ochre-stained water. Immediately afterwards the sea rolled back from Lisbon and left the harbor bar dry, but only for a second, and then an immense billow over fifty feet high rolled in upon the huts and palaces, burying them all beneath the waters. In six minutes 60,000 persons perished, either swallowed up in the ground or carried to death by the great sea wave. Still another and another billow rolled in upon the lower portion of the city, until the castles and palaces were under 600 feet of water. Humboldt says that the portion of earth shaken by this earthquake equalled four times the extent of Europe. Other scientists hold that the shock was not of such immense proportions; but that territory equal in extent to that of France was shaken when the earth-

quake occurred. The waves of the shock penetrated as far as Scotland, passing under it and causing temporary changes in the waters of Loch Lomond, which suddenly rose more than two feet, and then fell below their usual level. Simultaneously with the shock came the eruption of the volcano Kotluggean, Iceland. The velocity of the wave of the shock was about 2,000 feet per second.

The ancient city of Antioch has been another unfortunate city. In A. D. 115, the Emperor Trajan visited the city, and in the height of the festivities the shock was felt in the banquet halls. The Emperor and his court took flight in carriages, but the royal personage was injured. The city was wholly destroyed. While the people were fleeing by thousands the earth would open before them and swallow up thousands. The earth opened not only once but many times and thousands were heaped up in the renches, the ground was as warm as the floor of a furnace and the air was scorching hot, striking down thousands at a time. From every opening immense sheets of flame burst forth, burning to death all who chanced to be near. The palaces were a heap of ruins; not ten dwellings were left untouched. Sixty years later the city was again populous and another earthquake occurred in which 30,000 people lost their lives. The last event of this kind is remembered by all. In April, 1872, the city was wrecked again and thousands of lives were lost. The ancient palaces have now almost entirely disappeared, and at present the dwellings are principally of poor structure.

In 1759 Syria was visited and several cities were destroyed, together with thousands of their inhabitants. In 1776 the Island of Trinidad was violently agitated; in 1772 the volcano of Papandayauz, the highest mountain in Java, disappeared, and a circumjacent area, 15 miles by 6, was swallowed up.

Calabria in Southern Italy, extends from the Province of Potenza to the strait of Messina. In October, 1783, the warning of the coming disaster was heard in about the middle of Calabria. Immediately men and women rushed to their houses for valuables and to hurry the escape of their children. Soon the ground opened and houses and men were swallowed up. Over 40,000 Calabrians lost their lives. The shock passed under and reached the opposite coast of Sicily. Almost at the moment that the Calabrians perished Messina felt the effects of the shock and the city disappeared like a flash. 60,000 of its inhabitants being buried in the ruins making a total of 100,000 lives lost by this earthquake.

Destructive earthquakes occurred in 1783 in Japan, 1786 in Java, 1790 in Sicily and Carracas, 1791 in Quebec, 1797 in Peru.

In the present century the following earthquakes are noted. In 1811 the Valley of the Mississippi was shaken, in 1812 Carracas was destroyed and 1200 persons perished. In 1815, 12,000 lives were lost by an earthquake on the Island of Sumbawa. In 1819 the town of Bhooy on the Indus, and in 1822 Aleppo were destroyed. In 1827 Popayan and Bogota, South America suffered. In 1835 Concepcion, Chili, and in 1837 several towns in Syria were destroyed. The City of Mendoza, in the Argentine Republic, was destroyed and 12,000 people killed by a shock of but a moment's duration in March, 1861. On March 22d, 1859, Quito, in Ecuador, felt the shock of an earthquake, and 40,000 people were killed and thousands of houses ruined. Arequipa, Peru, was wiped out of existence in 1868, 50,000 people being left homeless, and several thousands losing their lives. In the same year the cities Ibarra and Ottavalla were destroyed, and not one of their 10,000 inhabitants escaped, or could be found afterward. Catoacachy was also obliterated from the face of the earth, and a lake now covers the spot where

it stood. In that earthquake the United States war vessel *Wateree* was carried from the harbor of Callao two miles inland. The famous earthquake which devastated and depopulated Callao in 1872 continued at intervals for four years.

The Javanese volcanic eruptions were terrible. The outburst began on the night of August 25th, 1883, in the island of Krakatoe, at the upper mouth of the straits of Sunda, and fifteen miles from the Javanese coast. By Sunday morning the waves of the Straits were boiling and lashing the Java shore; and on Sunday evening the heavens were covered with a dense, lurid veil, beneath which no less than forty-five volcanoes were belching flame and lava and white-hot rocks and sulphur and rivers of boiling mud. On Munday morning it was seen by the appalled people that an immense district, containing several villages, and fifty square miles in extent, had disappeared and was covered with a raging sea. All the inhabitants had been swallowed. The whole Kandang range of mountains, sixty-five miles long, had sunk out of sight in the ocean. Monday night a tremendous sight was witnessed, the like of which was probably never seen on the earth before. The volcano of Papandayang, 7,000 feet high, with a monument of fire of another 1,000 feet above it, suddenly split into seven terrible peaks, and from the seams between these rolled out seas of molten matter on the valleys below. On the forenoon of Tuesday, another unearthly scene appeared. Out of the sea arose fourteen new volcanic mountains, stretching on a line across the Straits of Sunda. Besides these direct calamities, the devastation by flood, mud, ashes, fire, lava, and crashing stones is beyond computation. The forests roared in conflagration; the rivers changed their courses; the sea madly washed far in-shore and swept away houses, plantations and living things. The loss of human lives cannot be less than 100,000.

The Island of Java, the scene of the destructive eruptions and earthquakes, is six hundred and sixty miles long and varying in width from fifty-six to one hundred and thirty-five miles. It is the fourth in point of size of the islands comprising the Malay Archipelago, being exceeded by Borneo, Sumatra and Celebes. The coast line of the island, although very irregular, is almost entirely destitute of harbors, particularly on the south side; but there are many good roadsteads where vessels can get safe anchorage on the north side. Java, in common with most of the islands of the Indian Ocean, is of volcanic origin. A range of mountains extends through the centre from end to end, varying in height from four thousand to twelve thousand feet, and in that line are no less than thirty eight volcanoes, most of which are in a constant state of activity. Another range of highland runs close to and parallel with the southern coast, and this is also broken by many volcanoes that have from time to time erupted with disastrous effects to the villages near at hand. One of them — Papandayang, in one night in 1772 threw out so much ashes and scoriæ that it covered an area of seven miles, radius to the depth of over fifty feet and caused the loss of many thousands of lives, and so did its neighbor, Galungong, in 1822. There is no doubt but that the group of islands of which Java forms the southern boundary is one of the most prominent centres of volcanic action on the globe.

Other Disasters.

The most recent cyclonic disaster was that which swept over a portion of Minnesota on August 21, almost wrecking the city of Rochester, and causing a number of deaths. Turning back in the records are found the cyclone in Illinois and Wisconsin, May 18, and in Illinois, Ohio and Missouri on the day before, resulting in the loss of 74 lives. The states of Mississippi, Georgia and South

Carolina suffered severely from wind, and 250 people perished.

Of the disasters caused by water the most recent is the storm of August 31, on the Grand Banks, with the loss of a number of vessels and 100 men, so far as reported. Five days before the steamer Woodburn was run down off Eddystone light, with a loss of 18 souls. A pier gave away at a small summer resort near Baltimore, and precipitated all the people standing on it into the water. Eighty of them were drowned. While the steamer Daphne was being launched on the Clyde, July 3, she capsized, and 150 deaths were the result. The British steamers Hurunni and Waitaina collided, June 25, with a loss of 27 lives. At a Hindoo religious ceremony at Secunderbad, India, April 17, 62 persons were drowned. Six fishing vessels belonging to Yarmouth, England were wrecked April 1, and their crews, numbering 40, perished. March 18 saw the sinking of the ship Dunstaffnage on the Aberdeenshire coast, with all on board, numbering 23. On March 11, the steamship Navarre foundered on her voyage from Copenhagen to Leith, and 46 persons were lost. The Hull and Yarmouth fishing fleets were almost entirely wiped out, March 10, when 135 fishermen were lost. The steamer Gypsy sank on the Mississippi river, near New Orleans, with 18 men, women and children on board, March 5. The steamer Kenmore Castle was wrecked in the Bay of Biscay, February 8, and 32 people went down. Twenty lives were lost by the wreck of the Italian steamer Ansonia, on the coast of Tripoli, February 1. A mine was flooded in Australia, January 24, and 22 miners were unable to escape. The steamer Cimbria collided with the Sultan off Ferkum island, January 21, and 398 people went down with her. During the first two weeks of January 150 lives were lost by the floods in Germany and Hungary.

Railroad accidents have been frequent so far during the year, but the loss of life has not been as large as during previous periods of the same duration. On September 2 a disaster to a train between Berlin and Steglitz killed 40 persons. The collision of July 27, on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg road resulted in the death of 22 persons and the injury of 35 more. On the Southern Pacific road, January 21, an accident occurred at Tehichapi Pass, by which 22 persons were burned or crushed to death.

Forty-seven persons were burned to death June 25, in the theatre fire at Lake Como. The steamer Grappler was burned in Puget sound, May 4, and 70 lives were lost. Fifteen children lost their lives at the time of the fire and panic in a parochial school in New York, February 21. The great Newhall House fire took place January 11, at Milwaukee, when fifty-nine lives were lost. Two hundred and seventy persons perished in a burned circus building in Poland, January 15.

There have been several panics from various causes which resulted very seriously. Among them was that among the school children at an entertainment at Sunderland, England, June 17, where 197 boys and girls were crushed to death. Twelve persons were killed and a large number injured by the panic on the Brooklyn bridge, May 30. A panic in a factory in Bombay, February 2, resulted in twenty-three deaths.

Among the many explosions the most notable were the explosion of a mine in Sicily, July 29, when 35 miners were killed; that of a powder magazine at Scutari, with a loss of 17 lives; that of a mine at Besseges, France, 21 lives lost; that of a powder depot at Rome, 40 lives lost; that of a boiler at St. Dizer, France, 30 lives lost; that in Diamond mines, Joliet, Ill., 97 lives lost, and in the powder works at Oakland, Cal., 26 lives lost.

Gone Over.

"Come hither, come hither!" The broom was in blossom all over yon rise,
There went a wide murmur of brown bees about it with songs from the wood:
"We shall never be younger; O love, let us forth for the world 'neath our eyes —
Ay, the world is made young e'en as we, and right fair is her youth and right good."

Then there fell the great yearning upon me that never yet went into words,
While lovesome and moansome thereon spake and falter'd the dove to the dove,
And I came at her calling: "Inherit, inherit! and sing with the birds."
I went up to the wood with the child of my heart, and the wife of my love.

O pure! O pathetic! Wild hyacinth drank it, the dream light apace.
Not a leaf moved at all 'neath the blue, they hung waiting for messages kind;
Tall cherry trees dropped their white blossom that drifted no whit from its place,
For the south very far out to sea had the lulling low voice of the wind.

And the child's dancing foot gave us part in the ravishment almost a pain;
An infinite tremor of life, a fond murmur that cried out on time,
Ah short! must all end in the doing and spend itself sweetly in vain,
And the promise be only fulfilment to lean from the height of its prime?

"We shall never be younger!" nay, mock me not fancy, none call from yon tree:
They have thrown me the world, they went over, went up; and, alas! for my part,
I am left to grow old, and to grieve and to change, but they change not with me,
They will never be older, the child of my love and the wife of my heart.

JEAN INGELOW, in *Longman's Magazine*.

FATHER TOM BURKE IN AMERICA. — How must the following peroration have moved a throng of Irish men and Irish women, at the eve of a St. Patrick's Day in New York: "Has not the Irish Church risen again to more than her former glory? The land is covered once more with fair churches, convents, colleges, and monasteries, as of old; and who shall say that the religion that could thus suffer and rise again is not from God? This glorious testimony to God and to his Christ is thine, O holy and venerable land of my birth and my love! O glory of earth and heaven, to-day thy great Apostle looks down upon thee from his high seat of bliss, and his heart rejoices. To-day the angels of God rejoice over thee, for the light of sanctity which still beams upon thee. To-day thy troops of virgin martyr saints speak thy praises in the high courts of heaven. And I, O Mother, far away from thy green bosom hail thee from afar — as the prophet of old beholding the fair plains of the Promised Land — and proclaim this day that there is no land so fair, no spot of earth to be compared to thee, no island rising out of the wave so beautiful; that neither the sun nor the moon, nor the stars of heaven shine down upon anything so lovely as thou art, O Erin!"

Pleasantries of the Late Father Burke.

On one memorable occasion, which in after-life he loved to talk of, a Franciscan friar came to his mother's house to complain of one of the boy's tricks. The misdoing was regarded as so serious (especially as it had excited the good friar's wrath) that poor Master Nic had to take off his shirt, and the whip was applied with such vigor that he was soon "clothed in rags of his own skin." But first of all (and it was the same on similar occasions) his good mother knelt down and made her little boy do the same, and then made him repeat slowly after her the collect, "Prevent, we beseech Thee, O Lord, all our actions," etc. "I used to join with all my heart," Father Burke used afterwards to say, "but the Lord never did *prevent* it: down the whip always came!"

Once in a large company a man of high position of the same name as himself introduced Father Tom as a distant member of his family. "Not at all," said Father Burke at once, with more of the brogue than usual, "Shure, ain't I the son of Tom Burke the baker?"

While undergoing a most agonizing operation, he was more brisk and full of fun than ever. When he was about to be literally cut open with a view to discover the character of the ulceration, he told the doctors a most absurd story during the preparations. He absolutely refused to take chloroform, preferring to endure the agony for the sake of that Master who had endured the agony on the Cross for him. While the operation was being performed, Father Burke, under stress of the agony, uttered a groan. "Poor fellow!" said a Protestant doctor who was holding his head, in kindly pity. "Don't pity me," replied Father Burke quickly; "it is the best thing that could happen to me. If your friend Martin Luther had had a touch of this when he first began his tantrums, he might have been in Heaven now!" When the operators reached the seat of the ulceration, some one asked him whether he would like one of the Fathers who was his confessor to be sent for. "No," was the answer; "it is not necessary; he has known my interior for years. Besides, there is an axiom in theology: *Ecclesia non judicat de internis.*"

Father Burke's love of innocent mischief accompanied him to the last. Only a short time before his death he was coming over to England, and at Holyhead happened to be alone in a second-class carriage with a small dark man, who somewhat resembled the portrait of Marwood. Presently, to the disgust of his fellow-traveller, a number of laboring men came up to the carriage, deposited their bundles, and ran off for a drink before the train started. "What a nuisance," said Father Burke's fellow-traveller; "I thought we should have the carriage to ourselves. You are a priest; cannot you make your fellow-countrymen go elsewhere?" "Certainly," said Father Burke, "if you will leave me free to use what means I like." The man consented, and when the Irishmen returned and greeted him respectfully, Father Burke made a significant grimace, and pointing over his shoulder into the carriage, whispered to them, "Marwood." Then turning to his fellow-traveller he said aloud, "Well, sir, did it all go off well at Kilmainham?" The man looked astonished, and answered doubtfully, "Yes, very well." This was quite enough. The Irishmen seized their bundles, and left the carriage with hot haste, as if the very devil were there. When the man heard of the trick that was played on him he was not a little wrath with Father Tom.

The D'Altons of Crag: A Story of '48 and '49.

CHAPTER XIX. Continued.

Like a shadow he approached the dressing table, and placing a croft of water before him, dropped into it a white powder. He shook the croft gently, and then stole noiselessly to his own room.

"'Tis done!" said he.

Of course the reader now knows that Mr. Charles Baring was the traveller who engaged *Shivawn na Chomhairle* and her daughter in the witchcraft the night before.

"'Tis done!" said Baring, but he was mistaken. Nelly Nurse entered the bedroom two minutes after he had left it, and quietly poured the contents of the croft into a vessel she had brought for the purpose, and took the croft itself away.

"Let him ring if he wants a drink," she muttered. "Better get a scowlding than make the road for a coffin. Och! I wish Miss Amy was at home."

Mr. Charles Baring left the Crag very early. Whatever the news at the old dwelling, he would hear it at some distance, and every one or anyone in the house would be suspected far sooner than he. How could he? He made first for Mr. Timothy Cunneen, to whom he expressed his opinion that the Crag would be forthcoming before long, and from him he heard the consoling remark that it should "before long or never." He thought the old Judas looked very like the "old follower of the family," and gave a muttered curse.

CHAPTER XX.

A CONSPIRACY. — CHARLES BARING'S RIGHT-HAND MAN.—A MYSTERIOUS SHOT.

Four of the men who first presented themselves in this history met once more at the place of their first rendezvous. It was more distant from the Crag, and was not in the Glen, but a considerable way into the table-land eastward, and within the walls of a ruined and abandoned outhouse, or the wreck of a hut.

The night was dark, but for an autumnal night, it was still, unless when the bay of a mastiff in some distant farm-yard, reminded the hearers of the chances of intruders, and the necessity of being vigilant.

"So, Paudheen, you made a bowld stroke of business in Waxford." This was said in a very low voice by a very tall man.

"Faith, if I have luck an' get the money, I'll go to New York."

"How much is the reward?"

"A hundred pounds!"

"A hundred pounds! Murther! Was any wan of the family ever so rich? But warn't you hard-hearted to sell poor old Mr. D'Arcy?"

"Not a bit. He was sure to be tuk; an' isn't the money bether in his countryman's pocket, than in the pocket of the p'lice?"

"How could *you* know he was sure to be tuk?"

"Oh, I *was* sure; and I'm sure the gentleman would rather me have the money, than let the guvermint have id."

"How did you find where he was?"

"Well, a friend in Waxford. That's all now."

Paudheen was in the luxurious contemplation of his hundred pounds, when his "interrogator" remarked that "the right-hand man" was a long time late.

"I suppose," Paudheen said, "the news is thrue afther all."

"The news," two echoed together.

"Yes, faith;" answered Paudheen; "Ould Cunneen towld wan o' the Foleys yestherday, that Giffard was dyin'."

There was a general laugh — one of the fellows swearing that the old fellow would never die naturally; "It was 'gainst all reason," he said, "be-

kase I'd expect to see St. Patrick alongside ould Giffard's bed, as soon as a priest wid a stole on 'im — so I would."

The required addition to the company at length arrived. He was a remarkable personage. A large bullet head, with curling red hair over the brow, a low forehead, short, small nose, and large mouth — topped a a pair of shoulders fit for Atlas. His lawlessness, and perhaps his courage, were seen in the fact that, in the face of all proclamations and Arms Acts, he carried a well-kept rifle, which seemed to be cared for as a sportsman would care for his piece.

There was a general movement and a low expression of welcome.

The new-comer took from under his coat a dark lantern, and soon the fraternity and their dwelling were dimly revealed.

Paudheen was the first to speak.

"Is it thrue that the ould fellow is dyin?" he asked the stranger.

"The news is too good to be true," answered the right-hand man.

"Tim Cunneen towld Jim Quirk there, that owld Giffard was as good as gone."

"But he isn't, you see. I saw him as well as you are when the bell was ringing for the servants', dinner at the Crag."

"Saw him?" asked the man called Jim Quirk.

"Saw him," was the sententious reply. "He flung out your uncle, Jim," the right-hand man whispered.

"Flung him out," answered Quirk, "and sent him to the workhouse to die."

"He deserves a bullet," remarked Paudheen.

"*Molocht dhearg air*," (a red malediction upon him,) was the pious ejaculation of Quirk.

"The man that sthrikes the blow will have the blessin' of God an' man," another said. "If a murdherer is hanged, why not a murdherer be shot? He has no right to life, so he hasn't!"

"Right! right!" Quirk hoarsely muttered.

"The blessin' of the people an' a hundred gold guineas he'll have!" said the right-hand man.

"A hundhred guineas?" demanded Paudheen. "An' whin?"

"After the funeral," answered the right-hand man. "Who goes? All? Two or three? or one?

"One ought to be enough," said Quirk firmly; "and I ought to be the man."

"An' the money?" asked Paudheen.

"You mind No. 1."

"Oh, ain't we all companions?" asked Paudheen. "We share what we get."

The right-hand man denied the rule laid down by Paudheen, and insisted that "the man in the gap" always got half, and the *remainder* was divided.

"Paudheen, may have the money and be hanged!" Quirk said. "I want my revenge!"

Giffard D'Alton was at this moment tranquilly reposing, and he dreamt of his sweet child's return. The singular revulsion of feeling seemed to have more than a passing force. The old man began to think of how much joy he had killed in the home which his tyranny had darkened; and how misery and sorrow haunted his footsteps every day. He felt changed — wonderfully changed; and he began to be impatient for the return of his child and her friends. In fact, he used to wish from time to time, that nothing would "happen him" until the spirit of his wife would smile and thank God for the change in the Crag. Alas! we cannot

"Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time,"

and undo the facts which make up destiny. While Mr. Giffard D'Alton dreamt of a few years' sunshine, the shadow of death was gathering and deepening around him.

"Then you are the man," the right-

hand man concluded, addressing himself to Quirk.

"*I am the man!*" solemnly answered the would-be murderer. "I *am the man!*"

"You will find a ladder at his bedroom window at twenty-four hours from this," the right-hand man continued; "and the ould codger keeps a light on his table."

"Capital!" all cried in an undertone. They saw the plan at a glance, its secrecy and its effective character.

Baring had determined to follow the advice of the "old follower of the family," and to give to history one more "agrarian outrage," and make himself master of the Crag. Of course "the right-hand man" was Baring's messenger, and the hundred pounds was to come from Baring's purse, to pay the assassin of his uncle.

The right-hand man now produced new help in the form of a bottle of whiskey, of which the evil-doers largely availed themselves. A couple of glasses each produced a wonderful amount of ambitous heroism. First of all, Paudheen declared things had not been done fairly; "Every wan had a right to slay and kill the ould vagabond! every wan!"

Paudheen was joined by one or two others, who declared that Quirk got an advantage of the brotherhood and they all had a right "to the life an' the money."

The right-hand man reminded them that "every wan of 'em couldn't do the wan thing."

He was answered "Lots! Cast lots!"

Quirk had not drank half so much as the others, and he saw things had tended to a row.

"Oh! I am satisfied even now," he cried. "Brothers oughtn't to fall out!"

"Right! right!" all of them replied. "Right!"

"We are to cast lots then!" the right-hand man remarked.

"The lots! the lots!" was the reply.

The rifle was now placed in their midst on a long coarse form. Its shinning barrel and lock of polished steel seem to speak in the dim lamplight, and to speak in sympathy to the workers in blood.

The right-hand man soon found the lots, and all anxiously gathered around him. He carefully placed the pieces of reed between the fore-finger and thumb of both hands, so as to make them all on a line. The lot fell on him who drew the shortest, or on the right-hand man himself, if the shortest should be left in his hand. One drew — another — a third — a fourth — a fifth, and the lengths were compared. It would be surprising, and look like a fate, if the lot fell upon Quirk — and it did; but we fear very much that the right-hand man took advantage of the few glasses the patriots and humanitarians had taken, and enabled the sober man to put his neck in the halter.

Complaints were raised — rather loudly too — and it required all the tact and influence of the emissary to prevent a battle. Finally, however, the midnight band separated, and it was agreed that two of the number should be within call, if needed by the perpetrator of the deed; and that at half-past one in the morning of the following day, the identical rifle on the table should do justice to mankind, by blowing out the brains of Mr. Giffard D'Alton, as he lay unconscious in his bed.

A solemn oath of help in case of need, and secrecy, was then renewed, and the party broke up.

Quirk was true to his hate and vengeance. He had courage as well as malignity. In a lonely glen some miles away he spent the following day, and spent it in constant practice. He fixed marks against rocks — tied marks to the branches of brambles — fixed slight, straight twigs, fifty, sixty, and seventy paces away. He hit the mark every time.

"That will do, *colleen!*" he said to the gun. "You will send the mur-

dhérer of my poor uncle to destruction! Oh, agin I say *molocht dheargh air!*" and that means a fine scarlet malediction — red as blood!

And yet whenever Quirk met a stranger, he looked in his face as if he had been suspecting him of anything; and once he saw a policeman coming along the road in his direction, and Quirk's heart beat, for he thought all had been discovered. But there was no notion of the dark deed to be done at the Crag.

On the contrary, this day Father Aylmer had been with Mr. Giffard D'Alton, and had with that gentleman a very long conversation. He had been saying how the words used by Father Aylmer had been before his mind ever since; and how he used to repeat "I stand knocking!" until he really began to think he heard a real knocking at the door. He said, moreover, that he always thought God would not give him the comfort of seeing even his daughter, Amy, "just because it would be *such a joy*, and you know, reverend sir, I deserve no joy," he would conclude.

Father Aylmer had been the bearer of an offer to Mrs. Hayes from Mr. D'Alton, to give to "Crichawn" and herself a farm twice as good as the one of which he had dispossessed her, and when the offer was thankfully declined, he insisted that he should be allowed at all events "to help Ally Hayes's fortune," and astonished the priest by a cheque for two hundred pounds.

"Why, Mr. D'Alton!"

"Well, reverend sir, what use — what use? Why I would give two, or ten, or twenty thousand pounds, to live my last five and twenty years over again! But I can't change the lives I made miserable, and I can't restore the dead! *Ochone.*"

"Well, sir, you will have many years yet — and Amy, and — who knows — even Henry!"

"Oh don't — don't — don't now. There is the heart-break — the heart-break!"

"Have you written to Mr. Meldon?"

"I have, and so have *you.*"

"Well, sir?"

"Well, the short and the long of it is — I dare not believe that — Henry lives, and I keep my mind away from it."

"The fact is we must continue the inquiries. Mr. Meldon says there was a Mr. D'Alton well known in North America, a man of large fortune and great success in all his pursuits. The Mr. D'Alton so well known was not in the army at all, and therefore the death of which you heard could not be the death of Henry D'Alton."

On grand designs of reparation intent, the parish priest and the changed Giffard D'Alton talked on till ten or eleven o'clock. The priest gave family prayers, at which Mr. Baring most devoutly assisted, and then the clergyman departed for home.

Mr. Baring had made his uncle's room a visit, and industriously removed the incrustation of antiquated dust which muffled the bedroom window, that looked into the yard. He then stole into Amy D'Alton's room, got down a back stairs, and soon was miles away.

The tumult in Baring's mind began now to have a kindred tumult in the world around him. There was first a stillness which lasted some time after he had left. The leaves on the trees seemed to listen, and as they fell on the moist earth, or on one another, the echo was like the hiss of a whip. Then there was some rumbling in the distance; and then a darkness and a flash; and then a thunder clap that seemed Nature's death-sentence, and seemed to shake the foundation of the hills. Decidedly the gambler and debauchee is frightened, and he has reason.

A figure passes in the thick darkness, and he thinks he hears a terrible Irish curse breathed. He is too frightened to stop or stay. He rushes

on and on, hardly knowing where; and drenched with rain, and almost blinded with lightening, he sinks under a shelving hedge, and tries to rest.

Meanwhile Quirk is not unfaithful to his bad resolve. Crouching in a cabin half a mile off, he is waiting for some pause in the storm. Even inside his "coatha mor," his rifle would become useless, after a struggle with such a down-pour as happened that evening, and he had time enough until two o'clock, or even three, in the morning.

About two o'clock there was some abatement, though not much, and he started on his nefarious journey. He was not personally a wicked man. He was not a cruel man either. But the spirit of an avenger had taken hold on him, and woe to the man whom such a spirit seizes! Such a man has no will but one; reason has no light to see, unless the glare of his revenge; and death, and shame, and even damnation, are defied or ignored in the presence of that deity! Such people are possessed of a devil.

It still rained, as we have been saying, and still the lightening gave notice of the power, as it often does, of the justice of God. But on went the murderer, growing more excited at every step, and his heart hardening more in hate. He is within a quarter of a mile of the Crag, when he hears a step rapidly approaching behind him. The first idea was that he had been discovered — the next was to fire: "Dead men tell no tales."

He stopped.

"Who's that?"

"Who's that? What a hurry you're in. Wasn't I to meet you on the road, and 'tis hunting you, I am."

Quirk was now reassured. It was the decreed companion.

They have arrived at the courtyard.

Sure enough a light steals through a window, looking towards the south. A ladder lies by the wall. All things have been arranged with diabolical accuracy. It looks like doom. The house dog commences to bark, and from a bark commences a dismal howl — that cry so like the "keene" of a mute beast, who wants to wail out his sorrow by a grave.

"Catch that dog and choke him. I'll fire."

"Hush! you want to send for the Peelers."

The dog, somehow, seems to get careless. The ladder is laid to the wall, beside the window. Steadily, steadily, the murderer mounts step by step. He thinks, in spite of himself, of the many men he saw ascending the steps to the gallows. He thinks of his uncle in the pauper's garb, and the cabin in ruins, and the family scattered over the world. Death is trodden out of view.

At last he has reached his vantage ground. All is still. He looks in at the window, and plainly sees the bed and its occupier. Giffard D'Alton is on his left side. His head is turned somewhat downward, and towards his pillow. The assassin has a plain and perfect mark, as well as a perfect aim! He collects himself for the deadly assault, and stands like a marble pillar. He seems to move the piece a hair-breadth. The rifle went off, but the ball glanced off the eave of the house.

At the moment of firing, a shot is heard. Quirk is struck by a ball from some one nearly in front of him, as he stood turned half round on the ladder, and he dropped to the ground a lifeless corpse!

Giffard D'Alton's hour has not yet come!

One second after the fall of the unfortunate man, his companion appeared by his side; but only to snatch the rifle from the stiffening grasp of Quirk, and then to take the ladder quietly from the window, and lay it flat on the opposite side of the yard. The man was then off in the thick darkness.

Having secreted the rifle, the same

fellow made his way to the right-hand man, and gave him the full particulars of the failure.

"'Tis no failure after all," replied the able coadjutor of Mr. Charles Baring. "We'll hang the man that killed our brother! We will!"

In half-an-hour afterwards the police were at the Crag, and in possession of the dead body. Quirk was well-known to them; but why he came there, or who fired the fatal shot, was a mystery.

CHAPTER XXI.

SHOWING HOW FATHER AYLMER AND FATHER NED WENT TO VISIT MR. GIFFARD D'ALTON, AND THAT GENTLEMAN'S SAD IMPRESSIONS AND FEELINGS.—HOW THEY DISCUSSED THE DEATH OF QUIRK, AND WERE ASSISTED BY MR. SIBTHORP, POLICE INSPECTOR. —CONJECTURES OF FATHER NED. —THE WITCHES OF THE GLEN ONCE MORE.

The morning broke upon the whole country-side in a state of feverish excitement. As we have remarked, the murdered man was well known to the police, and not at all of unblemished character. What brought him to Mr. Giffard D'Alton's house? Why did he seek access to Mr. D'Alton's yard, and why was he shot down on the premises? These were all questions which could be answered only by conjecture. But one thing was clear — a foul deed had been done, and justice should energetically pursue the assassin.

We may say, without disparaging the officials of the day, that the "energy" was sometimes stimulated by motives hardly akin to justice, and that many an honest man suffered by such zeal. "We have obtained five and twenty convictions," might be the boast of a crown solicitor, or even of Mr. Attorney-General himself; and it would really appear that the administration, and even the bench from time to time, measured the success of justice by the number found "guilty," more than by the merits of their trials; and everyone who knows the history of the last half century, is aware that hundreds fell victims to the activity which pursued its singular ends by questionable means, and enjoyed the rewards of public servants, while they were a persecution and a plague.

There was one who seemed to feel the whole thing keenly, and on whom the ultimate effect was likely to be terrible. Mr. Giffard D'Alton came to his courtyard before the policemen had removed the body away; and he recognized the man whose life he had poisoned. It was strange that the day before the murder he had sent a messenger to the uncle of Quirk, informing the old man that he, Mr. Giffard D'Alton, was inclined to "consider him." And, in fact, Mr. D'Alton had been speaking to Father Aylmer and Father Ned about Quirk and others, to whom he intended to do some justice. The unfortunate man was now tempted to conclude that all things were too late — even the time of doing justice had passed. He sighed deeply as he contemplated the pale face of the dead man, and then returned to his room without addressing a word to anyone.

But Mr. Giffard D'Alton saw the ladder in the yard, and he had a dreamy memory of a figure outlined on his window panes while he dozed; and he came to the conclusion that the unfortunate man met his death while seeking to kill another; and went to judgment a red-handed and hopeless murderer.

Mr. Giffard D'Alton did not pause to examine much who it was that shot his assailant, but he could not help feeling that the deed had been done in his defence. Another feeling and a sad one began to lie heavily upon the old man's soul — he saw he was destined by some one or by some number, to end his days by violence, and perhaps without preparation.

The two clergymen and James the Pilgrim met on the same road and on the same errand. The priests were going to console and support

poor old D'Alton, and James the Pilgrim was on his rounds among the neighbors, but specially bound, in present circumstances, to visit Nelly Nurse and the Crag. He began recently to have a few words with old Giffard D'Alton, too, and he was a man likely to be very useful in any contingency like the present.

Father Aylmer greeted James with his genial "*Dhia ghuith!*" and James added, as usual, the name of "Mary" in his reply, "*Dhia agus Mhuira ghuith.*" We believe that we have mentioned already how our people, in reply, always increased the number of sources from which the prayed-for blessings are besought. "God and Mary to you," answered James.

"We are glad to meet you, James. We just spoke of you."

"God bless you, sir," answered James, but this time in the English language.

"You have heard of the doings at the Crag?"

"Ochone! sad, sad doings, Father—sad, sad!"

"Well, James, what is your view?"

"Bad members, sir, bad members."

"True," Father Ned interposed, "but James, what brought Quirk on the ground?"

"That is the question, James," added Father Aylmer.

"Well, sir, well, father," James replied, "one would rather not say anything just now, you know."

"Quite right, James; but what of Mr. Meldon and Amy?"

"Mr. Seymour, sir, has been good enough to write to me, and has given me an account of all that has gone on."

"Come, James, who is Mr. Leyton Seymour? Who is he?" asked Father Ned.

"Mr. Seymour, Father? He is son of the greatest friend I have met in life. His father was the man who set me free."

"Do you mean the poor scholar?"

"Oh, no, sir. The Hon. John Leyton Seymour was the Governor, and it was he that went to all the trouble when he had been told my story, and ordered a good store out of his own money to bring me home."

"He is Mr. Leyton Seymour's father, then?"

"Yes, father."

"And now, James, regarding the murder?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know? Is it not a fact that Quirk is one of Baring's followers?"

"Many say so."

"And Quirk was shot in old Mr. D'Alton's court-yard?"

"Yes, father."

"What brought him there?"

"That will come out, father, I suppose; but your question is still the real one, you know — who shot him?"

"Well?"

"Well, I cannot now guess; but the man who *did not* shoot him will soon be in gaol."

"What, what!" Father Aylmer impetuously exclaimed.

"I mean, sir," James the Pilgrim again answered, "the man who didn't shoot Quirk will soon be in gaol."

"Come!" cried Father Ned, "come, I know."

"Father?" answered James, the Pilgrim.

"Crichawn will be arrested," cried Father Ned.

"You have it, sir. The man most hated by Charles Baring — except, maybe, Mr. Seymour — is the man for the gallows, and ——"

"Dead men tell no tales?" said the curate.

"You have it again," answered James the Pilgrim.

Father Ned Power now assumed a look and tone of great solemnity. He took James the Pilgrim by the hand —

"James Feehan," said Father Ned, "you can solve this mystery. Stop," he continued, seeing James the Pilgrim putting up his hands in a kind of deprecation. "The good and the bad trust *you*, James. The good

could value you, and the bad themselves trust you — because they believe you will never betray a man, and can nearly always give him good advice. Come, *you* can solve the mystery."

"James!" Father Aylmer said, while the tears flowed down his cheeks, "James, 'Crichawn' is good — oh, so good! To be sure, poor Mr. D'Alton was hard on Paddy Hayes; and 'Crichawn' loved his brother; but you know, James."

"Oh, sir, I believe 'Crichawn' to be as innocent as you are, and with the help of God and Holy Mary, he'll put down his enemies; but there is not a hand's turn of Charles Baring for years that 'Crichawn' doesn't know, and Charles Baring's life is no life, until 'Crichawn' is out of the way."

By this time the party had arrived at the Crag, and John the butler, and Nelly Nurse, and Maureen Bour, a deaf though interesting girl, and the coachman, all came to bid them welcome. They were — of course the poor domestics we mean — all in dreadful excitement, and Nelly Nurse wrung her hands, and moaned ever so deeply, and declared the poor master would never get over the whole thing, and thaked God that dear Miss Amy was out of the way.

"Well, John?" Father Aylmer asked, "are we to see your master?"

"Oh, his honor is waiting for you. He expected you."

They turned towards the staircase.

Nelly Nurse touched Father Ned on the shoulder.

Having got into a corner where Father Ned saw he was expected to present himself, Nelly Nurse laid her hand upon his shoulder, and in awfully grave accents she warned him. "See, Father Ned, see! Mind that *Maureen Bour*. She is Master Charles's servant. She spent half the morning in his room, and she is not half so deaf as she pretends to be. If you see her near you up stairs, remember what I said."

"All right, Nelly Nurse," answered Father Ned.

Mr. Giffard D'Alton was in his bedroom. He was unable to go down stairs. But even the old man's room had undergone wonderful changes. It looked fresh and refined, if not rich and magnificent, and the clergyman saw at once the memory and love of his daughter, dear Amy, in all the changes and surroundings of old D'Alton of Crag.

The poor man rose from an easy chair as the clergymen entered the room, and he walked as quickly as he could towards Father Aylmer. Evidently he labored under intense feeling. He placed his hands on the old pastor's shoulders, looked into his eyes, and for one moment seemed petrified or stunned. He then — poor D'Alton — gave a loud, loud groan.

"Oh, Father Aylmer! Father Aylmer! I told you that God would not forgive me — forgive me in this world — and that I should give life for life. I must die — must die!"

"Oh, Mr. D'Alton! think better of God's mercy, even in this world. Has He not sent me, your old friend, and Father Ned here? and James —"

"Is James here?" anxiously inquired the old man.

"He is sitting in the hall," answered Father Ned. "But, Mr. D'Alton, what is your view? Why —"

Old Mr. Giffard D'Alton's senses were quick. He turned towards the door which opened on his room, and pointing to it by signs, bade Father Ned examine the apartment. Father Ned was not slow, and there, sure enough, Father Ned found *Maureen Bour* most suspiciously crouching near the door. The girl did not await complaint or interrogatory, but ran headlong down stairs, leaving Father Ned master of the field.

On his return he found Father Aylmer in a whispering conversation, endeavoring to allay the old man's fears, and to tranquillize the old man's conscience. But ever and ever the old man cried, "Too late! too late!

The cup of iniquity has flowed over."

"Well I am astonished — astonished — "

"Father Aylmer! I am not despairing of God's mercy in eternity. I believe He will accept my deep contrition, and when I offer my life, my life, for my hardness of heart, God will have pity! Oh, he will. But, sir ——"

"Mr. D'Alton!"

"Do let me say. Temporal reward I cannot expect, I do not expect — why should I? Amy I have lost, Henry I have lost, lost!" he said bitterly, "and I have gained the curse of the people and a hundred thousand pounds! Nay, do not stop me, sir. I am to die."

"In God's holy name change this frame of mind. We shall immediately have our Amy, and may be even Henry."

"That is not kind now, old friend! That is not kind to speak of such hopes! Hush!" he said, "The most damning temporal judgment of all is that — hush — listen! — the man who hired an assassin to murder me will possess all I have! May it —!"

"The Inspector of Police, sir!" said John at the door.

"Show the gentleman up, John."

And there came a man of very sharp visage, dark hair, thin long nose, and small dark eyes flanking the same. The inspector made a stiff, but not ungraceful bow.

"Welcome, Mr. Sibthorpe. I have expected you."

Mr. Sibthorpe looked at the two clergymen.

"Make yourself easy regarding my friends the clergymen," continued old Giffard D'Alton. "They are deeply interested in all that concerns my family, and will give you all the assistance in their power."

Mr. Sibthorpe bowed again.

"You received the coroner's summons, sir?"

"Yes, Mr. Sibthorpe."

"And you are coming?"

"At three o'clock."

"Half-past three, Mr. D'Alton."

"Well, half-past three.

"Are there any witnesses whom you would suggest as likely to give information?"

"Do you know James Feehan, called James the Pilgrim?"

"Certainly."

"Well, he knows everything and everyone, and he is an honest man. Do you know 'Crichawn,' I mean Thomas Hayes, Mr. Meldon's man?"

"Perfectly well."

"Summon him by all means. Have you not suspicions, Mr. Sibthorpe? Is it fair to ask you?"

"I am quite ready to reply that I *have* suspicions; but a police officer cannot at some stages of a case, reveal his impressions, even to worthy people like you and the clergy. You saw nothing, Mr. D'Alton? Of course what you say to me is confidential; and you depend upon the clergymen, you say."

"I trust your professional zeal and honor, Mr. Inspector."

"Give him your impressions," said Father Aylmer. "After all, they are only impressions, and have no use, unless the single one of opening to the Inspector a possible road."

"Then, Mr. Inspector Sibthorpe," answered old D'Alton, "I will suggest to you to find by every means, whether the dead man had any arms."

"Arms, sir?"

"Arms. My impression is that *he* was on these premises prepared to commit murder — to murder me. I think I saw the form of a man and a gun on my window panes. I was asking myself whether I was dreaming, when the form disappeared, and immediately a report of a gun followed."

"Of a gun?"

"Certainly — not of a pistol."

"The man, according to your view, was on the ladder taking aim?"

"I think so."

"Then comes the mystery. Who fired the shot which, in this supposition saved your life?"

"*That* I dare not say, though I feel certain, that to save my life the deed has been done."

"You have had some differences with the Hayeses?"

"A long time ago. They have been more than amicably set aside."

"You have no suspicion that they would league with the assassin?"

"They would not — impossible."

"Would any of them be found to defend you?"

"Ah," said Father Ned, "one sees where such questions as that lead, and I think Mr. D'Alton is hardly prepared to answer them."

"Your nephew has some evidence of importance," remarked the inspector.

"He was not on the premises at all."

"Oh, nevertheless — but I beg your pardon. I want to further the ends of justice, by bringing guilt to condign punishment; and nothing shall be left undone to explain the mysterious death of Quirk."

The police inspector withdrew, and the clergymen and old Mr. D'Alton closed round a small table. Father Ned was the first to break silence.

"This inquest will end in nothing," was Father Ned's remark. "They are making up a case, and will say nothing till the whole plan has been completed."

"Plan?" asked Father Aylmer.

"Plan," repeated Father Ned. "Did you remark the observation about Charles Baring?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And the question about the Hayeses and their feelings?"

"And that although Mr. Baring was not on the premises that night, he had 'important information.'"

"True," said Mr. D'Alton.

"You have Baring, and Hayes, and *Maureen Bour* brought into something by some one, and occupying the Inspector's mind; that is the shadow of a plan."

Old Mr. D'Alton seemed to awaken. He struck his thigh with his right hand, and commenced to say and repeat, "I see."

"The verdict," continued Father Ned, "will be an open one. The victim will be put off his guard, and when they have the whole conspiracy shaped and coherent, they will try to hang an innocent man."

"Crichawn!" cried Father Aylmer.

"Crichawn," echoed Mr. Giffard D'Alton, "surely——"

"Well, we shall see; we shall see."

As regards the "open verdict," Father Ned turned out right. The patent facts, and only the patent facts, came out at the inquest. The mystery was wrapped up in the following finding:—

"We find that John Quirk came by his death from a gunshot wound inflicted by some person unknown, but who was on the premises of Mr. D'Alton, of Crag, on the morning of the 30th of October, 1848."

Whether Father Ned's further conjectures were equally realized, we shall see by-and-by.

The same night, at eleven o'clock, "Crichawn" found himself in the familiar quarters of Shivawn na Coorlya, quietly sitting by the peat coal fire, and indulging himself in what O'Connell used to call the poor man's luxury — a smoke of the pipe. The younger of the female occupants was busily engaged at the flax-wheel, while the elder kept industriously knitting, and the company was completed by a man whom they called Lliam — the double l being pronounced like the double l in million. The man's name in sober English was "William," but such a word as "William" had not, up to that time, ever been pronounced on the classic ground of Slieve-na-mon.

They had been talking of the inquest, and of the attack upon old Mr. D'Alton.

"Well, *Bang a tigh*, who killed Quirk?" asked "Crichawn," addressing himself to Shivawn.

The old lady was true to the Celtic

tongue, and allowed all around her to indulge the bad taste of speaking the Saxon. She answered, "Oh, you know too much to come for knowledge to Shivawn na Coorlya, and I am certain the knowledge is between yourself and Lliam here at any rate."

"May be," Lliam replied, "it was the man that got the pison from Shivawn."

"Pison!" exclaimed the young Pythoness, "My mother never had an ounce of pison in her life."

"And what did that man get who made his way straight to the Crag some time ago, in the dark of the morning."

"He got pounded starch," was the answer.

"Arrah didn't Tom here go to Peggy up at the house, and nearly frighten her to death by telling her to watch Charles, that he brought a lot of pison from Shivawn na Coorlya to kill the old master. Didn't you?" he demanded, turning to "Crichawn."

"I did," was Crichawn's answer.

"And did you think I gave pison to that scapegrace, or to any one else?" half shrieked Shivawn.

"No, indeed, mother," answered "Crichawn," "I only wanted some one to be able to prove the murdering heart he had in 'im, an' that made me put Peggy on the watch. She can now prove that he wished to murder the poor old uncle."

All their eyes opened wide as they saw the prudence and forecast of Mr. Meldon's confidential man.

"You'll be taken," said Lliam.

"I know that."

"Better go out of the way for a while."

Not for a minit. I promised Mr. Meldon to keep near owld Mr. D'Alton, and I will never quit darling Miss Amy's father, if I was to die by his side."

"Doesn't that look like shooting Quirk?"

"Crichawn" smiled a knowing smile, and Lliam fully returned it.

"The ball that killed Quirk was found?" asked "Crichawn."

"The p'lice have it," answered Lliam. "It kem from a small bore, — a very small bore, an' 'tis a rifle ball."

"Does any wan know anything o' the gun," continued "Crichawn"

"The gun," answered Lliam, "was taken by force from the man that ed the shot. No wan knows who tuk it."

"Crichawn gazed at the speaker with a look o admiration and affection. "Gonies!" continued Lliam, "'twas a great night for stealing guns entirely. Quirk had a gun in his hands when he was brough down, and that gun got off some way too."

The old lady flung down the knitting, and the young woman stopped her spinning wheel.

"*Laimh Dhia! Laimh!*" she exaimed. "The hand of God! The hand of God!"

"*You know the owners of the guns*," said the young woman emphatically.

"They both belong to wan man," was the answer.

All felt easier in mind at the time of separation that night, than at the me they met.

CHAPT R XXII.

SHOWING WHO WAS THE OWNER OF THE EAUTIFUL MANSION ON A BRIGHT AKE, THE SKETCH OF WHICH STRUCK SO VERY MUCH OUR FRIEND AMY, AS WE READ IN A FORMER CHAPTER; ALSO VI US A GLIMPSE OF THE INTERIOR AND FATHER JOHN HAYES.— SHOWING MOREOVER HOW JOHN O'CONNELL ROUGHT TO FATHER JOHN THE NEWS OF "THE LION'S DEATH," AND SOMETHING ASTONISHING ABOUT NOEMI, THE QUEEN OF THE INDIANS.— THE VISIT OF MR. LEYTON SEYMOUR TO IRELAND CLEARLY EXPLAINED.

The reader will remember the first occasion on which Mr. Leyton Seymour and Amy D'Alton met, as chronicled and described in Chapter X, the same young lady was attracted by a sketch of a beautiful home on a bright lake's brim, far over the ocean. On that occasion we gave a small help to

unravelling some of our mystery, by reporting Clara Meldon's observation that wherever the home was, Mr. Leyton Seymour was the artist.

Amy's ideas became very interesting and a little confusing, for she kept mixing up Mr. Leyton Seymour and herself, and the fine house, and lake, and woods, and the company into one confused picture, which made her blush again and again, and, maybe, finally restrained her desire to inquire more. Well, the necessities of our story require us to raise the veil at once, and to announce that the house is not Mr. Leyton Seymour's, but it is the transatlantic home of Mr. Meldon and his dear daughter, Clara.

Mr. Seymour had been frequently, indeed almost constantly, the guest of Mr. Meldon, since Mr. Seymour came to North America. They had met only twice — once at a bazaar, and a second time at a rifle match, when a friendship, that seemed destined to last a lifetime, rendered them inseparable.

We are to add, in order to relieve the reader's mind from the necessity of conjectures, that all the time of the acquaintanceship of those gentlemen, or as we have called it, their friendship so far, fair Clara was in England, at one of the foremost Catholic Convents of the empire. She had never seen Mr. Seymour until he came to visit her father, on the little Irish estate near Slieve-na-Mon. Why he came on a leave, which was only a brief one, and transported himself right away into Tipperary, is a question which we shall answer in time, if the reader will only kindly continue to "lend" us his "ear." We need scarcely say that Father John Hayes was very constantly the favored guest at Meldon Hall, and that the country's history, hopes and progress, gave wings to many an Indian summer's eve. And in that regal abode were gathered from time to time, the leading literary men, and the political men of merit, no matter of what party. In the absence of his daughter, ladies could form no part of these re-unions; but besides literature and the "flow of soul," many of the community were musical, and Apollo wreathed the moments with such harmony, as translates some to the spheres of the angels.

To this abode we are now about to introduce the reader.

We shall exercise a "wise discretion" if we be silent regarding much of the interior. The exterior, we suppose, our reader knows already. Perhaps the harmonies of perfect magnificence are the most proper words to be applied to the apartments, to every one from the parlors and drawing-rooms to the smallest details of the mansion. Amongst mirrors, framed in fretted gold, reflected ottomans that would challenge the Porte; and Sèvres stood here and there, which would make two or three people's fortunes. The gobelins were of the most Versaillaise patterns, and all the furniture glowed under the care of domestics, whose devotion to their master was proverbial. From the noble vestibule — up the magnificent staircase — and at every turn, to the very attic, you caught glimpses of proof, that boundless taste and boundless means had raised and enriched the home of the Meldons.

We owe an apology to those who peruse those lines, and let us make it or offer it. At a moment of wonderful excitement at the foot of Slieve-na-Mon, we force the reader across the Atlantic ocean. The police are on the track of some one to prove their zeal; the lawyers are full of expectation of beholding half-a-dozen cases growing out of the murder at the Crag; the redoubtable "Crichawn" is supposed to walk in the shadow of a gallows; poor old D'Alton of the Crag seems to have made a good deal of his way through his last sickness; the whole world runs up and down discussing, conjecturing, and we regret to say, sometimes cursing, threatening, and

swearing, while poor Father Ned is nearly broken down by sick calls to those in typhoid fever; and, after all, here we are going off to America without easing people's minds a bit. We ought to add that Father Ned Power would not be so badly off, only a neighboring parish priest is in fever himself, and Father Ned has to do some of his friend's work, and also to keep very steadily by his friend's bed, because he is the old clergyman's confessor. Yet what can we do? We must put the first event first, and make the way clear for its successors, or we shall insure a confusion which might not be acceptable to our readers' tastes.

At the period of which we intend to write, that is in a couple of weeks before Leyton Seymour's arrival in Ireland, the only resident of Meldon Hall was the clergyman, Father Hayes. The proximity of the mansion to the city, enabled Father Hayes, by the aid of an excellent drag, to be present with exactness at the duties which he was called upon to discharge; and he felt a gratification, tender and deep, at being in a position to tranquillize the mind of him whom he called "the best man, and the best friend he ever met."

Father Hayes is in the library, an apartment worthy of the mansion. It is nearly forty feet in length, and filled to overflowing with the literature of all nations and all ages. A map of Ireland is before the priest. It lies against a beautiful porphyry bust of Demosthenes, but the clergyman has evidently turned his attention away. He is reading the *Univers*, and following the crowd, who, after the murder of Count Rossi, cry out in the madness of "possessed" iniquity, "Down with the Pope! Down with the Germans!"

The Irish priest will not be blamed for weeping, but the tears were drawn as much from the thought of his country's proud fidelity, as from the sufferings of the sovereign Pontiff.

"The curse of eternal justice is upon you!" he cried; "you commenced in treachery, and you end in treason; you will yet be as much strangers in Italy, as the Jews are in Israel!"

There is a loud knocking at the door, and the servant duly appears. Like all good servants, Mr. Meldon's carried out with extreme exactness the routine of personal appearance when he was thousands of miles away, as well as when he was at home.

"Who calls?" asked Father Hayes.

"Mr. O'Connell, sir. He says he has important business."

"Oh, Jeff O'Connell! Let him in by all means." And so our old friend, Jeff O'Connell, finds himself in the library of Meldon Hall.

"Well, old friend," cried Father Hayes, "I am ever so glad to see you. You gave me more knowledge in one night, than I should have acquired in half a score of years; and you saved me from a sudden death, I believe."

"Oh, sir, you are in Ireland! No use in talking; no use at all. Our hearts are a multiplication table! Sorra word o' lie in it. But I am come, reverend sir, to speak on other things. I'm come to speak of Noemi."

"Noemi! Jeff."

"Yis, sir. Didn't you read the letter that was given you?"

"Certainly. I find that the soldier's name was Gaspard Dillon, and his poor wife's name Euphrasia Collingwood."

"And that is all, sir?"

"That is all."

"Well, I came from the Indian camp."

"And?"

"The Lion is dead!"

"Dead! Poor Joseph dead!"

"Yes, reverend sir. He sent for me simply because you prepared the poor squaw, and he sent for his parish priest, who, this time, was at home; and Mr. McGeery came in the

twinkling of an eye. We both sat on the sward by poor Joseph's Indian bed."

"Well, Jeff?"

"Well, reverend sir, he held on quite dark for an hour after I came; and he spoke to Noemi about her mother at the foot of the great tree in the Indian churchyard; and he asked Noemi to go over there and pray until the Saturday night after his death; and, he said, 'My daughter, you know, Indian love Holy Mary; don't you? An' you know Indian wear her clothes!' and he took out the scapular. 'An' you go pray by de Lion's grave, near your moder's — iss; your two moders; an' Indian goes up to Holy Mary to pray for Noemi. You will pray?"

"Well, reverend sir, Noemi had fainted — had really fainted, and I think her swooning hastened poor Joseph's death. But he addressed Mr. McGeery after the good priest had anointed him, and in every way prepared him. 'I am called away, fader!' he said, 'since fourteen years of age, squaw an' de Lion be wan; an' oh, fader, de lub! de lub! . . . Wan! Wan! Death no break Indian, an' 'er — 'er. . . No! No! De lion die! De lion die!' Father McGeery did and said all the kind things of charity and care, and he tried to make the poor Indian easy. 'Tank you you, Padlias — fader! Give me your blessed hand to kiss. Tank you, but — de lion go to Marquite, to get his life again!" I stood all this time near him, and he knew me very well, but he said nothing particular, although he had sent me a pressing message. At length Father McGeery, having been obliged to attend another Indian, left myself and the Indian together.

"Ha! ah!" cried Father Hayes.

"Well, reverend sir, when we found ourselves alone, Joseph's eyes rolled! I do not know what to say — whether it was pain or madness, but Noemi had just then risen up, and tried to fling her arms around the lion's neck. 'Take her, father; take her, father; do take her for Noemi's sake — take her! I want to speak to Padlias. It was not difficult to remove the poor child, once she heard the dying man wanted 'to speak to Padlias.' I led her to the next wigwam, and the Indian coolness entirely deserted her then. She wept. She cried aloud, 'Fader! Fader! Fader! Do not leave Noemi! Oh, no,' The neighboring Indians were kind to the fair girl, whose history they know'd, sir, and I returned to the sick man."

"And did he think you were a priest? You represented him as wishing to speak to Padlias alone."

"Ah, reverend sir. The Indian wanted simply to speak to the Padlias that prepared Marquite, the morning after the great snowstorm, and the poor fellow knew Jeff O'Connell would make you out."

"Then you have a message?"

"There it is, reverend sir, untouched."

And Jeff O'Connell laid upon the table a package — something made up in goatskin, and tied with thongs. Nothing could be more secure.

"This package is for me?"

I think that package is a thing to be thankful for. A thing of value, reverend sir."

"Well, before we open it, give me the last of the Indian."

"Ay, sir. I tell you reverend sir, I'd never seen anything like it, I hadn't. The package was under the poor fellow's head, and he was striving hard to raise himself, but couldn't. I went over to the bedside, and I saw the bursting heart of the strong red man, when he failed to move. 'Och! och!' he cried, and I then raised him up as easy as I could, and placed his head upon my arm. He directed his eyes, fixed towards a spot, behind, and then bowed three times rapidly. 'Dere! Dere! cried poor Joseph, and there, reverend sir, I found that package. The Indian kissed it twice, and whispered feebly, 'Marquite! Marquite! and Noemi!'"

"Did poor Joseph give no instructions about the package?"

"Well, reverend sir, he told me to give you the package, and plainly said it was the property of Noemi's mother, placed in Marquite's hands, to be given to Noemi when the child grew up; but they had some fears the package might lead to a separation from the only companion of their life-time, as they had no children, and they kept it all the time."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Father Hayes. "Wonderful!"

The reverend gentleman looked at the packet for a moment, when a thought seemed to strike him.

"You saw Joseph die?"

"Yes sir. He looked up to the crucifix that hung over the poor bed, and a tear came down. 'Gib 'im me! Gib 'im Jesus me!—Iss, wan big kiss! Jesus bless ebery wan! Ebery wan!' Even while he was speaking to me, his eyes rolled in his head. 'Comin'! comin,' Marquite!' he whispered. Oh, my God, Mr. Hayes, 'twas awful then—awful. The Indian dog (I hadn't seen) leaped from beside the warrior—leaped right into the air, and lighted with his forepaws embracing poor Joseph. An' he began such a cry! Oh, sir, it made my heart bleed—it did."

"And then?"

"An' as I am a Christian man an' an Irishman, the warrior died while the Indian dog was keening—an' keening such a keen!"

"Noemi?"

"She came in; but it was only to kiss the crucifix in her father's stiff hand, and to weep. I never left myself until the tribe an' myself placed the Micmac under the great tree, alongside his Marquite and poor Noemi's mother. That's all."

"And where's Noemi now? In the camp?"

Jeff looked at Father Hayes as if he had ten heads upon him.

"In the camp!" he cried. "Oh, no! She is home at Jeff O'Connell's, in the middle of his children. She'll make eight of 'em now."

"You mean to say you are going to take upon yourself the care and burthen?"

"I mean to say that, reverend sir. When I came a boy to this place, a neighbor of ours at home took me by the hand; an' I have enough now and to spare. But I'll tell you what, reverend sir, if I had to work the flesh off my bones, to keep that kind heart, Noemi, I would work to feed her and clothe her; and more than half what any one of mine ever will get from me, if ever we are in want, more then half, sir, I'll give Noemi."

"Good fellow," exclaimed the priest, and he gave Jeff a hearty shake of the hand.

"Well, Jeff," resumed the priest, "you must stay here to-night, and after dinner—you must dine with me alone—we will look over the packet, and see what we ought do."

Jeff readily assented to the arrangement, and meantime made patient examination of Meldon Hall. He thought what a princely man Mr. Meldon was, and how worthy he was of all he had, and more. And, strange to say, poor Jeff often remembered the packet with a feeling of sadness. He had conceived a strong affection for the orphan, Noemi, and he had, with the fertility of an Irish benevolence, began to lay plans for the rearing, and even education, of the fair young woman—so that a darling conception was in danger of dying, a thing very awful to the temperament of Jeff O'Connell.

The event of the evening should come last, and it did. Dinner had come and disappeared, and Jeff O'Connell had some weak rum and water. The priest talked for awhile about the old land, which Jeff loved deeply, and Jeff talked of the agitation now proceeding so dangerously, because Jeff was an out-an-out O'Connellite, and would stand by the Liberator to the last. At the same time

Jeff let out the fact that he had sent as much as fifty pounds to get poor fellows "out of a hoult." We remember many "O'Connellites" very like poor Jeff in '48.

"Jeff," said Father Hayes, after a pause — indeed after a thoughtful silence, which began to alarm Jeff — said he, "I have read the packet!"

"The whole of it, reverend sir?"

"Every word. It is the most wonderful affair ever known, and wonderful affairs will spring out of it."

"My goodness!"

"Noemi's name, as directed by her mother when dying, was 'Euphrasia.' Her mother was a lady without fortune, and her father was the son of Count D'Alton, an Austrian nobleman."

"Murder!" cried Jeff.

"There are letters from the old Count, accusing him of intending a marriage which brought no advantages. There are letters threatening to disinherit him. There are letters by which his allowance is cut off. There are then letters to his wife from some members of the family, which show that all Count D'Alton's relatives were not so hard upon the young woman as he was. And there are some interesting ones, showing that friends had sent her remittances from time to time, and endeavored to make her position tolerable; and all had hopes the Count was near relenting, when the dates correspond with poor D'Alton's death."

"Glory be to God, sir," cried Jeff O'Connell.

"Well, Jeff, I know another family thrown into mourning by that private soldier's death — a noble Irish family too."

"Gracious, sir!"

"However, Jeff, we must now begin to do justice. Euphrasia D'Alton's grandfather still lives, and is one of the richest men in Europe, Moreover, he has no child or grandchild to inherit his means. We must make an old man die happy, though he had a hard soul; and Euphrasia is sure to make good use of her fortune. But, Jeff; why, Jeff!"

"I declare, reverend sir, I am a downright fool!" Jeff dropped a tear. He was going to lose the orphan. Do not condemn the poor fellow! Do not think it is weakness, reader! Jeff has a firm soul, though like all Irishmen's souls, the heart runs away with it now and again.

"How are we to bring the granddaughter and grand-father together, Jeff? How," he asked musingly.

"I have it! I have it!" answered Jeff right away.

"Come, sir, your friend, Captain Seymour has got a short leave — I think only ten weeks or three months, and he'd do anything for you, or for anyone."

Father Hayes clapped his hands.

"Are you certain he is going?"

"I have heard it from himself. He was out hunting in our parts, seven or eight days ago."

"Then all is right!"

The very next day, Father Hayes and Jeff arrived at the military barracks, just as the men were going off parade. They were going to accost the Sergeant-Major, and to make inquiries, when a well-known voice just behind, cried out, "Oh, Father Hayes!" There stood Mr. Leyton Seymour before them.

"I was just going to make you a visit, Mr. Seymour said after shaking hands. I see you have my friend, Jeff, with you — a first-rate sportsman I can tell you."

"Can we see you in your quarters? We have most particular business."

"Certainly. This way, Father Hayes. Come along my friend Jeff."

"Any news from Mr. Meldon!" asked Father John.

"Yes, he is in love."

"You jest."

"Upon my word his last letter was all, every word, about Alice Hayes."

To be Continued.

200th Anniversary of the Defeat of the Turks.

THE Bi-centenary of the overthrow of the Turkish army before Vienna which took place on the 12th of September, 1683, was celebrated by the descendants of the Polish conquerers all over the world. On that day two hundred years ago, the great Moslem power, which for three centuries had threatned to overrun Christian Europe, had its career of conquest suddenly stopped, never to advance again. Since the victory gained on that day by the Polish Monarch, John III. Sobieski, the Ottoman power has steadily declined, until to-day it only maintains a precarious existence in Europe through the jealousies and contests of the European powers themselves. The deliverance of Vienna by the Poles in 1683 is in truth one of the few well marked turning points in history, and even amid their present misfortunes it may well cause a thrill of triumph to their descendants. The Turkish Empire in the seventeenth century under the management of three generations of great statesmen, had attained a power in Eastern Europe scarcely less than Bismarck wields to-day in the West. The Sultan, at the suggestion of his ambitious Vizier Kava Mustapha, determined to crush the German Empire, which had been so long the great rival of his Empire, and an army of over two hundred thousand men, as great a host indeed as Von Moltke commanded around Paris in 1870, marched into Austria and laid close siege to Vienna. The German forces were wholly unable to face the enemy, and after a siege of two months the Turks were on the point of assaulting the walls, which had been breached by their formidable artillery. If we recall the desparation of the citizens of Paris, when every sortie was driven in, and the Prussian bombs were falling thick in their streets twelve years ago, we may form some idea of the feelings of the Christian population of the Austrian capital on the 11th of September 1683, when the watchers on the tower of St. Stephen, the loftiest in the city, suddenly announced the appearance of the Polish banners on the range of the Kalenberg, a few miles to the north of the Turkish lines.

John III. Sobieski, the elected Monarch of Poland, had thrown aside all national jealousies in the face of the danger of the Christian capital, and with thirty thousand of his troops had hurried up to its relief. Under the walls of Vienna he reunited the scattered forces of Bavaria and Saxony under his command, but still his whole army was only about fifty thousand against a Turkish force of at least four times that number, occupying strongly intrenched positions around the city. But Sobieski had been long accustomed to contend against heavy odds, and no sooner had his troops reached sight of the enemy, than he prepared for an attack. Twenty-four hours after the sentinels on St. Stephen spire had first sighted the Polish lancers on the mountain tops, the King himself was dashing on the Moslem lines. The Vizier laughed at the idea of an attack by such a handful of enemies and at first the Polish infantry were driven from their intrenchments by the heavy fire. Sobieski quickly rallied them and a body of huzzars rode over the Turkish ditches at a gallop and commenced sabring the artillery men. The Polish infantry quickly followed, the lines were forced, and a panic seized the Turkish troops at the shout of Sobieski, with whose name they were only too well acquainted in former wars. The Khan of the Crimea the second in command gave the example of flight and before the Vizier himself could believe that the Christians were seriously attacking his lines, the foremost Polish horsemen

swept into his own head-quarters. "By Allah! The wizard King is here" exclaimed the Vizier, as he hastily mounted and rode in hot haste from the field of battle. The Poles swept on through the camp, and by night the mighty host of the beseigers had melted away like snow, and the citizens of Vienna were pouring in crowds into churches to thank heaven for their unhoped for deliverence from the horrors of the Turkish yoke.

It is an ungracious task to tell how the aid thus given to Germany in her hour of sorest need had been repaid about a century after. Poland is no longer reckoned among the independent States of Europe and her destruction has been in part at least effected by the very nation which she saved from Moslem conquest two hundred years ago. But great deeds are not done in vain, and the spirit of sympathy with the deeds of their ancestors, which the present anniversary has called forth among the Poles all over the world, may yet be a powerful aid in enabling them to effect their own deliverence from the triple yoke which now weighs so heavily on their fair but unfortunate land.

The following Brief has been addressed by our Holy Father the Pope, to the Archbishop of Vienna:

LEO XIII., POPE. *Venerated Brother, Greeting and Apostolic Benediction:* — You have informed us that on the 12th of September will be celebrated the anniversary of the brilliant triumph, obtained over the enemies of the Cross, and by this favor, in consequence of the complete overthrow of the Turks by the allied arms of the Christian princes, together with the assistance of God and the Blessed Virgin Mary, the help of Christians, Vienna, the residence of the illustrious Emporers of Austria, was saved. The inhabitants of Vienna wish to observe this feast day in a very solemn and brilliant manner, and to celebrate by special honors the glorious memory of the then Austrian Emperor Leopold the First, and of the illustrious King of Poland, John the Third, and all of the other brave Catholic princes who took part in that important victory. The occasion is no doubt worthy of every eulogium; but as this heroic achievement, in the first place, has been due to God and the Virgin Mary "the Help of Christians," you have taken, venerable brother, the excellent resolve of, on the day of the anniversary in the metropolitan cathedral of Vienna, assembling the bishops and prelates of Austria, that they and you might offer thanksgiving to God.

To awaken and give an impetus to the faith and piety of the people on the occasion of this solemnity you have resolved to celebrate a triduum in the metropolitan church of Vienna and to have exercises of prayer, which will continue two days in each of the parochial churches of the city and diocese of Vienna, and you earnestly ask us to open the treasures of the Church on this remarkable occasion. That this blessed day may be also in a very great measure useful to souls, we, full of confidence in the memory of the All-powerful God and in the power of the holy Apostles, PETER and PAUL, grant a plenary indulgence to the faithful of both sexes who will devoutly assist at the triduum in the metropolitan church of Vienna, and who in one of those three days, at their own selection, after sincere sorrow and true confession of their sins, will receive Holy Communion, and with devotion visit this church, and pray there for peace among Christian princes, the abolition of heresies, the conversion of sinners, and the triumph of the Holy Church.

We, in like manner, grant this indulgence to those who, having assisted at the exercises of the two days' prayer in one of the parochial churches of the city and diocese of Vienna, will after the confession receive Holy Communion there, will visit one of these churches at their option, and will there say the same prayers as indicated above. We grant that all

these indulgences may be applicable to the souls of the faithful who have departed in God's grace.

For enhancing the splendor and magnifying the solemnity of this feast, we transmit to you, venerable brother, through this letter, the privilege of giving in our name, according to the prescribed form, the Apostolic Benediction, together with a plenary indulgence, to the Catholic people who on the 12th of September will assist at the Solemn High Mass in the metropolitan church of Vienna.

Given at Rome, the 14th August, 1883, the sixth year of our Pontificate

LEO XIII., Pope.

A Plucky English Girl.

At the hearing of a case just taken in private by the Nottingham borough magistrates, Alderman Manning and Captain Starey, the following incident occurred:

A girl about seventeen years old was called as chief witness. When she appeared in the witness-box a Protestant Bible was given to her on which to take her oath. After examining the book, the witness said: Gentlemen, this book belongs to the Church of England, I presume?

Magistrate: Yes.

Witness: Then I decline to take my oath upon this book.

Magistrate: Why? Are you an atheist, or to what denomination do you belong?

Witness: Indeed, gentlemen, I am no atheist; I am a Catholic.

Magistrate: Well, I have never heard a Catholic raise an objection before. Why, many have taken their oath on this Bible, and Dr. Hynes has taken it over fifty times.

Witness: I am not Dr. Hynes, and I shall decline to take the oath upon that book.

Magistrate: Why, that Bible contains the Gospels and Epistles approved and appointed to be read in all the churches and chapels in England.

Witness: Gentlemen, in all your churches and chapels, but not in mine.

The magistrate then said they could not take her evidence. The girl was turning to go away, but Mr. Black, who appeared for the case, said she was his best witness, and the case could not go on without her.

Magistrate: What Bible will you take your oath on?

Witness: On a Catholic Douay Bible. Unless I have one I will not take my oath on any other.

The witness then left the hall for a quarter of an hour, when she was again called in.

Witness: I still object to take my oath upon this book.

Magistrate: I have never heard such an objection, only by a Presbyterian, who claimed his form of affirmation.

Witness: Then I, as a Catholic, claim to affirm.

Magistrate: What form of affirmation will you give that what you say is true?

Witness: I will affirm that what I say is true by the Sign of the Cross, in the Name of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Magistrate: Then hold the Bible in your hand and make the Sign of the Cross.

Witness: Gentlemen, I will not hold that book as a Catholic. I set no value on that version of the Bible.

Magistrate: What can we do in this case, gentlemen? You see the witness refuses to take the oath on this Bible. We must get one from the Bishop. This case will be adjourned until ten o'clock next Monday, when there will be a proper Bible ready for this witness to take her oath.

Ireland as a Nation.

THE *Dublin Freeman's Journal* of a recent date speaks thus hopefully of coming events: Our heading to this article is more prophetic than descriptive of existing facts, though signs that are more legible to everyone indicates that the prophet who ventures to foretell the speedy and sure consummation of the hopes of every true Irishman need not be a particularly clever person to forecast the future from the facts that lie upon the surface of the Irish question. The meeting of the National League, on Wednesday, in Dublin, was to some extent a most satisfactory account of his stewardship, and that of his party, but it was more. Mr. Parnell has *not* taken off his coat for nothing, and the harvest which up to the present time he has been enabled to gather, is one full of promise of a rich garnering in the cause of justice to Ireland. He pointed out in effect that the time had gone by when Ireland sued for her rights, and that now she boldly faced her rulers and demanded what was due to her. "I believe," said Mr. Parnell, "that the day is not very far distant, that not many years will go by, before we shall have gained the full programme for which the Irish National League was formed. It is now no longer a question with the great body of Englishmen whether the Irish people shall have self-government, but as to the amount of self-government they will be willing to accept, I think that when we have placed the National question — the question of legislative independence — on the same footing that the land question was placed before the introduction of the Irish Land Act of 1881, that is to say, when we have induced the English government themselves to bring forward a proposal of their own for settling this question, we shall have brought it very near a final and successful issue. I have always held that it was most undesirable for the Irish people to make such proposals on such questions as Irish land and Irish self-government; but we should rather by agitation and organization set our English rulers and governors to work to consider these matters, and to make their own propositions." These pregnant words indicate more fully than possibly any others could how far the cause of actual and potential reform has grown in Ireland. It is for us to agitate and organize against existing abuses; it is for the English Governent and those whose spokesmen they are to formulate their propositions for reform, and to stand or fall by the adequacy and suitableness of what they propose. Surely this is a great step on the road to national regeneration. But hallooing before one is out of the wood is proverbially a bad policy. Mr. Parnell is but a man: the Irish representatives who act with him are but men. The best laws and the most enfranchised constitution are more worthless than the paper on which they are written unless behind them, to preserve and sustain them inviolate are leal hearts and true minds. Mr. Parnell and his party derive their effectiveness from their own indomitable skill, watchfulness and perseverence; their power they derive from the Irish people. On both sides of the Channel their belts should be tightened and loins girded for the constitutional strife. Work should no more pause among the electors in the country than it has hung fire among the elected in Parliament. And when every Irishman has done his best, not alone on the platform but in the parliamentary revision and at the ballot box, Mr. Parnell's speech may well be the key-note of a glorious harmony, swelling, note by note, till there rings out from the Isle of Saints, the magnificent diapason that shall proclaim "Ireland a Nation."

The Abode of the Blessed, or this World and the Next.

The second of November is nearly upon us. We still live in the world. There are none who have not souls in the world to come. It may be that they are in purgatory. It is to be hoped that many of them are in heaven, but the supposition is that most of them are in the abode of the Church suffering. If so, we can relieve them by our alms and prayers, and by having masses said for their souls. Let every one, then, who may have a father, a mother, a wife or children in the world to come, not forget them. "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends." Here is an account of the apparition of a soul from purgatory. Towards the middle of the month of September, 1870, a Belgian religious experienced an altogether inexplicable grief which pressed upon her spirit like a heavy weight. The sister was no other than Mary Seraphine, of the Sacred Heart. It seemd to her that she was beset by an invisible and invincible power which surrounded and pursued her everywhere. She felt, also, a weight upon her shoulder, as though, to use her own expression, she had been shot in the shoulder, and the charge of lead or bullet had remained embedded in the flesh. At last, on September 29, the Feast of St. Michael, she received a letter from France which seemed to her to explain everything. The letter contained news of the death of her father, who had died at exactly the time when she first began to experience the sensation mentioned. But the pains continued to increase, and added to them she sometimes heard stifled groans, and a voice distinctly crying in her ear, "My daughter, have pity on me!" A few nights afterwards, as she was retiring to rest, her deceased father appeared to her enveloped in flames, while the expression on his face was inexpressibly sad. He spoke in a distinct voice, and said: "I suffer for my impatiences and other faults which I am not permitted to mention." "But," said the daughter, "do you receive no relief from the Masses which have been offered up for the repose of your soul?" "Oh yes," he replied, "I feel every morning a sweetness like that of a rose, which comes to refresh my soul, but next to that I attain most relief from the intentions of those pious souls, who make the way of the cross in our behalf. But, alas, I have already been in purgatory a year and you have no pity for me." "My poor father!" exclaimed the Sister, "it is hardly a month since you quitted this life." He replied: "Ah! you do not know what eternity is; when the soul has come into the presence of God it is devoured by a burning thirst to possess Him; I am condemned to six months of purgatory. It is to you I have now to look for relief, for my other children believe me to be in Heaven, and hardly one of them has said even a *De Profundis* for me. Think; think of this cistern of fire into which I am plunged. Oh, if people only knew what it is to be in purgatory, they would suffer anything and everything to avoid it, and they would make every effort to succor the poor souls who are imprisoned there." The apparition disappeared, and replunging into the cistern of fire he cried. "I thirst! I thirst!"

The apparition appeared again, and this time, the Sister, to be sure that it was not an illusion, asked her father to touch her. He did so; he placed his hand first upon her shoulder and then upon her heart. She instantly experienced a feeling of burning, accompanied with a sense of inexpressible sorrow, the skin assuming a blackish hue, without the clothes exhibiting the least visible trace of fire. Although this was remarkable,

still more so was the fact, that although the soul could do nothing for itself, God heard its prayers; for a Sister of the community was ill, and the disease instantly left her. On All Soul's Day the apparition said to the religious, "We have been much relieved to-day; a large number of souls have taken their flight to Heaven." Sister Mary Seraphine, by permission of her confessor, addressed the following questions to her father; "Do the souls in purgatory know those who pray for them, and can they pray themselves for the faithful on earth?" He replied by a formal "Yes." "Do the souls in purgatory," asked the Sister, "suffer in thinking of the sins which they daily committed while they were here on earth?" "Yes," replied her father, "that is one of their chastisements." He also said to the Sister that he had been permitted to see the end of the present life; he had also seen God in His Divine splendor, the Sacred Humanity of Our Lord, and the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and that since that time his thirst for God grew daily more and more ardent. That was in fact the most insupportable of the purifying sufferings. He added also that his guardian angel came often to console him.

A Visit to Cork and What Came of it.

THE Dublin correspondent of the *London Weekly Register* records this amusing incident. The Lord-Lieutenant and Countess Spencer have been paying a visit to the Cork Exhibition, and a curious series of accidents occurred on the occasion of their departure from the South. In the first place the train, by some extraordinary blunder, started from Cork without the Countess Spencer and her *suite*, bearing away His Excellency in solitary state in the handsome saloon carriage prepared for the Vice-Regal party. The mistake caused for a moment great consternation, and afterwards some amusement, her Excellency laughing heartily at the ludicrous situation. After a slight delay, a special train conveyed the Countess and her retinue on to Mallow, where the runaway mail awaited them in a truly penitent state of mind. No futher annoyance arose for the distinguished visitors from Dublin, but the matter was more serious to a certain number of other travellers, who had been shunted into a siding in a Killarney train, to make way for the impromptu special. Some carriages which had also to be moved away collided with this train, and though no lives were lost, nor was any one very seriously injured, yet several ladies were a good deal hurt, and all the passengers got a fright. During their stay in the South their Excellencies were the guests of the Earl of Bandon. Some people appear to make it a cause of complaint that the Lord-Lieutenant accepted the invitation of a Tory lord, and in the neighborhood of a town notorious in days gone by for its odious intolerance of Catholics. But the question is whether any liberal lord had the courtesy to offer hospitality to the representatives of Royalty. Times have changed, at all events, since the inhabitants of Bandon inscribed on the town gates —

> "Jew, Turk, or Atheist
> May enter here,
> But not a Papist."

Of this inscription it is said that Dean Swift (or some say his servant) remarked on reading it —

> "Whoever wrote this wrote it well,
> For the same is written on the gates of hell."

Nearly ninety years ago a spacious Catholic Church was erected on a conspicuous site in the town, and even before the date of Catholic Emancipation, the nuns of the Presentation Order built a convent in that stronghold of Protestantism, and taught hundreds of children daily in their schools.

Dog Show in Dublin.

THE correspondent of the *Weekly Register* gives an account of the Dog Show in the Royal Zoölogical Society's grounds, Phœnix Park, which was a success in spite of bad weather. The sight was a very amusing one, and interesting to many beside the enthusiastic owners of the dogs, some of whom were almost weeping because their pets had not carried off a prize. As a Dublin paper says, "All the beauty and chivalry of Dogdom were there." Dogs of nearly every class and of high and low degree appeared on the scene. Irish setters, sheep dogs, and Irish terriers made a good show. There were only two Newfoundlands, and one solitary greyhound, but a fair number of almost every other kind of dog. There is such variety in these creatures, and the expression of their faces is so nearly human, that considerable diversion may be found in observing and comparing the different races. None of the animals seemed particularly pleased to be chained up as they were — a spectacle to ladies and gentlemen and dog fanciers; but they comported themselves in very different ways, according to their nature and breeding. Some were evidently accustomed to the habits of good society, while others brought the manners of the kennel to the Show. One beautiful setter was quite willing to shake a paw with every well-dressed visitor; others would not suffer the highest in the land to look at them without showing their dissatisfaction. Representatives of almost every character might be recognized. There were sly dogs, sad dogs, and very nice dogs. There was a mastiff hand-dog; a champion lucky-dog reposing on a rug and wearing a necklace composed the of silver medals he had won on various occasions; and a good many specimens among the ladies' pets of the famous little doggie who had to be coaxed to eat good mutton. The general uproar was extraordinary, a deafening chorus of baying, yelping, and howling. When anything exciting occurred the whole company appeared to go mad. At sound of the cheer announcing the approach of the Viceregal party to the Marquee, they began to jump, tug, and give voice in a way that nearly set the visitors frantic. The terriers flew in a rage, the sheep dogs trembled in every limb, mastiffs bayed as if fifty moons shone through the roof, and black poodles that had been sleeping in the straw rose to their feet, threw up their heads, and cried till the tears rolled down!

Probably, their Excellencies would have preferred a less uproarious recepfrom their dogships. Besides Thor, the great good-natured looking St. Bernard, Garryowen, the famous Champion Tiger, the ferocious bulldog, the hairless dog from Cyprus, and the fierce-looking Russian boar hound, one would fain have seen (could a representative of the species be conjured up out of the past), the Irish wolfhound take his honored place.

Among the wonders of Ireland named by travellers of former days was the wolf-dog; and it has been said

that no individual of the canine race attained an equal amount of fame or excited an equal degree of attention throughout Europe as that very superb creature of a race now no more. This dog was used for wolf-hunting, and resembled a greyhound, but was of great size and strength, and had a rough coat. It was a stately creature, but very gentle and governable. During the wars of the seventeenth century the wolves increased to an extraordinary extent in Ireland, and when the Irish troops of King James II. were about to embark for France (as allowed by treaty) the wolf-dogs followed close at the heels of their exiled masters; but an order was immediately issued to stay the departure of animals so much needed in the devastated country. The Irish hound was known in Rome in the days when the combats of the amphitheatre were in vogue, being imported into other countries for the use of kings and men of high degree. It is on record that Sir Thomas Rowe, Ambassador to the great Mogul, obtained special favors from that monarch on account of a present of those dogs which he made him in 1615. Henry VIII. sent four of them as a present to a Spanish grandee. Ancient and mediæval writers are eloquent in praise of the Irish wolf-dog, and the animal is always grouped with the harp and round tower, emblems of Ireland. In his group of "Fidelity," in the O'Connell monument, Mr. Foley has introduced in a striking way the well-known figure of this noble creature, which in art is the inseparable companion of Hibernia. The species appears to be quite extinct. The deer-hound of Scotland is its nearest representative at the present day. It has been suggested that the great St. Bernard dogs may disappear like the wolf-dogs, now that the monks have descended from the snow-enveloped Hospice to the plains.

Encyclical Letter of Our Most Holy Father the Pope.

TO OUR VENERABLE BROTHERS, THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES, ARCHBISHOPS, AND BISHOPS OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD, IN GRACE AND IN COMMUNION WITH THE HOLY APOSTOLIC SEE.

LEO PP. XIII.

Venerable Brothers, Health, and Apostolic Benediction:

The duty of the Supreme Apostolate which has been entrusted to us, and the especially difficult condition of the times now present warn us every day with greater instance, and, as it were, constrain us with increasing pressure, to keep watch with all the more care over the integrity of the Church, as the calamities from which she suffers are multiplied.

For this reason, as far as lies within our power, at the same time that we direct all our efforts to the defence, by all possible means, of the rights of the Church, and to the discovery and repulse of the dangers which threaten and assail her, do we also use all diligence in imploring the assistence of the Divine succor, with the aid of which only can our labors and our care bear fruit.

To that end we consider that no means could be more efficacious and more certain than that we should gain the favor, by the religious practice of the veneration due to her, of the sublime Mother of God, the Virgin Mary, sovereign depositary of all peace, and dispenser of all grace, who has been placed by her Divine Son at the summit of glory and of power in order that with her protection she might

aid mankind on its way of weariness and peril towards the City of Eternity.

Thus, at the approach of the solemn anniversaries which remind us of the many and weighty benefits conferred upon the Christian people by the devotion of the Holy Rosary, we will that in the present year this devotion should be the object of a most particular attention throughout the Catholic world, in honor of the Sovereign Virgin, so that by her intercession we we may obtain from her Divine Son a happy mitigation or an ending of evils. We have considered, Venerable Brothers, that by making known to you our designs in these letters, we shall enlist your authority and your zeal in the work of stimulating the piety of the people to make our wish their own.

It has always been the principal and most solemn care of Catholics to take refuge under the ægis of Mary, and to appeal to her motherly goodness in troubled times and its conditions of peril. This proves that the Catholic Church has always placed, and with reason, her hope and her confidence in the Mother of God. And indeed the Virgin, exempted from the original stain, chosen to be the Mother of God and thereby associated with Him in the work of the salvation of human kind, enjoys so great favour and power with her Son that never has human nature or angelic nature been able to obtain its like. And since it is sweet to her above all things to grant her succour and her assistance to those who request them, we may not doubt that she will be willing, and, as it were, eager to accept the prayers addressed to her by the Universal Church.

This great and trusting piety towards the august Queen of Heaven has never shone so brightly as when the violence of error, or the intolerable corruption of morals, or the attacks of powerful foes have seemed to place in peril the Church Militant of God. Ancient and modern history and the most authentic annals of the Church recall the memory of public and private supplications to the Mother of God as well as of the succor which she has granted, and of the public tranquillity obtained in many circumstances by her holy intervention. Hence the titles of Helper, of Benefactress, of Consoler of Christians, of Queen of Armies, of Dispenser of Victory. by which she has been hailed. Among all these titles especially remarkable and solemn is that which comes to her from the Rosary, and by which have been commemorated for eternity the signal benefits owed to her by the Christian name.

There is not one of you, Venerable Brothers, who is ignorant of the mourning and the misery brought upon the Holy Church of God, towards the end of the twelfth century, by the Albigensian heretics, who, born of the sect of the latest Manichæans, covered the South of France and all the other countries of the Latin world with their pernicious errors. Carrying abroad the terror of their arms they spread everywhere their dominion by murder and in the midst of ruins. Against this scourge, God raised up in His mercy the illustrious father and founder of the Dominican Order. This hero, great by the integrity of his doctrine, by the example of his virtues, and by his apostolic labors, advanced against the Catholic Church, animated with a spirit from above; not with arms and violence, but with the most absolute faith in that devotion of the Rosary which he was the first to publish, and which his sons have carried to the four corners of the world. In fact he foresaw by Divine grace that this devotion, like a mighty engine of war, would put the enemy to flight, and would confound their audacity and their mad impiety. Tne result justified his faith. Thanks to this new manner of praying, accepted and afterwards put into regular practice by the institution of the Order of the Holy Father Dominic, piety, good faith, concord began to take root again, and the

plans and projects of the heretics fell into ruins. Thanks to it, also, many strayed sheep were brought back into the right way, and the fury of the impious was reined in by Catholic armies summoned to oppose force by force.

The efficaciousness and the power of this prayer were also proved in the sixteenth century, when the innumerable hosts of the Turks were on the point of imposing the yoke of superstition and barbarism upon almost the whole of Europe. In that day the Sovereign Pontiff St. Pius V., after having awakened in the hearts of all Christian princes the ardour of common defence, sought above all and by all means to render propitious and helpful to the Christian name the all-powerful Mother of God, by imploring her aid in the prayers of the Rosary. This noble example, displayed at that time to earth and heaven, rallied all spirits and persuaded all hearts. And the faithful ones of Christ, resolved to shed their blood and to offer their lives for the saving of religion and of their country, marched, unheeding any comparison of numbers, upon the enemy, massed not far from the Gulf of Corinth; while the non-combatants — pious army of suppliants — called upon Mary, implored Mary, repeating the formula of the Rosary, and beseeching victory for those who were at the battle. The Sovereign Lady, thus entreated, was not deaf, for, in the naval action in which the combatants engaged near the Echinades, the Christian fleet, undergoing no great losses, carried a signal victory and annihilated the forces of the enemy.

Therefore it was that the same holy Sovereign Pontiff, in gratitude for so immense a benefit, decreed that a festival in honor of Mary Victorious should consecrate for ever the fame of this memorable fight. Gregory XIII. sanctified this feast, giving it the name of the Holy Rosary.

Consequently, since it is clearly known that this formula of prayer is particularly pleasing to the Holy Virgin, and that it is especially appropriate for the defence of the Church and of the Christian people, and for the gaining of every kind of public and private benefit, it is not surprising that several others of our predecessors should have devoted themselves to its development, recommending it by special praises. Thus Urban IV. attested that *every day the Rosary brought blessings to the Christian people.* Sixtus IV. said that this manner of praying was *for the glory of God and of the Holy Virgin, and particularly apt to turn away dangers that threaten the world.* Leo X. declared that *it had been instituted against heresiarchs, and against pernicious heresies.* And Julius III. called it *the glory of the Church.* St. Pius V. also said that *in the practice of this kind of devotion the faithful have begun to warm their hearts in meditation, to take fire in prayer, and to become new men; the darkness of heresy has been dispersed, and the brightness of the Catholic faith has shone forth in all its glory.* Lastly, Gregory XIII. has declared in his turn that *the Rosary has been instituted by St. Dominic to turn away the wrath of God, and to implore the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary.*

Guided by these thoughts and by the example of our predecessors we have judged it most opportune in this day to establish with the same ends a solemn course of prayers, and to seek by means of the recitation of the Rosary addressed to the Holy Virgin to obtain from her Son, Jesus Christ, a similar aid and succour against the dangers which threaten us. You perceive Venerable Brothers, the grave trials which the Church now daily undergoes: Christian piety, public morality, Faith itself, which is the supreme Good and the principle of all the virtues — all are menaced with dangers growing greater from day to day. Not only are you aware how difficult is the situation, and how

much we suffer from it, but your charity has caused you to share our anxiety and anguish. For it is a thing most mournful and most lamentable to see so many souls which were redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ snatched from salvation by the whirlpool of a distracted age and hurled into the abysses of eternal death. We stand as much in need of Divine aid as did they of the time when the great Dominic raised the standard of the Rosary of Mary for the healing of the wounds of those days. This great Saint, illumined by the celestial light, saw clearly that for the cure of the evils around him no remedy could be so availing as that which would recall men to Jesus Christ, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and which would cause them to appeal to that Virgin to whom it is given to destroy all heresies, as to their patroness before the throne of God. The formula of the Holy Rosary has been composed by St. Dominic in such a manner that the mysteries of our redemption are commemorated in their successive order, and this matter for meditation is intermixed and as it were interlaced with the prayer of the angelic salutation and with the prayer to God, the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ. We who seek for healing in similar ills have the right to believe that in using a similar prayer to that which served St. Dominic for so much well-doing to the Catholic World, we, too, shall witness the defeat and disappearance of the evils under which we groan.

Not only, then, do we invite all Christians to apply themselves whether in public or in their own homes and the hearts of their own families, to the recitation of this pious office of the Rosary, and to continue without weariness in this holy practice, but we desire that the month of October in this year should be entirely consecrated to the Holy Queen of the Rosary. We decree and order that in the whole Catholic world during that month the offices of the Rosary may be solemnly celebrated by special and splendid services. Thus from the first day of October to the second day of November, in all the parish churches, and, if the Ecclesiastical Authorities judge it to be opportune and useful, in all other churches and chapels dedicated to the Holy Virgin, let five decades of the Rosary be recited, the Litany of Loretto being added thereto. We desire that the people may be present in numbers at these exercises of piety, and that the Holy Mass may, at the same time, be celebrated, and the Holy Sacrament exposed to the adoration of the faithful, and that immediately afterwards the Benediction may be given with the Sacred Host to all the pious congregation. We greatly approve that the confraternities of the Holy Rosary should make, according to the ancient usage, solemn processions through the towns in order to glorify religion in public. Nevertheless, if by reason of the evils of the times, this public exercise of religion should not be possible in certain cities, let its place be taken by more assiduous visits to the churches, and let the fervor of piety be made to shine forth by a still more diligent practice of all Christian virtues.

In favor of those who shall do what we have commanded, it pleases us to open the celestial treasury of the Church, so that they may take therefrom encouragement and reward. To all, then, who during the time named shall be present at the public recitation of the Rosary and the Litany, and shall pray according to our intentions, we grant seven years and seven quarantines of indulgence, applicable to all ends. We wish to impart this favor to those also whom a legitimate cause shall prevent from taking share in the public prayers, provided that in private they shall practise this devotion, and that they shall pray to God according to our intentions. We fully absolve those who, during the time which we have indicated, shall at least twice,

either publicly in the churches or in their homes (with lawful excuse), practise these pious exercises, and, after confession, shall approach the Holy Table. We also grant the full remission of sins to those who, either on the festival of the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary or during the eight following days, after having purified their souls by a salutary confession, shall approach the table of Christ, and shall for a certain time offer, according to our intentions, their prayers to God and to the Holy Virgin for the necessities of the Church.

To action then, Venerable Brothers! The more you have at heart the honor of Mary and the salvation of human society the more you must apply yourselves to feed the piety of the people towards the great Virgin, and to increase their confidence in her. We hold that it is in the designs of Providence that during these times of trial for the Church the ancient devotion to the august Virgin may flower more than ever among the vast majority of the Christain people. Let the nations now, excited by our exhortations, fired by your appeals, seek with a daily growing fervour the protection of Mary; let them become more and more attached to the habit of the Rosary, to that devotion which our ancestors used to practice not only as an ever present remedy for their evils, but as a noble ornament of Christian piety. The celestial Patroness of humankind will hear their supplications. She will readily grant to the good the happiness of seeing their own virtues increase; to those who have gone astray the blessing of a return to the way of salvation. In answer to her prayers, God, the Avenger of crime, inclining to clemency and mercy will avert all these perils, and will give back to the Christian world that peace which is so much to be desired.

Encouraged by this hope, we pray God by the intervention of her in whom He has placed the fullness of all good — we pray Him with all our strength to shed abundantly upon you, Venerable Brothers, these celestial favours. And as pledge of our goodwill we give you with our whole heart — to you, to your Clergy, and to the people committed to your care, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the First of September, 1883, the Sixth year of our Pontificate.

LEO. PP. XIII.

Huge Canadian Dominion.

The London *Spectator* speaks of Canada as that "huge Canadian Dominion," which might hold fifty millions in comfort, without neighbors ever visiting each other on foot, and that "its great lamentation is that people do not come fast enough, while its Government is straining every nerve to increase the culturable area under its control. Gradually, yet rapidly, the engineers are driving a railway westward from the lakes, crossing the wastes and piercing the huge mountain barriers which separate settled Canada from the Pacific, till within five years the journey to British Columbia will be as easy as the journey to Minnesota. Lord Lorne . . . . has been staying in British Columbia, and has the landlord's eye for property, timber, and communications, and the spectacle of the visible resources of the colony rouses him almost into eloquence. He finds a country rough, indeed, and full of mountains, but full also of fertile straths, where all the small fruits reach perfection, and the tomato

which in England loves the hottest corners, grows in the open air; full of coal, full also of vast and dense forests, where men cut logs ninety feet in length and forty inches square. In this vast province of 350,000 square miles, nearly double the size of France, there are but 20,000 white men, though over much of its extent, over, indeed, all the wide region west of the mountains, a territory, including Vancouver's Island, of at least 50,000 square miles, the climate is as pleasant as that of Cornwall would be if it had half its rainfall. 'No words can be too strong to express the charm of this delightful land, where a climate softer and more constant than the South of England insures, at all times of the year, a full enjoyment of the wonderful loveliness of nature around you. There is room in British Columbia alone — under, let us trust in Providence, some less cumbrously grandiloquent name — for twenty millions of happy people; and Lord Lorne believes that the railway once finished, she may receive nine hundred immigrants a day, a fourth of the overspill of Teutonic and Scandinavian Europe. An exhibition of agricultural produce is now being arranged in London, with a view of demonstrating that Canada can grow wheat and other cereals in a manner not to be surpassed even by more favored districts in the United States. Samples are being despatched from various districts throughout the Dominion, showing not only wheat, but oats and barley. Each sample will be labelled with the particular district in which it was grown, so that a fair idea may be formed of the productiveness of the various localities. Large numbers of members of Parliament and leading agriculturists in the country are expected to attend the show."

Dress.

DOES wisdom, in any shape, guide or regulate the taste in this matter of dress? Are not all classes in their several grades enervated by the all-absorbing unwholesome love of display? Look at the toiling multitude gaining, by honest labour, their daily bread. In the homes of this class must indeed the wife, mother, or daughters, prove either a blessing or a misery — right-doers or ruin-spreaders. Money may be, and often is, squandered in elaborate ugliness and hideousness; and certain it is, that we have at the present time much to find fault with in the manner adopted by our mothers, wives, and sisters in an effort to adorn their persons.

The present manner of dressing the hair we shall pass over, making but a slight remark as to its simplicity. The neat coil or "nob" of hair — fair, golden, black, or brown — at the back of the head, leaves its shape to be admired or otherwise, as it deserves. In most cases though, we are often set wondering if the crop of curls, which now so invariably covers the brow, conceals an intellectual or insignificant forehead. The numerous details of brow, forehead, or head, we shall not go into here, so that having begun at the head, we may as well leap down at once to the feet, and glance at the ridiculous high-heeled boots upon which our girls totter and hobble, as if they all had club feet.

To disfigure themselves in all the ways that fashion dictates costs more than can be honestly or rightly afforded. This frippery, waste, and too often ugliness, cost, in most cases, hard work and poor fare. Yet, if

waste of money and individual poor fare were all, it would be bad enough; but far more than money can buy or compensate is sacrificed. Comfort in the home, the respectability, the simple joys of many a household are ruined by this mania for dress and display. And how often do we miss the bashful and sweet retiring grace of girlhood, which is lost in the endeavor to show off some new or fashionable finery.

Our girls are mostly fair to look upon. The attire to adorn what nature has made good should be cleanliness and neatness, ever fresh with the brightness of perfect harmony of color. This matter may be illustrated by the remark — What looks better on any colored dress, even if that dress be shabby, than a clean white collar or frill at the neck? There is no need of heaps of dear and useless ornaments. Let those be left for people who can afford them. What the rich man's daughter wears in gold and silver, let not her poorer sister copy in copper or brass. Then again, no sooner is a young girl in teens, than she begins that injurious and cruel practice of pinching in her waist, as if her highest ambition was to resemble a wasp, while below the tightened figure come countless rows of gauging or frills — all useless — and the back part of her dress puffed out in such a manner that many a woman who has adopted this latest monstrosity resembles very much a full-blown bush in motion. The flounces and frills are, as a rule, of some wretched material, so durability is sacrificed to tawdriness.

A good fabric made in such a style cannot be afforded, hence the dress is shabby and worn out much too soon for the young girl's means; and very often her faded finery causes her to shut herself up at home on Sundays and holidays, rather than present herself among her acquaintances. The result of this self-imposed denial of fresh air and exercise often brings on ill health; the girl cannot continue her work, she falls ill, and very soon is without money. Where now is her comfortable stock of clothes? Her finery, worn out and faded, is worthless. The cheap smart-looking cloak or gown, that looked so stylish when new, is a rag. It cannot be cleaned or mended, and so made to look nearly new. What is the sequel? The poor girl is ashamed in her shabby attire to apply for employment, and hence come poverty and very often sickness attended with its usual hardships, when there are no savings to fall back on.

Any sensible girl, if she will pause for a few moments to think on these things, will surely make some effort, however fond she may be of finery, to rise above this clinging calamity of love for dress, and will shake off the wasteful folly and contagion. Her gown will henceforth be of good material, well chosen, well and neatly made, well kept, and when well worn out can be well mended and put into use again. Happy would it then be, for the girl who lives in a home which is suppoorted by honest industry! She could look into her mother's loving eyes, at her father's toil-worn hands, and then into her own heart and say, proudly, "I, too, help to make our little homestead all that can be desired — independent, clean, comfortable, and happy."

Accustom yourself, from your youth, to do no wrong to your neighbour, neither to his body, in ill-treating him, nor to his soul, in causing him to commit sin through your words or your example; neither to his honour, in saying evil of him, nor in his goods, by causing him to loose them unjustly. You would not like others to do any of these things to you, then do not do them to others.

If we do not look at the things of Time through the medium of Eternity, we reverse the glass of Truth and see the eternal things through the false medium of Time.

Our Young Folks.

FOUR LITTLE MISCHIEFS.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LITTLE RIDING GIRL.

One fine evening news spread all about the farm that a travelling company of circus people were on their way to the place, and that they would stop for a day between the village and Mrs. Dale's house. Young and old were greatly excited at the news, and there was a good deal of talk as to what sort of wonders these strolling performers could do.

The Hazel children could speak of nothing else, and plagued Nurse from morning till night to give them a promise that when the circus people arrived she would take them to see the fun.

"I can't promise anything about it, children," she said, "until I know what sort of people they are. I don't think much of such creatures myself, and I am not at all sure about encouraging them."

"Papa took me to a circus once himself," said Jock, "and he wouldn't have done it if there had been any harm. The horses rode most splendidly, and it was a fine thing to see."

"Your papa can do what he likes, nd of course he took you to the best lace of the kind. These things are ifferent in London. But if the people come I shall ask Mr. Dale's advice."

The people came on the very next day, and pitched a large tent on a common about half a mile from Mr. Dale's house. They had a few circus horses and riders with them, and some men who tumbled on the grass, and balanced themselves on ropes and sticks, and did all sorts of things of that kind. A great number of people came to see them from the village, and from all the cottages and farms about; and they were to give two performances, one in the morning after they arrived, and one in the evening.

Jock and Kitty and Bunko went to Mr. Dale and implored him to ask Nurse to take them to see the fun; and Mr. Dale promised to see what could be done. He went to Nurse Green and told her what he thought about the matter.

"They've been here before," he said, "and I never saw any harm with them, poor souls! It's their way of struggling for a bit to eat; and they do make quite a pretty show sometimes. If you think you can take these three eldest of yours to give them a treat, I will go with you myself and see that there's nothing amiss."

This speech and three pairs of arms hugging her round the neck overcame Nurse Green, and she consented to go and see the show.

The children could hardly sleep for excitement, and early in the morning were up and hurrying Nurse and Nana to get the breakfast over. By ten o'clock Nurse, and Kitty, and Jock, and Bunko set off with Mr. Dale for the circus tent.

Well, I suppose you all know what a circus is; how the horses fly round and a man in gold spangles rides on them all, and somebody flies through a hoop, and men tumble about and say things that make everybody laugh. This was not a grand circus, but out in the fields there it seemed the prettiest performance in the world. When it was about half over, and the children were in the height of their glee, the most beautiful part of the show began.

A little girl came out, not much bigger than Kitty, and with slender limbs like hers, and a small, pale, pretty face, and she was dressed in short white skirts all spangled with gold.

This nice little girl had to ride a

horse round and round the tent, and to jump up from her seat while the horse was going and the music playing, and to stand on one leg and point her toe and balance a stick in her hands.

"Oh, look, Nurse!" said Kitty, that is just the way I stood when I was a fairy. But she does it ever so much better. I waggled even with the steady bank under me; but she does not waggle even when the horse is flying."

"Oh! I say isn't she pretty?" cried Jock. "I never saw such a clever little girl."

"I hope she won't fall," said Bunko; "I can ride a donkey, but I couldn't keep capering about on his back like that."

"She's been well taught, you see," said Farmer Dale. "I'm afraid she got many a whipping, poor child, before she was able to do like that."

"Oh! but she's smiling as if she liked it," said Jock. "I think she must have been born able to do it."

"Now they are bringing out a hoop," said Kitty. "You will see how she will fly through the hoop."

The hoop was held before her, the horse kept galloping round, and the pretty little girl smiled and leaped through the hoop. The children clapped their hands wildly, and Jock and Bunko cheered, and as they were quite in front the little girl saw them and smiled back at them. Round and round she went again, and once more she flew through the hoop; and again the Hazel children clapped and shouted with delight.

How it happened, nobody ever could tell; but the sad part of my story has now to begin. A third time the hoop was held before the little girl and she sprang through it; but before she got clear of it, somehow she dropped her foot, her toe caught, the horse passed beneath her, and she fell on her back on the ground.

A shout burst from every man in the place, and the children began to cry; for the poor little girl lay there quite still, and everyone thought she was killed. The man who had been holding the hoop for her lifted her in his arms, and then she gave a piercing scream. Her back was terribly hurt, and she could not bear the pain of being touched. She was carried away screaming, and the performance came suddenly to an end.

The Hazel children were quite pale, and Kitty was sobbing.

"Oh, Nurse, we *can't* go home till we hear some more about her!" she cried. "You couldn't ask us to do it."

"Indeed, my dear, I feel very anxious about her myself, but I don't see what good we can do"

Farmer Dale had sent some one off for the doctor who lived near the village, and he and Nurse now went round to the smaller tent where the strolling players were living. One of the circus riders came out and spoke to them.

"I'm afraid its a bad business," he said; "it's what often happens to children that are put to our trade. One slip, and it's all over with them."

"Do you think she will die?" asked the farmer.

"No; and maybe that's the worst of it," said the man dashing a tear out of his eye. "She'll live to be a cripple and a beggar maybe."

"Has she anyone belonging to her in your company?" asked the farmer.

"Oh, yes! her mother is with her. She may go where she likes with her now. It's only the child that was useful to us."

The doctor now arrived, and said that the little girl's spine was injured, and that it would be many a day before she could stand straight again.

The children went sorrowfully home with Nurse, and all that day they were watching for news of the poor little girl who had been so terribly hurt while amusing them so delightfully with her cleverness. Farmer Dale promised to send a messenger in the evening to know how she

was getting on, but the children were in bed before the messenger came back.

The next morning they were told that the whole company of the circus people had gone on their way that morning early, and that the little girl and her mother were in a cottage not far away. As soon as breakfast was over, Nurse took Kitty and Jock by the hand and set out to pay a visit to the unhappy mother.

They found the poor mother bent in two with grief, and moaning to herself as she sat by her child's bedside.

"Oh, my darling!" she cried, weeping bitterly, "why did I give you to the players? They told me your fortune would be made; and now your poor back is broken, and we are both of us helpless on the world!"

Nurse began to cry herself when she heard this sorrowful wail; and she tried to comfort the poor woman.

"Perhaps it will not be so bad as you think," she said. "Here in the good country air she may get over it. And then you are still young yourself, and can get something to do.

"Nobody knows anything about me here," said the poor woman. "My name is Burns. I was once a respectable servant, but I married in haste, and my husband belonged to the circus. I met him when they came round the country and stopped close to my master's house. When he died of catching a cold after riding, the others persuaded me to let the child be trained. She was so pretty, and so slight and supple. And now they have ruined her, to my sorrow!"

Nurse Green asked her if she had any money, and questioned her about what she could do. Mrs. Burns had a few shillings and that was all. She used to be able to wash and cook, but she feared she had forgotten everything of the kind.

Nurse gave her some money and promised to talk to Mr. Dale about her.

Kitty begged to be allowed to see little Jenny Burns. They had called her "Estelle" in the playbills; but she was really little Jenny Burns.

Poor little Jennie was lying patiently with a look of great pain on her pale face. Kitty came to her bedside and leaned over and kissed her. Then poor Jenny smiled.

"You are the little girl who was laughing so much and clapping hands," said Jenny; "I liked you ever so, and now I like you far better."

"Oh, Jenny dear!" said Kitty, "I am so dreadfully sorry you are hurt. You did Jump so beautifully. I wish you would get well."

"I wish I could," said Jenny. "I think if we stay here I might. I don't want to ride any more. I would rather pick flowers in the fields."

"Perhaps you can," said Kitty. "I will ask farmer Dale to see about it. He is a very kind man, and so big and strong! I think he could do anything he liked about here, and I will ask him to get you a cottage."

"Oh, thank you!" said Jenny, "but I don't know when we could find money to pay for it. Mother used to get money for my riding, but now I don't know where she will get any."

This was a point Kitty could not settle, but she felt quite sure money could be got from somewhere.

That evening there was a great deal of talking at the farm about poor Mrs. Burns and her little girl Jenny who had got so badly hurt.

"I've been to see the doctor," said the farmer, "and he says little Jenny may live to get all right if she is well taken care of, and gets leave to lie quiet in a healthy place, with proper food and plenty of fresh air."

"I have been talking to the mother," said Nurse Geeen, "and she was once a servant in a respectable family, and I dare say she could do something hereabouts to earn her bread if some few kind people would but take an interest in her."

"Couldn't she do washing?" cried Kitty, remembering her pinafore.

"Not a bad idea at all," said Mrs. Dale. "If she should happen to be a good washer, and industrious, I don't say but what she might get on."

"There's that little empty cottage at the end of the village," said the farmer. "If she's a thrifty woman she might take that, and dry her clothes in the garden behind it. 'Tain't no more than two rooms, but 'twould be big enough for her and Jenny."

"Oh! Mr. Dale, *will* you see about it?" cried Kitty. "I know that cottage. It has a large rose-bush right in front. I'm sure Jenny would get well in there. And Mrs. Burns couldn't do anything nicer than washing."

Mrs. Dale smiled at Kitty's earnestness.

"I quite agree with you, my dear," he said, "but we must think about the rent. The first year's rent would come hard upon her, maybe before she was right settled to her work."

"How much would the rent be?" asked Kitty.

"Well, I think that little cottage might be got for five pounds a year. It's the smallest anywhere about."

"Five pounds!" repeated Kitty. "Oh! Mr. Dale, my godfather gave me seven pounds on my last birthday, and he said it was to buy me a watch. Mamma said I was too small for a watch, and she is keeping the money till I am old enough to know what to do with it. I'm old enough now, am I not, because I've found something out. Will you take the money for Mrs. Burns?"

"Why you are a kind little girl," said Mr. Dale, stroking Kitty's hair. "Just think a bit, my dear! Think of all the beautiful dolls and boxes of toys you could buy yourself with that money. And besides a watch is a very nice thing to have."

"Oh! Mr. Dale, as if any of those things could matter as much as Jenny!"

"Well, if you put it that way, I don't think they do myself. But it's all in the way people look at it. As you've that sort of a soft heart that feels for others, my child, I will say that you couldn't get your money's worth of pleasure in a more satisfactory way."

"But what will mamma say?" said Nurse, who was looking quite proud of Kitty.

"Oh! I think she won't object," said Kitty. "Mamma likes giving money to help people."

Jock had now joined the talkers' and said,

"There are seven pounds, you know, Kitty, and if Mr. Dale would take the five to pay the rent, the other two would do to buy furniture and things."

"So they would," said Kitty, "but I never thought of the furniture. Perhaps two pounds would not be enough."

"Well, then, papa has a pound of mine, and I would rather give it to mend up Jenny than for anything else in the world."

"I have half a sovereign at home," cried Bunko, "and I will give it to buy Mrs. Burns a washing-tub."

"Well done, Bunko!" said the farmer laughing. "That is going straight to the point."

It was agreed by everyone that the children should write to their father and mother that evening about the money they wished to expend on helping Jenny's mother to set up in a good way of life; and after tea they all three sat round the table in the nursery with paper before them, and pens and ink in their hands.

Kitty's letter was this:

"My dear Mother,

"You know I have seven pounds, and I want them to buy a cottage for Jenny's mother, because Jenny's back is nearly broken, off the horse, and the circus has left them behind. There will be washing-tubs and things, and I want all my

money. Please do, darling mother, for Jenny is far nicer than a watch.

"Your fond little girl.
"Kitty."

Jock wrote to his papa:

"Dear Father,

"If you saw Jenny you would know how badly I want my Pound. She was riding so butyfully, and when we were laughing her back was broken.

"Your affectionate son,
"Jock."

Bunko's letter was the shortest of the three.

"My dear papa,

"Please buy me a large washing-tub with my haff sovran, and send it to me by post.

"Your affectionate son,
"Bunko."

On reading these three letters Nurse thought she had better write herself to Mrs. Hazel and explain what had happened. That evening when the children were all in bed Nurse Green and Mrs. Dale walked to the village to post all the letters, and called on the way to see Mrs. Burns.

Mrs. Dale told her that she thought she might get washing to do in the country if she was able for it, and asked her questions about what she could do."

"God bless you all for your kindness!" said Mrs. Burns. "I used to be a right good washer. Indeed I was laundry-maid in a gentleman's family, and oh! I was a happy girl then without a care."

"And you think you could undertake to do washing now?"

"Certainly I could, If I could get it to do. But who would give me their things? And where could I wash them?"

"You would have to take a cottage, of course," said Mrs. Dale. "My husband has been thinking you might manage it. There's a small one to let; and I will do my best to get you into work."

"I am very very thankful to you," said poor Mrs. Burns, beginning to cry. "I couldn't think of anything happier than what you say. But oh! if it had only come to me before my darling's back was broken!"

"Come, now," said Mrs. Dale, "the doctor says it ain't just to say broken. It's got a kind of twist, but it'll maybe get right again."

"God grant it!" sobbed poor Mrs. Burns.

"And then you see you will have fresh air for her, and bits of flowers to cheer her up, and peace and quietness. I wouldn't like to see you take her off to a big town, Mrs. Burns; not to be crowded up in a nasty street."

Mrs. Dale then asked her would she like to see the cottage that was vacant, and Mrs. Burns said she would like it very much.

"Only," she said, "what is the useof my setting my heart on it, for maybe I couldn't pay the rent?"

Nurse Green then offered to stay by Jenny while Mrs. Dale and Mrs. Burns went to look at the cottage.

Mrs. Burne was quite delighted with it. There was a little green paling all round it, and the great rose-bush was in flower, covered with those large snow-white roses with pink hearts, which have such a delicious perfume, and which grow almost wild in country gardens. The walls were made of red brick and gray stones, and inside it was white-washed and as clean as could be.

"It is very small, you see," said Mrs. Dale," and that is why it can be had cheap. With two little neat rooms you could get on nicely.'

"Oh! why do you put it in my head?" said Mrs. Burns, bursting out crying afresh.

"I have no furniture and no money, and who would give me trust in a strange place?"

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. BURNS AT HOME

The next evening the Hazel children got a great surprise, for, instead of an answer to their letters, their dear mamma walked into the farm-house herself.

Screams of delight were heard from the nursery as they all came jumping round her.

"How rosy and well my darlings look!" she said, as she gathered them all into her arms at once. "I think Mrs. Dale must have a secret for fattening children."

After she had kissed them each about a dozen times, she told them why she had come to give them a surprise.

"I thought I might as well come myself and see about all these cottages and washing-tubs," she said laughing.

"And have you brought our money?" cried the children.

"Yes, I have brought it. And now tell me all about poor little Jenny."

The children all began to talk at once, and their mother had to put her hand over her ears because they made such a noise.

"Such a dear little girl!" cried Kitty.

"So pretty!" cried Jock.

"She rode so splendidly," said Bunko.

"Poor little Jenny got a fall!" said Rosie: and even Ba kept shouting "Jenny fall! Jenny hurt!"

"Well, I am going to see this cottage," said Mrs. Hazel, after she had some talk with Nurse and Mrs. Dale.

"And Jenny, mamma?" "And Jenny?" cried the children.

"Certainly, Jenny, and her mother too. And Nurse, will you ask them to bring up my portmanteau?"

The portmanteau was brought up and opened, and there was a quantity of nice clothing for both Jenny and Mrs. Burns, one or two pretty frocks of Kitty's which her mother thought she could do without, as well as petticoats, stockings, and shoes, and many other articles.

"Oh! mamma, mamma, you are lovely!" cried Kitty, springing into her mother's arms. "Poor little Jenny has such bad clothes, and Mrs. Burns is dreadfully poor."

Kitty, Jock, and Bunko then were dressed to go out walking with their mother, while Rosie and Ba stayed with Nurse at home. Mrs. Hazel had some talk with Mrs. Dale first, and then she went to see about the cottage. Before she returned she had engaged the cottage for Mrs. Burns, and paid the first year's rent in advance.

The next day a chaise was hired for Mrs. Hazel by Mr. Dale, and the farmer himself drove her and the children to D——, a town five miles away, where they bought some simple furniture such as poor Mrs. Burns required. Great was the children's joy as they helped at the buying, and thought that their money was spent on giving Jenny a home.

Then the next pleasure was the receiving of the furniture when it arrived from D——, and the arranging of it in Mrs. Burns' new cottage. When everthing was in its place and looking quite nice, they all went to tell Mrs. Burns what had been done.

Mrs. Burns was sitting as usual beside Jenny's bed, and her eyes were red with crying.

"Mrs. Burns, here is mamma come to see you," said Kitty, putting her bright little face in at the door of the room.

"I hope your little girl is better, Mrs. Burns," said Mrs. Hazel. "My children have told me all about your trouble, and I thought I should like to see you."

"Oh! madam, you are very good. These dear children have been so kind to me and Jenny. I'm very glad to see you I'm sure, madam."

Then Mrs. Hazel spoke to Jenny and kissed her, and gave her a pretty

story-book full of pictures, which she had brought with her from London.

"And now, Mrs. Burns," said Mrs. Hazel gently and kindly, "you must allow my children to make you a little present in return for the pleasure your little daughter gave them when she was well, and also for the good example she gives them by her patient sufferings. There is a little cottage in the village—"

"Yes, madam," said Mrs. Burns, who had turned quite pale.

"The children have taken it for you for a year, and you will find some things in it that you will want. I hope you will move into it as soon as you can."

Poor Mrs. Burns was quite speechless with surprise, and scarcely knew what to do to show her delight.

"Providence has sent you to me like an angel, madam," she said, and her tears began to flow once more.

"You must thank God, and not me," said Mrs. Hazel. "We all need help in this world sometimes, and I for one am grateful to Him for enabling me to do a kindness to one who is a mother like myself."

When they looked at Jenny she was crying too in her bed, and Kitty went to her and kissed her.

"You shall stay in this lovely place Jenny," she said, "and have a little bed of your own to be on. But I hope you won't have to lie long. Oh! I want so much to see you in your new cottage. When will the doctor allow you to move?"

When the doctor was asked, he said Jenny might be moved, lying flat on cushions in a cart, and Farmer Dale came for her himself, and drove her slowly to her new home. Then he carried her in and placed her on her nice little bed.

Mrs. Dale and Kitty were there before the mother and daughter arrived, and had tea made for them in their own little cottage.

It was a nice little home indeed. Mrs. Dale had put white curtains across the windows, and a bowl of the sweet white roses off the bush outside right in the middle of the small tea-table. In a little mite of a scullery behind stood Bunko's washing-tubs (more than one) in all their glory.

"Well, I'm sure," said Mrs. Dale, "if this isn't better than riding about the world in a circus show, my name isn't Anna Dale!"

"Oh, Mrs. Dale!" said Kitty, looking round with sparkling eyes, "if you knew how I envy Mrs. Burns!"

"Envy her my dear?"

"Oh! yes, Mrs. Dale. Just think of how lovely it must be to be a washerwoman!"

"Much you know about that!" said Mrs. Dale.

"Oh! but I do. You know I washed my pinafore."

"So you did indeed. I wonder how you would like to wash a hundred of them?"

"I should *love* it," said Kitty, "only I am afraid mamma wouldn't like it."

When Jenny was carried into the little bed-room, and saw it looking so bright, and all the nice frocks and things hanging on the wall, she was so pleased that she almost forgot her pain. Her mother arranged her comfortably on her bed, and then came into the little kitchen, and as usual, began to cry.

Oh! *do* stop crying, Mrs. Burns," implored Kitty. "Are you *really* sorry to come here?"

"Sorry!" cried Mrs. Burns. "No, my dear, my heart is glad. But there's tears for joy as well as grief."

"How very odd!" said Kitty. "When I am glad I always want to laugh and jump about."

Mrs. Dale then explained to Mrs. Burns that several ladies in the country round about who were in the habit of sending to the farm for their butter and eggs had promised her to give their washing to the mother of the little girl who had been hurt. With all these good things coming

upon her at once, Mrs. Burns began to feel that she really must cheer up, or people would think she was ungrateful. So she laughed and looked happy.

"Oh! mother," cried Jenny, who could see her through the open door from where she lay, "if you smile and laugh like that I shall soon get well."

"You hear that?" said Mrs. Dale. "Now, Mrs. Burns, if you do not laugh and be merry to cure your child I shall say you are a bad mother."

Soon after that the washing business began, and every day the Hazel children came to the cottage to see Mrs. Burns and Jenny. Bunko thought it delightful to see Mrs. Burns with her arms up to the elbows in soap suds as she bent busily over *his* tubs in her clean little wash-house, and Kitty was never tired dressing and undressing dolls for Jenny, or reading stories aloud for her amusement.

Jenny was as fond of flowers as Kitty was, and Kitty brought her large nosegays out of the fields, and sometimes a few blossoms from Mrs. Dale's garden. Mr. Dale sent a basket of fruit now and then, which Jock carried, and it was a great treat to get leave to come with Mrs. Dale to the cottage when she brought a boiled chicken or a nice bit of jelly for the poor little invalid girl. Altogether the Burns's mother and daughter were soon getting on quite comfortably, and the doctor gave strong hope of Jenny's recovery.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

Mrs. Hazel had only stayed a few days at the farm, but she allowed the children to remain there some time longer. Now that they had Jenny to take care of, the little Hazels had not so much time as before for plays and mischief, for they were as busy as bees, and, besides, were a great deal happier than they had been when only thinking of amusing themselves.

At last a day came when they had all to pack up and get ready to return to London. Of course they were very glad to go back to their home and their dear father and mother; but in spite of that they were sorry to leave the farm, and Mr. and Mrs. Dale and Mrs. Burns and Jenny.

Mrs. Hazel wrote to Mrs. Dale, thanking her for her kindness to the children, and saying that she hoped to send them to her every summer for the future, at least whenever Mrs. Dale could take them in.

This news was a great pleasure to them all, especially to Jenny, who said she would look forward all through the winter to the return of her little friends in the spring. Mrs. Dale promised to write to Nurse Green sometimes and tell her all that was happening in that part of the country. All the toys that the children had brought with them from London were left behind with Jenny, and a good many story-books besides.

And this is all I have to tell you about my Four Little Mischiefs just at present. Some day, perhaps, I may tell you a little more.

THE END.

THE GERTRUDE BIRD.

In Norway, the little denizen of the grove we call the Woodpecker, is known by the more romantic name of the Gertrude-Bird. The origin of the appelation is so quaintly and so prettily told in "Forest Life in Norway and Sweden," that it deserves to be reproduced.

"This woodpecker — or an ancestor of hers — was once a woman, and one day she was kneading bread in her trough, under the eaves of her house, when our Lord passed by, leaning on St. Peter. She did not know it was our Lord and His Apostle, for they looked like two poor men who were travelling past her cottage door. 'Give us of your dough for the love of God,' said the Lord, 'we have come

far across the field and have fasted long.'

"Gertrude pinched off a small piece for them, but on rolling it in the trough to get into shape, it grew, and grew, and filled up the trough completely. 'No,' said she, 'that is more than you want,' so she pinched off a smaller piece and rolled it out as before, but the smaller piece filled up the trough just as the other had done, and Gertrude put it aside too, and pinched a smaller bit still. But the miracle was just the same, the smaller bit filled up the trough as full as the largest sized kneading that she had ever put into it.

"Gertrude's heart was hardened still more; she put that aside too, resolving as soon as the stranger left her to divide all her dough into little bits, and roll it out into great loaves. 'I cannot give you any to-day,' said she. 'Go on your journey; the Lord prosper you, but you must not stay at my house.'

"Then the Lord Christ was angry, and her eyes were opened, and she saw whom she had forbidden to come into the house, and she fell down on her knees. But the Lord said, 'I gave you plenty, but that hardened your heart, so plenty was not a blessing to you. I will try you now with the blessing of poverty; you shall henceforth seek your food day by day, and always between the wood and the bark' (alluding to the custom of mixing the inner rind of the birch with their rye-meal in times of scarcity). 'But, forasmuch, as I see your penitence is sincere, this shall not be forever; as soon as your back is entirely clothed with mourning this shall cease, for by that time you will have learned to use your gifts rightly."

"Gertrude flew from the presence of the Lord for she was already a bird, but her feathers were even now blackened from her mourning, and from that time forward she and her descendants have all the year round sought their food between the wood and the bark; but the feathers of their back and wings get more mottled with black as they grow older, and when the white is quite covered, the Lord takes them for His own again.

A Good Example for Husband and Wife.

THERE was a man who lived in Staffordshire who was drunk every day of his life. Every farthing he owned went to the alehouse. One evening he staggered home and found, at a late hour, his wife sitting alone and drowned in tears. He was a man not deficient in natural affections; he appeared to be struck by the woman's wretchedness, and asked her why she was crying. "I don't like to tell you, James," she said, "but if I must, I must; the truth is, my children have not touched a morsel of anything this blessed day. As for me, never mind me; I must leave you to guess how it has fared with me. But not one morsel of food could I beg or buy for those children that lie on the bed before you; and I am sure, James, it is better for us all we should die, and in my soul I wish we were dead." Dead!" said James, starting up as if a flash of lightning had darted on him; "dead, Sally. You and Mary and two young ones dead! Look ye, my lass, you see what I am now — like a brute I have wasted your substance — the curse of God is upon me — I am drawing near to the pit of destruction — but there's an end; I feel there's an end. Give me that glass wife." She gave it to him with astonishment and fear. He turned it topsy-turvy striking the table with great violence and flinging himself on his knees he made a solemn vow to God of repentance and sobriety. From that moment to the day of his death he drank no fermented liquor but confined himself entirely to tea and water. There was a sudden change; his looks became healthy, his cottage neat, his children were clad, his wife happy.

Useful Knowledge.

WALKING AS AN EXERCISE. — Girls should take at least two hours' exercise in the open air every day of their lives. Before breakfast it is a good time for a gentle walk, yet the delicate should swallow a mouthful or two of milk, or eat a tiny biscuit before going out. A glass of cold water does good also before one's walk, and it is a good plan to walk, say, half a mile to a well, take a glass of water there, and return. To those who take this advice breakfast will be anything but a make believe. Never take exercise on a full meal. From two to three hours after is the best time; and if you take your principal exercise before dinner be sure to allow time for at least one-half hour's rest before you sit down, else you are but opening the door for indigestion to walk in and play havoc with your health. Exercise to be beneficial must be regular. But perhaps you are afraid of the weather; wrap up lightly but well, and defy it. Defy the wind, the rain, ay, and sleet and snow itself, for one does not catch cold when actually taking exercise. Finally, let your exercise be varied, but always pleasant, always pleasurable, and taken at the same hour each day. You may find it irksome at first, but it will soon become a habit, and your reward will be health.

...ES FOR WINTER. — Never lean with ...ck upon anything that is cold. Nev... ...gin a journey till the breakfast has ... eaten. Never take warm drinks and ... immediately go out into the cold air. ...ep the back, especially between the shoul... ...r blades — well covered; also the chest ...ell protected. In sleeping in a cold room, ...stablish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open. Never go to bed with cold or damp feet; always toast them by a fire ten or fifteen minutes before going to bed. Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition, the cold will close the pores, and favor congestion or other diseases. After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a carriage for a moment; it is dangerous to health and even to life. When hoarse, speak as little as possible until it is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced. Merely warm the back by a fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating. When going from a warm atmosphere into a colder one, keep the mouth closed so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose, ere it reaches the lungs. Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise; and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.

THE POWER LOOM is the invention of a farmer's boy who had never heard of such a thing. He whittled one out with his jackknife, and when he had got it all done he showed it, with great enthusiasm, to his father, who at once kicked it all to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him who would spend his time on such foolish things. The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, and showed it to his master. The blacksmith saw that he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received one-half of the profits. In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should bring with him a wealthy gentleman who was the inventor of the power loom. You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model he had kicked to pieces about a year ago.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEALTH — There is no valid reason why, under favorable conditions, a man should not live a hundred years. All animal life is found to be constituted with a stock of vitality sufficient to run it five times the period the particular animal requires to mature. For example, the horse matures in about five years, and will be dead in about twenty-five; the dog matures in about two years, and will be dead in about ten — and so on through the list; but a man who matures in about twenty years, and ought, therefore, to live one hundred, is dead, on an average, at thirty-five. The failure of the rule in the case of the man does not prove that the rule is not applicable in his case, but simply that he fails to comply with the conditions of life. The lower animals come nearer complying with the conditions than man. Man wastes his stock of vitality, and is bankrupt before his term is half-spent. There is nothing dearer to a man, it is said, than his life, and yet there is nothing with which he is so improvident and reckless.

The Humorist.

THE schoolmaster is very much abroad in Saratoga. One lady, blushing with diamonds, sent an order to her milliner as follows: "Deer Miss X——: Please get for me two yards of Iryish point lais and alsou get me six pares of glubs, sevens and a quarters, crushed-rose-berries color."

How he got his title. "Has the Colonel been around this morning?" inquired a guest at a summer hotel. "Colonel — what colonel?" asked the porter. "Why, the boss — the man who runs the hotel." "That's nonsense; he had so many corns one year that some one called him "kernel" in fun, but he ain't no colonel."

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.—(Vestry—Minister and Beadle are conversing.) Minister — Weel, John, I've na doot, fra your long experience, ye cood occupy the poopit for an afternune yersel should an emergency occur. Beadle — Hoots, aye, sir. There's nae difficulty in that, but then where in the hael parish wad ye get onybody qualified to act as beadle?

DEAN SWIFT once made a wager that he would collect a crowd in the street, and keep it there for hours merely by acting on the love of mankind for the marvellous. Accordingly he fixed himself in front of a certain church, and remained there for a time casting his eyes alternately on the spire and on his watch. Parties noticing his abstracted attitude speedily gathered round him, and some half indistinct mutterings revealed to them that he was waiting for the renewed appearance of some spectral object on the steeple. This intelligence spread like wildfire, and, his point being gained, the reverend wag quietly slipped away. Not so the crowd, which continued swelling and lingering about the spot, circulating all sorts of absurdities until hours and hours passed away, proving the accuracy of Swift's anticipations.

TWO TOLLAR.—There was a slight blaze on the roof of a house, and when the insurance adjusters went up to make their survey, they found that about two dollars would cover all the loss. "Two tollar," exclaimed the owner when he heard the decision — "I can't take no two tollar." "But you see for yourself that a dozen shingles and an hour's work will make good all damages." "Gentlemens, you doan' put me off like dot. Vhen my vife finds dot we vas on fire she creams boleece and murder, and falls down sthairs. Would you let your vife fall down sthairs for dot sum? If so, I goes home mit you und sees der fun." "We do not insure husbands and wives, but buildings," was the reply. "I know, but mein oldest poy, he runs for der firebox und falls a picked fence oafer und breaks his good clothes all to pieces. Two tollar! Do doan't bay me for gomin op here." "Yes, but we can only pay for actual damages." "Dot's all I vhant. Who stole my dog vhen my house vhas on fire? Dot dog ish gone und he vhas ten dollars wort." "We didn't insure the dog." "Und maybe you don't insure dem poys who sat on de fence und called out: 'Dot ole Dutchman's red nose set his house on fire!' Do you expect I take such sass like dot for two tollar? Und vhen der firemens come here dey break mein clothesline down mit der ladders, und dey spill wasser all oafer my carpets. Two dollar! Vhell, vhell! you go right avhay from here, und I takes dot old insurance bolicy und steps him into der mudt!"

MOTHER OF THE SULLIVANS.— When the sturdy Irishwoman to whom the Sullivan family may well look back with pride was crossing the Atlantic on her way to the new country, and was asked, "Why do you come to America?" she answered. "To raise Governors for them," little dreaming that she would live to see one of her sons Governor of New Hampshire and another Governor of Massachusetts, though I am sorry to say the third did not do much honor to his family, and was known as "Devil Jim." The story goes that soon after John Sullivan rose to be Governor of New Hampshire he desired to give a grand dinner to a number of distinguished guests. A member of his family at the same time was his mother, and, fearing she would not be quite equal to the occasion, he concluded it would be best to arrange for her non-appearance at the dinner table. Approaching the matter as gently as possible he soon succeeded in making the quick-witted old lady understand the drift of his diplomatic talk, and in convincing himself that he had miscalculated the pride of the mother of the Sullivans. Rising, in all the majesty of her Irish wrath, "John Sullivan," exclaimed the old lady, "I have hoed potatoes in the field with the Governor of New Hampshire at my breast, the Governor of Massachusetts at my side, and the Devil tugging at my skirts, but never yet have I allowed one of my sons to be ashamed of me — order the chaise and send me home." Remonstrances were of no avail, and home went John Sullivan's mother in all the majesty of her righteous indignation.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1883.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE OPENING OF THE VATICAN LIBRARY.—It is announced that Leo XIII. intends to open the Vatican Library to the scholars of the world. This does not mean that the use of the library treasures therein contained was ever refused to proper applicants; but the very strict surveillance kept over the books, is is understood, will now be relaxed. Tischendorff, the famous scriptural scholar, complained that his faculties of studying certain Vatican manuscripts were very much restricted, though he did not blame Pius the Ninth, but Cardinal Antonelli for politely but effectually excluding him from the Library. The reason which would suggest itself to a Catholic was that Tischendorff was then issuing the "corrected" text of the New Testament, a proceeding which the Church could not even appear to sanction in a private individual who did not recognize any doctrinal authority in the Church to determine what is, or what is not, the correct version of the Holy Scriptures. The Ecclesiastical authorities at Rome probably feared that the scholar might emphasize Vatican courtesy and encouragement for his edition of the New Testament.

Pope Leo, according to report, is extremely anxious to have Church History rewritten. To our thinking, the best way of attaining this end, is to edit editions of the historical documents preserved in the Vatican. Certain antiquarian Societies in England, Ireland and this country have edited old manuscripts, with great benefit to historical studies. The world would look with suspicion upon any history written by a man of the Pope's choosing.

It is known that the Vatican contains a vast number of papers relating to the beginning and causes of the Reformation. There are probably many mauuscripts of the Reformers, with overtures for peace with concessions, &c., that would throw new light upon the whole movement. Then, too, we have no satisfactory history of the Middle Ages, with their peculiar relations between Church and State. The best literary legacy that we could leave to the twentieth century would be the carefully edited historical and theological documents of the Vatican.

THE NEW YORK PROVINCIAL COUNCIL.—It is often said that Rome has very inadequate ideas about the geographical extent of our country; that the Roman ecclesiastics think Chicago is in New York, and Philadelphia adjoins San Francisco. James Parton, however, says that the best map of the United States he ever saw was in a room of the College of the Propaganda. It is made of *papier maché*, with every hill and dale clearly marked. The repeated injunctions to Bishops to hold councils indicate the sure approach of the Canonical system which the Church has found by experience to be the best suited to the government of the Church.

Except in remote Western districts, the Missionary condition of the Church here no longer exists. The Eastern, Middle, and Southern States and several Western sees are certainly ready for the complete legislative form of the settled Church. Law may be a little irksome, but it is unquestionably salutary.

The only reason that will make Rome hesitate about the introduction of canon law with its restrictions upon the laity, is the known restlessness of the American character, trained in large ideas of liberty. As the promulgation of a law without its

enforcement, is fatal to rule, it would be suicidal to announce canonical jurisprudence with even a probability of its disregard. Yet the growing evils of mixed marriages, the squabbles about Christian sepulture, the nature of secret societies and other points which are decisively and unequivocally settled by church-law, would seem to force the Church to take some judicial stand-point. Where such questions are left to the judgment of individual priests and local enactments, the worst consequences frequently follow.

King Alfonso.— Americans cannot understand why the Catholic Church makes such a fuss about secret societies. If they lived in France, Spain, or Italy, they would quickly find out. We must read the Church's denunciations of secret societies by the light of European Revolutions. The disturbances in Spain were fomented by these conspiracies, which aim at two objects, the destruction of the existing government and the dissolution of the church.

Why cannot the people gain their liberty, asks the American, without breaking up the government, or interfering with anybody's religion? Ah! my dear uncle Sam, bless your honest heart! the people of those countries have not been educated up to our point. Besides, the army is synonomous with the goverment; and conspiracy can work only in the dark, and by the secret ways of assassination.

Spain has had a troubled history for the past fifty years. The country has had a succession of bad governments; and conspiracy thinks that it is better to have no government at all than a bad one — whereas the reverse of this proposition is the truth. The young king seems to be doing the best he can, in spite of the most infamous charges circulated about him. There was not a syllable of truth in the reports about his domestic troubles. This was all the work of secret societies. The insults which he received in France proceeded from the same quarter.

But why is the Church always dragged into these complications? Necessarily. The only moral restraint in Spain is that exercised by the Catholic Church. If she is opposed to these conspiracies, why, she must suffer the consequence of the opposition. Why doesn't she keep quiet? A dumb church is no church at all.

Until France, Italy and Spain learn that liberty needs not the cloak of conspiracy to preserve her life, there will be no peace in Europe for monarchy or for religion. And the cause of true liberty will make no progress so long as the people think that a man cannot be a patriot without being an infidel, or speak out boldly and fervently for the rights of man, without previously denying the rights of God.

The Cavendish Family and O'Donnell.— It would be singular if no evidence were forthcoming to connect O'Donnell, the destroyer of Carey, with some such secret association as the Invincibles; yet an impression is growing that the avenger was not an agent of any society. Indeed, a very emphatic opinion is growing, that O'Donnell was in the hire of the Cavendish family. One should not attach undue importance to the wild words of Lord Frederic; stlll it is known that his brother swore that not a man implicated in the murder should escape. The spirit of revenge which breathed in the letter written by Lady Cavendish appalled every reader. Such a family would think nothing of the immolation of Carey, who was the prime mover in this assassination. He escaped the gallows in a way which really added a new indignity to the murder of Cavendish. O'Donnell may be only a hired assassin.

We would wish this for two reasons. First, Ireland needs no such avengers. Carey was the most miserable of men. In the second place, sluggism never benefited a country. As a matter of policy, it would have been better for Carey to have lived. It would have shown self-control, which is a power in a nation or an individual.

Whatever be the result of O'Donnell's trial, we protest against making a martyr of such a man. Ireland ought by this time to know how to distinguish the true martyr from those that debase the name.

OUR MAGAZINE AND THE CLERGY.—It is gratifying for us to know that the MAGAZINE is acceptable to the Rev. clergy; that Bishops endorse it; and that the family find such endorsement and recommendation at once flattering to us, yet discriminating and just.

A priest who fancies that his people do not read must be very recently ordained. Those demure young misses, those awkward boys, manage to find time to go through quite a library. They won't tell the priest, and are sharp enough to keep quiet in confession, when their conscience does not reproach them with sin as resulting from their reading. They *do* read, and will read.

Now, in spite of Bob Ingersoll and certain gloomy prophets, the priest, thank God, still has considerable influence over minds — above all, the youthful mind. This is the special grace of our Catholic Youth — reverence for the priest. The old Catholic — we mean in years — may hold his own opinions on reading, &c., different from those of the priest — but over the empire of young minds the reverend father holds undisputed sway.

See, then, how the priest can open to the young mind a pathway in good Catholic reading. A hint, a few words of encouragement for our MAGAZINE, would do good all around.

So much depends upon ideals! They are the polar stars of youth. Now, we have always made it a point to hold up the great ideal and reality of the Catholic priesthood to our readers — their missionary enterprise, labors, life, and death. We also feel that our presentation of Ireland, freed from all the distracting and the few ignoble elements that have marred her history, tends to elevate the Irish American character, and make our children glad to have descended from a race famous in war, religion, letters, and all that awakens the emotions and sympathies of mankind.

We are not afraid to go anywhere — into the library of the priest or the family circle — into the reading room of convent or of college. We are before the world with the best of characters; and we are confident that no priest or prelate, no mother superior or college president will ever regret the recommendation given to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL, during his recent visto Boston, was kept pretty busy. On Sunday, Sept. 16, he said Mass at the Home for Destitute Catholic Children and delivered an interesting address to the children. At 10:30 o'clock, same day, he preached for an hour at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and lectured for over an hour in the Music Hall in the evening, to a large audience in aid of the Home. He also addressed the students of Boston College the following morning. All who heard him on the above occasions, were delighted with his earnest and convincing arguments and eloquence.

MR. HEALY, M. P., who ought to know, says Ireland is looking up. She is certainly going ahead, for the first long *electric* tramway in the world was opened on the 15th September, to run from the railway termius at Portrush to the Giants' Causeway.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL, made a speech at the opening of the Foreign Exhibition, in this city. He was the guest of Mr. Nathan Appleton.

THE illustrious patriot, Abbe Franz Liszt, is at present at Weimar, not only enjoying excellent health, but considering his years, displaying extraordinary activity and love of work. He is occupied with the completion of a great oratorio "Stanislaus," at which he has been working for several years.

AMERICAN LANDED PRINCIPALITIES.—It is astonishing what large farms in the United States are owned by titled Englishmen. Of individual owners there are Sir George Reed, 2,000,000 acres; Earl of Dunmore, 100,000; Earl of Dunraven, 60,000; Duke of Sutherland, 400,000; the next largest farms are owned by Phillips, Marshall & Co., 1,300,000 acres; heirs of Col. Murphy, 4,100,000 acres; H. Ditson, 12,000,000; Standard Oil Co., 1,000,000 acres, and scores of others. Nine men own a territory equal to that of New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island combined. Then there are the great railroad corporations, whose free gifts of land from profligate Congresses amount to upward of 50,000,000 acres. Eleven of these corporations have been given 120,000,000 acres. The Northern Pacific road has received the biggest slice, 47,000,000, and the grants have ranged all the way from 1,000,000 acres and upward.

At the celebration of St. Dominic's day in the Dominican Church, Haverstock Hill, London, the sermon was preached by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. His Eminence said: "I had known Father Burke long, and I had known him well. Our friendship began at Rome, and through its streets we had walked together, and there was a band of affection between us — mutual knowledge and mutual confidence — which was never relaxed, but grew more close and intimate even to the end. And now we shall no more hear that eloquent voice — eloquent because so simple.

Rev. Dr. Horstmann, rector of St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia, out of his private funds has made a donation of $5,000 to Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburgh, Md., to establish a burse for the free education of whosoever will devote himself to the poor missions in the south and the northwest, especially amongst the colored people of the south and the Indians of the west.

Father M. McDonald, formerly of Milwaukee, Wis., has purchased 5,000 acres of land in Murray county, Minn., and on which he is establishing the Home of the Sacred Heart, where orphaned children of the West will be received and instructed in the various branches of farming life, besides being brought up in the practices of the faith.

Father Burke used to speak wonderfully of the beauty of the souls of little children — "the real temples of God and the abodes of the Holy Spirit." "I am always happy," he once said, "when I am with a very young child! There is something of the feeling one has before the Blessed Sacrament — only without the awe."

The humility, sweetness, and simplicity of Father Burke's nature were as striking as his intellectual gifts. It was simply impossible to fancy him at enmity or variance with anyone. His genial and affectionate sympathy with those around him, and his innocent enjoyment of mirth and amusement, made him the most delightful of companions. "At Rome, during the Council," writes one of his friends, "he went with a large party of us, and several bishops, to a pic-nic at Ostia, where we talked of St. Augustine and St. Monica, of the Roman antiquities, dined under the pines, and then strolled to the lovely beach, where he sang 'I saw from the Beach,' &c., and a duet — one of the 'Melodies' — with the ——, of ——." How many reminiscences of the kind might be added.

Two English Cardinals. — Father Fallon contributes to the St. Louis *Western Watchman* a very interesting letter, describing his visit to London and elsewhere. He thus contrasts the two greatest of living cardinals: "Cardinal Manning's greatness has stamped upon it the characteristics of the age and country to which he belongs. Other men see the tendencies of the times, but he, more than any one else in his high position, steps out of the old ruts and the old beaten ways to meet error and wrong in their new and chosen paths, and clutch them at the throat. Cardinal Manning loves England, and humanity as well, but he loves God more, and thinks any sacrifice too little which bishops and priests can make to induce men to think of their souls, or to win them to the Church. Cardinal Manning might be likened to a mountain river which never everflows its banks, although it rushes, leaps, and hurries to the end of its course, gathering strength and volume as it goes; Cardinal Newman, on the other hand, might be compared to a placid lake in an open forest with the glory of sunshine upon its waters, while its depths are known to no man."

Among the recent deaths, as per advices from Europe, was that of Hendrick Conscience, the great novel-writer of Belgium, at the age of 71. From 20 to 30 years ago this eminent man was a notability in his role. Anyone who ever perused his "Miser," "Poor Gentleman," "Tales of Flanders," "Ricketicetack," or the "Happiness of Being Rich," will unite with us (*Catholic Telegraph*) in deploring the loss to Catholic literature of this graphic and giftcd writer. He was characterized as the Walter Scott of Belgium.

The total number of Immigrants who arrived in the Dominion of Canada up to the end of July, was 72,281, against 59,939 at the corresponding date of last year.

The Consecration of Right Reverend Patrick Riordan as Coadjutor Bishop of San Francisco occurred at St. James' Church, Chicago, on Sunday, Sept. 16th. The ceremony was impressive, being participated in by an Archbishop and thirteen Bishops, also a large number of priests from various parts of the West. Bishop Riordan is very popular and much loved by all who know him.

The Silver Wedding at Lourdes. — In spite of M. Paul Bert there has been during the summer a large display of life and activity among the clericals of France.

The church fetes have been numerous. Prominent among them has been the grand demonstration at Lourdes. The occasion was one of special interest. It is now the twenty-fifth year since the shrine began to command the attention of the Church and the world, and since it began to be associated with divine manifestations and with miraculous healing. It has been resolved to celebrate the event by taking the initial steps towards the erection of a sacred temple on the now famous ground. Large numbers were present from all parts of France, and English and German Catholics were well represented. The foundation stone was laid by the Archbishop of Toulouse. The new church is to be large enough to hold 5,000 pilgrims at once.—*Catholic Columbian.*

On the feast of St. Joachim the Holy Father sent, through the Cardinal Vicar, the sum of three thousand francs to be divided amongst the poorest priests in Rome, especially those who occupy themselves in instructing the people.

Money Rules. — Archbishop Laury, of Santa Fe, at a recent interview said: "Our congressmen, our representatives in the legislature, and everybody in authority, seem to be controlled by corporations and by money. I am an American citizen by choice if not by birth, yet, after watching the movements of our government for years, I must conclude we are at the mercy of money and corporations, and that we are little better off than was Rome when the Empire was sold at auction."

Convent Schools in Ireland. — The Dublin correspondent of the *Weekly Register* writes to that paper: "Attention has of late been attracted by the number of very cheap convent schools now to be found in this country. It is difficult to imagine how the sum of twenty pounds a year can be made to cover the expenses of the board and education of a girl, and yet this is the modest pension demanded for a pupil by the good sisters of several educational establishments scattered over the land. We take up the prospectus of one of these inexpensive schools, and read that the course of instruction comprises the English, Latin, French and Italian languages, a full course of mathematics, history, sacred and profane; philosophy, geometry, drawing, painting, dancing, plain and ornamental needle work, including point, Limerick and other laces; flower-making; music, instrumental and vocal; domestic economy, practical cooking, and a thorough domestic training, if required. There are intermediate classes for those who desire to join them; and one convent announces that sixty-one pupils of the school have already distinguished themselves at the intermediate examinations. We visit the schools and see the girls looking healthy and happy — evidently there is no stint of wholesome food. Our wonder is so great that it is hardly lessened by discovering that the good energetic nuns cultivate a large farm around their walls which produces an ample supply of the best milk and butter, meat and vegetables. You are not to suppose, however, that all, or even the majority of convent schools in Ireland are cheap. Those which rank highest are at least as expensive as English schools of the same class."

A Grand Move. — It is said that the faculty of Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Emmittsburg, propose to make the ecclesiastical part of their institution a missionary college somewhat similar to All Hallows Seminary, Ireland, in order to provide missionaries for service among the colored men in the South and the red men in the Northwest. Rev. Dr. Horstmann of St. Mary's Church, Baltimore, has donated $5,000 for the purpose.

Leo XIII. and the "Times." — The *London Times*, commenting on the letter of the Holy Father, says: "History contains ample grounds for Pope Leo's boast, that when the Roman Empire decayed the Papacy stood as a bulwark against the flood of barbarians and of barbarism. The Church stored up the fragments of Greek and Roman literature. It fostered art and refinement. It withstood the inroads of the Mussulman. It raised its voice in behalf of Christian unity and peace. It gave Europe a centre. It preserved by the temporal power, bad as it was, a large section of Italian soil from a yet more ruinous alien dominion. On the whole, the Papacy may challenge historical investigation to compare its good and its evil deeds without much fear of the result, if the object of Pope Leo be to elicit a verdict that the Vatican has filled in the historical past a place which no other power existed to supply. No serious student of history can wish that the Pope should fail in such an aim."

Intolerance in Switzerland.—Religious freedom is one of the principal planks in the platform of the Swiss constitution. Protestants and Jews enjoy this freedom to the utmost, but Catholics do not. In the Catholic canton of Ticino a case occurred quite recently which shows that there is room for a great deal of im-

provement yet, before Switzerland can be called a free country. At Blenio some cantonal elections had taken place in which the Catholic candidates gained the victory over the Radicals. This happened a few days prior to August 15th, and in the church of the place a tridium was being celebrated, on which account the bells were being tolled. During the proceedings several members of the municipal body broke into the church, and having recriminated with the priest, Father Rinaldo, for having the bells tolled on political grounds—which he of course denied—they assaulted him with sticks and beat him within an inch of his life. Nothing has been done yet to bring the miscreants to book. This fact needs no comment. — *London Universe.*

An American Convert. — Mr. Henry Adams Thayer, of Cambridge, Mass., has been received into the Catholic Church by the Passionist Fathers of the Avenue Hoche. The young man read his profession of faith in the presence of several American citizens; Mass being celebrated by the Rev. Father Matthew. Mr. Thayer has been led to embrace the True Church after having nearly been led away by the arguments of German Rationalists. The Paris papers speak of him as the American *Lothair*, and have "interviewed" him. Mr. Thayer is a deep student for his years; and his family is well known in Boston.

It is stated that a requisition is in course of signature among some of the Nationalists of Mayo, asking Mr. Herbert Gladstone to represent the county in Parliament whenever an opportunity offers. This is being done as a recognition of the Premier's services to Ireland, by the passing of the Land Act and other measures.

The Catholics of Halifax, N. S., realized $20,000 from a Bazaar, which lasted a week. Archbishop O'Brien was present every evening.

Consecration of an Irish Bishop.— On Sunday, August 26, in the Church of St. Nicholas, Galway, the Most Rev. Dr. Carr was solemnly consecrated Lord Bishop of the United Dioceses of Galway, Kilmacduagh and Kilfenora. The church, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, was perfectly thronged, and the profound interest taken in the great event of the day was sufficiently attested by the fact that no less than thirteen prelates were present during the ceremony of consecration. The Most Rev. Dr. Carr, the new Bishop of Galway, has had a most distinguished career, and promises to be one of the many bright ornaments of the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland. He was born in Moylough, near Mountbellew, in the diocese of Tuam, about the year 1839. He was educated at St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, where he exhibited remarkable ability as a student. He subsequently entered Maynooth College, where he was the class-fellow of the Very Rev. Dr. Walsh, now president of the college. After the completion of his collegiate course he was ordained, and was sent as curate to Westport. Not long after this he was appointed professor at St. Jarlath's, and from this institution he was ere l ng transferred to Maynooth, where he occupied first a deanship and then a chair of moral and dogmatic theology. In the course of a few years he was appointed vice-president of the college, which position he filled until his recent appointment to his present distinguished office. He is a profound theologian and a man of rare culture, while his gentleness and amiability of character have won for him the affection and admiration of all who have the happiness of knowing him.

The office which Mr. O'Shaughnessy is going to take up is that of Registrar of Petty Sessions' Clerks, lately held by Mr. R. R. Wingfield, J. P. The official duties of the office — which is a lucrative one — are performed in "the Castle." Mr. O'Shaughnessy sat in two Parliaments for Limerick, and had a distinguished career in Trinity College, and held the auditorship of the College Historical Society.

Enormous trunks of oak have just been drawn from the bottom of the Rhine, at Mayence. They are in a perfect state of preservation, and have been used, it is surmised, in the construction of a bridge by Drusus. A piano manufacturer has obtained possession of the blocks, and uses them in the making of pianos of exquisite sound. Moreover, the surface of the wood presents, without the application of varnish, the most beautiful and varied shades.

Mr. John Dillon, late member for Tipperary, has, it is rumored, consented to stand as Parnellite candidate for Mayo, at the next general election, in opposition to Mr. O'Connor Power.

Reward to Enterprise. — Five years ago, James Pyle of New York, first introduced his celebrated Pearline to the public, and now the name of Pearline is everywhere a household word, and millions upon millions of packages are annually consumed by our intelligent housekeepers.

THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD'S WILL. — The principal portions of the Count de Chambord's will were published on Monday. It is dated Frohsdorf, June 4, and is written in a fine French hand on ten small sheets of paper. It is headed "*Ceci est mon Testament*," and commences as follows:—"I die as a good Christian and a faithful Catholic, and as such I have no ill feeling towards any one, whoever he may be. I pardon all who offended me, and ask pardon of all whom I either offended or injured. I recommend my soul to God Almighty." His property, which consists of money in different public funds amounting to eight million florins, and four estates—namely, Chambord in France, St. Hubert in Hungary, Frohsdorf in Lower Austria, and one in Galicia, besides a small hunting lodge in Styria, goes without restriction, except some legacies to the Countess for her lifetime, and at her death two-thirds to the Duke of Parma, and one-third to Count Bardi. The Grand Duchess of Tuscany and the Duchess of Madrid, his nieces, receive half a million francs each, and an equal sum is left to the Catholic Propaganda in Lyons. Four hundred thousand francs will be invested, the interest to be used yearly for Peter's Pence. One hundred thousand francs are left to the Paris poor, and will be shortly sent to the Prefect of the Seine. Twenty thousand francs left to the Frohsdorf poor will be also shortly distributed. There are also legacies for yearly Masses at Frohsdorf and Görtz, and pensions to his household. There is not one word of politics, nor is Don Carlos or Don Alphonso mentioned.

HORSE SHOW IN DUBLIN.— The horse show was a great success as usual. It is amusing to hear the extreme surprise expressed by strangers just landed in Ireland for the first time, who have been swept by the crowd into the show. This year a pretty good number of Englishmen have ventured among us on a sort of exploring expedition, having made their wills and taken a touching farewell of their afflicted families who clung round them to the last moment imploring them to give up the rash enterprise. A friend of mine met the other day in England a brave man who had just returned safe and sound to his home after such a dangerous escapade. He described the tribulation of his friends and relatives when he had first declared his intention of taking a run over to Ireland to see things there for himself. In the end he was obliged to pretend that he was going somewhere else, and to steal across the Channel while his family thought he was in Cornwall. He had the reward of valor, as he greatly enjoyed his stolen march, and returned home laughing at the notion of any one being afraid to travel in this country. At the Horse Show we met several good Englishmen, who were in a chronic state of surprise amusing to behold. The horses astonished them even more than the civilized people around them, and they found a particular pleasure in hearing the pedigree of Irish hunters described, admiring the evidences of their Eastern and Spanish blood. The vast proportions of the great yard attracted their notice; "No such spacious show yard in England" they declared.

THE DEATH-RATE IN IRELAND. — The average annual death-rate, represented by the deaths registered last week, in the sixteen principal town districts of Ireland, was 20.4 per 1000 of the population; the respective rates for the several districts being as follows, ranging in order from the lowest to the highest: Newry, 10.5; Drogheda, 12.7; Armagh, 15.5; Wexford, 17.1; Cork, 18.2; Belfast, 18.5; Galway, 20.2; Dublin, 20.8; Waterford, 20.8; Londonderry, 21.4; Dundalk, 21.8; Sligo, 24.1; Limerick, 38.3; Kilkenny, 20.6; Lurgan, 30.8; Lisburn, 38.7. In London the rate was 17.9; in Glasgow, 24.9, and in Edinburgh, 15.6. In the Dublin registration district the births registered during the week amounted to 176 — 85 boys and 91 girls; and the deaths to 142 — 58 males and 86 females. Twelve cases of typhus were admitted to hospital, being 8 over the admissions for the preceding week. Ten typhus patients were discharged during the week, two died, and 38 remained under treatment on Saturday last, being equal to the number in hospital at the close of the preceding week.

AN ENTERPRISING CHINAMAN has recently opened a restaurant in Paris, and is now endeavoring to educate the Western palate to appreciate the subtle excellences of rotten eggs and bird's-nest soup. In order to prepare the former luxuries in their full perfection, fresh duck's eggs are covered with a mixture of cinders, chalk, lye, soda, powdered licorice root, and oil, and are then left for several months until their yolks become first green and finally black. The darker the yolk the greater the delicacy. The bird's nests from which the far-famed soup is made are built by a species of swallow that abounds on the coasts of Java, Ceylon, and Borneo, and practically consists of a gelatinous substance obtained from marine plants. The nests are boiled either in chicken broth or in milk of almonds, and the result very much resemble vermicelli soup, save that it is far more costly. The Chinese *restaurateur* also offers his customers smoked

shark's fins, dried cuttle fish, and salted rats, but whether he will make a living by the sale of such toothsome dainties as these to the Parisians is more than doubtful.

THE IRISH HARVEST.—It is with great pleasure that we read in the Irish papers, that the continuation of fine weather in Ireland has given the hope to the people of that country that the harvest will all be got in in good condition. In many parts of Ireland, good potatoes are now selling at a farthing a pound, and less, while, at the same time, there is in most counties abundance of work at fair wages. It is well that the wild and senseless cry for State-aided emigration did not succeed. If it had, the result would be to rob Ireland of those whose labours end, under God's blessing, to make her fertile soil give forth its fruit.

A MENACE TO FRANCE.—An article in the *North German Gazette*, alluding to the recent activity of France in Asia and Africa, says that, provided Frenchmen leave Alsace and Lorraine alone, they may do what they like elsewhere. "Wheresoever else the French nation may cast its eyes in order to extend the sphere of its influence it will never be met by German rivalry." But as regards these two provinces Germany "to the last man," will adhere to existing arrangements. If the French attempt to alter them Germany will not ask whether they fight alone or with half a dozen allies. Nothing will content her, either now or in the future, but "unreserved recognition of the state of things now created by the justice of history and by treaties."

THE HON. T. L. JAMES, ex-Postmaster General of the United States, at a banquet given in his honor in London lately, said there must be a daily mail service between London and New York; the rate of postage across the Atlantic must be 1d. per ½oz.; the fees for money orders and registration should be reduced, and parcel post facilities extended.

IN the late Irish Intermediate Examinations the students sent up by Catholic schools and colleges have won the highest honours.

ONE OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS' PROPHECIES.—In the *Central Catholic Advocate* is an interesting sketch of the Passionists, one of whose establishments at Baltimore, Md., has just been destroyed by fire: "In 1871, the Fathers again laid the foundations of another monastery. It is on Mount Adams, Cincinnati. Here they have charge of the church known as the *Immaculata*. Some may, perhaps, remember an address delivered in 1843, by John Quincy Adams, of Mass., at the laying of the corner-stone of the Cincinnati Observatory. In that address the 'old man eloquent' expressed his hope that the Cross should never loom on those heights. He said that the observatory on those heights should be 'a beacon of true science that could never be obscured by the dark shadows of superstition and intolerance symbolized by the Popish cross.' Poor old man! And that observatory is now the property of the Passionist Fathers of the Cross; it is surmounted by the cross, and is the home of those whose badge of honor is the Cross."

THE NEW IRISH TRAMWAY ACT, is likely to lead without delay to most beneficial results. A line which we suggested long ago to connect the northwest of Ireland with the South (Tuam and Claremorris) is one of the first to be commenced. It will be only fifteen miles long, and it will complete a railway system of more than 250 miles, from Sligo and Westport all round to Cork and Waterford. This line will have a branch to the now world-famed Knock.

VICTORY OVER THE TURKS.—The two hundredth anniversary of John Sobieski's victory over the Turks was celebrated in many cities in the United States, notably Chicago, where masses were celebrated in all the Polish Churches. After the religious exercises, a grand procession took place, numbering some five thousand people. In the evening a grand meeting was held, at which the Governor of the State presided. Speeches were delivered by the Governor Hon. W. J. Hynes, and others. Addresses were also delivered in the Polish language by eminent natives of that country.

THE *Morning Star*, the principal Catholic paper of the South, and published at New Orleans, has been enlarged and otherwise improved in ability. We wish the Star length of days to shine upon our Southern brethren.

THE mortgage on Mr. Parnell's estates in Wicklow has been cancelled by his drawing a check for $35,000 on the treasurer of the Parnell National Tribute Fund. This leaves Mr. Parnell with an income of $20,000 from Avonmore, and free to become what he has always aspired to be, a good landlord.

THE WORK OF VANDALS.—In 1854, at the time of the Know Nothing excitement here, the marble block presented to the Washington Monument by the Papal Government, was stolen from the base of the monument, and no trace has ever been found of it. An anonymous writer in the Post, who claims to have been one of the three survivors of the nine Know Nothings who disposed of the stone, says that it was taken from the monument lot, loaded on a scow, and dropped into the Potomac River just above the long bridge in the line of the dredging now being made in the prosecution of the Potomac front improvement. He expects that the dredger will find the stone. It was a block of African marble, taken from the temple of Concord at Rome, 3 feet in length and 18 inches high. The stone had only been in the possession of the Monument Association two weeks when it was destroyed. It was pure cream-colored marble.

TRAVELLERS in the Alps are threatened by a new and novel danger. A few days since, as two tourists were making the ascent of the Hundstein, Canton Appenzel, they were attacked by an eagle, which, after circling round them, tried to swoop down first on one and then the other. After defending themselves for some time with their alpen stocks the tourists beat a hasty retreat. It is supposed that the eagle's nest was somewhere in the neighborhood.

THE OUTLOOK IN IRELAND.—The following remarks of Mr. Parnell at the meeting in Dublin of the Irish National League, expressed very clearly his idea of the Irish political outlook: "I believe that the day is not far distant before we shall have gained the full programme for which the Irish National League was formed. It is now no longer a question with the great body of Englishmen whether the Irish people shall have self-government, but as to the amount of self-government they will be willing to accept. I think that when we have induced the English Government themselves to bring forward a proposal of their own for settling this question, we shall have brought it to a very successful issue." With reference to another point, Mr. Parnell makes a statement that is highly worthy the consideration of some of his own followers who advocate a different course of procedure. Mr. Parnell says: "I have always held that it was most undesirable for the Irish people to make proposals on such questions as Irish land and Irish self-government; but that we should rather by agitation and organization set our English rulers and governors to work to consider these questions and make their own propositions."

MEXICO is the paradise of smokers. There, we are told, nearly everybody smokes. The school-children, who have done well in their studies, are rewarded by being allowed to smoke a cigar as they stand or sit at their lessons. The schoolmaster is seldom without a cigar in his mouth. In the law courts all persons commonly enjoy their tobacco freely, and even the accused in a criminal trial is not denied this indulgence.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human sufferings. I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

THE new Stewart Cathedral, says the *Western Watchman*, is about completed, and will soon be deeded over to the Protestant Episcopal Church. It has cost over a million dollars. When objection was made to the charitable foundress that there were no people living at or near the site of the structure, she answered that the remains of her husband were there and the spot was peopled with his memories. But now not even those remains are there, for the thieves have stolen the body, and are holding it for ransom. Bishop Littlejohn can take for his text on the occasion of the dedication, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness."

THE gallant Faugh-a-Ballaghs, says the *London Universe*, who behaved so bravely in Egypt, have left Aldershot for India, by way of the Cape. Before they left the camp, Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Alison complimented them highly on their soldierly behavior while attached to his command. They were always smart and clean on turning out for divisional field-days, and took prominent parts in reviews

and sham-fights. But the Irish Fusileers — luck and a prosperous voyage to them — were paid higher tribute than that. After Mass on Sunday, Father Keating, chaplain to the forces, pronounced their conduct good, and added that their regular attendance to their religious duties was worthy of all praise. A draft of the 2nd Royal Irish, consisting of nigh 400 has also left for the East. Pat gets more than his share of foreign service. Where unpleasant climates or hard knocks predominate, he is sure to be there or thereabout.

A MORE CHEERFUL OUTLOOK.— To meet the financial difficulties in which the Augustinian society in Lawrence, Mass., finds itself involved, a new Catholic society has been formed consisting of the leading clergymen and laymen of St. Mary's Church, with Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, O. S. A., as president; Rev. D. D. Regan, O. S. A., secretary; and Mr. Peter Holihan, treasurer. Upon the foreclosure of the mortgage on St. Mary's Church and the pastoral residence by the Essex Savings Bank of that city, that property was bought at public auction, Sept. 6, by the above society for a sum which covered mortgage and interest; and, on the foreclosure, by a Lowell bank, of the mortgage on the parochial school, that building also was bought by the same society. These precedings together with the decision of Judge Choate, a few days ago, having released the Augustinian Fathers from the cramped position in which they have been held for some months past, and the Catholics, who were disposed to assist them in paying the large sum due to depositors, being now encouraged to work for that end, it is hoped that matters will ere long right themselves there. When the financial statement of the Augustinian society was first made public, most of the depositors were willing to grant the time requested by the priests for the payment of the debt, realizing, as they did, that the money had been used — though, perhaps, sometimes unwisely — for church purposes. The prominent Catholics of that city also were most generous in their promises of assistance towards meeting the liabilities, but the lack of confidence shown by about five per cent. of the depositors changed the aspect of affairs. Protestant assignees were appointed, and those before ready to contribute were made to feel that their assistance would be of no avail. The events above mentioned, however, have put everything into the hands of those anxious to secure justice for all, and the contributions which have since then been coming in, together with the amount expected to be realized from a fair, which will take place in a few months, give every reason to hope that by the beginning of next year a fair dividend will be declared for the depositors. This, it is certain, will restore the confidence of the people, so that it will not be long before the debt will be very considerably lightened.

The following letter from the Most Reverend Archbishop Williams proves his deep interest in the work undertaken by the Augustinians:—

BOSTON, September 29.

TO THE REV. PASTORS OF THE DIOCESE OF BOSTON:— *Rev. Dear Brethren*:— The unfortunate financial difficulties of the churches in Lawrence, under the charge of the Augustinian Fathers, are well known to you all. The legal possession of the ecclesiastical property having been arranged, the Very Rev. Father Provincial and Fathers are determined to strain every nerve to show, at least, their desire to make every effort to come to the aid of those who have lent their money to their churches. Their friends outside of this diocese have already promised their co-operation, and we, who are more interested in this matter, should be willing to assist them to the extent of our power. I give the Augustinian Fathers of Lawrence permission to collect throughout the diocese for one year, and I recommend them to your hearty good-will and encouragement.

Their cause is our cause in the sense that the credit of all the churches and of all the clergy of the diocese will feel the effect of their success or their failure. My very earnest desire is that they succeed in their arduous work, and I again recommend them to your valuable assistance.

✠JOHN J. WILLIAMS,
Archbishop of Boston.

THE *Chicago Tribune*, it is said, receives for a column of advertisements $26,000 a year. The *New York Herald* receives for its lowest priced column $39,723, and for its highest $348,000. The *New York Tribune*, for the lowest $29,754, and for its highest $85,648; and these papers it is stated, are never at a loss for advertisements to fill their columns.

EARL GREY sends a lengthy article to the *Nineteenth Century* for September, entitled "Ireland and the Empire." He declares that the presence in the House of a large number of members who persistently endeavor to thwart and embarrass the action of Parliament and of Government constitutes so grave a peril as to call for immediate and serious consideration. Earl Grey contends that unless Englishmen are prepared to surrender an arrangement necessary for the welfare and even safety of the Empire, they ought at once to make a

stand and resolutely refuse to give up one inch of the ground to those whose object is the breaking up of the Empire.

POSTAL NOTES. — For the purpose of transmitting money by mail in small sums the new postal notes, which came into use, on September 3d, will be found much more convenient than postal money orders, the purchase and payment of which is attended with a great deal of bother. No written application is made for the notes. They are bought at the window like postage stamps, and the person to whom they are payable is not required to identify himself. They satisfy the "long-felt want" for a safe and convenient method of sending money by mail, for subscriptions or other business transacted by means of the post office. Any amount *under* $5 can be obtained.

THE HOLY SEE, FRANCE AND PRUSSIA. The *Moniteur* learns that the negotiations between the Vatican and France have reached a satisfactory conclusion. The French government has restored the suppressed stipends to the Catholic clergy, and has given formal assurances of the most pacific intentions toward the Holy See.

The Vatican has authorized the Catholic bishops who were expelled from Prussia to open negotiations with the Prussian government for their return to their pastorates.

THROUGH the efforts of *The Citizen*, Chicago, £8,180 has been collected for the Parnell fund, which amount has been forwarded by the treasurer, Mr. Denis O'Connor, to Mr. Parnell, through the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

THE FOURTH PROVINCIAL COUNCIL OF the Catholic Church of the Province of New York was opened on Sunday, Sept. 23, at the Cathedral in that city, with a Solemn Votive Mass. Besides the Cardinal and Archbishop Corrigan, seven bishops entitled to take part in the deliberations were present, and a number of high Church dignitaries, a great gathering of priests, and a throng of the laity, which filled the Fifth Avenue Cathedral. The council continued in session until Sunday, Sept. 30, when it closed with great solemnity.

WE see it stated that there is to be an American edition of the *Freeman's Journal* of Dublin. It will be printed from the same type as the paper in Dublin by means of stereotype. It is the first time such an industry was ever tried by any European paper.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for October is at hand. This excellent monthly, devoted to the interests of Irishmen at home and abroad, is a storehouse of interesting and instructive articles. Each number is worth more than the whole yearly subscription.—*Connecticut Catholic.*

THE Buffalo *Catholic Union and Times* says, that "It may not be generally known that Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge of England, who is now being lionized in this country, is not only a brother of Father Coleridge, the distinguished Jesuit author, but is himself a convert to the Church."

KAVANAGH, Joseph Hanlon, Joseph Smith and the other Irish informers in the Phœnix Park trials who arrived at Melbourne, Australia, Aug. 9, and who were not permitted to land, have been shipped back to Europe.

BISHOP HENDRICKEN dedicated two Catholic churches in Fall River on the 7th of October, the Immaculate Conception and Sacred Heart. At the latter church there was an immense congregation, estimated at over two thousand. Monsignor Capel preached the dedicatory sermon, and also preached in the evening to a large congregation.

THE GREAT AMERICAN EXPOSITION is attracting large crowds. Be sure to make at least one visit before the close of the season. The exhibition will remain open into November.

THE two hundredth anniversary of the coming to America of Germans, who settled in Germantown, Pa., was celebrated by Germans on the 7th of Oct., in nearly all the cities of the country.

THE FOREIGN EXHIBITION, at the Mechanics Building, is drawing crowds of visitors. Everything is now in place, and visitors can enjoy a rare treat in seeing the industries of all nations.

THE Picnic in aid of the Carney Hospital held last August, netted the handsome sum of $5,485.70.

CARPETS. Now is the time to provide good carpets. We refer to the advertisement of Messrs. Dobson on the last page of the cover of our Magazine.

Personal.

THE Comte de Chambord left a legacy to the Pope of £16,000 as his dying tribute of Peter's pence.

BISHOP RYAN of St. Louis, previous to his departure for Rome, was presented with $6000 by his priests, $1000 by the laymen of St. John's Church, and a round trip ticket to Rome by the Christian Brothers.

REV. FATHER VICTOR has been elected to the office of general of the Jesuits, to succeed Father Beck, whose extreme age necessitates his retirement.

VERY REV. WILLIAM BYRNE, V. G., President of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, has returned to Boston, of which diocese he will be administrator during the absence of Archbishop Williams in Rome. In the meantime Rev. Charles P. Grannan, D. D., the Professor of Dogmatic Theology, has been appointed to act as President of Mount St. Mary's, during his absence. Rev. John M. Mackey, who during the summer, made collections in churches for the reduction of the debt, will make his headquarters at the college for the present, and attend to future collections from there.

MR. E. J. O'MAHONY, the eminent basso, will give a farewell concert here previous to his departure for New York, where he intends to settle permanently. Mr. O'Mahony has made many friends in Boston, whose warm wishes will attend him wherever he goes.

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS, accompanied by Rev. William J. Daly, sailed for Europe from New York on the 3d inst., to attend the conference of the American archbishops at Rome.

REV. P. P. COONEY, C. S. C., has been made president of the new college recently erected in Texas by the Order of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind. The government of Texas donated a large tract of fine land to the Order on condition that they erect thereon a college, which has been done.

THE Archbishop of Boston, has appointed Rev. James H. Talbot, D. D., lately ordained in the American College, at Rome, to the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, and Rev. Louis Walsh to St. Joseph's Church, West End.

REV. THOMAS SCULLY, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Cambridge, sailed on the 1st of August, for Rome. Two graduates of St. Thomas Aquinas College, William Dwyer and Patrick Riley, who are to study for the priesthood, accompanied him. On the Wednesday evening previous to his departure his parishioners presented him with a purse of $1,200 in token of their esteem for him as a zealous priest and faithful shepherd. Father Mundy will have charge of the Parish during Father Scully's absence, assisted by Fathers Boyle and Murphy.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P., who towards the end of last session suffered from ill-health, has, on medical recommendation, left town to spend some weeks in the Pyrenees. He will travel through Spain before his return to England.

THE memoirs in which the Comte de Chambord has recorded some of the chief transactions of his life as well as a statement of the principles which have guided him in the past, are to be entrusted to Pope Leo XIII. For this purpose the Comtesse de Chambord intends as early as possible to visit Rome. These memoirs contain, we may add, a profession of the Comte de Chambord's political faith — a profession which if published would be a political manifesto addressed to France, as well as a solemn indication of a policy for the future, binding, as far as the will of the dead ever binds the living, the successor to his Divinely founded rights as head of the House of France. But these memoirs are, according to the Comte de Chambord's directions, not to be published unless with the sanction of Pope Leo XIII. Their publication therefore, at least under present circumstances, is not likely.

MISS KATHERINE E. CONWAY, who, for many years has been attached to the staff of this paper, goes to Boston, this week, to accept a position on the staff of *The Pilot*. We heartily congratulate our esteemed contemporary on having secured the valuable services of so gifted and ready a pen as Miss Conway's. Her fine literary taste, well-stored mind, remarkable memory, and above all her conscientious devotion to her work, make Miss Conway a treasure in any newspaper office. The lady is already well-known to our Catholic reading public by her writings in prose and verse; and should her health — which we regret to say is not good — allow, she will, we are sure, win a proud niche in the temple of Fame. Through the years of her connection with this paper her ability has been unquestioned, her zeal unflagging, and her fidelity to the interests of her employers unswerving. In reluctantly parting with Miss Conway now, we beg to assure her of the very best wishes of this journal; and we hope she will remember that no one will be gladder of the success that may await her in her new position than the *Union and Times* of Buffalo, N. Y.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

"THE CATHOLIC YEAR BOOK" for 1884. Illustrated Catholic Family Annual, for 1884.

The Manager of the Catholic Publication Society, Mr. Lawrence Kehoe, is early in the field with the Annual for 1884. It is brimful with good things—portraits of distingu'shed prelates, prominent religious, laymen, etc. We refer to the advertisement in our advertising pages for a full account of the contents.

Mr. Donahoe will give a copy of "The Catholic Year Book," to every subscriber to his MAGAZINE who will send their subscription for 1884 by mail, or otherwise, free of expense. On receipt of the money ($2) for one year, the Illustrated Catholic Annual will be sent them by mail. Every one of our readers can obtain this Annual by sending us their subscriptions direct to the office. No family should be without the MAGAZINE and Annual. Those in arrears for 1883 must send their money for that year and 1884, in order to obtain the Annual. Subscribers who pay agents will not be entitled to the Annual. Bear in mind that *it is only those who send their money by mail or pay at the office, will get the Annual.*

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

MY VISIT TO DISTRESSED IRELAND. By Rev. Andrew F. Clarke, S. J. Price 50 cents.

These papers appeared in the *The Month* of which Rev. Father Clarke is the editor. The articles are ably written and give an impartial statement of the affairs of Ireland as witnessed by the author.

The above books can be obtained of Messrs Noonan & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. W. J. FITZPATRICK, Esq., the eminent Irish author, is engaged on a life of the late Father Tom Burke.

A FRESH contribution to the literature on the subject of the relations of Ireland with the Holy See will shortly see the light in Rome. It will be in the form of a pamphlet, entitled, "England, Rome, and Ireland," and is from the pen of Signor Soderini, an officer in the Noble Guard of his Holiness. The interest in the brochure will chiefly centre around a number of documents from the Vatican archives, bearing on the relations between Ireland and the Vatican, which have never before been published.

THE HOLY FATHER AND THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.—When Leo XIII. sat down to write the letter informing Cardinals de Luca, Pitra and Hergenröther that he had placed the contents of the Vatican archives and library at their disposal for the vindication of the Papacy by an appeal to the hidden treasures it contains, he was already prepared to place before historians the first fruits of the harvest they are to reap and enjoy in the form of a quantity of hitherto unpublished documents referring to different periods of Pontificial and European history. In connection with the commemoration of the second centenary of the deliverance of Vienna from the Turks, a volume will be published in that city entitled "Rom und Wien, im Jahre 1683," and containing two hundred documents from the Vatican archives, illustrating the important part which the Holy See played during that crisis in European history. These have been collated, at the request of the Pope, by the Abbe Augustin Sauer, of the diocese of Breslau, and one of the Kulturkampf refugees, and printed at the expense of the Austrian Government. The volume contains one hundred and thirty-five autograph letters written by Pope Innocent XI., the Emperor Leopold I., King John Sobieski, and other personages, who effectually contributed towards saving Europe from subjugation by Islamism; reports from the Apostolic Nunciature at Vienna; and the correspondence in cypher between the Vatican and the Nuncios at Vienna and Warsaw—numbering forty-eight despatches. The documents in this volume are composed some in Latin, some in Italian, and others in French. In a few days there will be published by Pustet, of Ratisbon, two volumes of documents from the secret archives of the Vatican, relating to Luther and his times, collated by Monsignor Pietro Balan, sub-archivist of the Vatican. The same publisher has also in the press a collection made by Monsignor Balan of letters written by Monsignor Sadoleto, secretary of Pope Clement VII., and afterwards created Cardinal by Paul III., relating to the acts and policy of Clement VII. Towards the end of this month there will be published in Rome the first of a series of six volumes, of about three hundred pages each, of documents connected with the pontificate of Pope Honorius III., collated from the Vatican archives by the Abbé Pietro Pressuti, well known as a collaborator of the historian Padre Theiner, and these will be followed by volumes containing documents connected with other pontificates.

MUSIC.

White, Smith and Co., Boston.

Vocal: "A., B., C.," Male Quartette by Follner. "The Hoarse Throats," Male Quartette, by Genee. "God Bless the Little Ones at Home," Song and Chorus, words by Arthur W. French, music by C. A. White.

Instrumental: Waltz from "Beggar's Opera," by Millocken, arranged by C. D. Blake. "Jolly Comrades March," arranged by C. D. Blake. "Jolly Dude Waltz," arranged by Geo. Thorne. "Apple Blossom Schottische," arranged by Chas. D. Blake. "Bridal Polka," by Ignacio Martinetti. "Song of the Fisher Maiden," for Pianoforte, by Chas. D. Blake. "Pearl of Love," Valse Elegante, by Chas. D. Blake. "In the Flower Grove," for Piano, by Theodore Giese. "Italian Air," for Piano, by Lichner.

HODGES ANTHEMS, a collection of new anthems, sentences, motets, chants, and responses, for choirs, musical associations, conventions, etc., by D. F. H. Hodges.

THE CHOIR FAVORITE, a new book for choirs and conventions by Leonard Marshall.

TECHNICAL STUDIES for Pianoforte by Carlyle Petersilea.

UNIVERSAL STUDIES for Pianoforte by James M. Tracy.

STABAT MATER, music by Rossini. All these in Messrs. White, Smith & Co.'s. well-known excellent style.

WILLIAM J. MELVIN, a well-known Irish Nationalist, died in New York recently. He was one of the men who took an active part in the famous Manchester rescue of 1867, when Col. Thomas J. Kelly and Capt. Timothy Deasy were forcibly taken from the prison van while going through the streets of the city, and Sergt. Brett shot during the struggle. Melvin was the man who shot the horses when the driver attempted to lash them forward. Three men — O'Brien, Allen and Larkin — were hanged and several others imprisoned for participation in the rescue. Melvin escaped to America, and has resided in this country ever since. He had been ill for several years.

AT Balmoral for the last few days workmen have been engaged preparing a foundation for the statue of the late John Brown, which is about to be erected by command of the Queen. It is expected that the work will be ready early in October. The site is to be south of Balmoral, and will be visible from the windows of the castle.

PRAY.—We can always pray, observes the *Catholic Columbian*. No condition of weakness, no extent of suffering, can take away from us this glorious privilege. "I am too weak to pray," or, "My sufferings are so excruciating that I cannot pray," is only another way of saying, "I do not want to pray." Prayer interferes with nothing, and nothing should interfere with prayer.

MRS. CAREY, widow of the murdered approver, James Carey, was a passenger in the steamer "Garth Castle," which arrived in Plymouth on Monday. She was accompanied by her seven children. She adheres to her conviction that O'Donnell was an emissary of the Invincible Brotherhood, respecting which organization it is thought she will be able to make some important disclosures to the police. She states that they never lost sight of her husband after he left Dublin.

THAT there is in France at the present time a real, live centenarian is vouched for by the *Lancet*. At Auberine-en-Royans, a village in the Dauphine, situated between Valence and Grenoble, may be seen, we are told, an old woman living in a hut in a narrow street, who has reached the extraordinary age of 123 years. She has no infirmity except slight deafness, being in full possession of her mental faculties. Age, as given above, is authentic, and according to her marriage certificate she has completed in January last her 100th year since marriage.

THREE DOLLARS TO NEW YORK.—The splendid steamers Pilgrim and Bristol, carry passengers from Boston to New York for $3. Call on L. H. Palmer, Old State House, and get your tickets.

A CHURCH FOR COLORED CATHOLICS.—The property of the Third Universalist Church Society, on the southeast corner of Bleecker and Downing streets, New York, has been bought by James Clyde for Father Richard L. Burtsell of the Church of the Epiphany, and will be used as a place of worship for the colored Roman Catholics of that city. The price paid was $38,000. The building is a substantial brick structure.

THE *Catholic Review* states that Mgr. Capel was offered $100,000 for a series of one hundred lectures to be delivered in the chief cities of this country. The Monsignor declined the tempting offer.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

PRIESTS.

DEATH OF A PASSIONIST FATHER.—We deeply regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. Austin Sims, rector of St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin. The demise of the the Reverend gentleman, who was more familiar by the name of Father Austin, took place on Sunday, 26th of August, at St. Joseph's Retreat, Highgate, London. The most profound sorrow will be excited by the announcement of the death of one who so happily combined the highest gifts of his distinguished Order.

ON Friday, September 14, Rev. Father Crowley, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Mobile, sweetly fell asleep in our Lord in the 41st year of his age and the tenth of his priestly life. Father Crowley was born in County Cork, Ireland, in the year 1842. At an early age he emigrated to America and made his home in Cincinnati, Ohio. He was for some time a teacher in St. Xavier's school in that city. In 1866 he entered Spring Hill College near Mobile, and resumed his studies for the priesthood. He remained in the college until it was destroyed by fire. He then entered St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md. When Spring Hill College was rebuilt he returned to that institution and completed his studies. In 1873 he was ordained in New Orleans, by Most Rev. Archbishop Perche, for the diocese of Mobile.

SISTERS.

DEATH OF TWO URSULINE NUNS.— Two members of the Ursuline Community of Cleveland, Ohio, died last week — Sister Mary of the Angels, September 13th, aged forty-one, twenty-one years professed; Sister Mary of S. Maxim, September 14th, twenty-four years professed. May their souls rest in peace! These noble religious passed away after a long life devoted to God and the service of neighbor, and the world in rare instance has any praise for them, but no record of human pen can equal the eternal record we have reason to hope that they have made. Sister Mary of the Angels was a Miss Mary Dunne, a sister to Judge Edmund F. Dunne, now of St. Antonio, Fla. (another sister is an Ursuline at Toledo); Sister Mary of S. Maxim was a Miss Mary Hannan, sister to Rev. John Hannan, assistant at St. Maalchy's, city, and to Dr. Hannan, of Cleveland. The remains of these good Sisters were buried on Monday, 17th, in the community vault at Villa Angela.—*Cleveland Catholic Universe September 20th.*

LAY PEOPLE.

JUDGE TENNEY, the husband of the daughter of Orestes A. Brownson, died on Thursday, Sep. 20, in Newark, N. J. He was a convert. May he rest in peace!

DEATH OF A YOUNG PHYSICIAN.— Dr. James Fleming died at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Sunday afternoon, 30th of September after an illness of only a few weeks. Dr. Fleming was well-known and much esteemed in Boston. At the time of his death he was serving his second term as a member of the Boston school board. He was high court physician of the Catholic Order of Foresters, and was also surgeon of the Ninth Massachusetts Infantry, and it was while at camp with his regiment about three weeks ago that he contracted the malaria which developed into the disease of which he died. It appears that Dr. James A. Fleming did not die from typhoid fever, as was supposed, but that his disease was one of the stomach. The immediate cause of his death was a clot of blood which stopped the passage to the heart and produced suffocation. The doctor realized that he had a peculiar trouble, and so informed one of the attending physicians, but refused to have an autopsy performed. From the moment he entered the Massachusetts General Hospital he was confident that he should not leave it alive, and made all his arrangements accordingly, although the physicians at the hospital did not regard his illness as fatal, and so informed him. He was also confident that his death would occur on Sunday, and requested an intimate friend to deter his promised visit in order that he might send for him. That friend in answer to a summons reached the hospital a few minutes before Dr. Fleming died, and the latter expired in his arms. The old superstition of thirteen at a table is mentioned by some of the associates of Dr. Fleming in the School Committee. At a special session held just after the beginning of the summer vacation, Dr. Fleming made the thirteenth man, and one member remarked to another that he felt impressed with the feeling that a death would occur among them before the end of the year. Deceased was born in Boston of Irish parents, and lived at No. 11 Parmenter street. He was in his 31st year, and was unmarried. He was a graduate of Harvard

College, class of 1875, and afterwards became a student in the office of Dr. John G. Blake. He subsequently was appointed house surgeon at the City Hospital and held the position for a year and a half, when he opened an office for himself.

The funeral took place at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Oct. 3. The beautiful church was thronged by the friends and relatives of the deceased.

The high requiem mass was begun at 9 o'clock. The celebrant was Rev. Father Fleming of St. James' Church, brother of the deceased, deacon, Rev. Father Barry of Hyde Park; sub-deacon, Rev. Father Dennehy of Quincy, master of ceremonies, Rev. Father Maguinnis of Jamaica Plain. Rev. Father O'Connor, president of Boston College, made a eulogistic address. The pall-bearers were Majors Grady and Bogan of the Ninth Regiment, P. J. Murphy. P. J. Riordan, William Burke, Peter Blake and George English. The body was taken to Forest Hills.

Death of Hugh Hastings. — One of the leading editors in America has passed away. Hugh Hastings, editor and chief owner of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, died at Monmouth Beach, N. J., on Sept. 12, of paralysis of the heart, superinduced by the accident which occurred to him when he was thrown from his carriage and severely injured. He was a sincere and devout Catholic, constant and zealous in his devotion to all church matters. The accident which caused his death occurred while he was returning from a fair, in aid of the Church of our Lady the Star of the Sea, at Long Branch. He said to his confessor: — "Father Ducey, I wish to be reconciled to my God through my Church. I regret I have been so poor a Catholic, but I never for an instant doubted the teachings of the Church." Although he never joined any organization Mr. Hastings was always a staunch supporter of the Irish National movement, and in the columns of the *Commercial Advertiser* rendered it important service on many occasions. It was the first New York paper which assailed James Anthony Froude when he came to this country to vilify Ireland, and published a series of articles written by the late James Sheehan in answer to his lectures. Froude's invitation to the Irish to prove their sincerity by fighting for their freedom, was met by the *Commercial* with a request to Froude to use his influence to allow arms to be imported into Ireland, so that his advice might be accepted. As well, said the writer, might the unarmed Union soldiers in the prison pen at Libby or Andersonville be taunted by the Southerners with cowardice for not fighting their way back to freedom. Mr. Hastings was a member of the Parnell Reception Committee in 1880, and was a warm defender of the Irish leader against the attacks of the Anglo-American press. Ireland has lost in him a good friend as well as a distinguished son. The following incident will show the enterprise of the man. The first complete Presidential Message went over the wires from New York to Albany to the *Knickerbocker* paper, in 1846. At that time it was the custom to bring the message by a locomotive from Washington to New York, leaving the capital at noon on the delivery of the Message to Congress, and reaching New York at 9 o'clock in the evening — and sending it to Albany immediately by a special steamer. The editors of the Albany *Journal* and Albany *Argus* had a steamer engaged in December, 1846, for this purpose, and they refused to admit Mr. Hastings into the enterprise. The latter after consultation with a friend, prevailed on Mr. T. Faxon, president of the telegraph company, to send the whole Message over the wires, although the latter expressed a doubt of its safe accomplishment. Mr. Hastings took the 5 o'clock evening boat for Albany, arrived there at 5 o'clock in the morning, and had an extra *Knickerbocker* out, containing the full Message, before the special boat engaged by the rival editors reached her dock.

Col. Joseph J. Sweeney, of New Haven, Conn., Assistant Adjutant General of that State, died recently. Col. Sweeney was born in Ireland, Jan. 20, 1847, and came to America when 13 years old. He lived some time in Springfield, Mass., was once employed in the United States Armory there as a clerk, and was afterward in the employ of Smith & Wesson. He was largely interested in the improvement of arms, and was the owner of several patents. Col. Sweeney was once a member of the Tenth Massachusetts Regiment, and was engaged under Gen. Miles against the Indians three years ago. He was a stockholder and director of the Martin Fire Arms Company, of New Haven, and also secretary of the company, served as a member of the local Board of Education from 1879 to 1882, and was appointed on the staff of Governor Waller at the beginning of the present year.

Death of Mr. John J. Burke. — Of your charity pray for the soul of John J. Burke, of Worcester, Mass., a member of the class of '83 of Holy Cross College, who died at Westborough, Mass., at the residence of his distinguished brother, Rev. Richard S. J. Burke, in the hope of a glorious immortality. The deceased was a gentleman of fine promise, engaging qualities, and, above all, an excellent practical Catholic. His life of twenty-four years was an illustration of many virtues that adorn a young man's life. *May he rest in peace.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. X. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1883. No. 6.

AGAINST emigration from Ireland as a means of clearance I have ever set my face. The shipping of paupers to America (if it can be proved they were paupers as the newspapers say they were) could not in any way be justified. It would be what I call "a means of clearance" in its worst form, and I think the American government did quite rightly in sending back our paupers." CARDINAL MANNING.

UNTIL *all* attempts to control Irish patriotic politics by secret societies are abandoned, there never can be — and there never ought to be — a perfect union of the Irish people, either in the old home or abroad. REDPATH.

Miracles — An Exposé.

THE phenomena of nature taken precisely under the same circumstances, are exactly the same in all times and in all places. After the spirit has left the body the latter decomposes never to revive. Fire burns combustibles; a stone thrown into the air will fall to the ground; by the force of gravity bodies near the earth incline to its centre; the sun's rays striking the earth produce heat and light; seeds, after a certain given time, produce plants; food nourishes animal life and strengthens the natural constitution; the seasons of the year alternately succeed one another in regular and unvarying order; the earth makes its annual evolutions round the sun with accurate precision; day and night succeed each other in as perfect a harmony as the diurnal motion of the earth takes place on its axis. Matter exists under different modes; it acts, and is acted upon. Each particle of matter is conceived to possess what is termed an innate tendency to act upon every other particle of matter; and as long as the circumstances remain the same, there will be a continual uniformity of mode, from which arise the harmony and order of the material universe, as all the powers of created nature are found to act in a constant uniform manner, and when placed in the same circumstances, produce always the same determinate effects.

The rationalist, the pantheist, the atheist, the agnostic, &c., maintain that this uniformity is never in any case, and can never under any condition be violated; this the true philosopher denies, and asserts that exceptions to the general uniformity have taken and can take place.

Modern incredulity is often armed with hatred and calumny, and always replete with prejudices and sophisms. That religion which estab-

lishes its divine origin by evident miracles is revered and loved by some, whilst it is blasphemed and hated by others. The unbelievers of this "age of progress" regard it as a "thing of the past" — an antiquated, out of date belief, good only for pusilanimous, effeminate individuals, and restricted to the time of the simplicity of our fathers. The nineteenth century is too enlightened to believe in supernatural manifestations; modern intellect is itself the veritable source of light — "the light shining in darkness"! it will not suffer itself to be influenced by those facts that ignorant people term *supernatural;* it will not condescend to pry into the possibility of the *preternatural;* it rejects *a priori* those events which the uncultured call *miracles*, and which are good for nothing else but to be abandoned to the vain disputes of silly men. At the very mention of miracles the perverted intellect of the incredulous becomes alive to sarcasm; they pity the dupe who investigates such impossibilities; they laugh at their blindness; they are astonished that there still exist men in a nation so advanced and enlightened as this, who are so simple — so destitute of common sense — as to seriously occupy themselves about such trash; in a word, to believe in an extraordinary sensible interference of the Creator with the natural order, to which He, Himself, subordinated the sensible creation — what imbecility!

They cease not to inform us that ignorance often places in the ranks of prodigies events purely natural; that it can do the same nowadays; that there was a time of credulity when the fraud and knavery of some, the simplicity of others, could easily accredit as marvellous what was not really so; that in all times men of ability made capital out of such nonsensical tendency; that men of wisdom enveloped themselves in their mantle of philosophy, leaving miracles to the vulgar and illiterate, and believing no other marvel than that of nature.* Thus, as a learned Jesuit said, "Either the very possibility of miracle is denied, and so the door is shut against all evidence that might go to prove any individual fact miraculous, or else it is conceded that miracles may be, and indeed have been, but it is maintained that they were intended to meet a very special need of the infant Church, a need which does not exist at present; their day is past, and we may expect to meet with them no longer." And so thus, too, the way is closed against evidence in all particular cases, and our opponents are guarded against the unpleasant conclusions an examination of such evidence might lead up to. Indeed, there are infidels who deny absolutely the mere possibility of miracles, and who, like their father in infidelity — Spinoza — glory in denying all and everything supernatural. Others, like Hume, affirm our utter incapacity of ascertaining them; and even should we be able to discern them, they deny the possibility of proving them; whilst the rationalists reject with scorn their existence, and explain *à leur façon* the sacred narrative which relates them.

The days of miracles are past, they say! Past! Why, the supernatural

* Rev. P. Finlay, "Irish Eccl. Record," for January, 1883.

still courts discussion in this Republic as well as in the lands beyond the eastern waves. Past! We are almost daily brought face to face with events that are notoriously miraculous, — events which attract the attention and admiration of even the Freethinkers themselves, — events which are so evident, so palpable, that they can be submitted to the inspection of the senses. The age of miracles past! Why, divine interference is universally recognized, and the mark of the Omnipotent hand is so evidently traced to those extraordinary facts of recent occurrence, that no matter what modern freethinking philosophers may say, these facts remain as living monuments of the supernatural — monuments which it is impossible to controvert.

The word *miracle* has been as familiar to every Christian ear, to every infidel ear, since the time of the deluge, as Tammany Hall is to the ears of our freeborn Americans. Who has not heard of the miracles of the Pentateuch? Where is the infidel who has not heard of the miracles of the New Testament? Innumerable commentaries have been published on them, and countless homilies have been written about them. Works without number have been published to defend them, whilst the voices of thousands have been raised to sustain them. Everybody talks about the miracles operated in the heart of sunny France, the *fille aînée de l'Eglise;* everybody is looking forward with the utmost expectancy as to what will be the issue of the *Mirabilia* of Knox, in the land of saints and scholars; everybody is struck by the intervention of the supernatural at St. Anne de Beaupre; whilst numerous Americans are in a labyrinth from which they cannot extricate themselves when they attempt to explain by natural means those extraordinary phenomena which occur in the very Athens of our Republic.

"Now it is plainly absurd," as a distinguished Irish divine * remarked, "to suppose that the whole Christian world, for the last eighteen centuries, heretics of all sorts, infidels of all grades down to atheism itself, have been reading and writing books about miracles, talking and hearing about them, attacking, explaining, defending, announcing them, and yet that they had no common fixed idea of what they were speaking, writing, thinking about." That for so many centuries the learned and unlearned, the rude and the civilized, clergy and laics, docile Catholics and pertinacious heretics, and daring infidels have been in various ways habitually engaged in using this word *miracle* without having any settled and common notion of what *the* word means. Hence it follows that an unity of idea concerning the word *miracle* exists and have existed among men whether rude or civilized, unlearned or cultured, Catholic, heretic or infidel.

In defining a miracle, says the learned Fr. Perrone †, "All the definitions given by Theologians and Philosophers are of accord, with few exceptions fabricated with the intention of deceiving."

Pope Benedict ‡ XIV. says: "There is a twofold order established by

* Dr. Murray, Theological Essay, Vol. II.

† *Perrone de Relig, N 113.* ‡ *Benedict XIV. de Canon Sanctorum, C 1., N 1.*

the Almighty in contingent beings; the one natural, by which this visible world is regulated and governed; the other supernatural, which appertains to grace and to the glory of the Saints. Now," he adds, "whatever appertains to the supernatural order is really miraculous *if compared with the natural order;* but still it is *not* a miracle in the *strict* sense in which the word is used," and it is in this strict sense that I use the word miracle here, namely: in its rigorous scientific sense, limiting it to the phenomena of nature; that is to say, to this visible world which falls under our observation, to this whole complex of material, visible creation, together with the human mind and the faculties with which it is endowed, so far as these faculties of the soul are made manifest to us by sensible means. In this sense, nature is opposed to things not appertaining to this visible world, such as angels, the soul after leaving the body, whether in a state of misery or bliss. The contingent beings of this material world are to be considered in their relation to it, prescinding them altogether from heaven, from the supernatural world, and thus natural things are opposed to those things *supernatural*, and whatever belongs to the latter order is really miraculous, if compared with the former order, nevertheless *not* a miracle in the sense implied here. No doubt the generality of theologians, in writing about miracles, seem to specially make mention of the *material* world; but by that they do not mean to insinuate that violations of the laws of the mind cannot occur. It is manifest when the Apostles suddenly possessed a clear knowledge of languages they never heard spoken before, that this violation of the laws of the mind was as truly a miracle in the intellectual order, as the violation of the laws which ruled the material world was when St. Peter walked on the Sea of Galilee contrary to the laws of gravity. But because the violation of the intellectual world comes more appropriately under the denomination of Prophecy, these theologians treat it as such. We are tired of hearing it said that, the laws of nature are immutable, fixed of necessity, unchangeable in their very essence; this objection has for its basis — fallacy, or it is only a mere quibble.

* "For the laws of nature must either mean the ordinary sensible sequence of natural causes and their natural effects; and in that case to declare miracles impossible, because the laws of nature are unchangeable, is to beg the whole question at issue; or the laws of nature are understood to represent an essential tendency in all material causes to bring about each its own determinate, unvarying result, and then a miracle is no infringement of the laws of nature; for it interferes not with the natural essential tendency, but with the results such tendency would naturally produce." For every particle of matter, as I have already remarked, is conceived to possess a natural proclivity to action — an innate tendency to act on the adjoining particle. Now if matter be so endowed with natural force by the Creator, that latent force through the interaction of particles begets action, the ap-

*Fr. Finlay, in the Irish Record of January, 1883.

plication of that force according to a determined and fixed rule is termed *law*, the effects resulting from such a force applied, is *order* or exquisite harmony of the material world. In passing, let me remark that some in defining a miracle make use of the word *order* instead of *law*, when they say, for example, that a miracle is a sensible interference of the Almighty with the natural order, etc.; but perhaps this is a question of mere verbal distinction, as the substitution of order for law, and *vice versa*, is of little import, these theologians agreeing in the main, *verbis mutatis*. But to the point. Now this force with which matter is conceived to be endowed, is absolutely independent of matter, or is essentially connected with it. If it be independent, it evidently follows that the God who bestowed that force can change it at His will, by adding to it greater powers, or by diminishing or abstracting from it, the power already given it. From such a modification will necessarily result a reciprocal change in the sensible effects — effects which in the one case would be absolutely beyond the power or abilities of natural forces left unmodified; and, in the other case, the natural forces could not produce their accustomed natural sensible results, on account of the diminution or abstraction of its ordinary energy, and in either hypothesis, a miracle is the result.

In the *supposition* that force is essential to matter, it does not necessarily follow that it must always produce the same identical results, because it could happen that another force may intervene and impede the action of the primary force, and hence unvarying results depend not always on the unvariation (to coin a word) of the natural force, but also on their unchecked, permanent and constant action.

Consequently, should any opposing force impede, or even modify, the primary existing natural force or forces, the result will be a miracle, effected by the preternatural interposition — (in the supposition that it is a preternatural intervention) — of a modifying or neutralizing force.

But let it be understood that the theory of identity of matter and force, or the theory which assumes that both are so intimately connected with each other, that the Almighty Himself could not meddle with the one without destroying the other, is a theory so gratuitously asserted, that it is not based on experimental facts, and science is so much at sea about force and matter, that assertions of this kind must be taken for what they are worth, viz., mere assumptions.

Again God can produce *immediaté et directé per se* results which altogether surpass any created power or energy. He can produce results in a given instance which exceed the maximum force of the natural law, then in activity when the natural effect takes place. Should such an event happen, it is an evident interference with the natural order or harmony of things, and hence a miracle in the true and strict sense of the word.

* "Nature is the world such as God created it, and the laws of nature are

* *Bergier, Dict. de Théologie, Miracle.*

the will of that Supreme Master. It is He who gave motion to all bodies; it is He who established the laws of their motion, from which they cannot deviate, and should any event occur in contravention to these laws, it is necessary that the Almighty Himself operate in that given case, and then that event is supernatural or miraculous."

The order of the laws of nature being the will of God, it follows He could have willed from eternity without imparing His immutability, that in certain given instances this uniformity of order would be thwarted; that in *certain cases* the laws by which the material world is governed would be neutralized, or, that this force of action would be checked, or, that an additional energy would be bestowed on some element which would counterbalance the hitherto existing primary energy, as in the case of the three children who were cast into the fiery furnace, * "and they walked in the midst of the flame, praising God and blessing the Lord."

Let us ascend from the weaker to the stronger powers, from the weaker to the stronger laws; let us consider the laws by which the operations and effects of these energies and powers are fixed and regulated, and we will of necessity arrive at powers and force and laws which surpass whatsoever corporal or natural agencies, and whose effects can be surpassed only by beings of a superior nature to this material world. That there are created spiritual beings, whether good or evil ones, who have a nature superior to man, none doubt (at least, I suppose such to be the case), and who by their constitution possess many qualities and powers over matter, and superior to anything in material creation, so much so that they can produce effects in the inferior creation which surpass the force of any natural agent, v. g., they can transfer matter almost instantaneously from one place to another, change its form, or prevent its natural physical effects, etc. These are phenomena contrary somehow to the laws of nature, but can they be called *miracles?* Let us see. A great many Christian authors have defined a miracle *proprie dictum*, in a more limited manner than others. Those writers by prescinding all created agents, understand a miracle to be *only* such extraordinary operations as require a *direct* interference of the Almighty Himself. Because, as they say, when anything unusual is performed in this material world by spiritual beings, the effect produced is no less conformable to nature than if it were done by man, as the angel in that case operates according to his natural power, and produces an effect corresponding to that natural force with which he is endowed. Secondly, because, according to the 72 Psalm, God *only* can perform wonderful things. "Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel who *only* doth wonderful things." It follows that these operations *only* are miracles which are the direct effects of an Almighty power and can be produced by none but God. Those being beyond the abilities of all created beings are called *absolute* miracles. Moreover, there being a very great difference, aye, an infinite difference, be-

* Dan., Ch. 3, 24.

tween the operations or effects produced by a created agent, and such as are performed by the Almighty hand, it is necessary that a distinction be made. Several remarkable effects, rel atedas miraculous, have been operated by angels, and in contradistinction to those performed *directé* by the Creator, theologians give them the name of *relative* miracles. For example, the scriptures relate that three children stood in the midst of a fiery furnace without being consumed, or even touched by the flames. This undoubtedly is a wonderful miracle, yet it is attributed to an angel, and it is no less a *real* one all the same *relative* to man, for it surpasses all the powers of natural agents operating in material creation. Still relative to the angelic nature it is an effect which has (probably) an adequate cause, purely natural in that order. Hence when the Scriptures say that * "God *only* doth wonderful things," it seems to me to mean that God *only* can perform *absolute* miracles; or if *relative* miracles are also understood, it means that God alone doth them either *directé et immediaté per se*, or by the ministry of His holy angels.

These phenomena of nature which are supposed not to exceed the power of *created* beings, are termed *relative* miracles, and are effected in a twofold way; firstly, they can be supernatural as to the *manner* in which they are executed, and secondly, as to the *matter* or thing performed.

An American may naturally acquire the knowledge of what is going on in Ireland, but only after a certain lapse of time and having received proper information; but should a spirit, good or evil, on account of his agility, come almost instantaneously from over the sea and inform him of what is going on there, this acquisition of certain knowledge would be supernatural relatively to us, not in the information acquired, but in the manner in which it was acquired. Again, should that individual walk on water without any visible or natural agent supporting him, but being invisibly upheld by an angel, the effect produced is supernatural, both as to the *matter* and manner in which it is done, being contrary to the laws of gravity, which require a heavy body to sink in water, and performed in a way that exceeds the abilities of all natural agents.

Wicked spirits can then, by their *natural* abilites, effect many extraordinary things in the natural world, such as the raising of Simon the magician into the air. Yet it is certain that God will not permit these spirits to exercise this wonderful conatural power to such an extent that their operations could not be discerned from His, or His good angels; for in such cases He will supply — shall I say, He is bound to supply — sufficient means to preserve us from error, by opposing miracles of transcendent splendor, plainly divine, or by "cramping" the evil one in the midst of his operations. A supernatural operation relative to the natural order, supposed to be performed by the demon, is not designated a miracle, but a diabolical operation, (though it be really miraculous as regards us) a juggle, an illusion, a prodigy, "lying signs and wonders," as the Scriptures

* Psalm 72.

call them. Even should such effects be termed miracles, they are always expressed by some qualifying word, such as a *false* miracle. * "If miracles are taken in their strict and proper sense, the devil cannot perform them, nor any other created being, but God only. Sometimes miracles are not taken in this strict sense, but only in as much as they surpass human ability, and as such they are within the power of the demons to perform." It follows from these remarks that there are different grades of miracles, or in other words, that one miracle is greater than another. † "Nothing can be said to be miraculous when compared with divine power, because whatever event, no matter how great, when compared with this power, is a pigmy in His hands, according to that of Isaias, ‡'Behold the Gentiles are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the smallest grain of a balance.' A thing is said to be miraculous when compared to the natural force of nature which it exceeds, and therefore the more it surpasses this power of nature, the greater is the miracle considered. But it exceeds this power of nature in three ways. 1st. As to the substance of the event; for example, that two bodies occupy the same space, or that the sun should recede, or that the human body should be glorified. These three facts nature of itself cannot effect, and these are considered the highest grade of miracles. 2d. A thing may exceed the power of nature, not so much in reference to that *which* takes place as to that *in which* it takes place; as the resurrection of the dead, giving sight to the blind, &c. Nature may bestow life, but not to the dead, and it may give sight, but not to the blind, and these may be considered as holding the second place in the domain of miracles. 3d. "A thing may exceed the force of nature as regards the mode and order of its occurrence: thus a person may be suddenly cured of a malignant fever by divine interference, without the medical and usual course adopted in such cases; or, again, when by divine virtue the air is suddenly condensed into water without using natural means: these hold the last and lowest grade in miracles."

The word miracle, according to its etymology, signifies the admiration or wonder of the intellect when the effects produced are extraordinary, at least, relative to the person who is ignorant of the cause. Example, — If he who never heard of or understood an eclipse, was informed by an astronomer that on a fixed day at a certain hour the sun would darken, in the supposition that the prognostication was realized, that person would be filled with wonder and admiration by the effect produced, whose adequate cause was hidden to him; and, enraptured by the sensible effect, he might exclaim, "It is miraculous!" Still, this beautiful effect which transports him, is the natural result of a natural cause of which he is ignorant; but should the result be simply extraordinary or beyond the ordinary course of nature, and produced immediately by God Himself, then his admiration has reached

* St. Thomas, I. Part. Q. 114. † St. Thomas, Sum. I. Part. Q. 106, A. 8.
‡ 40 Ch. v. 15.

its climax, on account of the cause operating in violation of some fixed law of nature, and thus he could truly exclaim, a *miracle!*

The word miracle, with respect to its nature, signifies whatever happens beyond the power of nature, or whatever exceeds the ability of *all* created nature to produce. Such can only be effected by the Almighty. "*Hoc autem non potest facere nisi Deus.*"* Thus it remains that God *only* can perform miracles, properly speaking.† St. Augustine expresses the same idea in his famous writings against Faustus. Pope Benedict XIV. uses the same definition, whilst the learned Suarez says, a ‡ "Miracle is a certain pledge or mark of Divine Omnipotence which is His work proper," according to the 135 Psalm, "who alone doth great wonders." The most Rev. Dr. Hay, who treated the subject under consideration *ex professo*, defines a miracle § "An extraordinary effect produced in the material creation, either contrary to the known laws of nature, or beyond the usual course of nature; above the abilities of natural agents and performed either by God Himself, or by His holy angels." In asserting that miracles can be performed by God's *holy* angels, the learned divine considers them only as *relative* miracles, or if they be supposed to be *absolute* ones in the sense already explained, the angels in that case act only as His ministers and ambassadors.

‖ Miracles, says Nicolas, "are modifications of the laws of nature," of laws which are constant, but not necessary. The Rev. P. Finlay, S. J., in a recent address on miracles, says, ¶ "We define a miracle to be a divine and sensible interference with the order of nature; that is, with the ordinary sequence of sensible events, which sequence arises from the interaction of natural causes according to unchanging laws. We conceive such interference with the order of nature as due to a preternatural modification of the forces which are in operation, or to the preternatural holding back from action of some force or forces, which would naturally be wanting, or to the direct and immediate production by God Himself of some sensible result which the *created energies of nature*, either all combined or here in operation, are incapable of realizing." Last, though not least, Dr. Murray of Maynooth, defines a miracle, ** "An effect contrary to the laws of nature, and produced by divine power, or which *no created* being can produce in existing circumstances."

In summing up I will say that a miracle is, 1st.—*A fact*, as it has for its object the proving of some other fact, but this cannot be proved unless by another of greater note. Hence a miracle must be a fact or effect.

2d.—It must be in some way sensible, either in itself, as a miracle produced in material creation, or in its manifestation as a miracle in the

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* St. Thomas, 1 Part, Q. 110, A. 4. † Ibidem. ‡ Suarez on Faith, D. 4, § 3, n. 8.
§ Dr. Hay on Miracles, vol. 1st, ch. 1st, Par. 5th.
‖ *Nicolas, Études Sur le Christianisme, Vol. 4.*
¶ Irish Ecc. Record for January, 1883.
** Murray's Theological Essays, Vol. II., on Miracles.

intellectual order, v. g., a prophecy manifested exteriorly. The end for which a suspension of the laws of nature takes place is first of all to mark the intervention of divine power and thus to stamp with divine authority the effect produced, and in order that such a miracle may have force of evidence it must of necessity be sensible. An imperceptible miracle proves nothing: but I have no insuperable objection that this condition should not enter essentially into the definition of a miracle.

3d.—In itself natural, because a miracle or the preternatural differs from the supernatural as to the substance; for example, a certain knowledge of the future contingent is a fact in itself natural as to the substance or matter, but preternatural as to the manner.

4th.— Which surpasses the power of *created* nature, that is to say, it must be attributed to God only, and operated in material creation, but without its natural concurrence, aye, even contrary to its natural order, and hence in violation of the laws of nature, and exceeding the strength, a force of secondary causes, whether visible or invisible, physical or spiritual, v. g. that the dead should come to life.

Hence (*a*) a miracle is such that, taking into consideration the manner in which it is operated, the circumstances under which it occurs, and the moral effects it produces, it must be outside the course of all secondary causes and effected directly and immediately by God Himself.

Hence (*b*) also a miracle differs from creation, because the latter does not take place in matter already pre-existing, and consequently it cannot be said to be outside the course of secondary causes, nor operated in created matter.

Hence (*c*) the creation of the human soul and her ineffable union with the body, though the work of Omnipotence, is not a miracle, because it is according to the uniform course of nature.

Hence (*d*) the justification of a sinner, sure to be consigned to everlasting torments, though exceedingly wonderful, is not a miracle, because it belongs to an order of things essentially distinct from that in which a miracle (as here understood) occurs. Although St. Augustine says * "it is a more wonderful thing to justify an impious person than to create heaven and earth."

Hence (*e*) the frequency of a miracle does not render it less miraculous. It is said to be an unusual occurrence. I agree, not because the fewness and unfrequency of miracles are requisite to constitute a preternatural fact, but because it is contrary to the usual course of nature, so that if the dead were raised to life every day in the year it would not cease to be a miracle. Paucity of miracles is an extrinsic circumstance not appertaining to their essence.

Hence (*f*) an interposition of divine Providence is not of necessity miraculous, as in the example furnished us in the † 4th Book of Kings, where two bears came out of the forest and tore two and forty boys, after

* St. Aug., Tract 72, in Johan. † 4 Kings, ch. 2, v. 23.

Eliseus cursed them. This is not necessarily miraculous, I say, because natural means were adopted without violating any laws of nature. That two bears come out of a forest is quite natural, and that they tore two and forty boys is also natural, though existing circumstances evidently prove that in this case it happened through a special intervention of Providence.

5th. — A miracle must be performed for some special end or purpose. For inasmuch as it is the effect of the Almighty Power it must tend to *some* end, otherwise God would not act in a perfect manner; and inasmuch as it is outside the ordinary course of nature it must tend to some *special* end.

Conclusion in next issue.

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*The Poet-Priest of the South.**

THE fame of Father Ryan is no recent growth. During the bloody struggle of the war of Secession, his voice rang out in those heroic lyrics, hot from the heart, that endeared him to the people, and especially to the soldiers, of the South. But knowledge of him was chiefly confined to the region below Mason and Dixon's line. Afterwards, when the storm-clouds of battle had rolled away, and when the sun of peace shone on the clasped hands of victor and vanquished, his reputation attained something of a national scope. It was, however, only feeble and tentative, being fed by stray verses that, from time to time, went the rounds of the papers. Men began to ask themselves, in the North, who is this Father Ryan, whose singing has such a thrilling effect upon us, and who, although we do not agree with many of his views, nevertheless draws us to look more favorably and leniently upon the Lost Cause? Certainly, everything was not bad in that which could so earnestly engage the soul of a rare spirit like this. The magnetism of genius could be given for no higher end. And I consider this the noblest side of Father Ryan's poetic career, that he has, merely by the spell of his verse and perhaps without always intending this precise effect, removed a vast deal of the ill-feeling necessarily engendered by that bitter though cleansing struggle.

Destiny — by which I mean the various controlling circumstances of life — is often a hard master. Though Father Ryan's mission was thus shaped, and perhaps had its best fulfilment in such a quiet and unobtrusive course, it must have been a trial to himself. Poets are naturally sensitive. They like to be known in their breadth and their depth, and they are conscious that mere fragments will lead men to no true conclusion about them. In an ordinary career of letters, the writer is able to come before the world with some finished product, and to invite the opinion of the public upon it. With Father Ryan it has not been so. We have not, and probably never will have, a complete long poem from his hand. And, indeed, it seems it

* POEMS, Patriotic, Religious, Miscellaneous, Baltimore: John B. Piet & Co., 1883.

was a mere stroke of luck, that some of his fugitive pieces were got together at all in the volume before us. Thus, it is in the evening of his life, that the world has the first opportunity of measuring the extent of his genius and of passing upon its character — an opportunity it will doubtless lose, for this broad, bustling, pretentious world is at bottom the most narrow, fictile, shallow-hearted thing imaginable.

Since the publication of the volume, I have watched the critical organs with some degree of interest; I have waited to see what they would say. They have said nothing. Of course the usual padded notice appeared among its companions — the stuffing of criticism — written by the Grubb Street denizen transformed in these latter days into the shiny black of broadcloth and snowy white of linen, a very butterfly of literature — he indeed lugged out his old forms of "remarkable," and "beautiful," and "æsthetic," and "defective," and aired them in the complimentary greetings of publisher to publisher. But while this solemn mockery was going on over things made to live for a day, or for an age — what were the real critics doing that they neglected this, to say the least, rarity among books? Were they sleeping? Homer sometimes nods. Perhaps the critics will find that they have missed here again, and have allowed, as they themselves own they occasionally do, a sweet singer to climb to the "region of fable" without any assistance from them. But, however accounted for, it is certainly a strange event that so gifted a being should pass unnoticed by the aristocracy of intellect — the men who make and unmake reputations.

In a kindly notice written by Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly in the *Pilot*, there occurs a remark, if my memory does not play me false, running thus: That the only poets of the South who have made their voices heard in the North are Father Ryan and Col. Paul H. Hayne. It is true. It may also be extended. They are the only two known in the South. There is no literature there, no organs, no centres, no criticism, none of the regular channels by which a man can reach the general ear. The North is its literary depot. It reads the Northern magazines and papers and books, and its writers write for the Northern publishers. New York and Boston and Philadelphia are the arenas of intellectual combat — the cosmopolitan centres of the whole country. If anybody speaks of provincial literature, it is not literature published in the provinces, but written in the provinces and breathing of the provinces, and published in the publishing centers. The cities named are really, in intellectual matters, not capitals of their States and regions merely, but the capitals, the Athenses, of the whole country. Hence, if a man has no reputation there, he has it not elsewhere. That is what I mean when I say that the two ideas are identical, and that the matter is one of mutual influence, the country acting on the cities, and the cities acting on the country. The same remark might be applied to commerce and the classes engaged in it, for its influence is analogous to that of literature, which I take in its broadest meaning as mental life and movement.

Now, it might seem hopeless, in view of the stolid silence of the real

dispensers of literary judgment, for an unknown person like myself to offer a criticism on the book of poems in question. But, what my name cannot recommend, may be recommended by the extracts I shall make, which will doubtless be new to most readers of this. Also, the recent lecturing tour of Father Ryan in the North will naturally secure attention to anything written about the poet, and the knowledge of this has encouraged me not a little to go forward in the task. And, then, it becomes a contributor to such a Journal as this, not to walk in the beaten track of literature forever, but to offer to his readers any choice flowers he may gather in his wayside wanderings, when he knows that their rare fragrance and curious beauty will be appreciated by the cultured mind.

One fact is to be noted in starting. Except the Sentinel Songs and one or two other pieces, Father Ryan has not seen fit to reproduce here those distinctive war lyrics which first gained him recognition. On the contrary, he has drifted into the ordinary channel of modern poets, which consists almost entirely in self-revelation, under the persuasion that their subjective musings must touch the highest cords of feeling in others. To some extent they are right. The unmixed objective method is apt to be bald. But I would desiderate a combination of the two. The rich stream that flows in a poet's heart should bear ships upon its bosom, and not exist merely for itself. Perhaps this morbid inward delineation is but an evidence of the shallowness of modern singers. Let them see to it. Still, however strenuously I would contend for this, a man speaks as it is given him to speak, not after any arbitrary fashion. With Father Ryan it has been a case of necessity. His sympathies were bounded in their range by uncontrolable outward circumstances; he did not emasculate himself as other poets have done. Consequently, the notes of a deep sincerity ring in every one of his lines, and from this cause, if from no other, springs the fascination of those simple poems of his, which a cold critic would pronounce to be but fantastic rhymes.

Many are the discordant theories as to what poetry consists in; if I stopped to discuss them all, it would be wasting time, and crowding out some of those extracts from Father Ryan, which will, perhaps, teach what poetry is, better than all I could say. As to expression, in spite of what is said, in these latter days, of prose poetry, I own I can recognize no force in the remark, but am inclined to think that the true vehicle is verse. Not that all verse is poetry — heaven forbid!— but that verse is the natural language or outward clothing of the poet's inward thought. And as to this last, it is best defined as the power of seeing. All men can reason upon things presented to them; they can argue, illustrate, conclude; nay, all men have, to some extent, the swift vision, the poetic gift, the divine illumination, which comes we know not whence, but is certainly independent of the intellectual faculties. The glory of the poet is, that he knows how to touch and awaken this dormant faculty of the soul, which, next to the direct communion of religion, is the nearest approach of man to God. Some pervert this gift to an evil end; true; — alas, that it is true! But even the angels fell; and if

they, in the fullest light, could rebel against their Maker, much more can man in the dimmer light granted him ;— and as the fact of the fallen angels is no prejudice to the truth of that realm from which they fell, so the perversion of men is no prejudice to the fact that the vision of the poet is a divine gift. Woe to them, woe doubly more than to others, when they use the instrument of blessing as the weapon of Lucifer, morning star now shining in the dark night of hell.

When I say, then, that Father Ryan has this gift of seeing to the core of things, it is enough. His tone is that of a mystic. He dreams dreams, and sees hidden meanings in smallest things, and throughout all, the hand of the Most High. Dull, prosaic minds will naturally revolt against him ; and for that matter, if I were inclined to do so, if I had the heart to do so, I could pick out many flaws in the execution of beautiful lines that enchant one in spite of their technical defects. One great fault I will point out, and I trust Father Ryan will forgive me in doing so. It is his excess in the repetition of snatches. When this tactic is used in moderation, it has a great effect ; but its abuse leads to mental weariness in the reader, and simply spoils such finely conceived lines as " At Last."

Father Ryan is original in thought and fancy. Every true poet must be so. There can be no sincerity in its absence. But in the construction of the verse, a modern poet cannot avoid copying the great masters, without being strange or affected. The English language has been exhausted, in supplying poetic forms, with the exeeption of the hexameter, which seems to defy acclimatisation. When, then, I say that the following lines from " A Mystery," remind me more than anything in modern verse of the grand rhythm and majestic though quiet movement of Shakespeare, I do not mean the remark to be either derogatory or complimentary to Father Ryan, beyond the fact of resemblance in execution.

The inner self he guarded from approach ;
He kept it sealed and sacred as a shrine ;
He guarded it with silence and reserve ;
Its gates were locked and watched, and none might pass
Beyond the portals ; and his face was sad.
But whoso entered there — and few were they —
So very few — so very, very few,—
They never did forget ; they said : " How strange !"
They murmered still : " How strange ! how strangely strange !"
They went their ways, but wore a lifted look,
And higher meanings came to common words,
And lowly thoughts took on the grandest tones :
And, near or far, they never did forget
The " Shadow and the Shrine ;" his face was sad.

. . . . . .

" No, no," he gently spoke. " You know me not ;
My mind is like a temple, dim, vast, lone ;
Just like a temple, when the priest is gone,

And all the hymns that rolled along the vaults
Are buried deep in silence; when the lights
That flashed on altars die away in dark,
And when the flowers with all their perfumed breath
And beauteous bloom, lie withered on the shrine.
My mind is like a temple, solemn, still,
Untenanted save by the ghosts of gloom
Which seem to linger in the holy place —
The shadow of the sinners who passed there,
And wept, and spirit-shriven left upon
The marble floor memorials of their tears."

. . . . . .

"There are transitions in the lives of all.
There are transcendant moments when we stand
In Thabor's glory with the chosen three,
And weak with very strength of human love,
We fain would build our tabernacles there;
And, Peter-like, for very human joy,
We cry aloud: "'Tis good that we are here!"
Swift are these moments, like the smile of God,
Which glorifies a shadow and is gone.

"And then we stand upon another mount —
Dark, rugged Calvary; and God keeps us there
For awful hours, to make us there His own
In crucifixion's tortures; 'tis His way.
We wish to cling to Thabor; He says: 'No.'
And what he says is best because most true.
We fain would fly from Calvary; He says: "No.'
And it is true because it is the best;
And yet, my friend, these two mounts are the same.

"They lie apart, distinct and separate,
And yet — strange mystery! — they are the same.
For Calvary is a Thabor in the dark,
And Thabor is a Calvary in the light.
It is the mystery or Holy Christ!
It is the mystery of you and me!
Earth's shadows move as move far-heaven's sun,
And like the shadows of a dial, we
Tell, darkly, in the vale the very hours
The sun tells, brightly, in the sinless skies.
Dost understand? I did not understand —
Or only half; his face was very sad.

"Dost though not understand me? Then your life
Is shallow as a brook that brawls along
Between two narrow shores; you never wept —
You never wore great clouds upon your brow
As mountains wear them; and you never wore
Strange glories in your eyes, as sunset skies
Oft wear them; and your lips — they never sighed
Grand sighs that bear the weight of all the soul;

You never reached your arms abroad — ahigh —
To grasp far worlds, or to enclasp the sky.
Life, only life, can understand a life;
Depth, only depth, can understand the deep.
The dew-drop glistening on the lily's face
Can never learn the story of the sea."

Most of the poems in relation to the war have been written since that event. All of them breath a profound melancholy and though uncompromising in principle, are conciliating in tone. It will be seen that, in the extracts, I do not select Father Ryan's most famous poems. As always happens in these cases, what obtains immediate popularity consists generally in jingle and cheap rhetoric. An unknown Irish poet — one now forgotten but famous for a moment — announced this idea as the rule of his guidance. Armstrong, accordtng to the *Edinborough Review* of his life and letters a couple of years ago, put it in this shape :— " Let us set off our fireworks at first — there's plenty of time for the solid work afterwards." He died young, when only the " fireworks " of momentary popularity were up; no solid work was done, and consequently his reputation died with him. But I do unfeignedly think that Father Ryan, as he has lived to grow older, has also lived to do some solid work, modest in its proportions, but so precious that the world will not willingly let it die. And I feel an inclination to quarrel with him over his preface. How could he have the conscience to call lines such as these only rhymes? —

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER.

Young as the youngest who donned the Gray,
True as the truest that wore it,
Brave as the bravest he marched away
(Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay),
Triumphant waved our flag one day —
He fell in the front before it.

Firm as the firmest where duty led,
He hurried without a falter:
Bold as the boldest he fought and bled,
And the day was won — but the field was red —
And the blood of his fresh young heart was shed
On his country's hallowed altar.

On the trampled breast of the battle plain
Where the foremost ranks had wrestled,
On his pale, pure face not a mark of pain,
(His mother dreams they will meet again),
The fairest form amid all the slain,
Like a child asleep he nestled!

Concluded on page 545.

The D'Altons of Crag: A Story of '48 and '49.

CHAPTER XXII. Continued.

"Well, well," Father John said, "I know how Mr. Meldon has loved Alice Hayes. You know she is my sister. I could merely guess, but certainly Meldon's admiration of her and of her character, is something singular in a man of such a well-balanced mind. I shall soon know all of them."

"You are going then to Europe, and to dear green Ireland?" cried Father Hayes with enthusiasm.

"Tell me do you know a Miss D'Alton of Crag?"

"Miss D'Alton of Crag! Miss D'Alton of Crag! On this side the Atlantic or the other, such an angel does not live as Amy D'Alton of Crag. Do I know her? Why, sir, she has been the mercy of God to all my family."

"You know Thomas Hayes, Alice's uncle!"

"And mine," interrupted Father Hayes.

Captain Seymour put out his hand, and seized that of the clergyman. "You are all of you noble," he said with much feeling.

"Well," the Captain continued, "he is going to live with Meldon."

"And my uncle is worthy of the friendship of a prince!" added Father Hayes proudly.

"I am going to see them."

"That is like Miss D'Alton?" asked the Captain showing the priest a photograph.

Father John clasped his hands together. "Oh, perfect! perfect!" he cried, and though a very serious man, he kissed the miniature.

The reader knows that was not wonderful.

Captain Seymour readily undertook to become the knight of Euphrasia D'Alton, and left in the Hibernia ten days after that.

His journey to the banks of the Suir—his incomings and outgoings, and movements in London, at least some of them are now explained, and the reader will agree with us, that when they heard the Senora Fernandez introduce the name of Count D'Alton, when Mr. Meldon and his friends were speaking, and heard her speak of a "lost daughter," they were quite justified in exclaiming, "Providence!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

SHOWING HOW A DETECTIVE MAY BE AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE, AND HOW HE GIVES HIS VIEWS OF THE CASE AT THE CRAG; ALSO INTRODUCING US TO COUNT D'ALTON AND THE CURIOUS IDENTITY OF TWO "HENRY D'ALTONS'" CAREER; THE ARRIVAL OF THE "HIBERNIA," IN LIVERPOOL, AND WHAT HAPPENED IN AN ENCLOSURE ON THE LANDING-STAGE.

Mr. MELDON was kept perfectly well informed of everything going on at the Crag, and everything going on at his own home, and we may surmise that his mind was much disturbed by the facts and rumors which had recently reached him from Tipperary. Mr. Leyton Seymour shared his knowledge, and of course, sympathized with his feelings; but Mr. Seymour had the advantage of a great predominating and pre-occupying thought which subordinated or nearly subdued all others; that thought was eternity. Both gentlemen determined to be strictly reticent on the subject until necessity compelled them to reveal what had happened; and hence Amy and Alice were quite ignorant of all that had occurred.

When events had developed themselves as we have read them in the last chapter, Mr. Meldon became for the first time really agitated, and he determined on going over to Ireland at once. It would make great complications, and go far to mar some expectations and plans; but what-

ever the consequences, he made up his mind he would and should exercise all his power to save his servant "Crichawn" and to comfort the old victim at the Crag.

Certainly, he had letters constantly from "Crichawn," and the two clergymen, and all were of the opinion that Mr. Meldon could do nothing at Slieve-na-Mon equal to the injury to be inflicted on the three young ladies by coming home, and the impetus his arrival would give to the hostility of Baring and Baring's associates. But no arguments would have retained him if Father Power had not given him a surprise one day by a most enigmatical letter, and the subject of the letter had not given him both surprise and security the day after. The letter was as follows:—

"FETHARD, Tuesday.

MY DEAR SIR,—An extraordinary man came here from Kilkenny a few days ago. He seems to have a kind of second sight, for his ability in discovering things is like magic. He intends to go to London to see you and Mr. Seymour, and although I am certain the man is a detective, upon my word, I think he knows you. The old man at the Crag is much improved, quite out of danger now, and Father Aylmer is as strong as ever. It was a great mercy that Miss D'Alton was not at home, and it is a great mercy that she remains away and in ignorance. Her father, she will find a changed man, in fact an old saint. The surroundings now, would be too much for any woman. I am sure you have heard that we expect Father John Hayes home in ten days, and he brings with him a namesake of Miss D'Alton regarding which namesake there is a great romance. Praying remembrance to all around you, I am,

Dear Sir, yours faithfully,

ED. POWER.

Here were surprises enough for one day certainly; but one of them was not a surprise to Mr. Leyton Seymour, who had that morning received a letter from Father Hayes; but had not returned from Brompton up to the time which found his friend perusing the morning's correspondence.

When Mr. Seymour came in there were mutual congratulations, and when the young ladies joined the gentlemen, it would be hard to describe *their* feelings and the scene.

Clara was of course the most excited. She was hanging around Alice's neck congratulating her on meeting her distinguished brother; and Amy was not behind-hand though not entirely so demonstrative. All of them, it must be admitted, were filled with the idea of absolutely seeing with their own eyes the beautiful "Indian Queen," Noemi, now Euphrasia D'Alton, and witnessing the union between her and her grandfather. We ought to have said that the inquiries of Mr. Meldon and his friend were quite successful, and by a happy coincidence the old Count had signified his intention of coming to London, about the very time the American clergyman and his charge were now apparently due.

Mr. Meldon was next day in his little sitting room, regulating some papers, when the servant handed him a card. He read "Mr. McNaughten, Kilkenny;" and, of course, Father Power's letter at once came to his memory.

"Has Mr. Seymour returned?" demanded Mr. Meldon of the servant.

"No, sir."

"Show the gentleman up."

"Yes, sir;" but Mr. Meldon saw a curious shade of smile upon John, the waiter's, face.

In a few moments, duly and emphatically announced, "Mr. McNaughten" made his appearance. He was a thin, dark complexioned man, with heavy brows and a black moustache, but no whiskers. Mr. Meldon thought he had seen him before. Mr. Meldon pointed to a chair.

When Mr. McNaughten had seated himself, and made himself somewhat at home, Mr. Meldon commenced the conversation.

"You came from Ireland?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have been in the neighborhood of my house?"

"And at your house, sir."

"Yes. Rev. Mr. Power speaks of

your ability and your desire to do me a service."

"And the public."

"You are a member of the force, then?"

"Certainly. I am in the detective department, and I have been sent to Slieve-na-Mon to collect information for the Executive."

"Regarding the murder of a man named Quirk?"

"Precisely. I have investigated the case, and I am to give you the results of my inquiry."

"Pray is that in order—is it within your discretion?"

"Certainly; and rather, as I view the matter, the dictates of my duty to the laws.''

"Oh, then, be good enough to proceed; I shall not interrupt you."

"Well, sir, first of all, the prime mover of the Executive and myself is one devoted to your friend Mr. Seymour, and certainly as much to Miss D'Alton, the daughter of Mr. D'Alton of Crag."

"Miss D'Alton knows him all her life."

"And he seems to know *you* all your life."

"What is that, sir?"

"It means only that had you been his nearest blood, his interest could not have been more intense, and he has gone through much labor, and has had some expense to incur."

"But pardon me. I was sent to the locality of the Crag, and I made no secret to the prominent people concerned, that I came to trace the guilty to his hiding-place. I saw, first of all, Mr. Baring."

"Ah, well, what of *him?*"

"He seems to be perfectly convinced that he knows the murderer."

"He does?"

"He names your servant Thomas Hayes, commonly called 'Crichawn.'"

"Pshaw!" replied Mr. Meldon.

"Well, sir," continued the detective, "I saw a servant girl at the Crag, and she declared that she was coming from a wake, and approaching the back gate, when she heard a shot; and immediately after she saw Hayes running away, gun in hand."

"Well, well!" interposed Mr. Meldon.

"The most singular evidence which I got was from a man who declared that he himself had conspired with Hayes to waylay and murder the man for having acted as a kind of constable at an ejectment some years before, when one of Hayes's friends was dispossessed."

"Awful!" cried Mr. Meldon.

"I have placed all that before my superiors, and I have placed alongside it all the information obtained through Hayes, Mr. Gifford D'Alton, and, above all, through James the Pilgrim; and James the Pilgrim is of opinion that the Executive will arrest your servant."

"But, Mr. McNaughten, what in the world has his opinion to do with the matter? And really your own mission is very mystifying — and the information terrible depressing.''

At this moment Mr. Meldon heard the voice of Mr. Leyton Seymour, who was inquiring for Mr. Meldon in the hall. Mr. Meldon did not ring. He went to the door of the sitting-room and called out "Seymour!"

In a moment Mr. Seymour presented himself.

"Mr. Seymour," demanded Mr. Meldon, "do you know that gentleman?" pointing to Mr. McNaughten.

Mr. Seymour looked at the detective, and became transfixed. After a moment, "Goodness!" he exclaimed; "Goodness! If we have not Downing, the North American convert, once again!"

Mr. McNaughten rose up, became as straight as the straightest ram-rod ever handled, and gave Mr. Seymour a full military salute.

A roar of laughter followed, and Downing looked as happy as a detective can look, and not a bit discomposed.

After some expressions of astonishment and some endeavor to elicit

information, Mr. Meldon was leading back to the condition of affairs at the Crag, when Mr. Seymour mildly reminded Mr. McNaughten, that he, Mr. Seymour, was an officer carrying her Majesty's commission.

"Oh, yes, sir, and you are bound by the articles of war."

"I am."

Mr. McNaughten placed his hand in his breast-pocket and drew forth a goodly sized packet from which he drew forth a sealed paper. It was the Queen's pardon for his supposed desertion. He presented another. It was his appointment to the police.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the influences through which I regained the good will of my superior officers and the pardon of my Queen, at this moment, I cannot reveal. But I am sure every one of them saw I was wronged."

"The papers are all right," said Mr. Seymour, "and that is enough for us."

"I have derived help and safety from the Pilgrim, and would repay him with my very life; but, sir, when I found that my old officer, my greatest of friends, was *so* concerned as you are, I assure you, sir, life is little."

"Thank you much, Downing, thank you much, but what of poor James? He must be in a frightful state just now."

"I do declare 'tis hard to know which of you he likes better; but for Miss D'Alton, James's liking takes the form of worship; and latterly for old Mr. D'Alton, who you are aware has attained a wonderful popularity among the people, from the night of the attack. The parish priest almost lives with him."

The detective glanced at Mr. Meldon, and detected him with his eyes raised up and a tear stealing down his cheek.

"Finally, then," interposed Mr. Meldon, in a voice full of feeling.

"Finally, sir, your servant will be arrested; and in March next he will be tried."

"Arrested! Tried!"

"It is his own strongest desire. It is the wish and desire of James the Pilgrim. It is my opinion that it should be so—for the safety of all—particularly of my old friend, Mr. Seymour, and," he slowly whispered, "Miss D'Alton."

"Do you not see it?" Mr. Seymour asked, looking at Mr. Meldon.

"Perfectly," replied Mr. Meldon. "The Pilgrim and Hayes think they have a triumphant case, and they want to take time, set uneasy minds at rest, and seize upon all the criminals together at the proper moment."

"You have hit the nail on the head, sir. You can depend on them, sir?"

"Ay, for one hundred lives. But stop. Ease your minds. Let it be in profound confidence. Well, sir, the man who fired the shot was the man who accompanied Quirk on his murderous mission. Quirk had wronged the man's sister or niece, and refused reparation, and he took an opportunity when all appearances would fix the deed on another to kill his enemy. But, gentlemen, my work here is done, and," taking out his watch, "I am for the sea this evening. My strongest wishes are gratified to see Mr. Seymour and to see James the Pilgrim's friend, and to settle your minds."

"We are thankful; we can now prepare our young friends, and their minds, in every circumstance, will be tranquil."

Mr. Meldon slipped a purse into Downing's hand, and the detective made a graceful bow, when both gentlemen shook hands with him.

Downing went straight out by the hall door, and the two friends were deeply preoccupied.

"Tell me, Seymour," Mr. Meldon said, out of a brown study, "tell me who is James the Pilgrim?"

"You do not know? Why, I thought

every one knew the dear old fellow. But do you *not* know him?"

"No—not in his relations with you."

"Yes, yes, I see! Well, then, James and I were friends when I was a little, little boy. James taught me to ride, and James played little games with me; and my father's last words were 'never lose sight of James.' My father left him an annuity which I have always remitted, and all my life I have kept communication with James. I now know James gives all the annuity away and lives on the friendship of the people."

"And your father was?——"

"The second son of Lord Leyton, and one time Governor of Van Dieman's Land. I am a nephew of the present good nobleman."

"I see all now," remarked Mr. Meldon. "Your father was the gentleman who obtained or gave James the Pilgrim his freedom and restored him to his country."

"Of course you have heard the story of my father's private secretary, and how much he owed the old Pilgrim."

"Yes, James makes a sermon on alms-giving about that, but he never mentions his name."

"Alas, he is dead: but even to the last he admired James the Pilgrim as much as the Governor did."

Here then was a combination of circumstances and events quite enough to make a story of themselves; and many a half hour's pleasant conversation and reflection they supplied to the ladies and the gentlemen, and doubtless to our friends at the convent, whither, at least Mr. Seymour makes his way, almost every day. We say, *at least*, because all our friends from Ireland are frequent visitors, and Ally Hayes frequently sojourns two and three days at a time with the nuns.

It was little wonder that Mr. Meldon deeply admired the modesty and the frankness that, each in its own time, distinguished the character of Mr. Leyton Seymour.

The gentlemen made up their minds that the communication of Irish news would be yet premature; and therefore the ladies continued to be kept in ignorance. But all Mr. Meldon's gravity could not restrain a humorous allusion, now and again, to titles and coronets, and so forth. Evidently Amy had been made aware of the matter, somehow; and Mr. Meldon shared his admiration for Mr. Seymour with his admiration for the future peeress, when he saw how profoundly she had kept the secret, in all her intercourse, even with her beloved friends, Clara Meldon and Ally Hayes.

Mr. Meldon was moving towards the door, on the mission of finding Amy and her friends preparatory to carrying out the day's projects, when Mr. Seymour cried out, "Why, you leave your purse behind you!"

"No——"

"Look, there it is, on the small table in the corner."

"By Jove, Seymour, your detective is a man of high spirit. I gave the fellow his expenses—or not much more, and he quietly accepts—and quietly declines them."

"I never doubted that fellow; though when he became a Roman Catholic, I had my hatred pretty lively. Singular Providence, that, almost unknown to myself, I have come to follow his track!"

Eight or nine days after the advent of the detective, the interesting reunion of Count D'Alton and his grand-daughter was expected, and the no less interesting meeting of Father John Hayes and his sister Ally. The time did not seem so long as generally such time seems to be, when waiting the looks of these we love; because every one had engagements which filled the heart or the mind, or both. One change of programme had, however, been adopted. Mr. Seymour made up his mind that Father John Hayes should be his god-father, and

the day of great change was therefore made to await his coming.

The gentlemen came in one day about two o'clock in the afternoon to proceed with the ladies to the British Museum, where some new works of art and some curiosities had lately arrived and created a sensation. They were not astonished to find engaging the ladies in conversation a gentleman between seventy and eighty years of age, and of a most earnest manner. His hair was quite white, and it fell nearly to his shoulders. His brow was heavy and of the same color as his hair; while he had a clear grey eye and firmly set mouth and chin. He was rather under the middle size; but he was so refined and symmetrical that he looked above it. The company were conversing in French.

Mr. Meldon advanced to the group who sat in a circular recess which contained a large window. Immediately after bowing to the stranger, Count D'Alton, for it was he, rose and with a grace which was perfectly noble, thanked both the gentlemen for the wonderful benevolence which had induced them to take so much pains in his case, and the wonderful blessing they were likely to confer on his childless old age.

"You must have suffered much, M. le Comte," remarked Mr. Meldon, "and I hope God is going to reward much."

"Only the justice of heaven which punished me, can ever know what I have endured. Ah, young lady," he continued, seeing tears flowing down Clara's cheek, "you pity an old man, and pity is divine."

"Alas! sir, I wish I could make you happy and tranquil?" Clara said.

"Well, tranquil I may become; but memory will always come to crush happiness. Do you know that I was hard, cruel, and unjust?"

"But remember you were acting according to your opinion," said Mr. Seymour.

"My opinion? Yes, I was; but the opinion was one begotten of pride, and pride blinded me to the examination of the case. I have been cruel, you know," said he, turning to the two gentlemen; "I turned him away because he married beneath him?"

"Yes," answered both together.

"Well, had I waited to examine, I might have found that, in birth and connections, Euphrasia St. Laurence was his equal, though she had little fortune at the time of her marriage. She has fallen in for a grand estate within the last half score years, and her daughter will be wealthy."

"Things will yet grow bright, sir," observed Mr. Meldon.

"Hardly," the Count replied with a sad smile. "The day that brought the letter from the clergyman who prepared him — a letter containing the authentication of Henry D'Alton's death as a private soldier, I felt my heart crushed, and no joy can ever grow there!"

"My God, sir, what was the regiment?" cried Amy D'Alton.

"The 30th, my fair child," answered the Count.

"Oh, sir! Oh, sir!"—poor Amy for a moment lost all consciousness.

"What is the matter?" demanded the Count greatly moved by the scene; "what is the matter?"

Mr. Meldon turned to Amy, greatly moved himself; and to the astonishment of Clara, her father's eyes were filled with tears, and he touched Amy's forehead with his lips.

"The fact is, M. le Comte, this is a namesake of yours."

Amy had suddenly brightened, and was trying to laugh at her own weakness. She turned imploringly to Mr. Meldon.

"Do not disturb yourself, sweet Amy. The Count will soon understand that there is some pleasure as well as pain in your excitement just now. M. le Comte," he said, turning to the Count, "it is curious that Miss D'Alton had a brother 'Henry D'Alton' too; still more singular that he was a private soldier in that same

regiment; and most singular of all that the certificate of his death, taken from the regimental records, came to his father's hands, and that the date tallies exactly with the date of your son's demise."

Count D'Alton vehemently clasped his hands.

"Stop, sir! Stop, sir! Oh, I beg your pardon! Surely you will not censure me, I know you will not; but you have the originals of all the letters, of which you sent me copies?"

They saw at once the agony produced by a possibility.

"Alas! sir, I do not blame you in the least," and unlocking a desk, Mr. Meldon placed a packet before the old man. "There, M. le Comte, there they are, numbered 1, 2, 3, &c.; open the packet, M. le Comte; no ceremony."

The poor man opened the packet, and the very first letter which he encountered was in his own hand-writing — the letter disinheriting his son, Henry D'Alton. The Count D'Alton gave a shriek.

"All hope gone!" he cried; "no hope remaining!"

For a moment—but only for a moment—Count D'Alton forgot that the fact of his son's identity had been perfectly fixed; and the poor old mind had been carried away by the mere *possibility* that all the copies of documents had no originals. It was only for a moment. The fine old nobleman, in a few minutes, rose from his chair; and gracefully moving across to Amy, he took her by the hand.

"Pardon me, my child," he said; "common sense forsook me for a moment. I ought to be thankful for the hope of having near my pillow, on my dying day, some one like you. For a moment I lost my senses. Ah! Miss D'Alton I—stop," he said suddenly. "If *my son* be not alive, may not *your brother* be alive?"

"Oh, M. le Comte, God bless you for that word! I longed to hear some one say it. I have never seen Henry D'Alton; and I have had no brother, no sister, and, until lately, no friend; but the old people say that Henry was very noble and very wise; and that papa had never been so hard-hearted had he not been deceived."

"We must try more for 'Henry D'Alton,'" the old count said, enthusiastically. "We must try more; and, I do declare, I shall rejoice in discovering *your* Henry nearly as much as if I found my own alive! We shall try, Mr. Meldon. It is worth while."

"Certainly, M. le Comte, it must be worth while."

"And Mr. Meldon! Mr. Seymour!" the poor girl wept out.

"Amy, my child," Mr. Meldon answered, "is there anything I would not do to make you happy? Is there?"

"Ah, no, sir, pardon me."

"Well," Mr. Seymour said, somewhat quizzically, "think you I can be indifferent?"

Amy smiled a sweet smile, that spoke a volume of confidence.

"The *Times*, sir," said the waiter, entering and approaching Mr. Meldon.

"Thanks!"

"Ho! ho!" cried Mr. Meldon.

Mr. Seymour reached over and saw at a glance, "The 'Hibernia' ashore in the Mersey." He caught, with great force, Mr. Meldon's arm, whispering, "Take care."

Seymour saved some pangs, for in a second edition of the paper, it was found that the "Iberia," not the "Hibernia," was the vessel on shore. and in a later edition it was found the "Hibernia" had been telegraphed, and was expected the next day at Liverpool.

Now, indeed, Count D'Alton's heart beat, and his countenance began to burn; and poor Ally Hayes began to pray; and all and every one of those in the hotel, had as much exciting expectation as engrosses most people, in a fairly long life But each of them endeavored to assure and console the other, and by the time they retired for the night, the

anticipations for all were dreams of bliss worth enjoying and being thankful for.

We may conclude the next day found all our friends on the way to Liverpool, and that nearly all their hearts were beating, or at all events, very much under the influence of an excitement seldom felt, even during years. Conversation was not active; indeed it never can be active, where an engrossing anticipation fills up the soul. The heart masters the imagination, then, and the volatile dreamer is obliged to rest tranquil, or go in the direction of the affections.

Count D'Alton, on the arrival of the party in Liverpool, at once proposed to charter a river steamer, and to meet the inward bound vessel some miles away. The confusion at landing would be great, he remarked, and the delicious moment of meeting their friends would be half spoiled, in the noise and bustle, when they touched shore. Mr. Leyton Seymour quite agreed, but he thought the "Hibernia" was a very fast vessel, and one that would not be induced to make a stoppage mid-river, particularly at that time of the year, and in such a dangerous water. Having tried at the proper office, they found Mr. Leyton Seymour was right, and were obliged to take their chance at the docks.

No ship ever came in fast enough for expectancy, and Clara and Ally Hayes were quite sure "something" must have happened. Even Amy, generally so philosophical, manifested in her brilliant eyes and heightened color, that her heart and hopes were very busy.

"I see her!" cried a gentleman.

"See the 'Hibernia,' sir?" demanded Mr. Meldon.

"Yes, sir."

"My glass is an excellent one, and I think the build of that vessel is different from that of the 'Hibernia.' I know that gallant vessel well."

"You are right, sir. By-the-by, there is a vessel further away in the offing, and gaining fast upon the one mistaken by me."

"That is the 'Hibernia,' sir."

"You await some passengers, sir, may I enquire?"

"We do—two friends."

"Our firm claims a small enclosure near the ship—at her hull in fact, and I cheerfully give your party the possession of it, if you will accept."

"Thankfully," replied Mr. Meldon; and all the party joined him in returning thanks for such an unexpected favor. Mr. Meldon said that likely Father John Hayes and his charge would be on the quarter deck, and therefore, would, at once become visible to the watchers.

Everything has its end, pleasure and anxiety, just like life. In fact every state and frame of mind is a little life of birth, growth, and departure. The noble ship soon began to show her majestic poop, and to spread her yards like arms of welcome or of wooing, as she swept up the river. Soon the masts and funnel became more defined. She then presented herself in all her life and beauty, and seemed to bow to the capital of commercial England, and to the crowd. She is up nearly abreast of Birkenhead. She seems to feel her way to the right, as if treading for the deep water. She pauses—proceeds—pauses and coughs for a new exertion. She approaches and snugs and snugs herself, and stands still amid enthusiastic cheers.

The "Hibernia" has arrived.

Sure enough our friends have full view of the quarter deck. Not there, however, but up high in the poop, the captain stands giving orders, and beside him is a beautiful stranger attired in a travelling dress of drab; at her left-hand side is a clergyman some thirty years of age.

The Count D'Alton sprang off the ground. His breast heaved convulsively; and he really had been in great danger only for the watchfulness of Mr. Meldon and Mr. Seymour, which was incessant.

"There she is!" the poor man cried; "there she is!" but the cry was a smothered one.

"They are coming down," said Mr. Seymour. "Upon my honor, Count," he said, "the lady's eyes are fixed upon you. Look! Look! how she glides! Why, the priest cannot keep up with her!"

And Mr. Seymour was quite correct. Straight—straight towards the group the fair girl made, turning hither and thither for a moment, as she might, and Father Hayes followed her amazed, and not much minded. She succeeded. Having got down the gangway to the landing-stage, the direction she took showed Father John Hayes, his sister Ally, and his best friends. The "Indian Queen" made straight for the Count. She stood before him, and kneeling at his feet, she pronounced in her low, sweet, loving tones, "My fader! My fader! Here is poor Noemi, de Indian!" and she attempted to kiss the Count D'Alton's feet.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SHOWING WHAT HAPPENED MR. SEYMOUR'S GREAT DAY—GIVING A SKETCH OF FATHER WILLIAM—MAKING ONE MORE VISIT TO THE CONVENT ON THE HILL, AND DISCOVERING A NEW INMATE—ALSO HOW A TELEGRAM ANNOUNCES THE NEAR DEATH OF FATHER AYLMER, AND HOW THE OLD PRIEST CAUGHT THE TYPHUS FEVER—AND FINALLY, POOR "CRICHAWN'S" ARREST FOR MURDER.

We may feel sure that the "great day" came as soon as practicable; the day of a new life and new hopes to Mr. Seymour, and, indeed, we may say, to all. Mr. Leyton Seymour's relations with Amy D'Alton extended his enjoyment to every one round him, and for the same reason, his hopes in the future became theirs. Nay, that November morning was a holy one across the Irish Sea, and prayers and sacrifice rose up to Heaven, invoking graces abundant on him who seemed chosen by Providence to guard the dear child, who had stored treasures incalculable in the hearts of the poor.

The officiating clergyman awaited the large and happy circle of worshippers, and met them so early as eight o'clock, a.m. The church was much frequented, and hence a private chapel was selected for the ceremonial. Thither they were led from the gate by the sexton—that is, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Meldon, the Count, Amy, Clara, Noemi, and Ally Hayes, were conveniently seated on priedieus around the altar.

Already the six wax tapers proclaimed the awful rite of faith and love as approaching, and entering from the left-hand side of the chapel, a clergyman presented himself, whose thoughts were the riches of thousands, and whose soul was a mine whence golden principles of the highest interior life had been derived for many a year of benediction.

Father William was a saint of the St. Philip Neri stamp. A genial charity irradiated features that bespoke love and confidence, by their tranquil peace and happiness. He combined the bloom of a noble manhood, with an asceticism seldom approached; and the joyousness of youth with a life so interior, that he never lost the consciousness of the divine presence. It was a privilege to know Father William, and it is a happiness to indite these few words to his memory, for he has gone to St. Philip, and rests in peace!

Into Father William's hands it was Mr. Leyton Seymour's happiness to fall, and no grace could be greater; it was enlightenment and strength, and firm motion towards the great end. Father William had trodden the way through which Mr. Seymour had for some time been passing, and happily, he was able to anticipate impressions, necessities, and questions, even before Mr. Seymour gave expression to them.

The hour of wonder to the catechumen had come. A new world opened its portals to him! Heaven and earth meet in visible reality; the de-

parting and the wayfaring are holding communication; the patriarchs, prophets, angelic choirs, and names of historic holiness with the Mother of the Lord, are all familiar objects of address *for the first time*. No wonder that the convert is for a while dazed with the infinity of supernatural associations, and that for him the world dwarfs into utter insignificance, at least for a time.

We need not describe the Blessed Baptism, the Holy Mass, the ecstacy of the first union with the Lord in the mystery of love, and the address of Father William, breathing the poesy of Christian thought, and firmly laying down ever in the light of a charming fancy, the principles which strengthen the soul to bring forth the fruits worthy of faith, and without which faith becomes man's most terrible accuser.

All had concluded. Father William gave his blessing to each and all. He cordially shook hands all round, and asked a prayer from every one as he was parting. The young American particularly struck him by her intense devotion, and he particularly asked a remembrance from *her;* and as he was parting the Count D'Alton, from whom he briefly learned the romantic history of his granddaughter, Father William warned him that the "Indian Queen" would "enter the desert again." The Count well knew what the expression meant, and in truth he became alarmed for a moment, lest the "found" should be "lost" to him after all his hope and sorrow.

As was to be expected, the convent on the hill had been visited, more than once, by Father Hayes, Ally, and Noemi; and, that, on the present delightful occasion, all adjourned to that place as soon as it was practicable. Great was the joy among the nuns, and the children got a holiday, and somehow the November clouds all cleared away from the beautiful scenery, and every one remarked that even the birds were deceived by the light and warmth of that November day, and came out to sing the pæans of their jubilee.

When the company had assembled in the parlor, and felicitations had been heartily interchanged, and many prayers sincerely breathed, Mother Mary's voice was heard above the little din of the happy throng. "To the chapel—the *Te Deum*" she said. All felt the command like something divine, and all moved off in a kind of pleasant precipitancy. They felt that "God had visited His people, and had raised up a horn of salvation in the house of His child, David."

Right heartily was the *Te Deum* sung, and Mother Mary, whom nothing escaped, marked that Noemi sang the canticle of triumph with exactness and with emphasis.

Very few words from the good chaplain of the convent closed the devotions, and all prepared to return to the parlor.

Mother Carolina approached Mother Mary and whispered. A bow was the response; and while all the other nuns and seculars trooped away to the corridor, the two cousins remained behind,

Mother Carolina pointed to a priedieu before the altar, and Mr. Leyton Seymour knelt down. Then Mother Carolina knelt beside him on the carpet, and read an "Act of Devotion to Our Lord Jesus Christ," and her voice had the ring of inspiration. Leyton Seymour turned his eyes upon his cousin, as if she were an angel, and she was. They left the chapel side by side, and as they passed the door into the corridor. Mother Carolina whispered in his ear. "You have knelt beside your cousin at the altar."

"Thank God, Mother! I remember your prophecy well. Poor Ella!" he continued.

"Your name and the name of that dear young maiden, Miss Hayes, were the last upon her lips!"

"Dear child!"

As the cousins entered the parlor,

they encountered a surprise prepared for them by "*Ma Mère.*" A young novice stood at the door, and as soon as Mother Carolina made her appearance, the novice hung around her neck reverentially, but ever so affectionately. It was a wonderful surprise.

"Sister! Oh, sister!" cried Mother Carolina. "Sister!" she cried again.

"Ah!" cried the white cap, in the sweetest voice in the world. "I am only a poor postulant from Ireland, poor sister Alicia."

"Great Mercy! Sister Alice Hayes! Oh, dear, dear child! Thank God! You are *so* welcome!"

The happiest man in England was Father John Hayes, when he kissed his sister on the forehead, and gave her into the hands of Mother Mary. Her mother in Ireland had already thanked God, that He had blessed her with a priest to pray for the family at the altar, and "now," she wrote, "I double my thanks that God has been good enough to accept my daughter as the Spouse of His Son, Jesus Christ."

Alas! Alas! In the midst of life we are "in death," and care ever tracks the footsteps of joy.

A ring at the door. A cap, and a breast-bag, and a blue coat, and a brown letter.

"Telegram for Mr. Meldon."

"Here!" cried the person named.

The young fellow was allured to come in—a very nice-mannered, gentle, boy-man, and he handed his brown missive. Mr. Meldon slipped him an extra shilling. The way in which he bowed was worth the money.

Mr. Meldon read aloud.

"Reverend Edward Power."

"To C. Meldon, Esq., Grosvenor, London.

"Father Aylmer is likely to die of fever. Thomas Hayes *imprisoned* for murder. Mr. Giffard D'Alton extremely uneasy, and anxious for his daughter's return!"

Such confusion as this missive produced among the little party has hardly been known, unless in the Brussels ball-room, on the eve of the great Battle of Waterloo. Father Hayes, although he knew the state of affairs, was afflicted by the imprisonment of his uncle; and dear Ally Hayes—well her confidence in God was simply unbounded, and the young postulant could see nothing in a harm or an evil which was not a sin. "God knows best!" was all her philosophy.

Reader! I wish Ally's philosophy were practically yours and mine!

Mr. Meldon was quick in his decision—they should proceed to Ireland at once. They could not be ready for the evening trains, but by the earliest train from Euston they would proceed in the morning to Holyhead.

In parting with Amy D'Alton, Alice Hayes yielded—she yielded to affection, deepened by obligations always growing, and to a kind sisterhood that never seemed conscious of conferring a benefit. She wept on Amy D'Alton's neck, and Amy's tears mingled with postulant's.

Father Hayes approached his sister, and addressed her kindly, but with some surprise that she would weep on an occasion of so much joy.

"But, Father," Mother Mary replied, "is there no such thing as 'joyous tears?' I recollect such an expression in an old song, long ago."

"I quite agree with you, *Ma Mère*," Mr. Meldon remarked, and surely the affections may manifest themselves without dissenting from the Divine Will. We can never forget that the Holy One wept at the grave of Lazarus, and gave occasion to the exclamation made by the Jews, "How he loved him!"

"The best and most devoted of our calling have ever manifested the class of feelings we witness in Sister Alicia. I should be very sorry if they were less intense. We strive, Father," she continued, turning to Father Hayes, "we strive to direct the affections, not to uproot them, or suppress them."

"Oh, I yield, *Ma Mère*," he rejoined, laughingly. Well he might, for the two mourners were now laughing at the amount of ascetic lore they had elicited by their parting embrace.

At length the seculars were placed in their carriages, and *en route* for the hotel, laden with blessings from the nuns and from the little ones, and all their minds filled with the gravity of the Irish news. The priest had become fully aware of the information brought from Ireland by Downey, the detective, and in some degree felt the safety of his uncle assured; and, yet, the case seemed a desperate one enough, for the cohesion of the several parts of the prosecution was quite indisputable.

They had not been long at the hotel before a card was handed to Mr. Meldon, and evidently gave him pleasure, for he at once rose up and went to meet the new arrival, and to bid him welcome.

"St. Laurence! A thousand welcomes!" he said. "But you are days after your time."

"A young lawyer, Mr. Meldon, must be eminently industrious, these times of competition. I took my holiday as soon as I was free."

"And just the evening before we leave for the County Tipperary. You recollect old Father Aylmer?"

"Oh, every one knows the dear old patriarch."

"They telegraph that he is dying, and I want ever so much to see him. And then old D'Alton of the Crag is also ill, and——"

"Oh, I am quite up in that case. I have had ever so much information from old James Feehan and from Thomas Hayes."

"Who, on yesterday, was committed for the murder of Quirk."

"The rascals!" shouted Mr. St. Laurence. "The rascals! Mr. Meldon, I go over with you. I am Hayes's counsel, retained by—by whom——?

"Well?"

"By James, the Pilgrim, and on the part of Mr. Giffard D'Alton, of Crag."

"God's Providence is working!" cried Mr. Meldon.

The two gentlemen soon joined the other members of the company, and the joy of all seemed full, notwithstanding the sinister rumors from beyond the sea. Mr. Meldon and his party had called on the St. Laurences passing through Dublin, so that old Sunday morning's acquaintance had not been allowed to die. From the first, Mr. St. Laurence had evidently no great inclination to leave any place where Clara Meldon was, and Clara was not more indifferent, though only now and then some fidgetings and blushes gave handles to Amy D'Alton, which in fact the poor child wanted much to resist the raillery of the bitter Clara Meldon.

Nearly all that night, Mr. St. Laurence remained up with Mr. Meldon, in the bedroom of the latter, and hundreds of papers were examined, and interesting discussions raised, which may engage the reader's attention in the next chapter.

Meanwhile we ought to see something about old Father Aylmer, and old D'Alton, of Crag.

Well, in truth, all the likelihoods are that Mr. Meldon will not see Father Aylmer again, and Mr. Meldon has more than once declared that "it is a matter of life or death" with him to overtake the old clergyman alive. But God is good!

The whole history of the parish priest has a claim upon us, and more particularly when the history has some of the edification of martyrdom.

Here it is then.

Father Ned Power has an average of a dozen calls every day to poor peasants in typhus fever. Every day, at 11 o'clock, he receives the calls from the parish clerk, and sets out upon his weary but beautiful mission. His last warning is always, "If any call comes between 11 and 4, don't, for your life, give it to the old man, unless the call be sudden, and mind

you go yourself, and see the call with you own eyes."

The clerk always promised, and was nearly always faithful to his word. When be broke his word in the fever-time of '49, many a heart was made sad. Yet he was hardly in fault.

Father Aylmer met John, the clerk, on the road one day. "John, you had thirteen calls for Father Ned this morning."

"Yes, sir, and——"

"Come, John, you have another call now. He can never stand it—so he can't come; he won't be back till six this morning. Come, give me that call."

"Oh, sir! Oh, sir! As shure as you're there, Father Ned 'ed brain me. Oh, faith I can't."

"I suppose they're the Sextons near the chapel?"

"Just——"

"That will do, avic," concluded the old saint, and he laughed joyously at his success in outwitting John, the clerk.

Off went Father Aylmer's old gig in the direction of the old chapel. There was a cold November mist, and a cutting, biting wind, and the roads were rutty and covered with water. But old Farmer Aylmer went on, thinking of the sick calls of fifty years ago, and how little he would think of a dozen of them in the year of our Lord, when the last Irish Parliament was sitting to pass the Union.

Having arrived, the first striking thing was that no one had come out to meet him. The house, to be sure, was a lonely house at the top of the hill, and the neighbors even if in near vicinage, might be unacquainted with the extremes to which the Sextons had been reduced.

Father Aylmer raised the latch of the door, and even the experienced veteran's heart sunk as he looked in. The whole contents of the single apartment, of which the house consisted, were a heap of straw in the corner, a single deal table, on which lay a jug and a bowl, and there was a couple of wooden stools on the floor. Every aspect within and without combined to lead one to the depths of the deepest misery and hopelessness. Let the reader add to all, in the fetid atmosphere of the dingy, dirty cabin, and on the single bed of straw lay four human beings, a father and three sons.

As we have remarked before, the day was Thursday, and awful to say, the whole of the wretchedness had compassed them and crushed them since Monday morning.

"My God!" cried Father Aylmer in their own tongue, "My God!" and the poor man for some time could add not a word more but "My God!"

"Ah, Father," cried the old man, the father of the invalids, "it came suddenly, and the neighbors do not know, or Father Ned; and Father *achree*," he said, still speaking in Irish, "I am sorry you have come. Oh, you are too old for this work now! Oh, you christened me, Father! You are too old for the spotted fever calls."

But now the question was, how the confessions were to be heard. They lay on the same sop of straw, as we have said, and close together. But the old man was equal to the difficulty. He ran out and brought in his rug, and his top coat was then taken off, and then the old counterpane from the bed, and then the fine old man wrapped three of them up in those coverings, one after another, and having placed them over against the wall, warm as he could made them he heard the confession of the single one remaining in the bed. Him he then removed and brought back to that wonderful confessional the next one to be heard and prepared for the Viaticum, until the four of them in pious, tranquil, and grateful minds, called him "*Angul na Thierna*," the angel of the Lord.

Before Father Aylmer turned home, he secured every kind of aid and service for the family. He got a nurse and a doctor, and he shared with the

family, by the hands of the nurse, what money he had in his purse or his pocket.

That evening Father Ned remarked that his old friend was not eating, and was pale, and he remarked also a shiver.

"Have you been out to-day, sir?" he inquired.

"I have, *avic*, I have; and now don't be angry with me, *avic;* and don't think John told me, it all happened by chance."

"You went to one of the fever calls? You went?"

"Well, *avic*, I would not like to make you angry!"

"And if you have caught fever — the spotted fever?"

"And, then, *avic*, is not the cause a good one? The good pastor lays down his life for his sheep."

"Ay, when necessary, Father Aylmer, — if you had no strong, able-bodied assistant, or if they were dying; but Father, Father, we cannot separate zeal and prudence."

"Well, Ned, *avic*, don't be angry; I believe — I believe I am sick."

Father Ned was in an agony, and well he might, for love like the old man's for him and his for old Father Aylmer, never has been found in the world. "My God! My God! Spare him," prayed Father Ned.

It was too true, the old man had caught fever — spotted fever of the most malignant type, and few could venture to indulge a hope of ever seeing Father Aylmer on the altar of a Sunday morning any more.

All kinds of help were present and active, but Father Ned would not be kept out of the room. He watched all the phases of the attack, and watched the medicines administered, and the time of administering them at night, although all day long in the saddle, or in the hovel.

"Ah! Ned — Ned *achree*! Do go to bed."

"Oh, sir, I am as fresh as a lark."

"Ned, what shall I do if you get sick — if *you* get sick — and what will the poor people do?"

"Oh, God is good. Now do not be weakening yourself. There's no fear of your old friend, Ned Power."

"Ned, I baptized you, and I placed the little surplice on you eight-and twenty years ago, when you were ten — what was I saying, Ned?"

Father Ned became terribly alarmed by the appearance of delirium, and he hastened by all his authority to insist upon quiet; and he tried to obtain the best and safest sedatives, while he tried to keep the system up by some stimulants.

The parish was pretty tranquil for seven or eight days, but at the end of that time the excitement rose to a high degree. The poor people ran to the old chapel, and flung themselves before the altar, crying to have their "Father" preserved, and they embraced his old confessional, and knelt down at the door; and they came to his little garden, and sat all day around the hedge; and sometimes all the warnings and threats in the world could not prevent such a cry and wail of distress, all about the dwelling, as was almost killing to every one who heard it. Poor Father Aylmer was happily too much stricken to hear the outside lamentations.

Father Aylmer was growing worse, but by God's blessing, he retained his faculties unimpaired, and was enabled to make perfectly well his preparations for the long journey. Sometimes, however, he afflicted Father Ned by his old heart-ways.

"Ned, do you know that stole wrought with gold and flowers, and which has some few precious stones?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want to give that to the greatest friend God ever gave man."

"Very well, sir."

"Show it to me."

Father Ned brought out the stole.

"Father Ned, *avic machree*, put that around your neck, and wear it for the old man that often gave you trouble, and ——"

"Oh, for God's sake, sir!" and poor Father Ned was obliged to make away, lest he should injure himself,

the patient, and every one around him.

The thirteenth day came, and the strength of Father Aylmer had every day become less equal to the combat with typhus. The consciousness went abroad that he got worse, and the whole district was shrouded in woe. The number who came weeping to the door to obtain information regarding their father, kept one man employed from morning till late at night. Every kind of person, however, came — the servants of the gentry, and the gentry themselves, the farmers, the laborers, and the very beggars of the way. Two persons never failed. A messenger came three times every day from Mr. D'Alton, of Crag, and "Crichawn" came six, seven, and eight times a day, till he almost lived at the parochial house. One day, about 9 a.m., "Crichawn" received a message from the Sextons, which "Crichawn" immediately answered in person. Old Sexton had just been able to sit in a chair, which Father Ned had sent him. The three boys were poorly enough, but likely to survive the fever.

"Chrichawn" found things very different indeed from the condition which Father Aylmer encountered, yet still the place was so confined, and the number of sick so great, that this hard November weather ventilation was difficult.

"Tom, you're not afraid!" asked the old man, when "Crichawn" came in.

"Afraid? Oh, no!" answered "Crichawn."

"Tom, I want to go to the chapel."

"The chapel, man! Are you mad? You couldn't walk to the chapel to save your life."

"Tom, you are the only man in the country could carry me to the chapel — carry me in Father Alymer's chair, an' lay me at the altar-foot, over the grave of the last parish priest!"

"Crichawn" looked astonished.

"An' you want to go?"

"More than my life — I wish it."

"Well, you will tell me why?"

I want, Tom!" the poor fellow got weak and excited; "I want — I want to say — to say to God — Great God! Take Paddy Sexton's life, and lave the father of the poor to the poor and the holy altar."

"' Tis no one but God who spared you — no one!" cried "Crichawn," and before another remark could be made, he had chair, blanket, and patient, and all, passing across to the chapel.

At the altar's foot Pat Sexton was laid down, and there on his face he cried the cry of heroic charity and self-immolation, "Take Paddy Sexton."

As he finished, a clap of thunder was heard. "You'll get your prayer," cried "Crichawn."

Coming down the road about 10 o'clock, a policeman announced to "Chrichawn" his arrest for the murder of Quirk; and a quarter of an hour afterwards Father Ned Power telegraphed the news to the place where he knew Mr. Meldon would be found in London.

In due time the travellers made their appearance, and, of course, every one was in deep distress. Worse and worse the old priest grew, and hope at last would hardly flicker. The sixteenth day he was very prostrate, and could hardly make himself intelligible, even in a whisper.

"Father Ned, you forgive me!"

"Ah, sir, don't afflict your poor friend; try and live for him."

"Give me absolution, Father Ned — again! I am heartily sorry! Put the blessed candle in my — my sight — where are you, Father Ned?"

Just at this critical moment, Mr. Meldon's voice was heard on the stairs, and Father Hayes accompanied him. No others attempted to enter the house. When Mr. Meldon saw the lighted candle in the hand of his friend, and saw the pale face and parted lips, from which one could hardly think the breath of life any

longer was coming, he clasped his hands, and kneeling down, cried "Too late! Too late!"

There was now a pause, broken by the sobs of the servants, and we must add by those of Father Ned. A rapid step was heard upon the stairs. It was James the Pilgrim, who made no apology for coming right into the room. He went over to the head of the bed, and laid his hand upon the forehead of the dying man, when, to the astonishment of all, Father Aylmer's eyes opened — he turned them on James the Pilgrim.

"I believe I had fainted, James," he said.

"You are safe, sir," James replied. "'Tis your crisis!"

And so it was; Father Aylmer commenced to recover.

When "Crichawn" heard of the change—poor fellow—he was in the police office still. "Ah, I knew" said he, "that God spoke to Pat Collins."

We have nothing to add to chapter the twenty-fourth, only that when Father Hayes was leaving the convent on the hill, he handed Mother Mary a cheque.

"What is this for, Father?" asked the good mother.

"That is my sister's dowry," answered the priest.

"But Mr. Meldon has paid the dowry."

"Ah, well, *ma mère*, never mention a word of this transaction to Mr. Meldon—whom God bless! but apply the money to receive some worthy lady whom God will call, and who will be, as my Alice thought she was, without a dowry. Mr. Meldon's alms have doubled his success in God's service."

CHAPTER XXV.

SHOWING WHAT IS TO COME.

The spring assizes of 1849 brought busy scenes and busy-bodies to Clonmel. Clonmel at any time is an active, crowded, bustling thoroughfare; so that even on an ordinary market-day, the streams of people that flow in through the great archway to the Main-street in the morning and out again in the afternoon, appear large enough to fill twice as many streets as Clonmel can boast. Yet that great concourse is only half the multitude, because from the Slieve-na-mon side just as many come to gain money or to spend it or enjoy the recreations, which to the honest farmer or farm-laborer are such a boon.

We mean to say from all this what we have indicated above, that Clonmel at an assize time looks as nothing we have ever seen looks but Clonmel, a town packed to repletion, with all kinds of stands and merchandises—and all kinds of people and all kinds of merriment and frolic begotten of the excitement of numbers and the happiest dispositions and temperaments in the world.

But at assize times we need not say that there are sad souls and gloomy apprehensions and deep suffering, of which the crowd does not dream; and that fathers, mothers and friends feel the darkness deeper from the joyousness which surrounds them: nay it is a singular thing enough that in our sorrows we wonder how any others can be glad, and feel almost jealous of the enjoyment of others when our hearts cannot share them. So it is in Clonmel today.

Everything must have an end; and poor "Crichawn's" suspense, and the suspense of his many friends, must have its termination. One way or another, an honest acquittal or an unmerited sentence must, on this very day, or on to-day and part of to-morrow, justify innocence or give triumph to murderous malignity.

There has been great training of witnesses. Crown lawyers and crown solicitors examining, harmonizing and arranging things hard enough to be fitted together; and the council for the defence, of course, engaged in the same laudable occupation and solicitous to the last degree that no part

of their secret armory should be manifested until the proper time for bringing forth their weapons and striking the blow for justice and their client.

Alas! how often zeal, ability, and a good cause are no matches for the conspiracy of black hearts or the avarice of corrupt ones.

The court is quite filled to-day and all our male acquaintances are there. Seats of honor have been provided near the bench, and Count D'Alton and Mr. Meldon have been invited to seats at either side of his lordship the judge. The crown lawyers are in great force and so are the magistracy and the police; while Mr. St. Laurence has a junior council and is well instructed by Mr. Collopy, the celebrated solicitor from Waterford. Every one was glad to see Father Aylmer in the court-house and our friend Father Ned Power; because the genial looks of the old man, and the frank, free glance and bearing of the young man imparted a kind of happiness as well as confidence to the flock that was devoted to them.

We ought to say that Mr. Baring and his friends are some in a corner —and some in the passages about the dock, and all of them, nearly, appear in exuberant spirits at the aspect of success which their bad cause seems to assume.

And "Crichawn?"

Crichawn stood with his hands quietly resting between the bars of the dock. He was a little paler than was his wont, but he was "as firm as the rock of Cashel." We have long known that "Crichawn" had mastered the true philosophy of faith, and whilst guarding himself by foresight, he is always prepared for issues—confident that such issues have been regulated by "weight and measure," and that inevitably what *is*, when it is not our *own* doing, must always be what is *best*.

What a world of sorrow the true philosophy would spare mankind; and how independent it would render him among the casualities that so often crush peace!

The case was opened by the counsel for the crown—and opened in a spirit of marked moderation. He detailed all the incidents of the awful night of the murder—at least all the incidents with which he had been made acquainted. He told the jury their responsibilities and the subject's rights. "Society should be protected," he said, "but not by a spirit of vengeance that sought victims only to satisfy hatred and allay apprehension. The case against the prisoner was an extremely strong one; but he should have the benefit of an honest doubt if it arose. Nay, I will add," he concluded, "that the evidence of the approver in this case must be received with all due regard to his antecedents; and that if not perfectly confirmed by that of Mary Wilson, commonly called *Maureen bour*, a conviction would not be justifiable." The counsel sat down leaving a feeling of satisfaction in the mind of the court, the bar, and the public.

We need not stop to say that the finding of the body was proved by the police and by old Mr. D'Alton. The doctor proved the mortal nature of the wound; and the ball which had done the deadly work was placed in the hands of the jury. The ball was rifled and small, and evidently satisfied the jury that the piece from which it had been discharged ought to be easily discoverable; as the bore was so unusual.

As the reader will anticipate, Mr. Charles Baring was the next witness called. He swore he had met the prisoner going armed in the direction of the Crag one hour before the time named as the time of committing the murder. In his cross-examination he swore he had no hatred to the prisoner; but admitted that, for sake of peace and justice, he would like him to be removed from the locality. He admitted that the prisoner had knocked him down and bound his hands behind him, most improperly interfering between

himself and his cousin. But when Mr. St. Laurence began to develop Mr. Baring's manner of paying his addresses, and how much paying his debts depended upon the addresses being successful; and how "Crichawn" had been "always crossing and worrying him," Mr. Seymour, cold as he seemed to be, could hardly be restrained from going over to the dock to shake "Crichawn" by the hand. It was quite clear from the laugh that accompanied Mr. Baring, as he left the witness-box, and the cheer that accompanied Mr. St. Laurence as he bowed to the judge and sat down, that at least popular judgment had discovered reasons for private hatred enough; and that a good deal besides Mr. Baring's evidence would be required to "hang by the neck" the poor prisoner at the bar.

Maureen Bour, Mr. Baring's female servant, was the next link in the chain. She had positively seen the prisoner immediately after the report of the second gun, and he was running away from the back gate of the Crag, bearing in his right hand what seemed to her a gun. In cross-examination she admitted a great regard and love for her young master; but she would be far from swearing away the life of his enemy to please him. She would leave things of that kind to "*Furriners from Dublin*;" and *Maureen* tossed her head with the pride of all Tipperary. People of *Maureen's* kind never know where to stop, and such vixens mar the fortune they want to make by indulging their pretensions. They show too much. We are sure no lady-reader of "The D'Altons" could be found so foolish.

Now came the first and very awful direct evidence. It was one of the companions of Quirk. He swore plainly that himself and "Crichawn" had conspired to murder Quirk, in consequence of a wrong that Quirk hod done to the prisoner's family. They had known for certain that Quirk was coming on that errand to the Crag that night, and they made up their minds to do for him. They waited till he was on the ladder, and as the prisoner hated the murdered man, and did not hate Mr. Giffard D'Alton, he knocked him over.

In the cross-examination there was a good deal of confusion on collateral things; such as how he had known of the intended murder of Mr. D'Alton; why he should conspire against Quirk and help the prisoner at the bar, &c.; but the main evidence, though clouded, was there in all its original dimensions.

Mr. St. Laurence now rose. All felt that Mr. St. Laurence had an arduous duty; but all felt he was equal to the burthen. He ridiculed the motives, not at all proved, by which the prisoner was supposed to be influenced. He dilated on the character of Mr. Charles Baring, who would find more and more astounding effects coming from this trial than he had ever divined or calculated. He, the counsel, would prove that the ball could not have been fired from the gun belonging to Mr. Meldon and found at Mr. Meldon's residence. He would prove the prisoner to have been at home, at the hour the servant-maid swore he had been at the Crag. He would even find the gun which had been employed on the occasion of the murder; and he would bring an eye-witness who had seen a man fire the shot; *and that man was not the prisoner.*

It was really found that the ball did not answer the rifling of Mr. Meldon's piece. Two servants swore that the prisoner had come home by eleven o'clock, and had no gun with him at all, and that *Maureen Bour* must have been mistaken when she thought she saw him on early morning at the Crag. So far, the cause of "Crichawn" seemed to improve and the power of the conspiracy be relaxing.

But when, by order of Mr. St. Laurence, the crier called "Patrick Kearney" the interest became intense because Kearney was a distant rela-

tive and a companion of the approver, whose direct evidence was of so much importance.

Kearney stepped on the table with a bold determined tread. He looked round at the judge, jury, and court. He then said to the judge, "My lord the judge, I am come to tell the court all about this."

Mr. St. Laurence saw that Kearney was making an impression and gave him his own way.

"Go on then, Kearney, and tell your story," said Mr. St. Laurence.

"Well, my lord the judge, 'Crichawn' was not at the Crag that night and I *was*."

"*Who* is 'Crichawn?'" demanded his lordship.

"'Tis a nickname of Thomas Hayes, my lord," answered Mr. St. Laurence.

"The prisoner was *not* there, and I *was*."

"That is your answer?" demanded the judge.

"Yes, my lord the judge."

"Well?"

"Well, my lord the judge, I was in the meetin' at the foot o' the mountain, whin eight men sentenced old Mr. D'Alton to death!"

"Sentenced him to death!"

"Yes, my lord the judge; but I tell you, my lord the judge, I wint to the meetin', an' I was sint there by 'Crichawn' to watch over th' ould man's life; an' I said not a word to any wan; but as I knew the road an' the hour, an' all, I borrowed a revolver from a friend an' I stood behind the pier at the gate; and I saw Quirk shot down—I did."

"Who shot him?" demanded the judge with an appearance of great interest.

"The man that swore 'Crichawn' shot him. Quirk had wronged that man's sister."

"And what brought you armed to the place?"

"Oh, my lord, I'll tell you. If his enemy didn't shoot Quirk, I would shoot him to purtect ould Giffard D'Alton; an' neither God or man would blame me; because the ould man is turned round to God an' the people."

"Why did you not give information to the police?"

"Och! none o' the Kearney's ever stagged; an' besides the fellows know every stir o' the police, an' would shoot me or dhrown me; or somethin'."

"And now?" the judge demanded.

"Well, now, my lord the judge, I don't care what happens. I'm not afraid a bit; but, my lord the judge, that boy at the bar fed my sister an' my mother, an' myself when we wur bad; an' he had only his own two hands! yis my lord the judge, if I save the innocent man and the *far chree*——"

"What is that?" said the judge.

"That's 'the man of the good heart,' my lord the judge. If I save him, I'm satisfied to die."

Kearney on cross-examination admitted he had joined the "patriots" a good while ago; but *that* time they talked of nothing but a "rising." His oath was to be "thrue," and "I was," said Kearney firmly; "but my lord the judge, there was no robbin' or murtherin' then, at all; on'y sense the captain——"

"Ah, Kearney," interfered Mr. St. Laurence, "you are not to talk of anything outside the trial. Do not mind the captain."

A policeman laughed slyly and looked askant at Mr. Baring, who was pale as death. He remembered what Mr. St. Laurence had said—that more important things than he had dreamed of would come out of this trial; and of all people, he knew, that some of the "important things" might seriously affect Mr. Charles Baring, himself.

An extremely important witness came forward after Kearney. He was a man of wonderful physique and quite decisive in action and mode of expression.

Mr. St. Laurence asked him if he

knew two pieces which were presented to him for examination.

"Yes," was the decided answer.

"You have had them in your possession?"

"Yes."

"Where did you get them?"

The witness smiled a meaning smile. "I took 'em by force from the *budach*, that was swearing agin 'Crichawn,' an' I kicked him home in the bargain. I'd bate tin like 'im—the villian."

"Gentlemen of the jury," Mr. St. Laurence said, "both of these guns belong to the same gentleman — Mr. D'Alton's nephew; and one of them perfectly corresponds with the fatal ball. I am not going to explain the correspondence."

Mr. St. Laurence sat down.

The crown counsel asked only one question — and he looked at the jury a humorous look.

"Who sent you to seize the arms — the prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes."

"That will do," said the crown counsel, as if the case had been settled.

The judge, on the occasion, took copious notes of the evidence, and his lordship's charge was a masterpiece of combining and arranging in such a manner as to leave hardly anything to conjecture or to doubt. Few have preceded him who have so impressed his generation, and few will follow him who will sway all souls as he has, by the consciousness of intellectual power and inflexible justice. He was able to see the beauty of a moral sentiment, even where he discovered what might be called deep legal guilt; and even when he was inflicting penalties, the sufferers felt the genial sympathy that yielded to stern necessity, and, that the sentence pained the man whilst it was pronounced by the judge. "Crichawn" himself declared that no man could listen to the judge without "praying for him and thinking of him like a brother."

The judge was evidently impressed by the evidence of Kearney; and yet taking Kearney as a man present at the conspiracy to murder Mr. D'Alton, some of the character of an approver attached to him, also, and his evidence should be supported by independent testimony. Nealon's evidence was important if they believed that the two guns were taken from the approver by force; but unfortunately for the prisoner, the witness and himself were identified, for it was he who sent Nealon to seize them. The first witness in the case, Mr. Baring, would be awfully compromised because, as sworn, the ball exactly fitted the rifle which was admittedly his, and did not fit the gun from which the prisoner was supposed to have fired. If they believed Mr. Meldon's servants, and thought them sufficiently exact about the hour of the prisoner's return home that morning, the case was ended. His lordship placed the case in their hands quite sure that it would receive patient investigation, and that their sentence would be according to evidence.

The question seemed to receive patient investigation enough; for the jurors, after three or four hours' absence, found it "impossible to agree;" and one of them insisted on calling the doctor or surgeon who examined the wound to ascertain from him the "incidence" of the ball, as the wound would be more oblique if the person was near, and more sharp if fired from the gate. The doctor seemed to go strongly against the theory of the "sharp incidence" and so far the prisoner's case improved; but still in the jury room the "weight of evidence" seemed to be against him. Finally they were locked up for the night and sentinels placed over them, to prevent all communication with the outer world.

The court adjourned; the people went to their homes, and hundreds who firmly believed in the innocence of "Crichawn" concluded that the

conspiracy would destroy him. The judge himself believed that a kind of mystery hung around the case which time alone would be able to solve.

At the sitting of the court next day, the judge having made all preparations and inquiries was about commanding the presence of the jurors, and the court was packed to a degree that defied patience, when a policeman outside the door cried with a stentorian voice, "Make way, my men! make way! Let in the magistrate! Let Mr. Briscoe in!"

And sure enough the crowd did open; and in came a well-known country magistrate; and of all people on earth, who came with him but Father Ned Power, Catholic curate of the prisoner's parish!

The sideways of access to the bench soon opened an approach, and the two newcomers came and bowed to the judge. His lordship the judge pointed to a place beside himself for the magistrate, and Mr. St. Laurence obtained accommodation for Father Ned in close proximity.

Everyone felt something important was being enacted, and the multitude became as still as the churchyard.

Two more, a respectable farmer and a woman came in and proceeded to join Mr. Briscoe. What can it be?

At length the Judge, who was deeply moved—indeed, every one saw two big tears on his lordship's cheek—turning towards the jury and and speaking in a voice of deep solemnity, said, "Gentlemen, the grave has solved your doubts and relieved you from responsibility!"

Of course the sensation was awful.

"The girl, Mary Wilson—the witness who swore to the prisoner's presence at the scene of the murder—is dead! Mr. Briscoe has taken her dying depositions, and two witnesses are here to attest them. She swears that her oaths on that table were all perjuries; that she was not present at the place at all; and that she had been suborned by a certain person whose name she gives but whose name I do not intend to reveal at present, in fact she had been purchased to 'swear away the life of Thomas Hayes, commonly called 'Chrichawn.' She would not go before God without striving to do justice. And these depositions, gentlemen, were her last act in life.'*

The jury were in estacies. The crowd first swayed to and fro and then cheered again and again. and the judge sympathized too much with the people to appear angry.

"Much is due to you, Mr. Power, for your energy and prudence. You could have done nothing better than bring such a magistrate as Mr. Briscoe to the girl's bedside."

Immense cheers hailed this observation, particularly because Mr. Briscoe was a staunch Protestant.

The jury's sentence has been anticipated by our readers; and we may suppose the wonderful excitement of the crowd. "Crichawn" was not only a public favorite, but really, in his own way, he was a public benefactor. "Gentle and simple" rejoiced in the proclamation "Not guilty;" and Clonmel went stark mad on the evening of poor "Crichawn's" manumission.

How Father Ned Power escaped with his life no philosopher could explain. He was claimed on one side and claimed on another side, and he should be "chaired;" and he should be entertained; and in fact as gentlemen and traders and farmers and la-

*It will interest the reader to state that the case of Mary Wilson is no imaginary conversion at the death-hour. The author one day, in the year 1849, was working his way through a cholera hospital, when, after preparing a woman for death, she called for the doctor in charge of the institution. The doctor shortly after called two witnesses, and at the close of the interview with the dying woman, the doctor held her depositions declaring that three days before her death she had sworn away, and falsely sworn away a man's life, who at the moment of her conversion was within four or five days of execution. It is unnecessary to say that the man was not hanged; on the contrary, he was liberated by the crown.

borers were all laying violent hands on Father Alymer's curate, he had hard lines to choose in order to escape. But Father Ned, though he seldom tried the hard lines, was quite equal to the duty of adopting them; and hence nearly always contrived to have "his own way." At any rate Father Ned got home with whole bones, even though he carried with him part of the way the acquitted prisoner "Crichawn."

We suppose the reader feels badly treated at our apparent forgetfulness of the Crag, and the home of Mr. Meldon. But in truth we wished to leave the reader's mind free for the pleasant scenes that so wonderfully changed the Crag and its venerable master, and did justice to patience and contrition. Mr. Meldon was not easily moved; but every one saw that he shook hands with "Crichawn," as if "Crichawn" had saved the life of the nearest and dearest Meldon in the world; and considering the extremely exact views of etiquette entertained by Mr. Meldon, it was astonishing that he took "Crichawn" from Father Ned and brought him home with him in the same carriage with Mr. St. Laurence. There were bonfires to meet them on many a spot between Clonmel and Kilsheelam; but the two largest of all the bonfires were those before Mr. D'Alton of Crag and before the house of Mr. Charles Meldon.

Strong a man as was "Crichawn," he yielded to the kindly manifestations which he beheld; and told Mr. Meldon three or four times, they were "too much for him;" but Mr. Meldon answered, "Thomas, they are all for justice and the victory of right. God bless our dear Irish people."

"May I go now, sir?" said "Crichawn," just when they arrived at Mr. Meldon's door.

"Where?" asked the master.

"Wisha, sir, in to see the poor widow — to see Ally Hayes's mother."

And "Crichawn" followed his good heart "into the widow's."

CHAPTER XXVI.

SHOWING THE END.

In the evening of this eventful day, we accompany Mr. Meldon and "Crichawn" to the Crag. Not only Amy and Clara awaited them there; but they found Mr. St. Laurence and Mr. Leyton Seymour and Father Aylmer and Father Ned Power gather round the old gentleman, Mr. Giffard D'Alton, who wept at the scene, because it brought to his mind old times which he had made sad ones.

Father Aylmer had been just reminding him of God's goodness and justice, and how grateful we all ought to be, for His protection, when Mr. Meldon entered the drawing-room and shed an influence around him which made itself always felt.

And that drawing-room — what a change poor Mr. D'Alton's new phase of mind and heart had wrought! The whole house looked under the spell of fairy transformation; but the drawing-room competed with that of Meldon Hall described in the twenty-second chapter. It was a blaze of splendor regulated by perfect taste. Amy D'Alton felt happy and may be a little proud. When first she entered she was struck with surprise, but Amy spoke not a word. She merely rushed across the room and embraced her father, weeping on his bosom, weeping for very joy.

About half-past eight o'clock, the the servant John, holding the door open in his hand announced "Count D'Alton!"

The Count bowed with his usual grace, and made his way to Amy D'Alton. In a moment Clara was by his side to inquire about Miss D'Alton, and to complain of her absence. The Count promised to bring Euphrasia another evening, soon; but this evening she felt excited and indisposed. Her maid was devoted to her; and he was in the way, in fact, or he should not have thought of leaving her.

At length the Count was seated,

and Clara became his interpreter with Mr. D'Alton. The Count expressed great delight with the scenery and people, and complimented Mr. St. Laurence on his "splendid defence of Hayes, because, although he had lost much by his imperfect knowledge of the language, he was able to gather the substance of the address for the defence."

Mr. St. Laurence, who spoke French perfectly, adroitly changed the topic of conversation by remarking that he supposed the Irish and French and Austrian D'Altons were the same family.

"I have been speaking of that to Mr. Giffard D'Alton," replied the Count; "and there is little doubt on my mind or his."

Mr. Giffard D'Alton remarked that the surnames of the families and the traditions of their migration were quite the same.

"And most wonderful, M. le Comte, that you and Mr. D'Alton should have two sons named Henry," remarked Mr. St. Laurence.

"And born about the same time," remarked Father Ned.

"You touch a sad chord, *mon père*," replied the Count: "but really the fate of the two 'Henrys' has been the cause of my coming to this country."

"Your son is certainly dead?" demanded Mr. St. Laurence, addressing himself to the Count.

"Alas! I have seen all the proofs, even to my own letters of doom and hardheartedness which drove him from my side."

Clara translated only the portion about the letters. She would not give more pain.

Old Giffard D'Alton hung down his head.

"Reverend John Hayes!" cried John the Butler—and in came Reverend John Hayes. Father Aylmer rose and went to meet his "little altarboy" and embraced him heartily.

Father John had an album under his arm; and Amy saw at a glance it was the same which contained Mr. Seymour's sketch of the charming mansion beyond the Atlantic. Amy D'Alton's heart beat fast, and she was just beginning to guess why.

"You come like a boy to school, smiling," said Mr. Meldon.

"Or a tutor to teach young ladies," answered Father Hayes.

"You are welcome!" cried old Mr. D'Alton.

"We have been talking," said Mr. Seymour of the two 'Henrys.'"

"I have heard of that story."

"What is your belief?"

"Why, I believe the D'Alton of Crag is alive!"

"You!" cried the old man, "Oh you! You, Father Hayes?"

"That is my belief, Mr. D'Alton."

"My God! *Why* do you believe it?"

"Because I have seen Mr. Henry D'Alton. I have spoken to him. I have eaten of his bread and drunk of his cup."

"Heaven!" cried the old man.

"I suppose, Miss D'Alton," Father John continued, "you would like to see a sketch of where Mr. Henry D'Alton resides, and where I have enjoyed his society and fine hospitality."

Father Hayes shook his head warningly, and she understood his meaning perfectly.

Father Hayes opened the album at the place where the sketch had been made; and Amy received it from his hand now bearing at the foot the words:

"Meldon-hall, the seat of Henry D'Alton, Esq."

Amy did not faint. The whole evening had been a shadow of some coming event.

Clara next moved in the sweet domestic drama,

She rose up and deliberately went across to where old Mr. D'Alton was, and sat upon his knee, placing her little white right hand upon his.

"Why, Clara!" he said.

"Tell me, sir, had I a grandfather?"

"Why, child, what a question!"

"I wish, sir, it were — were YOU!"

"Well, darling, I too wish it were!"

"And you would wish little Clara were your granddaughter?"

A tear rolled down the old man's cheek, and he sighed.

"Yes, indeed, my child."

"Well, you are, sir! you are!" and with a burst of feeling she added, "I AM CLARA D'ALTON, AND AMY IS MY AUNT, AND MY PAPA IS YOUR SON."

The old man looked bewildered. The news was wisely told — and not a bit too wisely.

"Mr. Hayes, you knew Henry?" in a low, agonized voice, said old Mr. D'Alton.

"There he is, sir," answered Father Hayes jubilantly. "There he is and there's your little granddaughter on your knee. Mr. Leyton Seymour and I have known Mr. Henry D'Alton for years and loved him. It was partly by my importunities, Mr. Henry came home to be near you in the time of trial."

Henry D'Alton is at his father's feet. Amy is kneeling beside him. Clara has come from the old man's knee and takes her place beside her father, and every one has a blessing and a prayer.

"Send in Thomas!" cried Mr. Henry D'Alton to John, for whom he had rung.

Thomas Hayes, poor faithful "Crichawn," presented himself; and with him Nelly Nurse, and old John the Butler, and every one in the house.

"The lost is found!" cried "Crichawn." "The lost is found, thank God!"

* * * * * *

Unfortunate Baring had brought into his presence, by Mr. St. Laurence, Shivawn and her sister, Kearney, Nelly Nurse and all who could prove his conspiracy and attempt to murder, and accepted a settlement in New Zealand. Henry lives with his father at the Crag. "Crichawn" and the widow are the owners of Mr. Meldon's house near Kilsheelan. Clara is to be the owner of the beautiful dwelling beyond the sea, and Mr. Leyton Seymour is about to retire from the army. The reader can easily guess the coming combinations; and the author may assure him that he, the said author, writes with great reluctance at the foot of this twenty-sixth chapter,

THE END.

The Immaculate Conception.

The Eighth of December.

THE Church joyfully sings on this day in praise of the purity of the Blessed Virgin Mary:

Our tainted nature's solitary boast.

A convert Catholic often finds a difficulty in the position given to her, and in the homage she receives, and is perhaps jealous of a woman being so honored, and may feel irritated by the frequent "Mary" of Catholic devotion, or prejudiced by the Protestant writings that degrade her, fearing with a needless fear to lose the vision of the Crucified One, by a side glance at His Mother; all this, and more, melts away in the illumination of the Immaculate Conception.

We read of the Indians who feeling their inferiority submitted to the cultured Spaniard. They trusted some one above them in all things, some one out of their sphere, and higher than their imaginations had ever reached; there was no jealousy, or irritation, or even fear until sin lowered the Spaniard to the level of the savage. So far are we from Mary, and no sin in her ever put us on a level. The ignorance, the irritation, the very fear, is lost in the beauty, the glory, the predestined fitness of the casket that was to contain the "Precious One," for the Church teaches on this day the design of God when He foretold "the Seed of the Woman" should triumph. As has been well said, Mary was equally Ever-virgin in soul and in body, and thus was prepared to be the Mother above all other mothers, and after eighteen centuries the Church gives no uncertain meaning to the Angelic words: "Hail, Mary, full of grace," but says with St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury: "Say it over and over again, and ask yourself what this fulness of grace may be, whence all the whole world has gathered grace. . . . With all devotion follow our Mother after this to Bethlehem" at Christmas-tide.

The Pope of the Immaculate Conception.

It is well known that in 1854, when the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was to be defined, the united influence of the Imperial Government and the press of France was brought to bear on the French Bishops to urge them either to abstain from going to Rome, or to remonstrate with Pius IX about the imprudence of raising such questions in such troublous times. The German Bishops were beset with influences of even a more formidable nature. The noble Pontiff, who has well been called the Pope of the Blessed Virgin, ascertained exactly how each Prelate felt, and dealt with each accordingly. He infused into the doubting, the timid and hesitating, his own courageous determination, his contempt of the political complications threatened, and his great impatience to see the Catholic doctrine positively affirmed once for all.

To a Prelate high in the esteem of Napoleon III. and who in his name was urging the inopportuneness of the proposed definition, the following characteristic reply was made:—"When you go home, Monseigneur," said the Pope, "tell his Majesty that lately a public journal dared assail the honor of his dead mother, Queen Hortense, and thus cast a slur upon his own origin. I did not wait for his consent to have the slander retracted and the honor of mother and son repaired. Shall I who am Christ's Vicar allow the stain, or suspicion even, of original guilt to rest on the Mother of my Redeemer, and allow His honor and hers thus to remain clouded? Tell him that he, as a good son, never would have permitted blemish or imperfection to attach to his parent had it been in his power. It *was* in Christ's power to prevent it in His Mother's case, and He *did!* His Majesty believes this as I do; all Catholics believe it. That belief is a fact, and as such I shall proclaim and define it."

A Temperance Cure.

A Quaker was once advising a drunkard to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. "Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite. "Yes," answered the Quaker; "it is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend." "Convince me of that, and I will promise upon my honor to do as you tell me," replied the drunkard. "Well, my friend, when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it before thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again." The toper was so pleased with the advice that he followed it.

Centuries Ago.

'TWAS night, a calm and silent night.
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
Her banners waved in triumph high;
In every clime — 'neath every sky
Her iron scepter swayed alone
The world, from Cæsar's lofty throne.
And Cæsar reigned with tyrant rod,
Revered and worshiped as a god
Centuries ago.

'Twas night, a calm and silent night.
The clash of arms was heard no more.
Mild peace held undisputed sway
From Parthian plains to Tiber's shore.
The eagle fierce of ruthless Rome
Was resting in her haughty home,
And gloating o'er the bleeding prey
Of nations crushed beneath her sway;
While watched she, with an eye of pride
And wary look, her conquests wide,
Centuries ago!

'Twas night, a calm and silent night.
The princely halls of Rome were gay
With glare of gold and streaming light;
With festive sounds and grand display;
And all was revelry and mirth.
For Romans high, of honored birth
Were feasting, reckless of the toils
Of those that won their plundered spoils.
And there were slaves from every land —
From Asia's soil, from Afric's sand —
Who torn from country, hearth and home,
Stood there to serve the lords of Rome
Centuries ago.

'Twas night, a calm and silent night.
Triumphant Rome, in outline grand,
Stood towering on her dizzy height
As if she were fore'er to stand.
From her gigantic walls there shone
Her boasted name "the immortal one."
'Twas written on her temples high,
Whose domes rose proudly to the sky,
And every arch that spanned the way,
Mute emblem of victorious sway:
And every monument that fame
Had raised to grace a hero's name,
Seemed destined by great Rome to be
Her pledge of Immortality
Centuries ago.

'Twas night, a calm and silent night.
The conquered world in bondage lay
Beneath the rod of Roman might.
The slave of power, ambition's prey.
And tributes rich, and tributes rare,
In ceaseless streams were flowing there;
And royal vassels came to pay
Their homage low to Cæsar's sway.
He sat upon his lofty throne,
Without a rival, high — alone:
And Rome knelt down and kissed the hand
That swayed the seas and ruled the land,
And nations, with one loud acclaim,
Proclaimed his high immortal name
Centuries ago.

'Twas night; that selfsame silent night.
Far, far away from Cæsar's home,
Was born the rival of his might,
The future king of lofty Rome.
His palace was a stable cold.
His throne was not of gems or gold;
Within a crib of straw he lies
Who rules the earth and lords the skies.
He had no crown to show his claim
To noble birth, to royal name;
Yet there he lay, to all unknown;
An infant babe, the promised One;
The Prince of peace, God's only Son,
Centuries ago!

'Tis night, a calm and silent night,
And where is Cæsar? where his crown?
And where is Rome? and where her might?
Her glory, riches, and renown?
And where are now her princely halls,
Her arches proud, her temple walls?
Where are her slaves, her conquests wide?
Where are her monuments of pride?
"Immortal" was her boasted name,
Unrivalled was her lofty fame.
Where now is that immortal Rome,
The queen of earth, great Cæsar's home?
The Rome of Cæsar stands no more:
Her star has set; her power was o'er
Centuries ago.

'Tis night, a calm and silent night,
And Cæsar's rival reigns alone,
With greater glory, wider might
Than decked his own proud, pagan throne.
He has a crown and scepter now;
Before him nations humbly bow.
He reigns: His name is Prince of Peace;
His sway of love shall never cease
Till every nation, as a gem,
Forms one bright, peerless diadem
To crown the babe of Bethlehem
Upon His throne of love.

A. J. RYAN.

Little Peg O'Shaughnessy.

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTMAS AT BALLYHUCKAMORE.

When I promised, Tom, to write you an account of Castle Shaughnessy and Peg, remember you gave me your word in return that you would not look at what I had written till you had gone back to your ship for good, and the ocean lay between you and the persons who figure in my story. Be charitable, if you can, to some of those when you have re-pocketed the manuscript. But don't ask me to practice as I preach.

Gorman Tracey and I are so much akin that we had once a common relative. "Gormon!" said I one day, "that old lady at Ballyhuckamore is dead at last, and has left her estate to ——"

"To you!" he said, with a grimace. "Like the luck of you rich chaps. Lord! To think of how that old lady used to pet me when I was a boy and never saw you in her life. I wish you joy, old fellow, from the bottom of my heart! Ugh! How I envy you! Ballyhuckamore!" (musingly.)

"A beggarly old place, I'll be bound!" said I. "A house like a barn, a potato-field, and a pigsty."

"Not a bit of it. But I won't tell you. Pearls to swine, ugh! Ballyhuckamore! I wonder whether little Peg O'Shaughnessy ought to be 'grown up' yet."

"Little Peg O'Shaughnessy? said I.

"Yes, O'Shaughnessy of Castle Shaughnessy. But *you* don't know, and never will, you beastly bigot of a Saxon!"

"Little Peg?" said I again, as we walked on.

"A mop-headed little flirt who used to drop frogs down my back. Tip-top family, but awfully poor. Father ruining himself with fox-hunting even when I was there. Mother died of care. Peg's toes came through her shoes."

"Grown-up now, you were saying?"

"Should think so. Lost count of the years."

"Any more pretty girls at Ballyhuckamore.

"Bless your heart! there never was a place so overrun with them. When I think of the crowd that poor lady used to have about her in Ballyhuckamore Hall of a Christmas-eve! I was always in love with half-a-dozen of them at a time. But *you* don't know. I believe I was to have married Peg and settled down at the Hall whenever I succeeded to the estate. What a gathering there should have been there this next Christmas if I had had your luck!"

"Then I'll tell you what," said I, "we'll have the gathering there in spite of fate. You and I will go together; you shall introduce me to all the Ballyhuckamores, and we'll have such a house-warming as never was there before."

If we had not been walking down Fleet Street, I believe Gorman would have thrown up his hat and given three cheers. It was in July that we talked thus; and when December drew near, we had not forgotten our plan.

I need not describe Ballyhuckamore to you who know it. I never was so agreeably disappointed in any place. A snow-storm had just cleared away as we drove to the Hall by a short cut through the wood, with the dry branches crackling like fireworks under our wheels. A sulky red sun was dropping behind a copse, seeming to kindle sparks in the underwood, glowering on the boles of the oaks, throwing crimson splashes on the whitened knolls, and wisping a mazy murky

light about the deepening gloom of the brown stripped trees on before us.

Gorman was in a state of wild exhilaration, and I myself was in unexpected delight with my new possession.

"Let us alight," I said, "and send this machine back to the village whence it came. We shall enjoy better to walk this very jolly wilderness."

And so it was that we arrived on foot, and without fuss at Ballyhuckamore Hall.

I felt curious to see the house, and quickened my steps, as we came up a by-path in the shrubbery which brought us out upon the gravel sweep under the front windows. I remember doing so, and how the next moment my attention was fixed, not upon the old house frowning before me, but upon a lady, who was standing on the top of my flight of Ballyhuckamore steps, with my Ballyhuckamore hall-door lying open behind her.

And such a lady! She held up her green velvet riding-habit with both hands, and her little boots were almost lost in the snow, which lay thick upon the steps. She had a handsome brunette face, and bands of magnificent hair under her riding hat. She looked about thirty years of age, had a perfect figure, and a jeweled whip, and seemed in the act of taking counsel with herself upon the weather. These were the items regarding her that I summed up during the space of some half dozen seconds.

"Tracey," said I, "is there any mistake about the place; or did you ask any friends to meet us here? Can this be little Peg?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" he said, "there is no mistake, and I know nothing about it. Peg's hair was as white as flax. Shabby Peg got up in that wonderful style! I have no idea who this may be. Some wonderful bird of passage."

Meantime the lady had tripped into the house, whither we followed as quickly as possible. We took off our hats to her in the hall, where she stood transfixed by amazement at our appearance, with her hand on the drawing-room door. We turned into the dining-room, where a speedy summons brought the housekeeper to us, quivering in black silk, and blooming in a cap like a pickled cabbage.

"Oh, sir, an' I give you my word it's hardly ever I took my eyes for one blessed minute off the avenue since mornin'; an' to think of your slipping in unknownst to us afther all! An' there's Lady Fitzgibbon an' her friends that were drove in for shelter from the storm two hours ago, an' her ladyship's runnin' in an' out, an' thinkin' she'd never get away before you'd arrive, sir. An' the dinner'll be done to the minute, sir."

"And who is Lady Fitzgibbon?"

"Oh, sir, a beautiful lady — a widow lady, sir — who has taken Kilbanagher Park and furnished it splendid, so as it's fit to dazzle your eyes, sir. An' she's that rich, they say, she'd as lief eat bank-notes as bread and-butter."

I looked at Tracey, and Tracey looked at me, and we both looked at the window. It was snowing more heavily than ever, and growing dark besides. There was only one thing to be done. In a few minutes I was in the drawing-room, and had transformed the uncomfortable intruders into my bidden guests, who had promised to stay the night under my roof. Lady Fitzgibbon sat on my right at dinner.

How charming she was that evening! How her eyes sparkled over the champagne, and how those languishing eastern shadows under them enhanced the brilliancy of her complexion! How white her hands were, as she poured out our tea; how musical her voice was, as she told us anecdotes of every one in the neighborhood. How amusingly she described the confusion of herself and friends when they heard of my arrival!

How charmingly she rediculed her own appearance! A riding-habit by way of evening dress!

"A pretty figure!" she said. A very pretty figure, I thought; and as for Gorman, he had become her slave without a struggle.

What was she talking of, that she kept my friend Tracey so enthralled? Doubtless, introducing him afresh to all his old acquaintances; for she knew every one, this charming widow, and was gushingly communicative about her neighbors' affairs and her own. Her friends resided somewhere far away (the antipodes, perhaps); but she, being her own mistress, had chosen to come, for change of air, to this delightful country. She had resided here a year; she was the centre of society in the locality; she was adored by all who knew her. She liked amusement, and believed that country neighbors ought to be social, especially at the Christmas season. These were the facts I gleaned from her discourse.

O'Gradys, Desmonds, Burkes, O'Sullivans? Yes; she knew them all. O'Shaughnessy? Oh (with a shrug), surely Mr. Tracey must have heard about poor Sir Pierce?

No, Mr. Tracey had not heard.

"Oh, he ruined himself, you know, and then he went astray in his mind. For some years he has not been able to leave his house, except on Sunday, in dread of seizure for debt."

"And Pe—— Miss O'Shaughnessy?" said Gorman. "I used to know her. Such a pretty little girl!"

"Ah, poor thing! I believe she has grown up very plain. She is never seen. How they live in that old empty castle, I cannot think. In town the other day (we call our posting village 'town' here, Mr. Humphrey), I heard a shopman say across the counter, before delivering a parcel, 'You'll pay me for this, Miss O'Shaughnessy?' and the purchase in question was only some yards of printed calico, to make a dress for herself, I should think. Heigh-ho! it's such a very sad thing to be poor." Lady Fitzgibbon lifted her eyebrows, and smoothed down a green velvet fold of her dress, and looked quite able to make a supper of bank-notes.

I dreamed that night that I saw her doing so; but that after she had finished her meal she fell into convulsions as if she were poisoned. It was not a pleasant dream, and, somehow, I never could look at the widow afterwards without thinking of it.

And now, Tom, I have introduced you to one of my heroines, Lucretia Fitzgibbon. Mark her well. I am afraid I have not made her clear enough to you. Note her splendid eyes, her fascinating manner, the excellent footing on which she had placed herself with the world in general; lastly, her enormous riches. We returned with her to Kilbanagher Park the next day. Tom, what a place that was! Not a venerable old homestead like Ballyhuckamore; all new, bran-new, but gorgeous as a palace in the Arabian Nights. Astonishing little woman! What a taste! and what a purse! "Lucky, O Gorman," said I, "will be the man who shall replace the lamented Fitzgibbon (was he knight or was he baronet?), and hang up his hat for good at Kilbanagher Park!"

But now for my other heroine. Tracey's old friends rallied round him, and we were soon on good terms with the best people in the neighborhood. As for him, he had so far forgotten his former self that I was obliged on some occasions to interfere and wake his memory.

"Tracey," said I, "I am not going to have my house-warming without little Peg O'Shaughnessy." (The people were to stay a fortnight at the hall, and every amusement that Lady Fitzgibbon could devise was in course of preparation for their gratification.) "She may have grown up plain, and wear a calico dress, but I've had a curiosity to see that little girl ever since the first time you mentioned her. Her father may

be doting, as they say, and Castle Shaughnessy may be the veriest old rat-hole in the kingdom; nevertheless, my dear fellow, for the sake of old times you ought to pay them a visit. And, for the sake of new times and coming festivities, I will go with you."

Gorman abused himself for his negligence, and we set out together for the residence of the doting Sir Pierce, and his daughter who was "never seen."

If ever there was a wild old "ramshackle" barrack standing on a seashore out of all human ken, and altogether within ghostly boundaries, that dreary edifice is you, O Castle Shaughnessy! A wide, uneven sward, too unkempt to be called a lawn, straggled from the entrance down to a rugged beach. On one side stood the ruins of a chapel surrounded by the family burying-ground. The waves at high tide of a winter's night must break over the tombstones. Not a tree was to be seen, nor a leaf of ivy clung to the castle walls, which were weather-stained in a way that made the windows look like eyes that were always weeping. We were admitted, after some parley, by a shabby old retainer with a knowing eye, who seemed to regard us as wolves in sheep's clothing. We entered a barren hall, whence all furniture had fled, save some horns of elks branishing their fangs over the several doors; and were bidden to wait in a long, empty dining-room with marks of departed pictures on the walls, and some broken panes in the whistling, clattering windows. Under these windows mustered the huge cavernous rocks, snug berths for smugglers' craft, among which the green angry sea writhed, drenching them with torrents of foam. A monotonous thunder from without made bass to the shrieking of the wind through the crannies of the room.

"Poor Peg! poor Peg!" said Tracey, staring into all the blank corners. You see we had lunched at Kilbanagher Park, and the contrast between that dwelling and this, was, to say the least, noticeable.

The man came back and conducted us through endless dilapidated staircases and passages. It seemed that Sir Pierce was not so completely doting but that he remembered an old friendly name. We were led into a small room at the south side of the castle, into which seemed to have been gathered all the fag-ends of comfort which had survived the general wreck of that place. Alack! they made a sorry show after all. Poor Sir Peirce, a feeble old man with a restless choleric face, sat by a fire of turf built on a flagged hearth. The floor had no carpet, the windows no curtains, the master's arm-chair was worn by the constant chafing of his impatient body. A tame eagle sat on the shoulder of an attenuated couch in the window, with his bright eye fixed on the sinking sun.

The old man rose grandly, and received us with the air of a prince giving audience to subjects; but, looking in Tracey's face, broke down and burst into tears. He was not quite astray in his mind after all, only a little maddened by pride and misfortune. He soon resumed his state.

"Bid some of those people tell Miss O'Shaughnessy I wish to see her," he said to his attendant.

"Those people" were probably the shades of departed servants who had once tripped over one another in Castle Shaughnessy. The one shabby old retainer bowed his grey head and went.

Miss O'Shaughnessy was out walking, but presently made her appearance, evidently quite unprepared to behold visitors. She was a tall girl, wrapped in a plaid shawl, which looked as if it had been washed. She had no trimming on her hat but a thick black veil, which was thrown back over it. She looked so scarlet-cheeked on entering, that I was sur-

prised to see how pale her natural complexion was when she had thrown aside her hat and seated herself at the side of her father's chair. She had hazel eyes, and a profusion of light hair clinging in crushed masses to her head; but I did not like to look at her much; she seemed so shy and proud. The eagle left his window immediately, and mounted guard on the back of her chair.

Sir Pierce's conversation was piteous to hear, so grand, so inflated, so ill matched with his surroundings. Yet he was not out of his senses, only anxious to remind us that he was O'Shaughnessy of Castle Shaughnessy. He tortured Peg, who bore it all with the constancy of a martyr. Now and again there was a burning blush, and a hurried glance in her father's face; then she was pale and proud and passive as before.

"Order wine," he said at last, with a grand air, as if he knew that a banquet was in course of preparation.

"Father," she said, distinctly, and looking him firmly in the face, "you know we have no wine. There is no such thing here."

Well, I am not going to dwell further on the memory of this visit. Sir Pierce turned white, then purple, and we thought he was going to have a fit. A glance of entreaty shot from Peg's piteous eyes to mine; and we departed.

"Ah, well," said Gorman, "we have got enough of that place. Poor Peg! she is prettier than ever."

We passed out again through the hollowness and the emptiness, the mildew and the rust, and the dreary fallen greatness of Castle Shaughnessy. Lady Fitzgibbon prattled on my left that day at dinner, and when the champagne corks began to fly, I thought I heard her say (or at least some woman's voice), "Father, you know we have no wine." Of course it was a fancy. Trinkets and smiles had Lucretia, but that pained earnest tone was no part of her.

I need not detail to you, Tom, all our schemes for inducing Peg O'Shaughnessy to be one of our house-warming party. She came against her will, but in obedience to her father's commands. A carriage was sent for her, with muffling, for it was a bitter frosty night, and good Mrs. Daly, my housekeeper, had lived once in the O'Shaughnessy family, and had a kindly regard for the motherless girl. We expected her at dinner, but she did not arrive. What could occasion her delay? A fit of Sir Pierce's madness, a need of decent garb, a passion of pride at the prospect of appearing among those who had talked of her misfortunes? A hundred such reasons were hinted at among the ladies after dinner, with many a "Poor thing!" and commiserating shake of the head. I remember the night well. The moon was bright upon the snow outside, and within every hearth was blazing, every shutter shut, and every room and passage full of light and warmth and pleasant sounds of life. The drawing-room was a perfect picture of comfort, with its winter logs burning, its wadded curtains spread before the wide windows, its wreaths of holly already clinging to the picture-frames, and its social company. There was a group around the piano, a happy disposal of couples throughout the room, and Lady Fitzgibbon had a coterie gathered around her while she assigned the parts for certain forthcoming charades. Tracey was leaning over her chair, sulky with jealousy because she was bestowing most of her attention on me; which she usually did. Some one suggested Miss O'Shaughnessy to fill an awkward gap in the cast, and another remarked, "She may not be here."

"Ah, no doubt she will be there," said Lucretia, dropping her voice and eyelids just the least bit in life, speaking to her nearest female neighbor. "What has she left to hope for in her position, except an advantageous marriage? Poor girl, no doubt she will come!"

Upon this, I removed Gorman's cause of jealousy, by taking myself away from the drawing-room, and out to the front door to look at the night. What was it to me whether a ruined fox-hunter's pretty daughter was coming to my house on a matrimonial speculation or not? But two of my best horses had gone in that carriage, and I was beginning to be uneasy lest something might have happened to them by the way. I went round to the stable, quietly saddled a horse, and cantered up the road leading seaward toward Castle Shaughnessy. My fears were realized. At the top of a high hill I found the carriage, sunk into a rut concealed by the snow. A smith was busy at the wheels, surrounded by a little group of lookers-on, and a lantern glared on their faces. At some distance a dark figure was standing alone, over against a white fence. This was Peg, with a little hood drawn round her head, and the moon shining on her face.

Hearing that the carriage would not be ready for some time, I gave my horse in charge of one of the men, and offering myself as escort to the young lady, asked her to proceed with me on foot towards Ballyhuckamore. She was most unwilling to do so, almost beseeching me to return as I had come, and leave her to follow at the blacksmith's pleasure. Of course, I would not hear of that, and she consented at last to accompany me.

I don't know that there was anything peculiar about that walk, and yet I have singularly clear recollection of it. I had often travelled the same road, followed the same paths and turnings on the outskirts of the wood, seen the moon looking through the same riffs among the trees, and yet somehow it all seemed new that night. I did not attempt to account for this phenomenon. I tried to draw out my companion. She conversed with naive intelligence, all the while keeping a touch of defiant pride in her manner, as if she felt herself in the presence of a natural enemy, and was determined not to be tricked into forgetting it. I humoured her in this, thinking her a child of nature, who knew nothing of the world.

As we drew near the Hall, her hand began to tremble on my arm, and her replies grew vague and absent; at last she stopped short, in a tremor of distress.

"I am bitterly ashamed of myself, Mr. Humphrey," she said; "but I am terrified at going into your fine house, among your proud guests. That is the truth. The poor and unhappy should keep away from the rich and gay. Oh, how I wish I could go home again!"

She burst into passionate tears. Now in her distress I saw how young she was — a mere untutored girl. Reserve had before made her more womanly than her years.

"My dear child," I said, "— pardon me — I am so much older than you. The pride is all on your side. I do not want to preach you a sermon, but poverty is not a crime; it is not even the worst of misfortunes."

"It is, it is," she interrupted vehemently. "[illegible] is the cruelest of all, the most utterly killing and crushing. To escape from it, I would ——"

"Marry a prince, or turn popular authoress?" I said, smiling.

"Or rob a poor-box," she said, with a curious little grimness of tone. "The two first alternatives being out of my power."

O Peg, Peg! How those words afterwards rose up and bore witness against you! Was all this an artful little scene to engage a rich man's interest? Tears, moonlight, a sweet face, and a passionate voice! Before a fortnight, a dozen of my lady friends would have been ready to swear to your plotting. Yet I do not see how you could have made the carriage break down, Peg. Lucretia's drop of poison lurked in my ear, though I thought I had washed it out a dozen times.

After this little burst, she dried her eyes, like a child who has had its

passion out, and we went on as before. Of course it was only to give her time to calm herself that I chose the longest way to the Hall; for I was very much on my guard.

"The carriage is here already?" I exclaimed, seeing, as I thought, the identical equipage we had left behind us at the hall-door. But no, here were servants running about, dragging down luggage, and carrying in wrappings, while a black man was gesticulating in the portico, and giving orders which nobody seemed to understand. What was this? Some wonderful arrival, unexpected as Cinderella's at the prince's ball? On the stairs half a dozen men were staggering under the weight of a large iron coffer, or safe, while at the top of the first flight stood a curious figure, eagerly watching their operations. This figure was a thin, yellow-faced little man, wrapped in a fur-lined gown of vivid eastern coloring. Ill health and discontent were in every line of his face, and his eyes were fixed with anxious greediness on the ascending box. The housekeeper was below in the hall, wringing her hands because there was no room prepared for "masther's uncle." From this I knew who my visitor was: Giles Humphrey, my father's only brother, who had gone to India when a boy and had scarcely been heard of since.

I pressed past the burdened carriers on the stair-case, and presented myself to my strange relative. He had at the moment no thought to bestow on me, and merely replied to my words of welcome by beseeching me to show him the way to the securest chamber in my house, so that he might direct the staggering men to deposit their load there.

I took him to my own room. This was a large apartment at the end of a long corridor, which was lined with the doors of other chambers. It was reached by ascending three broad steps, and a good-sized dressing-room opened off it. You may not remember them, Tom, for those rooms have fallen into disuse. Into the furthest corner of the dressing-room my uncle's coffer was carried, and then Giles Humphrey himself began examining the thickness of the shutters and the weight of the bars that held them fastened, the stoutness of the panelling of the doors, the trust-worthiness of the locks, and even the ward of the keys. I had thought the shutters good, but they displeased him. On his opening one a little to glance suspiciously out on the white moon and the snow, a shock-headed bush of ivy bobbed suddenly against the pane, and almost scared his whimsical senses away. He immediately had the window fastened up, and sent off a messenger post-haste for the smith who had mended our carriage, to make him a wonderful iron shutter-bar, twice as large and as weighty as those which had for generations sufficed to guard the lives and properties in Ballyhuckamore Hall. He then ordered a second set of curtains to be put up within the already comfortable and carefully-drawn hangings, sand-bags to be laid down at every spot where there was a possibility of crevice in the wood-work, at the same time heaping fuel on the already blazing fire, till the hearth-place began to glow like a furnace. Only then did he think proper to notice me, as he sat in my arm-chair, cowering towards the fire, and warming his skinny fingers at the flames. He had arrived in England only a few days before, and not finding me at home, had followed me here. I joked him about his wonderful strong-box.

"Hist! nephew," he said with a look of alarm, which the dancing fire-light extravagantly heightened on his parchment face, "it holds money, riches, gold, jewels! You don't think I sold my youth and health for n thing? Eh?"

"But why bring it here to torment you with anxiety? Why not leave it in a bank in London?"

"Leave it?" staring at me as if I were a burglar; "part with what I earned so hard? Make a present of my savings to Messrs. So-and-So. Eh, nephew, what a silly schoolboy you are still! By-and-by you will know the world, my lad."

"Well, well!" I said, "you will come down and see my friends."

I told you, Tom, that this room was at the end of a long corridor. At the lower end, this corridor was crossed by another, a shorter one, from which the stairs descended. As my uncle and I turned the corner proceeding towards the stairs a door opened suddenly before us, and two womanly figures appeared on the threshold, thrown forward by the fire-light from the chamber behind them; Lucretia Fitzgibbon with her arm thrown gracefully round the waist of Peg O'Shaughnessy. Did the star of all the country drawing-rooms mean to patronize the poor little black sheep from the mountains on this her first entrance into society? *The doors of their chambers stood opposite on the passage.* Lucretia had kindly fluttered across, introduced herself to the trembling dèbutante, and taken her under her wing. "Good Lucretia!" I had almost cried; but the hall lights fell full on the two faces as they descended, and I thought the sparkle of her eyes and teeth more false than they had seemed before. My lady was dressed in voluminous folds of amber silk, bedizened with laces and diamonds; Peg was dressed in a straight black gown of an antiquated brocade, which she must have ransacked from some great-grandmother's wardrobe, standing on some dim upper passage of Castle Shaughnessy. She had folds of crimped white muslin at her throat and wrists, and a black ribbon twisted about her head, gathering up her crisp hair, and tied in a little knot upon her crown. As they swept down before us into the light below, my Uncle Giles pinched my arm so wickedly that I started.

"Who is that woman, nephew? By all the diamonds that ever blazed, I have not seen such a woman since I was a boy!"

"Which?" I asked.

"Not the flashy yellow one," he answered, "but the one with her head tied up."

This was the beginning of my uncle's admiration for Peg. In the drawing-room we found the ladies in full expectation, and quite prepared to make a lion of him. The news of the wonderful coffer had reached them, and the fetching of the smith had caused no little excitement. It was current that some extraordinary locks were to be put upon the chamber doors, of which only Giles Humphrey and his servant knew the secret, and that the windows were to be barred outside like the windows of a prison. Even Peg's arrival was now a matter of small importance. There never lived such a hero as Giles Humphrey was that night. He sat in the warmest corner by the fire, and monopolized the snuggest chair. He displayed rings worth a king's ransom, and, audaciously defying custom, wore a gown lined with the costliest fur. He supported his feet on a footstool, his black servant wrapping his knees in a royal rug; and he spoke to the ladies with a mischievous rudeness, while his eyes paid them homage every moment. And then he might virtually be said to be sitting on that wonderful coffer stuffed with riches, which no doubt all present saw in the mind's eye supporting his puny limbs, but which, in reality, stood modestly hidden in its corner upstairs under the shelter of a gorgeous piece of tapestry, flaming in gold and colors. When I conducted its owner to his chamber that night the black man was squatting upon it with crossed legs, like a grotesque carving on a whimsical pedestal. He turned a sumersault upon it, by way of obeisance, when we appeared, and, while I stayed, presented a long cane to his master,

from which Giles Humphrey drew a glittering sword.

"This is my bedfellow," he said, grinning over it, and placing it on his pillow. "I hate locks for fear of fire," with a glance of alarm over his shoulder at the blazing grate. "I will not be locked up, to run the risk of being burnt to death. But if any of the people in your house think to meddle with my little box over there" —he raised his voice, and seizing the sword again, brandished it at the black servant, and chasing him out of the room, bade him go and tell about the weapon in the servants' hall.

From the time of my arrival at Ballyhuckamore to that night, I had found myself the lion of the neighborhood, and had had the felicity of knowing that I was the most important among the men in those days assembled under my roof. But now all was changed. The days of my greatness were over. A mightier than I had arisen, and another king reigned in my stead.

I should not have minded if they had elected Gorman Tracey, or some one of the many good fellows about me to fill my place, but it was irritating to see the worship transferred from one's manly self to the shrivelled face and shrieking voice of the owner of a box upstairs; to see the silks and muslins making their genuflexions at the shrine of a mere mummy; to know that a heartless machine was receiving the flattery of mammas; that a capricious idiotic will was directing the motions of blushing handmaidens. And the hardest part, the very worst of it all, was that Peg O'Shaughnessy was the foremost of the band of sirens that sang round Giles Humphrey's chair.

For here I will own to you, my Tom, that by this time the stray little black sheep from the mountains had made herself a fold in your friend's foolish heart. Was it fate so relentless, or that quaint black gown so demure, or a head of crisp fair hair, or a pair of steady grey eyes, or was it a very sweet voice full of musical dignity, or a timid step which seemed always owning itself a trespasser when treading my Ballyhuckamore carpets?—Was it all or any of these things which transformed your sober friend into the most loving of jealous lovers, crafty enough to weigh little words, and count up smiles, and disregard all worldly wisdom? You cannot tell me, and assuredly I cannot tell you; but in that frosty housewarming season Peg bloomed up under my eyes the only blossom of her sex I had ever coveted for my own wearing.

Yet, for many days, Peg was as Giles Humphrey's right hand. I was shunned with a blush and a hasty word, while the crusty old millionnaire was indulged with kind attentions, and sweet companionship. She helped him to his coffee, cut the pages of his newspaper, read to him, and adjusted his footstool. I believe she even stitched him a pocket-handkerchief or something, sitting by his side, with her pale fair cheek turned towards him. She was the envy of the drawing-room. If this pen had not forsworn sentimentality, it might describe to you how I groaned at times that circumstances should have made of my Peg a desperate woman, ready to marry a mummy as an escape from poverty; and how at other times I scorned her as an artful, heartless Peg, not worth my pity. But I may tell you how they whispered about her all over the house. Whispers in the drawing-room, whispers over the bed-room fires, whispers all through the passages; on fine days even whispers out in the garden, and away abroad among the woods. Buzz, buzz, buzz, Peg O'Shaughnessy was trying to entrap the millionnaire. And, Oh dear! who could say that Lucretia Fitzgibbon was not kind, and even sisterly, to the shy, friendless girl, who was a stranger among strangers?

And did no one dare to speak above a whisper, you will ask, and say

a word for Peg? Oh, yes! there was one good little lady, of small social consequence, who ventured to suggest that the whole party stood aloof from the girl, criticising her; that the poor thing felt herself driven apart from the rest of the ladies; that she had no pretty morning dresses to eat her breakfast in, no handsome evening dresses to eat her dinner in, no riding-habit to go a-riding in, and that, that these wants usually press upon the female mind. Then she had only one straight, black gown for all times, and was accordingly looked down upon by owners of overflowing wardrobes. Further, that, being accustomed to wait on an old man, her father, she had taken naturally to waiting on Giles Humphrey, who was an elderly man, to say the least; that her seat beside his chair was a harbor to her — not a pleasant one, perhaps, but still a harbor. These things were said by the blessed little lady of small social consequence; but who heard them?

It was at this period of affairs that one evening, jewels being the subject of conversation, Giles Humphrey, having drunk wine, set his eyes a twinkling, and began to brag of certain wondrous trinkets which were in his possession, and the like of which had never (said he) gladdened the eyes of any of the assembled company. A gentleman present, who was a judge of such matters, twitted him into the desire to make good his boast; whereupon the little man's slow blood got up, and he rushed to his chamber, knocked Jacko (so the black man was called, from his likeness, I suppose, to a monkey) off his perch on the coffer, and presently came down with a bag full of jewels fit to startle the eyes of any prince in the Arabian Nights. There were necklaces, bracelets, and bangles, bodkins for the hair, and ear-rings weighty enough to tear the flesh of delicate ears; gems of as many hues and cuttings as puzzled Aladdin in the cave. There were dazzling necks in plenty and arms bare to the shoulder all round about Giles Humphrey, on which he might have displayed his treasures to advantage, but it was on Peg that he chose to hang them. He stuck bodkins of blazing diamonds in her hair; clasped a dozen chains and necklaces round her neck till they dropped below her waist making her bust one flaring mass of splendor; put bangles of gold on her ankles; and made her bare one round, white arm, which he shackled with bracelets. Blushing with confusion, and smiling in amusement at being so bedizened, Peg looked as quaint and as radiant as some rare old-fashioned princess stepped out of an illuminated legend. Many an eye saw beauty in her at that moment which it never had seen before. For my part, I thought she had looked more beautiful in the scarlet and white flowers which I had given her for her bosom that morning. Where, by the way, was Lucretia Fitzgibbon during those five or ten minutes of Peg's magnificence? Positively I forget. I remember that a female voice (could it have been hers?) murmered in a delicate under-tone that it was a pity Peg had not a right to wear the jewels, since they became her so well; and that this was the signal for my gallant uncle to begin to unclasp them and gather them into their casket again as fast as he could. As one after another dropped away from her, Peg grew pale and ceased to smile. Watching her curiously, I saw a strangely eager, stern look come over her face as bauble after bauble disappeared. Once, for a moment, her cheeks flushed, and a flash of longing sprang into her eyes; but it faded away again and left her pale and thoughtful. I divined that she was thinking how much a few of those trinkets would do toward relieving the distresses of a poor, old broken-down father, and restoring the comfort of the barren fallen home of the O'Shaughnessys. Oh, Peg, Peg! Why did you let me see that look!

It happened that the last of the

ornaments which she relinquished — a certain bracelet — had been clasped too tightly on the swell of her plump arm, and there was a difficulty about getting it unfastened. One after another, we all tried our skill upon it, having each ample time as we did so to observe the fashion and the richness of the ornament. The groundwork was a broad belt of gold, enriched with the most exquisite Indian filagree work, and this band was studded with many thousand tiny precious stones of every hue. Mark that cursed bracelet well, Tom, for it will re-appear in my story.

Concluded next month.

The Fangless Orange Snake.

That lying, bigoted, cowardly and bloodthirsty pack of imbeciles, known as the Orange Association, is at its dirty work again. The great aim it has in view is to stir up strife amongst Irishmen, and to retard the work of Irish regeneration. It is a secret society, as illegal in its formation and baleful in its action, as any lodge of Invincibles; and yet it is winked at by the officials of Dublin castle. Mr. Parnell having determined to "carry the war into Carthage" — in plainer language, to hold patriotic meetings in Ulster — these fossilized fanatics make a despairing attempt to thwart him. A committee which cries "No surrender!" and fears to append signatures to its appeal, calls on the Protestants of Tyrone to assemble in their thousands to protest against the proposed demonstration in the county of the glorious Volunteers and the Convention of Dungannon. Protest with Orangemen means drunkenness and blasphemy, flaunting of gaudy calico, beating of second-hand drums and breaking of heads. The men of Derry who raised the cry of "No surrender!" were men, and had the courage of their convictions. The imposters of to-day, who usurp their watchword, are animals of the inodorous species of that which came down from the tree when Davy Crockett threatened it with his shot-gun. They pretend that Home Rule means Rome rule, and that the first act of a self-governing Ireland would be to renew religious persecution — only from the other side — and extirpate every citizen who was not a Catholic. It is hard to decide whether the folly or the falsehood of these animals predominates.

Let us examine into the history of this Orange clique, and see what claim it has to address Irishmen on an Irish subject. The society — conspiracy would be a fitter name — was founded in 1795, in Armagh, on the ruins of those truculent miscreants, the Peep-o'-Day Boys. In their test oath, on the testimony of a pamphlet attributed to Arthur O'Connor, occurred the awful words: "I swear that I will use my utmost exertions to exterminate all the Catholics of the kingdom of Ireland." This set of Thugs was encouraged by the government, and by most of the magistrates and country gentlemen, to keep alive sectarian animosity. The immortal Grattan described theirs as a persecution conceived in the bitterness of bigotry, and carried on with the utmost ferocious barbarity by a banditti who, being of the religion of the State, had committed the most horrid murders with greater audacity and confidence, and had proceeded from robbery and massacre to extermination. By their own authority they had repealed all the laws passed in favor of Catholics, and had replaced them by the inquisition of a mob, re

sembling the followers of Lord George Gordon, equalling them in outrage, and surpassing them far in perseverance and success. No matter what excesses they committed, they were never punished. What they were in the beginning of the century they were in 1848, and they fain would be still—the heartless minions of ascendancy. They were the frantic enemies of O'Connell; their charter toast was "To hell with the Pope." And yet Lord Clarendon, when the island was complaining of a rigid Arms Act, clandestinely supplied these ruffians with lethal weapons. So late as 1849, a "justice of the peace"—ye gods!—of Down county, led a band of these brigands to the wrecking and slaughter of a Catholic townland; and, later still, the records of assizes in Ulster teem with pictures of Orange murderers, shielded from the consequences of their crimes by a jury of their own brethren, carefully picked, and put in the box by an officer of the crown.

With these antecedents to recommend them, the mischief-makers of Tyrone stand slender chance of deterring honest Irishmen from their duty. Honest Irishmen scout and despise them, as all fair-minded Englishmen, we are sure, will treat them with loathing when they are not disposed to laugh at their ignorant presumptuousness and futile threats.

But there are Anglo-Irishmen, of the temper and training of Lord George Hamilton, who will affect to regard them with respect while chuckling in their sleeves, solely with the object of subserving their own factious ends. Addressing a Conservative meeting in Oldham, this nobleman said Home Rule in Ireland would mean not only civil, but religious war. If it were once granted, the seeds of a great internecine struggle would be planted, which would spread to every part of the empire where Irishmen dwelt. Fiddlesticks! Has Home Rule led to slaughter in Canada, the Cape or the Australias? His Lordship would be put to the pin of his collar to prove it. In Ireland, though, which is a country apart, the institution of self-government would provoke attacks on loyalists and Protestants, on account of their loyalty and religion. As to loyalty, is there no loyalty, we may ask his Lordship, due to the land of one's birth? As to the religion, how is it that, in the South and West where Catholics are in the immense majority now, they never molest their Protestant neighbors? What was the religion of Isaac Butt?—what is the religion of Charles Stewart Parnell? It won't do, Lord George. The device is stale; the days of persecution for conscience' sake are numbered in these islands. Why, we even tolerate the Booths and the Bradlaughs, while despising them. We agree with the nobleman in one point. Ireland is poor. But whose is the fault? Ireland was prosperous when she had her own Parliament; her "chronic misery" dates from the Union. By all means, let rich England endeavor to prove that the Union is for the advantage of Ireland, by promoting the material interests of the island she bribed, cajoled and intimidated out of her own Senate; but she has not done so yet, and she has had over four-score years wherein to try the experiment if she really meant it. We have lost faith in soft words. To-day, we place our trust in our own energies. Let England enter generously into the task of making Ireland thriving; but, meanwhile, Irishmen, who are sick of promises which are never kept, cannot be blamed if they demand a repeal of the Union in spite of empty bluster in Tyrone and polished blarney at Oldham. *London Universe.*

A POET lives in airy regions, and as a bird will lightly poise itself upon the slenderest twig, to the wonder of clumsier creatures, so will the poetical mind rest and recreate itself in hope so slight as to be almost imperceptible to vision less acute.

Where our Tablecloths, Napkins, etc., are Made.

A THRIVING IRISH VILLAGE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Weekly Register* gives a description of a town in the North of Ireland:

As Cork has beguiled a good many strangers into visiting our shores this year, some of us are hoping that the visitors will not leave Ireland without taking a run to the North, where, by the way, Lord Spencer is at present sojourning. There is nothing in this country better worth seeing, not even Dingle Bay or Glengariff, than one of the great linen factories of Ulster. I have lately had the pleasure of going over one of these huge mills, that belong to Messrs. Richardson, Sons, and Owden, at Bessbrook, about two miles from Newry in the County of Down. The vast buildings cover an immense space of ground, and close by is the village peopled by the three thousand five hundred workers who are employed on the spot. Everything in and about the busy settlement is neat, well cared for, and pleasant to the eye. In the best dwellings in the village, even the picturesque, is considered. There are three or four places of worship, a library and reading-room, a lecture hall, some respectable shops, and no public house. All the life of the village revolves around the mills, where are spun and woven those exquisite white damask tablecloths and napkins, soft as silk, on which are so cunningly thrown up in satin-like sheen some of the loveliest designs ever traced for any fabric; those fine linen sheets and towels which the soul of the true house-wife yearns to see piled in her linen chest; and those delicate cambric handkerchiefs, which alone seem thoroughly fit for a lady's hand. From the nine great furnaces in the lower regions, each looking like an opening into the "Inferno," up to the topmost "reeling-room," where wheels and bobbins go so fast you cannot see them move, all the rooms that succeed each other contain wonders to delight the beholder. In the first room you are shown the flax as it has been cut from the field where you have seen it growing — a light, feathery growth, swaying with the faintest breeze and sprinkled with delicate blue blossoms.

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,"

says Longfellow; but here the flax appears without its azure bloom, and is heavy and dull in hue, through having lain in water for a considerable time before coming into the mill. Its lightness and golden glint will reappear, however. In the first room a number of people are busy "scutching" it, that is, they pass it through the fine teeth of a machine, which tears away the rougher part of it, discarding the same as "tow." In the next department the refined flax is refined again, and twisted into silky, glossy knots. You enter a third great hall, filled with flying machinery, and see the short lengths of the flax passing under a heavy roller, disappearing, appearing again upon an upper roller in a most dishevelled state; before you have time to speak, getting swept up by a brush which follows it, and, finally, taking the form of a fluffy ribbon, and descending continuously into a long tin receptacle, which stands awaiting for its coils. After this you see the broad soft ribbon reduced to a hard and narrow one, which gradually dwindles into thread. How that thread is spun and respun, wound, and unwound, and rewound is a sight to see. A hundred and fifty miles of thread are spun at Bessbrook every minute. When the spinning rooms are left behind we see the workers preparing

the warp for the weaving. Numbers of little children are employed in this department fixing the ends of threads in their places. The most interesting of all the sights is the weaving. I could not attempt to describe or explain the wonderfully ingenious manner in which the satin-like figures of the design are brought to the surface of the damask. Standing by a loom while an ample tablecloth of rich pattern and delicate texture is being woven with the speed of lightening before his eyes, it is hard for the spectator to understand by what means, short of magic, so perfect and intricate a work is produced thus swiftly and apparently easily. When he is told that the bundle of card-board slips hanging from the top of the loom are the means by which the design is made to appear, he is more mystified than ever; but a little instruction from the person who bores the holes in those card-board slips will make him understand the marvellously simple plan upon which the wonder is effected. The speed with which the weaving goes on will be estimated when I say that eight miles of linen cloth, coarse and fine, are woven in one day in Bessbrook Mills. Mr. Richardson, the owner of this great factory, and employer of so many "hands," is a good master, and the employes, I am told, find him a kind friend in the hour of need. One cannot but wish heartily that there were more such employers and more such factories scattered over Ireland.

The Fireside.

I HAVE tasted all life's pleasures, I have snatched at all its joys,
The dance's merry measures, and the revel's festive noise;
Though wit flashed bright the live-long night, and flowed the ruby tide,
I sighed for thee, I sighed for thee, my own fireside!

In boyhood's dreams I wandered far across the ocean's breast
In search of some bright earthly star, some happy isle of rest;
I little thought the bliss I sought in roaming far and wide
Was sweetly centered all in thee, my own fireside!

How sweet to turn at evening's close from all our cares away,
And end in calm, serene repose the swiftly passing day!
The pleasant books, the smiling looks of sister or of bride,
All fairy ground doth make around one's own fireside!

"My lord" would never condescend to honor my poor hearth;
"His grace" would scorn a host or friend of mere plebeian birth,
And yet the lords of human kind, whom man has deified,
Forever meet in converse sweet around my fireside!

The poet sings his deathless songs, the sage his lore repeats,
The patriot tells his country's wrongs, the chief his warlike feats;
Though far away may be their clay, and gone their earthly pride,
Each godlike mind in books enshrined still haunts my fireside!

Oh! let me glance a moment through the coming crowd of years,
Their triumphs or their failures, their sunshine or their tears;

How poor or great may be my fate, I care not what betide,
So peace and love but hallow thee, my own fireside!

Still let me hold the vision close, and closer to my sight;
Still, still, in hopes elysian, let my spirit wing its flight;
Still let me dream, life's shadowy stream may yield from out its tide,
A mind at rest, a tranquil breast, a quiet fireside!

D. F. McCarthy.

The New York Synod.

Perhaps no more important document has ever been issued in this country, than that lately proclaimed by the Cardinal Archbishop of New York and his suffragans, assembled in counsel at St. Patrick's Cathedral. We give the principal subjects on which the Pastoral treats:

Beginning with congratulations to their people upon the wonderful growth of the Church, in the Ecclesiastical Province of New York, since the holding of the last Council, twenty-two years ago, in which interval sacred temples, many of them remarkable for their beauty and grandeur, have been built, the Pastoral says:—

"Religious communities have multiplied beyond our hopes. Asylums and hospitals for the needy and the sick, orphanages and protectories for the homeless and the wayward, schools for the education and training of the young of both sexes — primary schools for the little ones, more advanced schools for older children; high schools, academies and colleges for the cultivation of the mind in the higher departments of knowledge, and many other pious institutions are to be found almost everywhere throughout the Province."

While congratulating their flocks on the wonderful growth of Catholicity which is everywhere visible in their several dioceses, the assembled Prelates declare it their duty to warn their flocks of the dangers which threaten their spiritual welfare, and add:—

"We are not calumniators of our age when we declare many anti-Christian maxims, customs, and laws, are now openly admitted and accepted; that not only special articles of the Christian faith, or particular truths of religion, are denied, but the entire body of Revelation, the sacred books of Scripture, the whole supernatural system, — but even the very notion of God as a personal, self-subsistant being. All that even the untutored conscience of the natural man hitherto fully believed, is contemptuously ignored or blasphemously impugned by many, who, going beyond even the wildest excesses of the Pagans, endeavor both by word and by writings, to destroy the foundation of all our hopes of heaven, and of all our rights and duties upon earth."

The first evil to which the Pastoral calls the attention of the faithful is that of

Mixed Marriages.

In discussing this subject, the Pastoral letter devotes considerable space to the consideration of the nature, sanctity, and importance of Christian marriage. It says:—

"Marriage is the very foundation of society; if the very foundation be not firmly laid the whole fabric will totter and fall. Marriage is not a human institution. God Himself was its author at the beginning of the world. It does not derive its efficacy from human laws, or society, for it preceded both. It is a contract, indeed; but its binding force does not depend on the mere wishes of the contracting parties. Men may make other contracts according to mutual agreement. They can sell, buy, lend or borrow, on conditions satisfactory to both parties. But the contract of marriage, — having God for its author, — must be made according to the conditions

established by Him, or not be made at all. If men and women wish to marry, they can put no conditions, they can make no bargains with each other contrary to the will of God. They can be united, only, by their free will; but once united, they cannot by any exercise of their free will be separated."

The Prelates signatories goes on to say, that Christ raised the marriage contract to the dignity of a Sacrament, giving it thereby additional force, and attaching to it special graces, in order to enable married people to live in a Christian manner. Consequently they state that—

"The bond that only death can sunder, and that makes or mars the happiness of an entire life, should be entered into with a full knowledge of its consequences. It should be made by the contracting parties only after an intimate acquaintance with each other's habits, and dispositions, and with a sense of its important duties and obligations. Through lack of such knowledge, and of thoughtful deliberation, arise so many bickerings, family dissensions, scandalous suits for divorce, and oftentimes suicide itself as a last resource. We, therefore, to obviate these dangers, as far as possible, strictly prescribe the publication of the banns before marriage, according to the laws of the Church; and, as a shield to the honor and good name of the contracting parties, we desire that these publications be never omitted, and that dispensations be not asked for — unless for the gravest reasons. Morever, since God's grace and blessing should be earnestly sought in marriage, and since a Sacrament so holy ought to be received with pure dispositions, we desire that all Catholics about to be married, should not only be strengthened by the reception of the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, but that the Mass for 'bride and groom' should be offered for them, as the Church has annexed to it a special blessing, and has accompanied that blessing with most touching prayers for their happiness in time and eternity."

The System of Divorce

is forcibly condemned in the following words:—

"All thoughtful men, who value the Christian faith, are beginning to realize the frightful evils that must inevitably befall society if the dire plague of divorce,—with all the nameless sins leading to it and springing from it,— be allowed to continue its ravages. Many an earnest writer and many an eloquent voice, even in the non-Catholic press and pulpit, have lately deplored this crying evil. In the eyes of the true Christian, the abominable system of Mormonism is scarcely more horrible than the system of divorce; for it is hardly more shameful to have many wives, at once, than to have several in succession,— while the first, to whom fidelity unto death was sworn,— is still alive. Nothing, then, must pursuade you, dearly beloved brethren, that the marriage union, once consummated, can be dissolved by any law, any state, any power on earth. 'Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'

* * * * * * * *

"Again, as marriage is a most intimate union of husband and wife, the hearts of both should beat in thorough sympathy; consequently the religious convictions of both ought to be in perfect harmony. For is it not only in the union of the inmost wishes and longings of the soul that the most perfect love can exist? The Catholic Church, therefore,— ever solicitous for the happiness of her children, and with the wisdom given her from above,— has always detested and forbidden mixed marriages. There can be no perfect harmony in the family circle, no thorough co-operation in the training and education of children, no instilling of deep religious truths into their minds, where there is no common faith, nor mutually respected and practised forms of divine worship."

Pastors are therefore earnestly exhorted to warn their people against inter-marrying with persons who are not of the Catholic faith; and the penalty of excommunication (reserved to the Bishops themselves), is placed upon all who contract marriage before a minister of any other than the Catholic faith.

Christian Education

is the next subject considered in the pastoral letter; and, after deploring the spread of infidelity and impiety in the land, the prelates say: —

"The Catholic school sows the good seed in the hearts of your children, to bear, in after years, glorious fruits for our country and for religion. Until such time as a sense of justice shall force our fellow-citizens to admit the fairness of our claims, and realize the injustice of taxing us for schools to which we cannot, conscientiously, send our children (unless in cases of extreme necessity), we shall be obliged to build our own schools, even out of scanty resources. Be zealous, then, dear brethren, in establishing such schools. Build them where they do not now exist. Support them generously where they are already established; develop them, increase their usefulness, so that they may be in no respect inferior to any others. Strengthen thousands of your pastors that they may render these schools more and more efficient, so that your children may learn in them all that will make them hereafter loyal citizens of their country, and valient soldiers of Christ and of His holy church. By these schools the efforts of infidelity will be rendered abortive; by them will religion be fortified."

Incidentally at this point of the letter an appeal is made for the support of the Ecclesiastical Seminaries, as follows: —

"It is your most sacred interest that your future pastors and guides should be thoroughly instructed in all that regards the care of your souls. They should be well grounded in religious doctrine, otherwise they might prove to be only blind guides and lead you into the pit. They should be men of deep, earnest piety,— men of God, to show you, by their example, the road to heaven. They should also be men whose minds are enriched with the treasures of sacred and secular knowledge. Now, they cannot acquire this science, nor those habits of solid virtue, unless by a sound ecclesiastical training, which can be obtained only in ecclesiastical seminaries. We count, therefore, upon your co-operation in fostering such seminaries for the education of our young priests; for we desire a learned as well as a holy and a learned priesthood."

Catholic Literature

is highly recommended to the people, and they are urged to support Catholic magazines and newspapers, but to beware of all publications which, while nominally professing to be Catholic, defend the principles of heresy and assail the teachings of the Church. On this point the assembled prelates say:—

"We would be wanting to our most sacred duties to God, to our deepest love for you, if we failed to point out, dear brethren, such dangerous foes, and call upon you, in the sacred names of religion and country, to avoid them as you would a pest. Keep such journals from your homes and from the hands of your children; keep all seditious, revolutionary, immoral publications far away from them. Then you will not have to deplore, as many parents now bitterly do, the ruin and degradation, both moral and physical, of their children. Give them, on the other hand, moral, entertaining, useful books, and good Catholic newspapers, and you will have reason to expect that they will grow up pure, honest, unselfish and manly, determined to do their work well for their country and for God."

The following rebuke is administered to those Catholics who fail to support their own literature and newspapers:—

"Many efforts have been made by enterprising publishers to cheapen and to popularize Catholic literature, and they have given to our people really admirable works, suited to the tastes and circumstances of every class. It is not to the credit of the Catholic body that these efforts have not proved more successful. We have also several Catholic newspapers and journals. But how little support they receive! You complain oftentimes of their inefficiency and their short-comings. Who is in fault? Give the publishers and writers more encouragement by your patronage, and they will soon be enabled to furnish you more interesting reading. Our best writers have to labor for the secular press; they would gladly devote their talents to higher purposes, if they were only properly supported by those whose cause and whose rights they would rejoice to defend. If every Catholic family had one or two Catholic newspapers, your children would know how to reply to objections often speciously presented against their faith; difficulties would be solved and doubts dispelled. Now, there is scarcely any family so poor as not to be able, by practising a little economy in other ways, if necessary, to contribute at least to one Catholic journal."

Secret Societies.

are dealt with at large in the Pastoral letter. The assembled prelates say

that the spirit of the age tends toward the formation of associations, and they declare that the Catholic Church "never opposes associations founded on justice, and in accordance with the law." Of secret societies they say, after pointing out their perniciousness: —

"Besides the societies openly condemned by the Sovereign Pontiffs, — into which no Catholic may enter and remain in the Church, — there are many others not so explicitly denounced, and of which Catholics often become members. Yet some of these associations may become equally dangerous, and should therefore be avoided with equal care. To guide the consciences of our faithful people, we here propose some rules by which they may form a judgment of the merits of various societies. They should consider as dangerous — societies which prevent the lawful exercise of liberty, either on the part of employees, — especially, if to further the end proposed, recourse be had to violence. It is an injustice to prevent men by violent means from earning an honest livelihood. 2. Societies in which anti-religious, infidel doctrines are openly professed and advocated. No Catholic may remain with men who assail religion. 3. Societies in which a ritual is introduced, and a form of worship used at variance with Catholic teaching. Such societies are really religious sects."

Ecclesiastical Discipline

is the title of a section of the letter, in which the prelates urge obedience to the laws the Church lays down for the guidance of her children. Three practical illustrations are thus given: —

"1. We recommend all our people to adopt the ancient and Catholic custom of always having the Mass of Requiem offered at the funeral of their deceased friends. The dead are soon forgotten. We ought to remember that 'it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins.'

"2. Let the funerals be simple. Extravagance in this matter rather tends to gratify the vanity of the living than to show respect for the dead. If there be a sermon at the funeral, let it be short, — not flattering the deceased, but rather conveying a lesson to the hearers on the uncertainty of life and the certainty of Death and Judgment.

"3. It should be remembered that no language but the Latin is allowed during the solemn offices of the Church, and no hymns in the vernacular can be sung during High Masses of requiem; although at private Masses, at chatechism, in missions, at meetings of sodalities and other similar occasions, such hymns may be sung with great profit and edification. Most earnestly do we desire that our people should be accustomed to sing together; and for that object we wish that in all our schools the children should be taught the elements of music, and thus choral singing would become almost universal in our churches."

Catholic clergymen are forbidden to accept money, on deposit, without the express permission of their Bishops, which, in every case, must be given in writing. They are also warned against contracting debts; are told to discountenance picnics and steamboat excursions; are strictly forbidden to hold picnics or excursions on Sundays, or after dark, or in the moonlight. They are counselled to denounce the evil of intemperance and to foster various societies, such as Confraternities of the Blessed Virgin, Rosary and Scapular societies, Associations for the Propagation of the Faith, and Confraternities of the Holy Childhood. Frequent and fervent prayers are requested for the Pope and the welfare of the Holy See.

WHATEVER you think proper to grant a child, let it be granted at the first word without entreaty or prayer and, above all, without making any condition. Grant with pleasure, refuse with reluctance; but let your refusal be irrevocable; let not importunity shake your resolution; let the particle "No," when once pronounced, be a wall of brass, which a child, after he has tried his strength against it, shall never more endeavor to shake.

LAUGH HEARTILY.—Persons who can laugh heartily may be said to have the elements of worth strong in them, and a ready means of securing much happiness; hence they should indulge in it as frequently as possible, for nothing is so good for toning up the system and exhilarating the mind as deep, hearty laughter. It also shows one's character to a certain extent; for bad people rarely laugh heartily. Laugh while you can, then; and, while it may not make you fat, it will at least improve you mentally and physically for the day.

A Group of Girls.

Some merciless satirist, writing for the *Home Journal*, thus "takes off" the failings of our girls:

There is Neæra, whose hair is of that lovely tint between brown and gold, and so plentiful that when she shakes it loose it falls in glorious rippling masses to her knees. Neæra is always railing at the fashion of false hair. "People who have abundance of their own get no credit for it," she says. She loves private theatricals, and would willingly take up questionable acquaintances rather than lose a chance of playing in a charade or posing in a tableau vivant in a "back hair" part. If any one else's hair is said to be of a beautiful color Neæra is ill-humored for the rest of the day. She hates the bonnet of the period, because it covers the head so closely, and detests the hat of the day, because it hides the hair. She likes going to the play. Her maid arranges her lovely locks in a great flat coil or plait, which goes twice round her pretty head. People sitting in the private boxes look down at her in her stall and say, "What a beautiful head!" She never wears a flower or a diamond in those shining folds; she thinks that they need no "bush." Neæra is self-conscious.

Then there is Mrs. Juno Hardware. Her figure is magnificent. Her husband fell in love with her at a dance. You never saw such shoulders — so white, so smooth, so perfect in shape. She is young, and might be rather pleasant were it not for her figure. It preoccupies her. She is jealous of every other well-shaped woman. Of Mrs. X. she says: "How can people admire her? Look at her shoulders — up in her ears almost." When told hat Mrs. W. is much liked in society, Mrs. Juno says: "What! with that wooden waist?" She cannot understand that a woman may be charming without a good figure; and is equally far from comprehending that one who possesses a perfect shape need not necessarily conquer all hearts.

Helen is beautiful. You cannot name a fault in her lovely face. But alas! Helen knows how fair she is. See the conquering air with which she walks, the languid complacency of her expression as she drives, the careless negligence of her manner when she speaks. These defects all spring from one common source. She says, as plainly as though she were to speak the words: "I am a beautiful woman. I need not, therefore, take the trouble to be agreeable. To be beautiful is enough."

Mrs. Dash is as beautiful as Helen, and she knows it, but hides the knowledge better. Her coquettish airs and graces sit well on her; they suit her piquant style and her merry, bright face. Every one says she is charming, "and so extremely stylish." So she is. And those who think so would probably have scarcely admired her as she was seven years ago — a lovely girl who nearly always wore white, who blushed frequently when she talked with strangers, and even when teased by her father, whom she adored. She was a country girl of nineteen, with no "style" beyond being a thorough gentlewoman, in whom coquetry was still dormant. Society prefers the woman of twenty-six, who is as practical in her smiles as any actress on the stage, and, as her admirers say of her, is "all there." She is so amusing, says every one, and to be "amusing" is to be a social success. Sometimes she looks back at her girlish self, and thinks, with a little smiling sigh, "What an innocent goose of a girl I was! How different I am now!"

Of Sylvia people are always saying that she would be rather a pretty girl

if she had not that ugly habit of showing all her teeth. To be sure, they are lovely teeth—small, square, white, and set in gums of rosy pink; but we don't want to see the whole thirty-two.

How much better does Lucilla manage! She, too, has lovely teeth. Watch her as she smiles. Two rosy lips draw slowly away from those "quarelets of pearl," a delicious dimple shows itself in one cheek, a pretty wave of pinkish color spreads over the face, and, while you are looking the smile fades as gradually as it came. Well, Sylvia says that Lucilla is affected, asserts that she paints her lips, and declares that she had that dimple made by a surgical operation. Perhaps she is; perhaps she does; perhaps she had. There is really no saying; these are dreadful times. Further, says Sylvia, Lucilla smiles in that guarded way because she has lost a tooth at either side. So that is why Sylvia shows the whole thirty-two.

Miranda has the loveliest arms you ever saw. She is delighted that short sleeves are worn, and her gloves are not nearly so long as other people's. Her favorite attitude is sitting with her right elbow in the palm of her hand. She waves her hand when she speaks. At a dance her right arm is well displayed behind her partner's left if he is tall, or on his shoulder if he is small. Those beautiful arms have spoiled Miranda. She wears black, though it does not suit her complexion, because her arms look so white against it. She is always directing your attention to those unlucky ones, numerous enough, who have thin arms. Whoever marries her will have to be very careful never, under any circumstances, to admire another woman's arm. If he should make a slip in this direction, there would, to use a good old phrase, be "wigs on the green."

Did you ever see such dear little feet? Or such perfectly turned ankles? Or more wonderful stockings! Never, indeed. Her pretty feet are Lesbia's specialty. That is why she wears those flowered stockings and those little pointed shoes. That is the reason her skirts are so unusually short. Lesbia is bright and clever. She is sensible about everything but feet. She is a trying girl to talk to. She will interupt the most interesting conversation just when you think you are "both beginning to get on so well" to ask if you approve of high heels, or some other such leading question. She is like Mr. Dick with King Charles, and must drag the topic of feet into everything. It is a pity, and yet many prefer her to Nora, whose feet are well shaped enough, but who has "no style." She talks merrily and pleasantly when you know her well, but is rather quiet with strangers. Not at all the sort of girl to get on. Her voice is not sufficiently loud or imperious. She does not bustle about with an air as though the world was made for her. She wears pretty gowns, but does not bunch them out, nor mince along with a soubrette-like trip, swaying her gown from side to side, as Lesbia does. In fact, she will never look anything "in a room," though she may be well enough as the presiding spirit of a home. She is hopelessly unfashionable,

Letitia has a waist. It is her great point, and she is very proud of it. Well she may be, for it is the result of patient years of pain. She has laid on the shrine of that little waist many precious things — good health, good temper, and good spirits. Having sacrificed the first, the two others followed as a matter of course. But then it is such a wonderful waist! It cannot measure more than seventeen inches at the very most. The pressure has made her nose permanently red. Not all the waters of Araby would make that nose white again; but what matters? Does it not belong to the smallest waist in the land? One thing immediately strikes the beholder. He wonders how so small a

waist can possibly be so obtrusive. Were it two yards round it could not more aggressively insist on being noticed. Draperies are so arranged as to lead the eye down to it, and the skirts are of such a fashion as to guide the attention up to it. Letitia walks with her elbows well out from her sides, so as to advertise, in a pointed way, the fact that your view is scarcely interrupted by her slight and well distributed figure. As she stands talking to you she puts a hand on either side of this wonderful waist, and appears to be curbing herself in, as it were. She wears the tightest of jackets, and never is seen in a dolman. She gets a terrible cold in winter because she will not wrap up. In fact, her whole existence is a burnt-offering to her waist. Were she to grow stout her object in life would be gone. Letitia denies herself even the gratification of an excellent appetite in the interest of a small waist, a self-sacrifice that would be noble in a better cause.

Mirza has the loveliest complexion in the world. Without it she would be a perfectly charming girl. With it she is quite a bore. If there is any wind she is unhappy, "because it makes my cheeks so rough." If the sun shines she is miserable, "because I tan so frightfully." If it is hot she grumbles, "I flush so painfully." If it is cold her cry is, "I can't go out to-day, for I get so blue in cold weather." Her cheeks are of such an indescribable texture that roughness has never yet invaded them, and tanning never approaches them. She flushes the prettiest dantiest pink you ever saw, and in cold weather a soft color rises in her face, and a wistful look comes into her eyes that makes her quite adorable. Why, then, all these excuses? Simply because she thinks prevention better than cure, and is afraid of a thousand viewless enemies on her complexion's account. She is a martyr to her own conciousness. They are all martyrs to vanity.

New England.

THE *Philadelphia Times* has some good remarks upon the boasting qualities of our people. It says: "New England has not been over modest during late years in laying claim to a large proportion of the credit for every thing as it now exists. At every meeting of every New England society in any State, the impression is given that it was New England which furnished the men and women and the work which have created the great States of the West and Northwest. A brief examination of the figures of the census of 1880 tends to contradict this assumption. Of the native white population which had found homes outside the locality of their birth the four sources of population contributed as follows: New York, 1,189,351; Pennsylvania, 788,515; the six States of New England, 584,356; the Virginias, 497,001. The last also furnished 229,281 colored inhabitants to States outside its borders. Almost three-tenths of the entire population was born in these four parent sections, each contributing in the following proportion: New York, 4,701,-016; Pennsylvania, 4,118,927; New England, 3,614,346; Virginia, 1,695,-217. To the latter must again be added nearly 900,000 colored population as a contribution made by none of the other sections. This shows New England a halting third in the procession.

When the native population of new States is considered, the same condition of things is revealed. Ohio is

popularly supposed to be dominated by the ideas of New England. The census shows this supposition to be a mistake. The parent localities contributed as follows to her population: Pennsylvania, 137,560; New York, 63,560; Virginia, 51,383; New England, 32,638. In Indiana the following proportion existed: Pennsylvania, 51,126; New York, 26,373; Virginia, 24,916; New England, 9,632. Illinois received from New York 119,917; Pennsylvania, 89,137; New England, 45,913; Virginia, 25,026. To Iowa New York contributed 82,598; Pennsylvania, 77,284; New England, 28,131; Virginia, 17,278. In Wisconsin, which is in the due westward course from New England which migration generally follows closely, the following result is shown: New York, 86,402; New England, 37,598; Pennsylvania, 19,074, and Virginia almost nothing. To Michigan have gone 229,246 people from New York; 37,775 from New England, and 35,745 from Pennsylvania. To Kansas, which is popularly supposed to be a newer New England, Pennsylvania has contributed, 59,111; New York, 42,707; New England, 19,302, and Virginia, 17,104.

These figures show that in no Northern State does New England lead as a contributor to its population, and in most of them it is third or fourth. An examination of the returns at other enumerations shows that about the same proportion has always been maintained. The great proportion of the pioneers of the new States of the West and Northwest were drawn from New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia, a very small proportion of the early settlers coming from New England. The different elements of population have assimilated without difficulty, and each has helped the other, but the truth of figures and history both demonstrate that the ancestors of all the native population did not come on the *Mayflower*, or enact blue laws, or persecute for opinions sake. New England societies would do well to examine the census reports before indulging in their flights of oratory at the next celebration."

A Life's Seasons.

In the Spring-time,
Ben, the youngest, and the dearest, playing at his mother's side,
Running joyous all her errands, playing with her seek-and-hide;
Crying when she looked aweary, and a shade was on her brow,
In the spring-time, when the ash-leaves hid upon the mourning bough.

In the Summer,
Ben, the fairest and the gayest, straying by a foreign shore,
Spending all his child's rich portion, idols bowing down before;
And his mother's heart was breaking, and her smile was seldom seen,
And they laid her neath the daisies, when the berries yet were green.

In the Autumn,
Ben, the saddened, and the altered, pining in a foreign land,
Heard his mother's voice of spring-time, hungered for her tender hand,
And her eyes were ever on him, through the night hours, in the morn,
And he came across the ocean, when the sloe grew on the thorn.

In the Winter,
Ben, the contrite and the weary, kneeling at his mother's grave,
Praying God and her for pardon: yielding back the life God gave;
And his cheek was thin and pallid, and his eyes were strange and bright,
And they laid him by his mother ere the snow-drop came in sight.

M. MY. R. in *Irish Monthly.*

The Poet-Priest of the South.

Concluded from page 496.

In the solemn shades of the wood that swept
The field where his comrades found him,
They buried him there — and the big tears crept
Into strong men's eyes that had seldom wept
(His mother — God pity her!— smiled and slept,
Dreaming her arms were around him).

A grave in the woods with the grass o'ergrown,
A grave in the heart of his mother —
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone;
There is not a name, there is not a stone,
And only the voice of the wind maketh moan
O'er the grave where never a flower is strewn,
But — his memory lives in the other.

There is plenty of strong, direct, simple poetry here, on a level with the beautiful recollection of his brother.

In ranging through this goodly pasture of wild flowers, consisting chiefly of "linkéd sweetness long drawn out," I am embarrassed in gathering the bouquets that were fittest to cull. I would fain quote all and would not rest if the specimens I present did not draw my readers to the volume itself, where they may revel at will in a delicious banquet of song, more varied in flavor, if not so deep in tone, than they can find in any other modern Catholic poet. Father Ryan, in nearly every instance, is very felicitous, to say the least, in choice of measure to suit his subject. Above all is he so in the pure idyl. An idyl is the most delicate form of verse,— more delicate, though it be grander, than the now prevalent *vers de societie* in which so many lamentable failures are recorded. Shelley is the only poet of this century who has hit the mark nigh to perfection. And Father Ryan has, to my mind, followed pretty close on his heels. Now, an idyl should contain a nutshell painting, or graphic half-glance, of some natural scene or object, with a dim illustration of moral meaning. Seylla and Charybdis beset the poet here. On the one hand, he may spoil his poem by making its moral meaning too clear, and thus sinking the idyllic representation; or on the other hand, he may paint the eidolon too bright and glaring, and thus lose the moral meaning altogether. In the first category are to be ranked those odious religious poems, stuffed with "goody-goody," from Solomon Tupper to the Protestant hymn books. In the second category fall the more seductive forms of poetry of the sensuous school, illustrated by Rossetti, Swinburne and others, whose splendid powers have been devoted to very reprehensible subjects. Tennyson has some grand, sweet lines that breathe the purest

idyllic force. I don't mean his "Idyls of the King," which, though it may sound bold in me to say so, are simply no idyls at all; or at least, are not idyls in the accepted sense of the word. Aubrey de Vere, of all modern poets across the water, ranks first to my mind in this province. And I think Father Ryan has written some idyls which will compare favorably with Vere's. These two shall serve as samples:—

A FLOWER'S SONG.

Star! Star! why dost thou shine
  Each night upon my brow?
Why dost thou make me dream the dreams
  That I am dreaming now?

Star! Star! thy home is high —
  I am of humble birth;
Thy feet walk shining o'er the sky,
  Mine only on the earth.

Star! Star! why make me dream?
  My dreams are all untrue;
And why is sorrow dark for me,
  And heaven bright for you.

Star! Star! oh, hide thy ray,
  And take it off my face;
Within my lovely home I stay,
  Thou, in thy lofty place.

Star! Star! and still I dream,
  Along thy light afar,
I seem to soar until I seem
  To be, like you, a star.

THE STAR'S SONG.

Flower! Flower! why repine?
  God knows each creature's place;
He hides within me when I shine,
  And your leaves hide his face.

And you are near as I to Him,
  And you reveal as much
Of that eternal, soundless hymn
  Man's words may never touch.

God sings to man through all my rays
  That wreathe the brow of night,
And walks with me thro' all my ways —
  The everlasting light.

Flower! Flower! why repine?
  He chose on lowly earth,
And not in heaven where I shine,
  His Bethlehem and birth.

Flower! Flower! I see Him pass
Each hour of night and day;
Down to an altar and a Mass
Go thou! and fade away.

Fade away upon His shrine!
Thy light is brighter far
Than all the light wherewith I shine
In heaven as a star.

These two last bring me to the discussion of Father Ryan's distinctly religious poems. Idyls are necessarily, as I have said above, dim imitations of moral or mystical meanings, which are the two sides on which religion is to be approached. But there are occasions when the deep, many-minded soul of the poet urges him forward to speculate boldly or sing passionately on the subtle problems of life. Like the musings of Hamlet, such like exercises are apt to take on a morbid tone; in the unformed intellect of the Danish prince, as limned by England's pre-eminently Catholic poet in sentiment, when they came into contact with the rude realities of life, they turned to madness. And even in sanest moments, even in the fullest light of Catholic truth, subjects of this nature must still possess, in their depths, the dregs of the bitter draught that the natural man is bound to drink. For grace is a supernatural, not an unnatural light; it does not do away with the natural, it illuminates it; and through its addition, by raising and purifying man, should merely complete him — this is a theory, fulfilled in rare cases, but not often so in fact. To most men the climbing of that celestial hight is a spiritual tragedy. The multitude, indeed, do have keen thoughts and feelings; they go on day by day swayed by outward circumstances; but in the raised soul, in the hearts of the "called," proceeds ever a profound and unearthly combat, whose issue is a higher glory or a deeper fall. Not till the last great day can we estimate what the judgment on men will be. Then shall all stand unclothed and naked in the ray of divine purity, and the hidden things of our mortal sojourn and trial be revealed. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to record the sweet sad breathings of a troubled conscience — of a soul working out salvation in "fear and trembling" — of a seer that sees and points on to the right way. What, for instance, could be more apt than the following lines, which illustrate, so far as art goes, the felicitous application of the repetition of catches, noted elsewhere as in excess?—

SURSUM CORDA.

Weary hearts! weary hearts! by the cares of life oppressed,
Ye are wandering in the shadows — ye are sighing for a rest;
There is darkness in the heavens, and the earth is bleak below,
And the joys we taste to-day may to-morrow turn to woe.
Weary hearts! God is rest.

Lonely hearts! lonely hearts this is but a land of grief;
Ye are pining for repose — ye are longing for relief:
What the world hath never given, kneel and ask of God above,
And your grief shall turn to gladness, if you lean upon his love.
Lonely hearts! God is love.

Restless hearts! restless hearts! we are toiling night and day,
And the flowers of life, all withered, leave but thorns along your way;
Ye are waiting, ye are waiting, till your toilings all shall cease,
And your every restless beating is a sad, sad prayer for peace.
Restless hearts! God is peace.

Breaking hearts! broken hearts! ye are desolate and lone.
And low voices from the past o'er your present ruins moan!
In the sweetest of your pleasures there was bitterest alloy;
And a starless night hath followed on a sunset of your joy.
Broken hearts! God is joy.

Also, such musings as these, not to quote "A Blessing;" for which there is no room:—

THE ROSARY OF MY TEARS.

Some reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art;
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,
And their lives by the moans of their heart.

The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth of years,
Few or many they come, few or many they go,
But time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes that we pass on our way,
And not by the furrows the fingers of care

On forehead and face have made —
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the sun of the earth, but the shade
Of our souls, and the fall of our tears.

NOCTURNE.

Betimes, I seem to see in sleep
What when awake I may not see;
Can night be God's more than the day?
Do stars, not suns, best light his way?
Who knoweth? Blended lights and shades
Arch aisles down which He walks to me.

I hear Him coming in the night
Afar and yet I know not how;
His steps make music low and sweet;
Sometimes the nails are in his feet;
Does darkness give God better light
Than day, to find a weary brow?

Does darkness give man brighter rays
To find the God, in sunshine lost?
Must shadows wrap the trysting place
Where God meets hearts with gentlest grace?
Who knoweth it? God hath his ways
For every soul here sorrow-tossed.

The hours of day are like the waves
That fret against the shores of sin;
They touch the human everywhere,
The Bright-Divine fades in their glare;
And God's sweet voice the spirit craves
Is heard too faintly in the din.

When all the senses are awake,
The mortal presses overmuch
Upon the great immortal part,
And God seems further from the heart.
Must souls, like skies, when day-dawns break,
Lose star by star at sunlight's touch?

But when the sun kneels in the west,
And grandly sinks as great hearts sink;
And in his sinking flings adown
Bright blessings from his faded crown,
The stars begin their song of rest,
And shadows make the thoughtless think.

The human seems to fade away;
And down the starred and shadowed skies
The heavenly comes — as memories come
Of home to hearts afar from home;
And through the darkness after day
Many a wingéd angel flies.

And somehow tho' the eyes see less,
Our spirits seem to see the more;
When we look through night's shadow bars
The soul sees more than shining stars,
Yea — sees the very loveliness
That rests upon the golden shore.

Strange reveries steal o'er us then,
Like Regless cords of instruments,
With music's soul without the notes;
And subtile, sad, and sweet there floats
A melody not made by men,
Nor ever heard by outer sense.

So far as my ability extends, I have been drawing out ideas about poetry, and measuring Father Ryan's songs by them. But now, as the end draws nigh, it remains to be said that there is something in poetry,— a touch, a tone, a spell, what shall we call it?— which it is impossible to describe. Criticism, after all, takes in but the outward shell or clothing; the beating of the deep heart within, it may not formally speak of. Nay, so is it also with prose. How divinely exalting are many passages in Newman's writings; how they thrill, how they warm, now terrifying, now soothing, but always searching the heart with an exquisite keenness, like the mingled torture of bodily pain and spiritual rapture! I think there are some sermons of his I shall never grow tired of reading over and over again; to know them is a liberal education. And again, "The Dream of Gerontius," there is nothing more magnificent, there is nothing comes nearer home to the soul, in the whole range of literature. But Newman's spell is not the spell of poetry; it is something higher if you will; but it is too weird, too ghost-like, too white-sheeted, breathing too much of that far beyond of which most only dream, and in which he seems to dwell more familiarly than in this passing scene of vanities. Poetry should contain a large and ample share of the human; this is one of the main ingredients. Now, I consider, Father Ryan is endowed with this gift as abundantly as any modern, but he has made slender use of it. And in closing this notice of him which is a very incomplete one, I cannot do better than to quote a few lines from, "Their Story runneth thus," which maimed though it be by technical defects and some positive affectations, is nevertheless so distinctly human yet so Catholic, so simple yet so mystic, so strange yet so plaintive in its gentle accents and sacrificial tone, that it deserves a wider recognition than has been accorded it up to this time.—

"A youthful Christ," she said,—
"Who had he lived in those far days of Christ,
Would have been His beloved Disciple, sure,
Would have been His own gentle John; and would
Have leaned on Thursday night, upon His breast,
And stood, on Friday eve, beneath His cross
To take His mother from Him when He died.
He sent me here,— he said the word last night
In my own garden,— this the word he said:
Oh! had you heard him whisper: 'Ethel, dear!
Your heart was born with veil of virgin on —
I hear it rustle every time we meet,
In all your words and smiles;— and when you weep
I hear it rustle more. Go— wear your veil —
And outward be what inwardly thou art,
And hast been from the first. And, Ethel, list:
My heart was born with priestly vestments on,
And at Dream-Altars I have ofttimes stood,
And said such sweet Dream-Masses in my sleep —
And when I lifted up a white Dream-Host,
A silver Dream-Bell rang — and angels knelt,

Or seemed to kneel, in worship. Ethel, say —
Thou wouldst not take the vestments from my heart
Nor more than I would tear the veil from thine.
My vested and thy veiled heart part to-night
To climb our Calvary and to meet in God —
And this, fair Ethel, is Gethsemane —
And He is here, who, in that other, bled —
And they are here who came to comfort Him —
His angels and our own; and His great prayer,
Ethel, is ours to-night — let's say it, then:
Father! Thy will be done! Go, find your veil,
And I my vestments.' He did send me here."

HUGH P. MCELRONE.

The Irish Question.

ENGLISH statesmen and editors try to make it appear that they cannot understand the real cause of destitution in Ireland. The ignorance of the English on the Irish question is only equalled by that of an old quack doctor who had been treating a child for some time, and finally discovered it to be in a dying condition.

"I never thought the poor child would die of croup," said the distressed mother.

"Humph!" exclaimed the quack. "Why didn't you tell me the child had croup. That's the first I heard of it."

The English have been dosing Ireland for seven centuries, and it is time they found out what was the matter. Our own opinion is that Ireland has been bled too much, and has not had quite enough to eat.

Changing the simile — the condition of Ireland reminds us of a poor dray horse that has yielded to bad treatment and starvation. A crowd gathers around the poor prostrate animal, and everybody proceeds to make suggestions. One fellow thinks that twisting the animal's tail or sitting on his head will restore him to his original health and vigor. Another asserts that a liberal application of his lash will cause the famished steed to renew his youth like an eagle. After everybody has had his say, a quiet old farmer takes a good look at the emaciated framework of what once was a horse, and then asks the exasperated owner, who is loudly asserting that the brute never did seem to thrive, no matter what was done for him:

"Did you ever try corn and kind treatment?"

Texas Siftings.

LIFE is a cross; but we should bear its burden more fittingly to the measure of a *Te Deum* than to that of a *Miserere* — if it were only for the thought that our temporary suffering can add to God's eternal glory.

Our Young Folks.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I.

THE morning was bitterly cold, the wind having a biting venom in it that pierced through and through the slim form of a large-eyed, weird-faced litt tle girl, as she donned her thin cotton garments in the dim light of that Christmas Eve.

The earthen floor, accustomed as she was to its chillness, seemed to wound her feet this morning, and when she cramped her toes with drawing them together so that their nails and the tips of her heels alone supported her body, she tried to relieve them by standing alternately on each, while the blue hands worked awkwardly at the scanty fastenings of her dress, which finally refused to be united. "I'll light a bit of fire," she decided at last, "and then call Johnny."

Johnny was almost as hollow-cheeked as Bessie herself, and the "bit of fire," was well in keeping with the starved appearance of both, as they hungrily hovered over it, endeavoring to draw a little heat from its feeble, momentary blaze.

"I'm goin' to chance the market to-day, anyhow," said Bessie, as she moved from the fireplace and gazed into the mysteries of a small, dark cupboard.

"Goin' to the market; what's the good of tryin'?" replied Johnny peevishly, "perishin' yourself for nothin'."

"Oh, well, this is Christmas Eve, and Granny says there's many a good thing goin' at this season; and who knows maybe the Christ Infant, who felt the cold of the time, will do somethin' for us."

Johnny was evidently tired hoping. "If it was somethin' bad you were expectin,' you'd say it was God's will, I suppose, the way Granny does, that vexes me more than the cold and hunger, so it does," was the boy's reply.

"Oh, you're in bad humor this morning, Johnny," Bessie declared laughingly. "Wait until you see the grand breakfast we're goin' to have."

"The cocoa boiled over again; this makes up the week," said the boy meditatively. "Let me see; I wetted it last"— he put up the fingers of his left hand, and counted with the right—"Wednesday— that was Wednesday; you remember, Bessie, 'twas the last day I worked."

Bessie nodded, as she continued peering into divers old jam-pots and broken cups, with an expectant, anxious face.

Johnny went on counting: "Well, Wednesday one, Thursday two, Friday three, Saturday——." He stopped short as Bessie laughed triumphantly.

Johnny looked crestfallen. "Can this be only Saturday?" he asked.

"That's all," said Bessie brightly; "but it wasn't at that I laughed; that is, not altogether at that; but you see we're not as badly off as you thought. The cocoa wouldn't be a week old until Wednesday—Wednesday night, for it was late, I remember."

Johnny was not to be disposed of so easily.

"Oh, well, we have had it twice a day since then; that makes up," he decided.

"Oh, Johnny, Granny is waking up; lay the table while I do the rest. Look, I have a fresh bit to help the old cocoa, and a *relish*, Johnny. Now, did you expect that?" and Bessie triumphantly exhibited the "middle cut" of a salt herring saved from the day before.

Johnny's face immediately brightened, and he "laid the table" with alacrity.

The "table" was a chair, and the service consisted of two broken-handled cups, without saucers, and a small jam-pot, which, being the least inviting article, Johnny thoughtfully reserved for his own use. Having provided artistic mats of pieces of paper for each article, he surveyed the breakfast table with apparent satisfaction, as hastening forward he helped Granny to her place of honor on the only remaining chair. Two low stools served for himself and Bessie.

Johnny's breakfast evidently agreed with him, for when it was over he proceeded to pull off the toeless boots in which his own feet had been wandering hither and thither in vain quest of a little warmth.

"Here, Bess," he said, "as you're going out, you may as well have these. I won't want them in the house.

"Goin' out to-day, are you, Bessie?" queried Granny. "It's a bitter day for you, child, an' you bare and naked; but God's will be done."

Johnny's face darkened, but before he had time to express his annoyance, Bessie had "tried on the boots."

"Oh, Johnny, they feel grand. I'm so glad you thought of them. But, mind you, don't go outside the door until I bring them back to you." Bessie stood up, and began marching up and down the floor, setting down one foot and then the other with a force and determination quite wonderful to see, now and again looking down at her feet with evident satisfaction.

"Sure, it's no wonder for the *quality* to like walkin', when they've their feet up in nice little houses, and no cold an' wet can get near them. I suppose it's for the nice feel of it, they like goin' about. But it's time I was gone, and not lose my chance by bein' late in the market. Good-bye, Granny; good bye, Johnny. I prayed last night to the Infant Lord to give us somethin' good this Christmas, anyhow, and maybe He will."

II.

"Are you worse to-day, Granny?" asked the boy when the door had closed on Bessie, and Granny's face assumed an unwonted expression of pain.

"I do feel bad, my child; but the worst feel is, that I fear we shall have to go to the workhouse after all. Now that the gardens are all laid down, an' you can get no weedin' and Bessie can get no messages to bring, an' my rheumatics are gettin' worse every day, oh, we shall have to go, after all my long struggle. But God's will be done. It is all His blessed and holy will, glory be to His name."

Johnny turned to the door, but remembering his bare feet and Bessie's injunction he turned back and seated himself.

"How long is it since, as you say, it was God's will to make us as poor as we are now?" he enquired dryly.

"Since the winter after your mother, my poor Mary, died, and your father, Michael Blakeney, went to America, promising to bring us three out in less than no time; but he never wrote a line, no more than to the blackest stranger, an' we never heard of him since, the Lord's will be done," the old woman replied.

"I thought you said often that no Weare ever went to the workhouse," returned Johnny in the same dry tone of voice.

"No, nor no Blakeney either that ever I knew," exclaimed Granny Weare excitedly. "The Blakeneys were a decent stock, and almost as old a family as the Weares themselves. Michael Blakeney, your father, my boy, was as nice-looking a young fellow, and as well conducted as any in the barony; but it was God's will that the separation should come, and when Mary died he couldn't bear the sight of the place; but he promised to do for his children."

Johnny went on to say, "I'll go to America and fetch him home. I am not goin' into the workhouse, Granny.

When I grow to be a man I'll do for you; never fear I won't forget, but I'll go bring father home anyhow."

"Child, what are you talking about?" cried the old woman, "You go to America, a little bit of a fellow like you, to leave your old Granny! And where do you think you'd find your father? Ah, Johnny, America is a big place, and relations are not to be picked up in the streets like stones. No, no, my child, you must not leave me. If we are to starve, let us starve together; the Lord's will be done."

"And why would the Lord want us to starve?" exclaimed the boy crossly, unable to preserve silence any longer. "It is enough to make one think that God wants people to be hungry and cold and poor to hear you talk. If God loves us, as you say he does, why would he want us to suffer? I love you, and it would not make me glad to see you starve."

"Hush, child, you know not what you are saying. God's ways are not our ways, and he often sends people trials here that they may be the happier hereafter." Johnny was silenced, but evidently unconvinced.

III.

The Christmas market was largely attended, and as Bessie entered she was called upon by one of her neighbors to take charge of a large stock of fowl while she transacted business at some distance.

"Here are the good fat ones at this side, Bessie," she said, "the poor ones are at the far side. Charge the same price for all, only be sure and give the good ones to the Pendleton gentry — you know them all as well as I do — and to any stranger that comes give the others. Push a good trade for me now, and when all are sold I shall give you a shilling, as 'tis Christmas times."

Gratified and delighted at her good fortune, Bessie took her place behind the stall.

Attracted by the little girl's beaming ingenuous face, many purchasers came and went, and Bessie witnessed with delight the fair silver pyramid which was fast rising before her, when a tall, dark gentleman, accompanied by a handsome girl about Bessie's age, paused in front of the stall. "Well, my little woman," said the gentleman cheerfully, "What do you charge for your fowl?" Bessie named the price, and the gentleman taking out his purse paid for several pairs, and watched the little girl setting them aside, while now and again Bessie furtively glanced at the warm fur-trimmed costume and silken tresses of the young lady.

As the gentleman and his companion turned away, he looked round to say laughingly, "Have you given me the best you have, little woman?"

He was surprised when Bessie replied promptly, "No, sir,"

"No! and why not? Have I not paid for the best?"

"Yes, sir," she replied in the same prompt tone, "but the best were only to be given to the gentry I know; the poor fowls are for strangers."

"And is this the story you have for every one that buys?" he exclaimed angrily, hardly knowing what to make of the little girl's unhesitating replies and unblushing candor.

"No, sir," Bessie told him. "No-nobody asked me before."

"And mine were chosen from the poor ones then."

"Yes, sir;" and as his tone grew more angry Bessie began to feel uncomfortable, especially as the gentleman's companion burst into a ringing laugh.

"Well, well," the gentleman said very sternly, "I am sorry to find such deception in one so young, You must only return the money I paid you, and retain your fowl."

Very crestfallen indeed Bessie was handing back the money, when the owner of the stall, attracted by the discussion, hurried up to know what was the matter.

The gentleman having explained, the woman with many apologies for

the annoyance he had suffered, and excuses for "the little girl's stupidity, offered to give the gentleman the pick of the entire stock," but the gentleman angrily refused, and insisted on receiving back the money he had paid.

With a few words of stern admonition to Bessie, he departed, his companion casting back on Bessie a half-amused, half-sympathetic glance.

IV.

Mr. Werter, by birth a German, had just returned from America, where he had amassed a large fortune, and secured a partner equally rich. Taking advantage of the new demand for home manufacture, they had agreed to invest their money in a large concern for the production at home of an article in much demand, and thereby open up a new vein of employment in a part of the country where work was scarce and population excessive. In these arrangements he was exclusively guided by his partner, in whose ability and business capacity he had full confidence, and who, being a native of this country, already knew the locality in which the requisite business premises were to be had.

Mr. Werter had taken a house temporarily near Pendleton, and thither Gertrude Werter and her father's friend were repairing when they encountered Bessie Weare and her fowl in Endlow market place.

What a festive appearance the house presented when the travellers appeared at the hall-door, and Mr. and Mrs. Werter hurried forth to welcome them! Festoons of red-berried holly glittered in the hall, mistletoe hung over the massive doorway, joy and gladness, born of the merry Christmas, beamed on every face, and evidently the Peace on earth to men of good-will was bearing good fruit to-day.

"Any good news?" inquired Mr. Werter of his friend, after shaking his hand warmly; "but I see not," he added, as he marked the gentleman's despondent face.

"Not a word," was the reply. "All inquiries, all search, all advertisements are unavailing. I have travelled the whole country over, and without the least result. I have given up all hope," he added wearily.

By this time they had reached the drawing-room, and Mrs. Werter said encouragingly, "You must not despair; somehow I believe that your efforts will be crowned with success. You know we Germans have quaint notions of family reunions and domestic wonders at this blessed season, and you must endeavor to share them with us, and allow them to bring you fresh hope and energy."

Gertrude soon told of their adventure with "the funny little girl in the market," and her mother remarked, "What a truthful, unsophisticated reply, evidently that of an honest child, and yet forced into duplicity by circumstances. We must try and see her again, Gerty."

"I did not take that view of the matter before," said Mr. Werter's friend. "I was certainly attracted by the child's face; but I suppose her mother had instructed her."

"But she was not her mother," exclaimed Gertrude. "The woman was well dressed, and the little girl was in rags; besides, the woman said that she had only employed her to attend for a few hours."

"Your championship does not gain much for the girl, Gerty," said her father laughing.

V.

Bessie, fighting against the storm raging without, and the fierce storm raging within, was wending her way home. Sometimes she longed for the shelter of her grandmother's arms, and again lagged, as she remembered then that she was returning empty-handed after her morning's hopefulness. Her limbs were stiff with cold, but she heeded it not, and now and again she raised her icy hand and pressed back

the tears which were fast freezing into icicles on her long thick lashes.

"Little girl, little girl," called a sweet, soft voice, and Bessie beheld running towards her the pretty, bright-faced girl she had seen in the market. But Bessie had no reason for wishing to cultivate her acquaintance. So she only hung her head and walked on as quickly as she could against the cold fierce wind.

"Little girl," repeated Gertrude, "stop a moment, please." Bessie could not resist the sweet, persuasive voice, and as she stopped abruptly Gertrude came up.

"Why did you not stop before?" said Gerty smiling. "Wasn't it funny about the fowl, and how vexed the woman appeared to be because you told the truth."

"I see no fun in it," said Bessie hoarsely, for these frozen tears were choking her voice and blinding her eyes, the result being that her tone seemed harsh and repellant to Gertrude's delicate, sensitive ears. She was abashed and silent for a moment before she continued shyly:

"I am very sorry, but, but I thought it was funny. Mamma said you should be an honest, truthful little girl; that is really what I meant to tell you. I did not mean to offend you."

Bessie looked up in surprise, exclaiming admiringly, all the while the bright frozen tears shone like diamonds in her eyes, "How lovely you do talk! I'm sure you're the image of the angel that Granny tells us about, who spoke to the shepherds, but I'll tell you all about it."

So Bessie told her simple story. Gertrude Werter's fair face glowed with sympathy.

"How dreadful! and you have a grandmother, too, and a brother, and no nice surprises at all for Christmas, I dare say."

"Not yet," said Bessie, "but I was talking to the Infant Lord about it last night, and maybe they'll come yet, you know."

"I am sure they will, because Mamma *will* send them this very night, little——"

"My name is Bessie," the little girl said, as Gertrude paused.

"And my name is Gertrude—Werter. Gerty, mamma, papa, and Mr. Blakeney call me."

"And my name is — oh, you remind me of it — Bessie Blakeney. We are always called Weare, after Granny."

Well, that is funny. I beg your pardon for saying it again, but Mr. Blakeney is looking everywhere for his little boy and girl and their grandmother, and I'll ask him when I go home do you belong to him."

This speech struck even Bessie as being funny, and laughed merrily as she replied, "Oh, our father went to America, and never came back. I wish we did belong to your Mr. Blakeney, and that he would make Granny cosy for the winter."

"I'll ask him, and tell you what he says to-morrow," said Gerty. "Good-bye, Bessie, I wish you a happy Christmas."

VI.

Bessie had told her story, and had been comforted by her grandmother, and then had told of the lovely little girl like the angel, and her talk of Christmas surprises.

"Had you ever a real prime Christmas, Granny?" inquired Johnny curiously.

"Aye, that I had, and full and plenty many a Christmas—God's will be done." Johnny almost screamed,

"Will you stop that? You never think it's God's will for us to have good things, and I——"

The door opened, and Mr. and Mrs. Werter, Gertrude, and Mr. Blakeney filled the room.

"The Lord be praised and thanked! Michael Blakeney, here are your two children. This is your father, my poor darlings," said the grandmother.

As Mr. Blakeney folded the two shivering children in his arms, Granny

Weare bowed her head, murmuring, "The Lord's will be done."

"For once you said it at the right time, Granny," shouted Johnny approvingly; "that's somethin' like."

No more dreary winters, or biting anxiety, or fears for Granny's rheumatics. All was over; but of all the merry Christmases that followed, that one was the merriest, and brave, honest Bessie was merriest of all.

THE CHRISTMAS DAISY.

It was the eve of that beautiful feast of Christmas. The night was calm and serene, but a bitterly piercing cold announced the presence of winter. No one slept in the village of N——. Care was taken in every household to adorn the hearth with the traditional yule-log. On this evening above all others conversation was left to the oldest. Let us enter into the cottage which is nearest the village church. There a scene presents itself which cannot fail to charm us by its simplicity. Round the hearth young children are grouped, attentive to the narrative that their grandmamma relates to them. In the midst of the group the Bambino (a waxen figure of the Infant Redeemer), placed on a diminutive manger, seems to preside at this pious reunion, and smile on every one of its little members.

The story is about the birth of our Divine Saviour. Again and again the graciousness and the amiability of the Infant God are portrayed. Their grandmother pictures to them the shepherds joyously bringing Him their gifts, every one according to his means — this one milk, the other cheese, and so on.

"And I," said Paul, the youngest of the children, "and I also, grandmamma, I must give something to my brother, the little Jesus." So saying, he goes out of the cottage, and by the light of the moon he seeks a flower, one only, forgotten perhaps by the destructive frost. He searches and searches, but all in vain. Disconsolate he returns homewards, when, lo! he perceives the object of his desires. He stoops, and oh, what happiness! It is a daisy, which the child Jesus has caused to grow at his feet to reward him for his pious simplicity. Radiant with delight he enters, and without any other explanation bends towards the manger, and with his tiny hand lays the miraculous flower on the Bambino, as an offering to the child Jesus. In the ecstasy of his joy little Paul fancies that the little Bambino bends gently his head, as if to thank him, and little Paul moves the flower to its sweet lips, that they might imprint a soft kiss upon the daisy. And lo! as if the blessed representation could impart an impression of divine power, suddenly the coral is tinged with a bright carnation, and every leaf becomes like a reflection of the rosy lips of the Infant God. Paul, beaming with gratitude, places the lovely flower in the hands of his grandmother, who sheds tears of devotion. The flower was kept in the family until, alas, one of the children lost his innocence; then its brightness disappeared for ever. But care had been taken to cultivate it, and it is the flower now called "the Christmas Daisy" — the *symbol of simplicity and innocence.*

THE FESTIVAL OF CHILDREN.

Cardinal Manning on a recent occasion said: We must look to Christmas as the festival of the children. It is so because it is the festival of the Child Jesus — it is the festival of home, of father, mother, and little ones. And at this Christmas time all who have children ought to lay to heart the responsibility allotted them in respect to them. They were the children of fathers and mothers by nature, but they were the children of God by adoption and grace. Let parents take care how they brought

up their children. Let them give them a true Christian education. Let them not be lured by any of the attractions of greater intellectual culture to send their sons or daughters out of the light of faith which, turned upon them, made them disciples of Jesus Christ. Then they had duties to perform to their homes. They ought to take account of them on Christmas Day. How had they ruled over their households? and had the light of faith shown in their homes. Had fathers lived with their children as if they were endeavoring to bring them up as St. Joseph brought up the Child Jesus? Had mothers endeavoured to imitate the Blessed Virgin in her love, care, and tender watchfulness over the children committed to them? There were others besides their children, in their households, who served them, and to whom they owed duties of love and care because servants in their houses were just as if they were the children of the family. Did they treat their servants with tenderness, generosity, with watchfulness and care for their moral welfare? Did they do all they could to enable their servants to serve God? Did they afford them time to go to Divine service? Did they, when they sat down to their meals, ask God's blessing upon them, and give thanks for them? That was the practice of their forefathers when the light of the Incarnation shed its brightness over the land; but now, unhappily, "There is a darkness come over the land and a mist over the people."

A CHILD'S SKYWARD FLIGHT.

The three-year old daughter of Mrs. Robert Elliott, was brought to Morehead City, N. C., to recover from an attack of fever. One morning a strolling Indian made his appearance with a large cluster of those red bladder-like toy balloons. Major Hawkins, of Alabama, to amuse the child Birdie, tied the cord around her waist, and then, as is so often done to amuse children, gave her a toss of five or six feet in the air, and held out his hands for her return. "Great God! she is gone," cried the major, as he saw her going rapidly up, up, up, until she had passed the house tops. Floating in the clouds with outstretched hands, the little angel could be heard distinctly calling: "Mamma! Mamma! Mamma!" until her voice became drowned by the whistling of the winds.

"All to your boats!" shouted old Captain Dixon, "and never a son of a man turn back until that child is brought to its mammy?"

Away went twenty or more well-manned boats amid the shouts of men and screams of women and children. These boats were joined by a like number from Beaufort, all of which kept as near under the little angel in the cloud as possible. Mr. Charles J. Voorhees, of the Southern Express Company, with a party of gentlemen, were out taking a sail. Mr. Voorhees is one of the most expert riflemen in the country, and had on board his Smith & Wesson rifle.

"Bang!" went the rifle — but no change in position. Again, again, and again — at the fifth shot one balloon disappeared amid the shouts of the boatmen. At the eighth shot it became evident that the balloons could not longer carry the weight of the little floating angel, as she was gradually descending, not in a straight line, but in a southwest direction, toward Harker's Island.

To land, to land; and all put to shore as fast as the sails would propel the boats. Then began the race for the baby, and she had come down on a sand bank only a few hundred yards distant. With fear and trembling all ran up, Ben Piver in front.

"Gentlemen," says he, "she's alive and kicking." There sat little Birdie, playing with a lot of shells, and as she was picked up she clung to a handful, saying: "Dese sels for mamma."

Useful Knowledge.

HOT BREAD, says the *Scientific American*, in any form whatever, should never be eaten. Some forms are very much worse than others, but all are bad, and should in reason be banished from every table.

THOUSANDS of persons starve themselves into thinness, paleness and nervousness, by living on white bread and sweet things, and sleeping too little. Oat meal, cracked wheat, graham bread and beef, with plenty of sleep, would make them plump and ruddy.

"WHAT IS ONE MAN'S MEAT IS ANOTHER MAN'S POISON." — Good beef, good bread, exercise, sunshine, pure air, temperance, cleanliness, abundant sleep, a cheerful temper, and a hundred other things are every man's meat, and no man's poison. It is true there are some things which one man can bear and another cannot, but they are of doubtful utility. If you keep to the safe and good in food and drink, there is no truth in the old saw that "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." This old saw is made to cover a multitude of dietetic sins.

TEA. — In the London *Medical Times* appears the following paragraph: "Dr. Heath, of Newcastle, has been the last to raise his voice against tea. But it has long been a fact familiar to us that tea is a most fruitful source of dyspepsia. Among the vast numbers of poor women who frequent the patient-rooms of our London hospitals, we should not be far wrong in saying that two-thirds are suffering from dyspepsia. This dyspepsia almost invariably arises from two causes, — the want of proper food, and the abuse of articles like tea, which stay the craving for food, but which aggravate the consequent conditions of the digestion."

ADULTERATIONS OF TEA. — In the *Sanitary Engineer* of June 1, 1880, is the statement that seven thousand chests of adulterated tea have been recently burned by order of the British government. An analysis of many samples taken at random, showed sixty-five per cent. of adulteration. In each hundred pounds of tea there were sixty-five pounds of poisonous adulterations. Eleven different poisons were detected; some of them deadly. Probably the worst of the Chinese teas come to America. The Chinese know that the British government watches and analyzes, while we Americans ask no questions. A large percentage of the stomach pain and indigestion among American women, may be traced to tea.

HOT RECTAL DOUCHE.—In many cases of dysentery and dysenteric diarrhœa, with painful straining, I have used the hot rectal douche with signal benefit. You should manage it in the following way. Lay your patient on his side, use a fountain-syringe, which you hang low that the water may flow into the bowels slowly. Let the water be as hot as your hand can bear. Use from one to four quarts, exhorting the patient to retain it as long as he can. This may be used as a domestic remedy. It will do no harm, and will always afford relief, especially where the dysentery is accompanied by back-ache or severe pain through the lower part of the abdomen. I have seen many cases of dysentery and straining diarrhœa relieved at once by this hot rectal douche.

OVERWORK. — Much is said of overwork nowadays, and much that is nonsensical. Gentlemen come to consult me almost daily, full of the notion that overwork is killing them. Nineteen times in twenty it is bad food, bad hours, cigars, and other abuses. With good food properly eaten, plenty of sleep, a clean skin, and exercise in the open air, not one in ten of these patients would break down from "overwork."

RUM AND TOBACCO. — These terrible enemies often find us defenceless. Our craving stomachs call for stimulus. Bad food, badly cooked, is the cause of much of this uneasiness and longing of the stomach. A wife who smells her husband's breath will help him much more by good food than by bitter words. Pies, cakes, puddings, fries, heavy bread, strong coffee and tea, play the mischief with the stomach; then it calls for some stimulus. Good beef and mutton, light, sweet bread and good vegetables, taken in moderate quantities, with a discreet use of lemon juice, will prevent much of the craving for drink and tobacco.

LABOUCHERE, editor of London *Truth*, believes that within fifty years smoking will be allowed everywhere, even in church, and that smokers will no more ask permission to smoke than to breathe. He is a false prophet. The smokers are a big crowd, but they smell bad, and that is unpopular; they spit, and that is nasty; they are nervous, and that is unmanly.

Dio Lewis's Monthly.

The Humorist.

ONCE there lived an old couple known far and wide for their interminable squabbles. Suddenly they changed their mode of life, and were complete patterns of conjugal felicity. A neighbor anxious to know the cause of such a conversion, asked the wife to explain it. She replied, "Me and the old man have got on well enough since we kept two bears in the house!" "Two bears!" was the perplexed exclamation. "Yes, sure," replied the old lady, "*bear and forbear.*"

MR. JUSTICE MOULE sentenced a rural prisoner in England in the following words: "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel think you innocent, the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent, I think you innocent. But a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, which does not seem to be much, have found you 'guilty,' and it remains that I should pass on you the sentence of the law. That is, that you be kept imprisoned one day, and as that day was yesterday, you may go about your business."

A DRAWING recently appeared in the *Bladderdatch*, a German comic paper, which caused some annoyance to Prince Bismarck. It represented St. Peter's and the Vatican at Rome, with Herr Falk, Minister of Education, and another worthy colleague, on either side, holding a chord attached to the cross on the dome of St. Peter's, which they were trying by their united efforts to haul down. In front was Prince Bismarck trying to raise the Vatican by means of a long lever. Some short distance off a gentleman was seen standing, who wore a red cloak and had a cloven foot. "What are you doing?" asked the unknown one of the two ministers. "We are trying to pull the cross down," they replied. "And what are you attempting?" he inquired, turning to Bismarck. "I intend to root this place up from its very foundations," replied the grim chancellor. "Aha!" said the unknown, "I have been trying to do this for the last eighteen hundred years, and have failed; but if you succeed I will give you the first place below."

THE BABY.—"What animal is this?" "This is a baby. He is now about three years old, and at the wickedest point of his earthly career." "What countries does the baby most inhabit?" "He can be found in every inhabited country on the globe, the same as mosquitoes and boils." "Can they be tamed?" "Yes, quite easy. After a little judicious discipline they cease to struggle and become subservient to the will of the man." "Does the baby eat grass?" "Yes, or anything else. They swallow pocket-knives, thimbles, buttons, spools, or any other object a little smaller than a tea-cup. If offered milk they seldom refuse it." "Do they graze during the day, or only at night?" "They are always grazing, paying not the least heed to the hour. When not actually eating they generally give utterance to a peculiar cry. Strong men often jump out of bed at midnight in the coldest weather when hearing that cry." "What meaning is attached to this cry?" "Men of deepest thought have agreed that it signifies to wake up the neighborhood and have some fun." "Of what benefit to mankind is a domesticated baby?" "They are of no earthly account for the first few years, but by and by they can slide down hill on a cellar door, and carry articles out of the house and trade them for a wooden sword, or lose them in the grass." "Do you know of any instance where the baby has attacked the household and killed or injured any one?" "Such instances have been related by such eminent naturalists as George Francis Train and Texas Jack, but we don't put much faith in them. However, if the baby was maliciously and persistently provoked, there's no knowing what it might do." "Are they a healthy animal?" "No. On the contrary, no druggist could make enough profit in a year to buy him a pair of Arctic overshoes but for the presence of a baby in every household. There is hardly an hour in the day that the baby does not demand peppermint, paregoric, ipecac, or something else costing money." "What machinery is made use of to compel the baby to take a dose of casteroil?" "There are several patent machines for the purpose, but most people follow the old rule of knocking him senseless and getting the dose into his mouth before he recovers." "Is the bald-headed baby more domestic than others?" "Not a bit. He kicks around after the same fashion, and has even a worse time fighting flies and mosquitoes." "What music do they seem to prefer?" "A bass drum is their first choice, but they have a heavy leaning toward the sound of the stove-handle knocking the nose off the pitcher with the emptyings in it."

A CHILD being asked what were the three great feasts of the Jews, promptly and not unnaturally replied: "Breakfast, dinner and supper."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1883.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE MODERN SCIENCE OF POLITICS.—The reader of Aristotle's "Politics" and Plato's "Republic" may fancy that the ideal Commonwealth must have had actual existence in ancient times. The reader of the "Federalist," ages hence, will suppose that America was the home of enlightened and truly democratic polity. But as Sterne was a parson and wrote sermons, despite his "Tristram Shandy," which is a transcript of his vulgar and licentious mind, so the politician quotes the "Federalist," but makes sure of the "returns."

The latest movement in this delectable science of politics is to bring the Catholic Church prominently before the people, either as an object of admiration or of opposition. The election of candidates is urged upon Catholics on the ground of the conditional respect for the Catholic Church as a religious organization. The honorable Jumbo Jackson has been heard to declare that he cherishes no ill-will toward his Catholic fellow-citizens; indeed, an aged relative of Mr. Jackson departed this life in the Roman Catholic communion. Jackson is prepared heroically to declare that, if elected, he will see his Catholic friends protected in their rights. Personally, Mr. Jackson has not the slightest objection to the Pope; on the contrary, he would be pleased to meet that ecclesiastical potentate, and, in defiance of prejudice, walk with him, arm in arm, down the main street.

Or, the candidate has shown some decent regard to the rights of Sisters, or voted for bills which gave money to hospitals, which are, in fact, public and charitable institutions. The magnanimity of such an action must be fully impressed upon Catholics, who are bidden to look upon such a man as a veritable Sun-god of unsectarian philanthropy.

It is, alas! true that Catholics, unlike any sect, or adherents of infidelity or Judaism, in the land, have been made to feel the ostracism of their faith. We have been grateful for the crumbs that fell from the political tables. Even to say a good word of us, once, was to insure our gratitude to the speaker. But we have proudly kept the Church out of the whirlpool of politics, and we intend to do so in the future. Why should we be singled out as Catholics? A Hottentot in America is not asked how many idols he worships. It is nobody's business. But let a Catholic appear in politics, either as candidate or even as voter, and his creed is known and his course criticized in relation to his faith.

Mr. Grace, of New York, was cut shamefully, because he was a Catholic. Only let this circumstance be known, and all the discordant elements combine.

Contrary to every axiom of our government, opposed to the very genius of the Constitution, this suspicion and intolerance of Catholicity must eventually work its own destruction. By continually harping upon Romanism, as exposed to free institutions, the enemies of the Church will alarm every sect; for something antagonistic to government may be found in every form of Protestantism. By sheer force this sectarianism in politics will be swept away; and Lecky's ideal of politics as thoroughly secularized — freed entirely from the religious sentiment — will come into existence.

The war as an issue must also go. We are sick and tired of hearing about the war; those of us, at least, who have lived through it; and for our children, let them

be referred to the histories. Yet so long as the Church, or the war, or the tariff, or the Irish question, or anything else, will serve his turn, the modern politician will make use of it, and let the writings of Aristotle, Plato, and Adams severely alone, whilst he goes around the corner to look up the "boys."

THE CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN HIERARCHY AT ROME. — November 12th is the date generally assigned for the first session, in Rome, of the American Archbishops and Bishops called thither by the Sovereign Pontiff to deliberate upon the state of the church in this country. The Pope is well aware that America is the ultimate boundary of an immense European emigration, which will not be limited, as in the past, to Ireland and to Germany, but will embrace an immeasurable exodus from the Southern countries of Europe, particularly from Italy which groans under the intolerable yoke of a feeble yet vicious government. Then, too, the horizon of Europe is darkening with war clouds; and as men have become disgusted with giving their blood and their treasure, the flower of their youth and their own sons, to feeding the empty vanity of insolent and greedy tyrants, there is every indication that before the end of the next century, if not sooner, whole nations will have transferred themselves to the great American Continent.

The Church feels all this gravely, and with that prescience which is the inspiration of the Holy Ghost continually abiding within her, she deserves to make ample provision for the salvation of the innumerable souls that will work out their immortal destiny beneath American skies. With the honorable exception of the Irish people, very, very many Catholics coming here, fall away from their ancestral faith which would cling to them amid the associations, traditions and churches of their fatherland. And may we not suppose that the Irish themselves — though the Catholic faith is their national grace — would depart from it, if this were wholly a strange land to them with a foreign tongue, with priest not of their kin, with no friends, and with manifold temptations?

The first and direct object of the Roman-American gathering, is to increase spiritual facilities; erect new dioceses; and distribute the forces of the Church in such effective order, as to meet the exigencies of a great European immigration.

There is no reason why, under God, the American Church should not amply provide for all classes of Catholics, from any portion of Europe.

The curriculum of studies in our ecclesiastical seminaries will be made to include the study, conversationally and practically, of the French and the German languages. Ardent and pious youth will be encouraged to enter the priesthood, for the sake of these wandering sheep of the one true fold. The Religious Orders will receive new encouragement, and the whole great system of Church government will be, by degrees, introduced into a country which will like Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, contain strayers and tribes of men from every clime under heaven.

Providentially, the Republic has been preserved in its constitutional integrity, from all sectarian policy. This spirit of the Fathers of the American Republic came direct from on high, in view of the necessity that no political entanglements, no *Concordats*, should embarrass the free action of the church in this country. We shall go on building churches, and schools; and our priesthood will be known in future history, as men who, in a sense, rivalled the Apostles, in ministering to widely-divergent nationalities, and bringing all into the unity of the faith and the bond of peace.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH,
Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 20, 1883.

EDITOR OF DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE: —

I have just finished reading Father Ryan's article on the "Lost Cause."

I do not wish to be considered as opposed to a large part of it; but to some things in it I believe a majority of your readers would take very decided exceptions. Those who, like myself, are Democrats and Catholics, and who have a tendency to chivalrous sentiments, find many things to admire in a portion of the Southern people. But we do not believe that articles of the

kind which I have just read produce a salutary effect. The sooner a conflict between brothers is *forgotten*, the better and more honorable for both sides. Only those men, whom Father Ryan denounces, wish in North or South to dig up and fan to flame the embers of civil strife.

Therefore, to say that the cause of the South was another cause like that of Ireland and Poland, renews old controversies as well as intense indignation. The cause of Ireland is not a lost cause and never will be. It is a living cause that is as immortal as undying nationality and the eternal principles of liberty. The green flag of Erin can never become a "conquered banner." Poetic and holy associations may linger around a conquered banner. Both these and historic glories, and bright hopes as well, encircle and glorify the banner of Ireland.

It is not the mere symbol of a "lost cause," but it is the flag of freedom. If Father Ryan wishes to escape the rocks, let him avoid odious comparisons.

D not let him indirectly compare such men as Generals Hancock, McClellan, Rosecrans, Meagher, Mulligan, and Phil. Sheridan, together with thousands of others, *volunteers* under the Stars and Stripes, to those who have been the *voluntary* means of crushing the liberties of Ireland or Poland. Such sentences make men's hearts burn again and their nostrils breathe fire.

No Catholic priest can uphold the institution of slavery as it existed in the South before the war. The spirit of the Church is wholly opposed to it. Its consideration of the marriage tie was fully as unchristian as the divorce laws of some of the Northern states. Besides, slavery has always gradually disappeared before the civilizing influences of the Church. The wild fanaticisms of the North, and the mercenary and tyrannical passions of the South, both practically ignored the Church. When both God and the Church are ignored, God sometimes lets passion fight passion.

The results of the war may not be so bad after all, looked at from the divine standpoint. And if Father Ryan would put down instead of effects of the war, *the evils of a godless education*, he would more nearly hit the mark.

Any man of generous feelings must appreciate the chivalrous spirit of the true gentlemen of the South. But the spirit that is the soul of Catholic chivalry is unknown to them.

Let us, who are men, forget the baser passions and motives that influenced men in the late struggle between Confederates and Union men, between the North and the South. Let us leave the narrow bigotry, passion and selfishness of both North and South to the hearts of its chosen ones, and let us unite in a more exalted and honorable battle, that will bring our whole country to a higher plane and standard of Christian knowledge, Christian liberty, Christian morality, and true Christian chivalry.

H. F. FAIRBANKS.

LORD COLERIDGE hit the worshippers of the "almighty dollar" a hard but merited rap when he said, in the presence of New York's millionaires: "It is not your colossal fortunes that interests me. I can see great estates and sufficient enormous fortunes at home. I should be disposed to give a wide birth to these things, because millions of dollars confuse my mind and are irrelevant to my tastes. But what I do rejoice to see, what has filled me with delight, what I have longed to see, but never will see, in England, is the condition of your upper and lower middle classes and the homes of your people."

A NEW DIOCESE.—It is stated that the diocese of Portland, comprising Maine and New Hampshire, is about to be divided in two, because of the increase in the Catholic population within the past five years. That part of the diocese comprising Maine is to be known as the Diocese of Portland, and that part comprising New Hampshire is to be called the Diocese of Manchester. Bishop Healy will still be in the Diocese of Portland. Several priests in the Diocese are mentioned in connection with the bishopric of the new diocese. Three names have been forwarded to Rome, from which it is expected the Pope will select a new bishop, who will reside in Manchester.

THERE are ninety-four Catholic clergymen in the Archdiocese of Sydney, N. S. W., and of these seventy-four are natives of Ireland.

HONORING LORD COLERIDGE. — Our sprightly contemporary, the *Central Catholic Advocate* of Louisville, Ky., has this remark: "The *Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph* objects to the honoring of Lord Coleridge by Americans, because American tourists in London are snubbed and ridiculed. Well, the class of Americans who usually go to Europe doubtless deserve snubbing for their impertinent smartness, and excite ridicule by their cheap attempts to ape royalty. Their only claim to respectability is their papa's money. Lord Coleridge conducts himself as a gentleman, and is treated as one — even if he is an Englishman. If some of those American boobies were to come to Kentucky they would hardly be treated any better than they are in London." Lord Coleridge is not a Catholic as stated in our last issue.

BEAUTIFUL CUSTOMS.—Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane of Richmond, Va., lately arrived from Europe, says: In several places we have had the pleasure to visit, we noticed some beautiful customs which, with due respect, we would suggest be adopted everywhere. The first which pleased us principally was the tolling of the church bell during the Elevation. By this means all Catholics, those who had attended first Mass, and those confined to their houses by sickness or otherwise, were enabled to unite in prayer during this most solemn part of the services. Who can estimate the blessings which would be called down by this act of religion?

Another most beautiful practice is when prayers are asked, either for the recovery of the sick or for the repose of a departed one, for the officiating priest, then and there, to offer up the prayers. By this custom it is absolutely certain that the announcement does carry with it what is desired.

Both of these practices would require but little trouble any and everywhere, and we are sure would be of great good.

IRELAND has been paid a great compliment, and from a very unexpected quarter. It is announced that the Mormans have decided upon a fresh propagandist effort. Fifty-seven missionaries are to be sent out into the world to collect converts for the strengthening of the Morman Church. Fourteen of these missionaries are coming to England and Scotland. The Morman Elders must have come to the conclusion that to convert an Irish Catholic to "Latter Day Saint" views is impossible, for they have not included Ireland in their circuit of missionary operations. It has been said that persons of all nationalities, except that of Ireland, are to be found in Salt Lake City. It must be so, or the "saints" would not have ignored the existence of Ireland. No doubt the coming missionaries will as usual, pick up plenty of believers both in England and Scotland, says *The London Universe.*

Mr. PARNELL, M. P., was a few days ago presented with a fine salmon by the fishermen of the Slaney. In forwarding the fish the Wexford fishermen stated that it was the last caught in the extended season which they recently obtained through the exertions of the member for Monaghan.

JOHN DILLON. — Mr. John Dillon, who has been forced by ill-health — aggravated by the prison brutality of his coercion jailors — to resign his seat in Parliament as member from Tipperary, and his active connection with the Irish National agitation, arrived in New York lately. Mr. Dillon remained at the Everitt House some days, and refused to be interviewed by reporters, or to talk any sort of politics. He explained that he was here merely for the benefit of his health, and that his visit had "no political significance." He was visited by many friends and prominent Irish-Americans, who welcomed him once more to New York. After a brief stay here, Mr. Dillon will proceed to Colorado, to visit his brother, Mr. William Dillon. The latter gentleman, known in Dublin a few years ago, as a rising member of the bar, was also compelled to leave his native country by ill-health, but has been completely restored by the bracing air of Colorado. It is to be hoped that a similar result will be witnessed in the case of Mr. John Dillon. It is not too much to say that John Dillon is greeted by the prayers and good wishes of the Irish race at this side of the Atlantic, as he is followed by the prayers and good wishes of the Irish race at the other side. There is no name more loved and honored than that of John Dillon, whose stainless record, chivalrous character, and ardent love of Ireland, have won for him at once the love and admiration of the Irish race. Ireland cannot afford to lose, for long, the priceless service of such a man. We earnestly trust that very soon we shall be able to announce the return to Ireland of Mr. Dillon, completely restored to health. When that return is chronicled, we need not add that the constituencies will vie with each other for the honor of being represented by such a man; and if, on the other hand, the British Parliament is, of all others, the most distasteful to the mind of Mr. Dillon, yet at the same time it is an arena in which he has done Ireland great service in the past, and will, let us hope and trust, render her great service in the future. — *Irish American.*

SCOTCH-IRISH. — The late Hugh Hastings, shortly before his death, said: Sullivan who made such short work of the Australian giant Slade, is now honored as "the great American champion" by the *Times*. If Slade had knocked the wind out of Sullivan, the *Times* and other journals would have sneered at him as the Irish duffer. Success is a great thing. Poor Ireland, how she is continually being dwarfed by her enemies. With a prize-fighter, a hero, or a statesman she is certain to receive no honor. When a regular Hibernian achieves greatness, he is sure to be claimed as a Canadian, like O'Hanlon; Sullivan as an American, and General Jackson as a Scotch-Irishman. If the average writers and biographers are to be believed, the only Irish who become famous are the Scotch-Irish. There is a spirit of unfairness and meanness manifested toward the Irish that is maliciously disgraceful. It makes no difference to these narrow-minded and prejudiced writers if the families of the Jacksons, Buchanans, Stewarts, Sloans, Arthurs, etc., made their homes in Ireland before the Cromwellian invasion, they are still Scotch-Irish. With no other race are such efforts made to belittle them. Who ever thinks of designating the descendants of the Stuarts as Scotch-English, or of alluding to the Prince of Wales as a lager-beer-drinking Dutch-Englishman.

A COMPARISON. — What a contrast is afforded between the wealth and luxury of the bishops of the English Church and the poverty of the bishops of the Catholic Church in Great Britain! A striking example of this apostolic poverty is afforded by the inventory, which has just been returned, of the personal estate of the late Most Rev. Dr. Strain, Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. His estate amounted to no more than £211, from which are deducted debts and funeral expenses amounting to £113, leaving £98 as the sum chargable with duty. The late archbishop was very charitable to the poor. There are no more zealous and hard-working men than our Catholic bishops, and few with so little worldly wealth.

BARON LIEBIG makes the statement that eight pounds per day of best Bavarian beer would not amount in a year to the nutrition of three pounds of meat.

THE NEW GENERAL OF THE JESUITS was ordained in St. Louis, by Archbishop Kendrick, in 1849. Antonius Anderledy was born at Brieg (canton Valais, Switzerand), on June 3, 1819. He entered the Society of Jesus when nineteen years old, and studied philosophy and theology at Rome and Freiburg. The catastrophe of 1847 which drove the Jesuits from Switzerland, found him at Freiburg. From Piedmont, where he had found a shelter after exile, the Jesuits were also expelled. After this he went with several other members of the society to the United States, and became priest at Green Bay. In the meanwhile Germany had opened her gates to the Jesuits, and Father Anderledy returned in 1851, lived for two years as missionary in Bavaria, until in 1853 he was made rector of the theological school of the society at Cologne. In 1856 he became rector of the Theological College at Paderborn. In 1865 he was appointed professor of moral theology at Maria Laash; in 1869 rector of the same place; and in 1870 assistant of the Father General at Rome. His thirteen years' experience as the right-hand man of the venerable Father Beckx gave him the first claim to the post of vicar-general to which he has just been elected. The piety, the strength, the sagacity and the wisdom which are predicated of him by the very fact of the late election, should have added no special renown to his name, is one of the glorious facts of a society which is a very store-house of power. Father Anderledy received fifty-two out of seventy votes at the outset, the remainder being scattered votes. We may add, that the following assistants — *i. e.* permanent counsellors of the general — were elected for the several languages in which business has to be transacted: — Italian, Father Cirravegna; Spanish, Father De la Torre; French, Father Blanchard; German, Father Gaspar Hoevel (until now rector of Ditton Hall); English, Father Keller (an American).

THE COLLEGE AND SEMINARY OF OUR LADY OF ANGELS has become an university. By a special act of the New York Legislature the college was raised to the dignity of a university, and a medical department was added to the course of studies. Rt. Rev. S. V. Ryan, C. M., Bishop of Buffalo, is president and chancellor of the new university; Very Rev. P. V. Kavanagh, C. M., is president of the seminary, and Dr. John Cronyn is president of the medical college.

RECEPTION TO FR. STRAIN.—Rev. Fr. Strain, pastor of St. Mary's Church of Lynn, Mass, who recently returned from Europe, was tendered a reception by his parishoners, in the parochial school hall. Mr. H. F. Hurlbut presided and delivered an address of welcome. Fr. Strain responded, and there was speaking by Mr. T. H. Ronayne and others. The pastor was presented with $1400.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S NAME BUILDING A CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The *New York Observer*, a prominent sectarian religious paper says: The Queen Anne gables of Marshfield peep out from amid the elms that surround the house and line the avenue that leads to the entrance on either side. The original homestead, purchased by Daniel Webster of Thomas, the English tory, was destroyed by fire four years ago. Nothing to-day remains to mark the old tory possession save the stables and the English wall of solid brick, whitewashed, which forms a boundary line around the whole estate. The house was rebuilt immediately after the fire, by Preston, the Boston architect, and is, together with the surrounding acres of woodland, kept in perfect order by the Webster Historical Association. A wonderful degree of artistic skill has been shown in arranging the low-studded, Queen Anne interior of the present mansion to form a harmonious setting for the old furniture, historic relics, and family portraits, saved from the fire. Twenty-five cents is charged the visitor to view the interior of the house, and a striking fact is that this fee goes to swell the fund necessary to complete the Catholic church near by, erected within the past year in memory of Mrs. J. G. Day, Fletcher Webster's daughter. Thus, near to Plymouth and its orthodox traditions, a Catholic church is built, to honor a granddaughter of an American statesman; and to help pay for it, a tax is levied upon each pilgrim to his shrine. The pleasant way in which the visitor is instructed about the time-honored relics, or is allowed to roam unnoticed through the house, merits the fee, even if the purpose to which it is devoted be criticised.

AN attempt to have Michael Davitt's name erased from the voters' list, on the ground of a conviction for treasonable utterances, failed in court, in Dublin, on October 5. The presiding Judge refused to entertain the plea, and Mr. Davitt's name stands, much to the discomfiture of the British government.

THE OUTLOOK IN ENGLAND.—In England it is beginning to look squally for that musty old encumbrance, the House of Lords. At the recent Liberal conference held in Leeds, it was resolved that it was the duty of the government to bring in at the approaching session a bill equalizing the county and the borough franchises. It was also moved and carried that any future measure for the extension of suffrage should confer the parliamentary franchise upon all women fit to vote. If, as is at least possible, the peers attempt to prevent the House of Commons from carrying out the reforms devised by the radicals for equalizing the franchise, there is likely to be more trouble than those top-lofty gentlemen have experienced for many years. It is the opinion of the New York *Sun* that, "henceforth we may be justified in scanning the news from England with an interest only second to that with which our ancestors followed the debates in the Long Parliament, for in the contest now beginning the political framework and the whole social structure of the United Kingdom is in peril; and it would not much surprise us to see, in the shock and fury of antagonistic interests not only an excrescence like the House of Peers, but also the Anglican establishment, and even the throne itself go down."

MR. HEALEY GIVEN A HANDSOME PURSE.—Eight thousand people were present at a meeting of the National League held in Wexford on the night of Oct. 21. Davitt and Healey were the principal speakers. Mr. Davitt severely denounced the land act and urged his hearers to endeavor by all means to make the league more efficient, and so aggressive as to strike terror into the hearts of the landlord. After the meeting Mr. Healey was presented with a purse containing £700.

CARDINAL MCCABE has issued a pastoral letter, in which he says that owing to the justice and good sense of modern statesmen, many former educational grievances have been reformed; but many remain yet to be done, if Catholics are to be placed on a level with other denominations in this respect. He says he does not ask for his people the slightest privilege over others, but equality and justice.

THE front of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, on Tremont street, Boston Highlands, has been ornamented by a fine bas-relief representation of "Our Lady of Perpetual Help" and the interesting legend connected. The figures have been cut in Nova Scotia stone of a yellowish tint, occupying a niche about 8½ x 5½ feet.

A NUN MURDERED BY ORANGEMEN.—A sad event has resulted from a disgraceful attack made by the Orange torchlight processionists on the convent at Ballynafeigh, Belfast, Ireland. The Rev. Mother has, it appears, been in a very delicate state of health for some time, and when, on Friday night, on the procession passing, the windows of the convent were smashed, the noise produced such a shock to the

system as to accelerate her death, which occurred about half-past three o'clock—about five hours after the attack on the convent. The deceased lady on hearing the noise caused by the cheering of the processionists, and the crash which followed the smashing of the glass, became alarmed and excited. Every effort was made to allay her excitement, but the shock was too severe, and the result, as already stated, was that she died a few hours after the attack.

THE NEW GUION LINE STEAMER "OREGON," (sister ship to "Alaska" and "Arizona,") went on her trial trip, on the Clyde, on Sept. 21st and attained the extraordinary speed of 20 knots per hour. The "Oregon" sails from Liverpool for New York on Saturday, Oct. 6th, and will return from New York on Tuesday, October 23rd, at 10.30 a. m. These beautiful and fast steamers are owned by the Williams & Guion company.

AT the International Fisheries Exhibition in England, Canada obtained some eight gold medals, and fifty silver and bronze medals; but it was to the United States that went much of the glory and substantial laurels of the exhibition. To American exhibitors, the jury awarded no less than forty-eight gold medals, forty-seven silver and twenty-nine bronze medals, twenty-four diplomas and seven special prizes.

ARCHBISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA.—The *Western Watchman* states that during the retreat of priests of the diocese of Vincennes, Ia., it leaked out that the members soon expect to hear that Bishop Chatard has been made archbishop of Philadelphia, vice Woods, deceased, and that an announcement to this effect will be made as soon as the bishop reaches Rome. While Bishop Chatard started for Rome as the accredited representative of Archbishop Elder, it is believed by the informed that immediately upon his arrival he will be invested with the robes of an archbishop, and at once given a seat in the council of his own right. Bishop Chatard is a native American, and was selected by the Papal Propaganda for his present position over the recommendation of the priests of his diocese, while president of the American College in Rome.

THERE were, undoubtedly, more Hail Mary's said during the month of October, 1883, than were ever said before in one month since the dawn of Christianity.

A BIRD ON A BRIDE'S SHOULDER.—An incident worthy of note occurred in a western city during the nuptial ceremonies at the Catholic Church of Mr. James Knowles and Miss Maggie Brennan. When the bride and groom had taken their places, and the groomsman and bridesmaid were taking their position, a bird flew into the church and alighted upon the head of the bridesmaid, Miss Mary Brennan, a sister of the bride. The bird then flew to another part of the church, and fluttering a moment above the head of Mrs. Brennan, mother of the bride, rested upon her head; then, flying, it settled upon the shoulder of the bride and remained there during the ceremony, and then took its flight through the open window. Whatever the mission of the uninvited feathery guest, or whether it had a mission, or what omens, good or ill, the incident is true and vouched for by scores who saw it.

REV. J. J McCOY, assistant pastor at St. John's Church, Worcester, is doing a good work for the young men and women and boys of the parish. He has established a gymnasium, amply equipped, in the basement of the institute for both sexes, and in connection with this is a good library and a spacious reading room up stairs. He organized some two years ago a company of boys called the St. John's Cadets, who have since been brought to an advanced state of proficiency in military drill under the discipline of their commander, Lieutenant John Hughes. The Cadets had a prize drill recently for a gold badge, offered by Rev. Father McCoy. After a fair competition the prize was awarded to John Gorman. They went up to Springfield to participate in the celebration of the anniversary of Father Matthew. Part of the day's programme was a competitive drill between the St. John's Cadets, the Central Falls (R. I.) Cadets, the Cathedral Cadets of Springfield and St. Mary's Cadets of Turner's Falls. The first prize was a stand of colors, and was awarded to the Worcester boys, the Central Falls Cadets taking second prize, a regulation sword. A condition of membership in the organization is that each cadet take a pledge to abstain from all the intoxicating and alcoholic liquors until he is 21 years old.

A MUCH NEEDED STEP. — Through the kind offices of Bishop S. V. Ryan, of Buffalo, a member of its Board of Directors, the Irish Catholic Colonization Association has obtained from his Eminence the Cardinal the appointment of a priest to look after the interests of the Irish immigrants landing in Castle Garden. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this work;

and it is a matter not merely local or American, but even of international congregation, that, through the co-operation of the Colonization Society and the ecclesiastical authorities of New York, it is at last possible to make this new beginning. The Rev. John J. Riordan, late assistant at St. Bernard's Church, has been appointed to the position; and all will agree that the selection is a most admirable one. Nothing can better show the imbecility and sheer incapacity of the management of the so-called "Irish Emigrant Society" of this city than the fact that such a step has only been taken at this late day, and even then at the suggestion and through the influence of strangers from the far West. Rev. Father Riordan, the newly-appointed Catholic chaplain to the immigrants, will enter upon his new field of missionary labor in about two weeks. He intends, before settling down at Castle Garden to make a business trip to the West. His duties among the immigrants will be of a more general nature than have heretofore devolved upon missionaries at the Garden. It is proposed to hold regular religious services, on Sundays, for the benefit of immigrants. Several gentlemen who are interested in Father Riordan's missionary work have suggested that a room in the vicinity of Castle Garden be leased for a chapel. — *Irish-American.*

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG. — We give the conclusion of this very interesting story in this issue of our MAGAZINE. We are sure it has proved interesting to our readers. Other stories of equal merit will be followed up in the coming issues of our MAGAZINE. We can furnish sets of the MAGAZINE to new subscribers with this story. It commenced April last.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF PARNELL. — *Reynold's Newspaper*, one of the most extensively circulated papers in England, speaking of the rumor of the assassination of Parnell, says: Mr. Parnell's "assassination" would have been a national calamity, and the somewhat exciting reports which were current last week about his reported death, set London seriously thinking of the consequences which must ensue were the Irish leader suddenly removed. A catastrophe of this kind could only result in the Nationalist party being deprived of the ablest head which it has had since the time of O'Connell. In a marked measure London seemed to feel this, and a profound sense of satisfaction was observable in town, on Friday night, when the reassuring telegrams were issued that Mr. Parnell was not only well, but had, during the day, been transacting business in London on behalf of Irish matters. Premier of Ireland! This is Mr. Parnell's position, won at the point of debate, sustained in the teeth of keen adversaries, and kept with unblemished honor through a crisis which would have severely tried weaker men. Were Ireland made a republic to-morrow, Mr. Parnell would probable be elected president of the republic. Happily, the report of his death was false, though it is by no means certain that those who may be called "the irreconcilables" of the party, might not wish that the legitimate head of Irish dissatisfaction gave place to a rasher man. Be this as it may, there has been no Irish politician in the present generation who has had the mingled courage and moderation of Mr. Parnell. Conscious of power, he has used it to wise and generous ends. Out of nothing he created an Irish party in Parliament, and kept that party in hand. But Mr. Parnell has done more than this. He has made this same Irish party so strong that virtually it holds the electoral balance in most large cities between the Liberals and the Tories.

A TERRIBLE DEATH. — Intelligence comes from the village of St. Jerome, Canada, of the horrible death of Madame Lafentaisie under the following painful circumstances: — The deceased, who was well advanced in years, owned a colt which she was in the habit of feeding out of a plate she would hold in her hand. Whenever she wanted to call the frisky animal all she had to do was to put some oats on a dish and the colt would come galloping up to her. Unfortunately she did this once too often, for upon finishing his meal the colt seized her by the hair with his teeth, threw her down, and turning around like lightning, he planted his hind hoofs upon her with such force as to break in the poor woman's skull. She was unconscious when picked up, and died without having come to her senses.

THE reception to Lord Lansdowne, the new Governor-General of Canada, in Quebec was a very tame affair. Outside of the ceremony of swearing in the new comer, or rather intruder, for he has come where he is not wanted, the only extra expression of welcome was the presentation of an official address from the Corporation.

THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE. — His Lordship Bishop Fabre has been officially notified by Cardinal Simeoni of the appointment as Apostolic Delegate to Canada, of Monseigneur Henri Sureulders, of the Order of Cistercians and Councillor to the Sacred College. The mission of the delegate is to enquire into the difficulties which have so

long been the cause of ill-feeling between the Catholics of the province in connection with the teaching of Laval University, to ascertain if the report sent to Rome, alleging that many of its professors and students are Freemasons, is correct, and also to receive reports from the different dioceses of the province in regard to the number of Catholic Freemasons in each parish. The *Mission Catholiques*, of Rome, says that the Monseigneur's mission is also in connection with the General Council of American Bishops to be held in 1884.

MR. PARNELL has accepted an invitation from the promoters of the Parnell Testimonial Fund to attend a banquet in his honor in December, when the National Tribute will be presented to the Irish leader.

SOME RECENT APPOINTMENTS IN IRELAND. — It is announced that the Very Rev. Canon Donnelly, P. P. of Rathgar, near Dublin, is to be the Archbishop-Assistant for Dublin, but without the right of succession, Canon Donnelly has long been a very popular priest, and has devoted much laborious attention to the subject of Church music. It is reported that the Rev. Dr. Tynan (Secretary to Cardinal MacCabe) is to be Archbishop of Sydney, but this is not confirmed. A very satisfactory appointment has been made by the promotion of Mr. John Adye Curran, Q.C., from being a police magistrate of Dublin at £1000 to being county court judge for Meath, Westmeath, Longford and King's County at £1500. This gives another Catholic to the Irish county court bench, and it appropriately occurs in counties where Catholics are largely in the majority.

WE would respectfully call the attention of our clergy, any of them in want of fine photographs, to call at the well-known studio of Ritz & Hastings, No. 147 Tremont street, corner of West, where the best work can be obtained at low prices.

THE effects of the "LOST CAUSE." The third article has been laid over until our next issue.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS. — The will of the late Miss Ellen O'Brien of Boston gives $3500 to St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, $1000 to the House of the Angel Guardian, $1000 to Boston College, $500 to the Home for Destitute Children, $500 to St. Mary's Infant Asylum, and $20 to the St. Vincent de Paul Society of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Hugh Carey, Esq., and Thomas Riley, Esq., are the executors.

THE oldest living priest, it is said, resides at Lupel, in Germany. He has attained the truly patriarchal age of one hundred and eight years, and has been eighty-four years in the sacred ministry.

THE LOBSTER CANNING business has grown to large proportions in the Maritime Provinces, but it has not been remunerative of late years, because the supply has somewhat exceeded the demand. The average size of the lobsters taken has become smaller of late years. The total quantity shipped last year from all the Provinces was 14,809,152 lbs., and as three fish on the average fill the pound can, the total number of lobsters taken must have been 45,000,000. At this rate the fishery must be rendered nearly worthless in a few years. The shipments for 1882 were: —

Province	Lbs.	Value.
Nova Scotia	8,153,997	$816,512
P. E. Island	4,500,035	420,430
New Brunswick	1,639,096	160,733
Quebec	507,024	29,966
Total	14,809,152	$1,431,741

Many of the lobsters caught and canned in New Brunswick and P. E. Island are shipped at Halifax. Nearly three-fourths of the whole take is sent to Great Britain. Since 1876 the business has nearly doubled. The shipments from Halifax in 1876 amounted to $309,750, of which only $10,826 worth went to the United States. In 1882 the value of the total exports from Halifax was $696,050, of which fish to the value of $149,778 went to the United States.

THE Orangemen have grown more aggressive in Ireland under the incitement of Tory approval. Lord Rossmore, grand master of the order in Monahan, threatens "bloodshed and perhaps civil war," unless the government prohibits league meetings.

MGR. CAPEL has wonderful vitality. He has recently preached to the Xavier Alumni in the Jesuit Church, Sixteenth street, N. Y., and lectured in St. Patrick's Cathedral, under the auspices of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, N. Y. He is going westward on a brief lecturing tour; he will go to Canada, Detroit, Chicago and St. Paul, and perhaps St. Louis, before his return in the middle of November to begin his series of lectures in Chickering Hall and in the Jesuit Church, N. Y. He has arranged to deliver, during the advent season, twenty-four lectures in thirty days, and all these on the most vital questions of religion and society. That seems to ordinary mortals a colossal programme, and even to giants it is no trivial enterprise, says the *Catholic Review*.

THE LATEST BOMBSHELL. — The recent explosions in London were mysterious, to say the least of them, but, with O'Donnell in jeopardy, we do not believe that any Irishman had a hand in them. O'Donovan Rossa says otherwise, but then we know that Jeremiah the prophet delights in sending a cold shiver down the back of England. He enjoys the periodical English panic exceedingly, and nobody, after all he has suffered at the hands of brutal jailers, can blame him. Still, we repeat we don't believe, any Irishman, with a heart in him, would use dynamite while poor O'Donnell has his "head in the lion's mouth." Besides, to blow up a railroad tunnel is a perfectly useless act. All classes of people use the underground railway. All the Irish leaders, Parnell, Davitt and Healy, travel by it frequently, and they ran the same chance of being killed as the mere English. If it had been a government building, or a barrack full of soldiers that was dynamited, there might be some sense in charging it on the Irish, but the railway business looks decidedly off color. Meanwhile the English, with their usual terror of the unseen, are white with mingled rage and fear. It is that Rossa enjoys. It is the wine of life to his uncompromising hate. — *The Citizen, Chicago.*

ANGEL GUARDIAN ANNUAL for 1884, published by the House of the Angel Guardian, 85 Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

This is our welcome little friend the "Useful Almanac," now in its fifth year. This is one which has much improved on its predecessors, being enlarged and, if possible, more replete than ever with instructive and useful information. Its table of contents is varied and the subject matter well selected. We trust it will be as welcome everywhere as it is with us, for two reasons; first, because of its own value, containing as it does all that one can wish to find in an annual; second, because of the end for which it is published, which is to afford material aid to the orphan and destitute boys in the Institution, by enlisting public sympathy in their behalf, and obtaining for those who have charge of them the means of providing for their support. We therefore wish it prosperity and success. Sample copies mailed to any address on receipt of 4 cents in stamps. For terms for large quantities for distribution, address, Annual, 85 Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

"ROMAN Catholic circles" in Rome, as well as "Roman Catholic circles" in London, and elsewhere, are much at the mercy of Protestant newspaper correspondents. "Well-informed Roman Catholic circles" here were last week represented as appointing the Very Rev. Prior Jerome Vaughan to the vacant Archbishopric of Sydney; and the same "circles" in the Eternal City are this week told that "considerable excitement" has been created among them "by the fact that Cardinal Hohenlohe, who recently resigned his episcopal See and severed his relations with the Pope, called, on his way to Paris from Rome, not only on the Italian Minister at Munich, Count Barbolani, but also on Dr. Döllinger, notwithstanding that the latter is still under the ban of excommunication." Of course there is no truth at all in the asserted rupture between the Holy Father and the Cardinal, who left Rome with his Holiness's blessing; and, of course, no excitement was ever felt in "Roman Catholic circles" at all. The visit to Dr. Döllinger is a sign of nothing more remarkable than that there is room in his Eminence's heart for charity towards a great, mistaken, and unfortunate man.

A GRAND Catholic demonstration took place recently at Naples, where a congress was held in the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, the Catholic associations and newspapers of the peninsula being represented by some 1,200 delegates. The Archbishop of Naples delivered the inaugural address. The Bologna delegate stated that the Catholics now had 150 electoral committees, with 60,000 members, whose motto was the revindication of the Throne and Altar.

ACCORDING to the final statistics of the last census the number of foreigners in France has risen from 379,289 in 1851 to 1,001,090 in 1881 — one thirty-sixth of the total population. The nationalities most numerously represented are — Belgians, 432,265 (62 per cent. of whom inhabit the Department of the Nord, adjoining Belgium); Italians, 240,733; Germans, 81,986; Spaniards, 73,781; Swiss, 66,200; and English, 37,000. The Italians are increasing most rapidly, their numbers having risen 45 per cent since 1876.

THE NUN OF KENMARE.—An appeal is published from Sister Mary Frances Clare for aid for her industrial schools and other establishments in county Mayo, Ireland. It is her plan to offer to the poor some means of a livelihood. She writes from St. Joseph's Convent, Knock: "There could not be a better place to begin in, because, as the world knows, Mayo is the poorest county in Ireland. The people are industrious, as is proved by the satistics; and those who help themselves deserve to be helped. I have begun a stocking factory. It would be impossible to make knitting

by hand remunerative in this age of manufactures, but I have found and am using an excellent stocking knitting machine, and when I am able to employ two or three hundred girls and to procure the proper machinery, a firm in the hosiery trade will take all the work I can turn out. Now, who will help this plain, common sense and practical plan? There are hundreds of girls about here without employment, and if even a few girls of each family were employed, the chronic state of poverty in Ireland would soon be removed."

THE BILL OF FARE at the banquet which was given at Madrid, Spain, in honor of the anniversary of the discovery of America was an international curiosity. By way of doing "homage to Columbus" the guests who sat down to dine at the Theatre Royal on the 12th inst. were supplied with the following menu:—Soup: Isabel the Catholic and American soup; fish from the port of Palos, from which Columbus set sail on his first voyage to America, loin à l'Amiral, Castilian partridge, Andes pheasants. Jamaica punch, roasted Brazilian peacock, Estremadura beans, Havannah sweetbread, New York ices, Granada fruit, and Puerto Rico coffee.

THE CORK EXHIBITION has closed, having been visited by over 300,000 persons during the ninety-one days on which it was open.

IN PARIS, France, there is a society of highborn ladies, who spend two or three hours every day in turn in an Incurable Hospital, doing all the offices of nurses; washing and dressing the sores, changing the bandages and linen, &c., &c. This is truly Catholic and heroic, imitating St. Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, and many others of royal blood.

DEATH OF AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN.—A man who by dint of sheer courage and energy overcame almost insuperable difficulties and showed that life, even when it seems almost a curse, may be well worth living, died last week at Arare, in the canton of Geneva. Jean Trottet, the man in question, was born in 1831, without hands and without feet. His short arms were pointed, and his legs, such as they were, not being available for progression, he was able to move only by twisting his body from side to side. When Jean was old enough he was sent to school. In writing he held his pen at the bend of the elbow, and as he grew older he became an active haymaker, used the reins with dexterity, and was so good a shot that he often carried off the first prize at the village *tirs*. He enjoyed, too, some reputation for sagacity, was consulted by his neighbors on matters of importance, and has left behind a widow and four children amply provided for.

WE call the attention of our lady readers to the advertisement in our columns of James Pyle's Pearline, for laundry and kitchen purposes. An article so popular and widely circulated, must possess merits that commend it to favor of housekeepers.

IMMENSE PILGRIMAGE.—No fewer than twenty thousand pilgrims assembled lately in the vast Basilica of St. Peter's. Since the seizure of Rome, no grand functions, except on rare occasions have been held in this great Basilica. But the pilgrimage on this occasion was a great national event, and the Pope recognised its importance by the public use of St. Peter's, and by addressing the vast multitudes in the Council Hall of the Vatican.

A SUNDAY school for Catholic inmates of the institutions at Deer Island has been recently organized by Father Bric, S. J., of St. Mary's Church at the North End. It is in charge of teachers from the city.

BISHOP RIORDAN'S FAREWELL.—Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan left for his new home in San Francisco on the 29th of October. He was accompanied by Very Rev. E. Sourin, superior-general of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Rev. Fr. D. J. Riordan, J. B. Roles, E. J. Dunne and F. Henneberry of Chicago, Rev. Fr. M. Burke of Joliet and Rev Fr. J. A. Seahn of South Bend, Ind., who will act as an escort. About fifty leading laymen, representatives of the different parochial districts of the city, also took passage as far as Mendota, from which place they will return. Fr. Henneberry will leave the party at Denver. A large concourse of people were on hand to bid farewell to the departing bishop, who stood on the platform and bowed his acknowledgments as the train moved out from the depot.

By the will of the late Dr. James A. Fleming, the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, Boston, receives $100.

THE POINT OF THE BAYONET.—No public National League meetings were held in Ireland on the 29th of October, they having been proclaimed by the government. At Castle Lyon, county Cork, the police,

in dispersing a procession, charged upon it with fixed bayonets, scattering it in all directions, and capturing its banners and musical instruments. After the military and police withdrew, a meeting was held, and thus the object of the leaguers was effected.

WHOLESALE IRISH EMIGRATION.— *The Freeman's Journal* declares that a government circular just issued contains suggestions to the Irish emigration committee proposing a wholesale shipment of Irish people to Canada. Every facility is to be offered to the boards of guardians and to the clerks of unions to promote emigration. No workhouse paupers are to be sent. Large contracts have been made with shipping companies for the conveyance of emigrants. The Canadian government is a party to the scheme, against which the *Freeman's Journal* warns all Irishmen.

The New York Tablet states that "Dr. John O'Kane Murray, of Brooklyn, is about to establish his permanent residence in Philadelphia." The doctor is not only a good physician, but the author of several learned and interesting works.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, coadjutor to the Cardinal, has sailed for Rome. He took the decrees of the late Provincial Council held in the Cathedral, with him, for the purpose of submitting them to the Pope, as the offical representative of Cardinal McCloskey. He will also represent the Cardinal at the conference of American Bishops to be held in Rome in November next, at which the official status of the Church in America will be fixed.

MR. PATRICK EAGAN, late treasurer of the Irish National Land League, has taken out papers of naturalization to become an American citizen. He is to reside at Lincoln, Nebraska.

THE Colored Men's Convention at Louisville adopted the following plank in its platform :—

"Ninth—As a race struggling and contending for our political and civil rights, we are not unmindful of the efforts of Ireland to gain her rights, and we extend to our Irish friends our profound sympathy and best wishes."

The Irish race in America ought not to be unmindful of the strength of the six million African-Americans in our population. The colored man is free from race and religious prejudice against the Irish, and what collisions have occurred between the two elements have generally been the work of bigots and politicians. The best exponent of Irish opinion — Daniel O'Connell — was a pioneer in the cause of negro freedom. — *Catholic Citizen.*

CATHOLIC EXAMINER.—The *Examiner* is now published weekly in place of monthly as heretofore. It has been greatly enlarged, and it is now among the best of our Catholic contemporaries. It speaks principally for the Catholics of Brooklyn, N. Y., where it is published ; but Catholics throughout the country will find it an interesting and instructive Catholic journal. It is edited by John Fitzgerald, Esq.; and is published for the low price of $2 a year. Our MAGAZINE and the EXAMINER $3 a year.

JOHN B. PIET & Co., BALTIMORE, have now in press, the Works of the Rt. Rev. John England, late Bishop of Charleston, S. C. This book will be issued in two volumes, at $5. Extra binding, $7.50. The first volume will be embellished by a handsome portrait of the Bishop, and the Memoir has been carefully compiled from all accessible documents.

The book is to be published by subscription. Orders should be sent to the publishers at once.

VERY Rev. Father Flood, O. P., of Newry, has been appointed Prior of Tallaght, in the place of the late Father Burke, O. P.

THE ringleader of the Orange riots at Coatbridge, near Glasgow, last summer, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and another active participator in the disturbances to nine months' imprisonment.

THE vintage of Italy has been one of extraordinary abundance this year. Twenty-nine million hectolitres is reckoned as the amount of wine produced.

IT is estimated that one-third of St. Ambrose parish, Des Moines, Iowa, are converts to Catholicity. This speaks volumes of praise for the labors of Rev. J. F. Brazill, who has been pastor there during its growth. There are families in that parish that Father Brazill baptized and married the father and mother, the son and daughter, and baptized children of the latter.

THE FOREIGN EXHIBITION.—We have received the Catalogue of this Exhibition, and would call the attention of our readers to the wonderful collection described in its pages. We find that in all there are forty-five different nations represented, — a larger number than has appeared at any former International Exhibition. Among the exhibits, special attention is invited to the Japanese collection, which excels in beauty and variety any previous exhibit ever made from that country. From China, Siam, Calcutta, Bombay, and other Eastern nations, the exhibits are of a most attractive character. The Porcelain exhibit from France is specially valuable. Visitors to the Art Gallery express themselves highly pleased with the beautiful specimens of art from France, Germany, Spain, and Italy; and the statues from Italy deserve special mention. The Catalogue contains much useful information in reference to the history and statistics of the various nations (not forgetting Ireland), and is illustrated with portraits of the reigning sovereigns. The Foreign Exhibition Catalogue is compiled by the Secretary, Gen. C. B. NORTON, published by GEORGE COOLIDGE-Foreign Exhibition, Boston, Mass., and sent postpaid by the publisher on receipt of price,(25 cents). Sold by the News Companies and news dealers generally.

The estimated number of Catholics in each century are as follows:—

1st	century	500,000
2d	"	2,000,000
3rd	"	5,000,000
4th	"	10,000,000
5th	"	15,000,000
6th	"	20,000,000
7th	"	25,000,000
8th	"	30,000,000
9th	"	40,000,000
10th	"	55,000,000
11th	"	70,000,000
12th	"	80,000,000
13th	"	85,000,000
14th	"	90,000,000
15th	"	100,000,000
16th	"	125,000,000
17th	"	185,000,000
18th	"	250,000,000
19th	" to the end of 1876	260,000,000

GEN. WM. T. SHERMAN retired from the command of the army Thusday, Nov. 1, and Lieut. Gen. Sheridan assumed command.

NO LESS than 7,336 emigrants left Ireland during the month of September. This number brings up the total Irish emigration for this year to the figure of 95,906, which shows the enormous increase of 20,686 over corresponding period of 1882. It is consoling, however, to learn that England which once gloated over the exodus of the Irish race from their native valleys, is suffering herself at present, 16,101 more Anglo-Saxons having left English ports this year than departed in 1882

The following table will give some idea of the vast proportions assumed by this Teutonic Emigration. The figures give the total number of emigrants — of course almost exclusively directed to the United States — who have left the German ports and Antwerp, during the last decades. The returns are made up to the end of August in each year:— 1873, 77,848; 1874, 33.097; 1875, 22,618; 1876, 20,176; 1877, 15,708; 1878, 17,539; 1879, 22,212; 1880, 68,288; 1881, 155,039; 1882, 145,436; 1883, 119,201;

A GLUTTONOUS VESTRY MAN. — At the Clerkenwell Vestry, Mr. J. F. Kelly said he held in his hand an authenticated statement of the amount of food which one member had consumed during one of the gluttonous — not to say drunken — revels, which were dignified by the name of meetings, of the assessment committee. This gentleman began with a little dry sherry; then came potatoes and two pork sausages, a piece of bread and butter, some cheese, a tankard of "bitter," two cigars, and a brandy and soda. The committee then went to assess a distillery, where the same gentleman had a little cherry brandy and champagne. After this they came back to the gate, where this gentleman "lapped up" two soups, a half of turbot, a large slice off the breast of a turkey, two lamb chops, some boiled ham, a little rice and marmalade pudding.

DEATH OF DR. R. D. JOYCE. — News has been received of the death of Dr. Robert D. Joyce, formerly of 21 Bowdoin street, Boston, which occurred at his brother's residence in Dublin, Ire., on October 23. For the past few years Dr. Joyce has been suffering from bronchial affections, and some three months since he returned to his native land with the hopes that the change might prove beneficial. He was well known in the city of Boston, and his loss will be keenly felt by both the poor and the rich, among whom he had an extensive practice.

Notices of Recent Publications.

KING'S HAND BOOK OF BOSTON, profusely illustrated.

This is the fifth edition of a book peculiarly interesting to Bostonians. It is a history, guide and reference book to the New England Metropolis. When we state that twenty-five hundred copies of the book has been bought by a celebrated clothing establishment in Boston to distribute among its customers, the reader may judge in what estimation the book is held by a leading house. Moses King is the publisher, Cambridge, Mass.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF GOD, from the creation to the present day. Part I—Bible History. By Rev. B. I. Spalding, with preface by Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria.

This book is a most valuable contribution to our Catholic school books. Every teacher in the land should profit by its wise instructions. It will be followed by a second, and the complete work, it is confidently believed, will supply teachers with a class book in which they will find a history of the Kingdom of God on earth from the earliest times down to our own day. The Society has issued the Pastoral of the Prelates of the Province of New York archdiocese in neat pamphlet form.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

AN APPEAL AND A DEFIANCE: An Appeal to the good faith of a Protestant by birth. A Defiance to the reason of a Rationalist by Profession. By His Eminence Cardinal Deschamps, Archbishop of Malines. Translated from the French by a Redemptorist Father. Price 40 cents.

Anything from the pen of Cardinal Deschamps should be sought for by every Catholic. Elsewhere we record the death of this great Cardinal. Get the book and read it attentively.

CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC FOR 1884. Pure, wholesome reading for the Home circle—of interest to both old and young. A collection of Short Stories, Humorous and Pathetic; Poems; Historical and Biographical Sketches; and Statistics. It is beautifully and profusely illustrated, has a rose-colored cover, a Chromo Frontispiece, and Calendars in red and black. It contains, in a few words, the best reading, the prettiest pictures, and is the best value for the money of any Catholic Almanac ever offered to the American public. Price 25 cents.

A copy of this Almanac will be sent to every subscriber (new and old) who will pay up for 1883 and 1884. Send money at once and get the Almanac.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

LIVES OF SOME OF THE SONS OF ST. DOMINIC. By a Father of the same Order, author of the Life of St. Thomas Aquinas.

These short lives, observes the preface, of some of the saints of the Order of St. Dominic, are chiefly intended for Dominican Tertiaries. They will serve as beautiful examples of Christian virtues for those who are not in any way connected with the Order.

E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN ELOCUTIONIST AND DRAMATIC READER, for the use of Colleges, Academies and Schools. By Joseph A. Lyons, A. M., L.L. D., Professor of English and Latin in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana; author of "The Silver Jubilee," "Questions on Grammar," and editor of "Household Library," "Scholastic Annual," &c. With an elaborate Introduction on Elocution and Vocal Culture. By M. B. Brown, A. M., late Professor of Theology and Moral Philosophy in the University of Notre Dame. Sixth edition, revised and enlarged.

The above is the title-page of this, no doubt, capital book. The author, Prof. Lyons, is a well-known educator and author. When we consider that this book has already gone through five editions, we may anticipate a still greater sale for the sixth edition.

The book is embellished with a fine portrait of Daniel Webster. In our generation there have been two great Daniels—WEBSTER and O'CONNELL.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Mr. Laurence Kehoe, the Superintendent of the Catholic Publication Society Co., has purchased the stock and good-will of that company, and in connection with the Catholic house of Burns & Oates of London, will continue the publishing business of both establishments. Such an arrangement must prove beneficial to both houses. We congratulate Mr. Kehoe upon this pleasing result of his many laborious years in building up the deserved success of the Catholic Publication Society.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CARDINALS.

The Christian world will sorrow over the death of the great Victor Augustus Isidore Deschamps, Archbishop of Mechlin, and Cardinal Priest of the title of St. Bernardo alle Terme. To some prelates is given the singular external grace of being an integral part of the Church history of their time. This was the privilege of Cardinal Deschamps. In his early manhood he entered the novitiate of the Redemptorists, and he will be remembered as one of the most eloquent preachers since Massillon, whose style he imitated, if not surpassed. Father Deschamps was the friend of Montalembert, of Lacordaire, and of Lemennais, who, if he had listened to the counsels of the humble Redemptorist, would not have fallen away from the faith and died miserably. Father Deschamps was raised to the Bishopric of Namur in 1865. His consecration took place in the Church of St. Alphonsus on the Esquiline Hill, Cardinal (then Archbishop) Manning being one of the Assistant Bishops. He preached the funeral sermon of Lamoricière, in the Cathedral of Frascati. It was at the Congress of Malines, in 1864, that Father Deschamps wore the Redemptorist habit for the last time. At that of 1867, his keen theological instinct detected the unorthodox tendencies of Father Hyacinthe. The Bishop of Namur was seated by the side of Mgr. Dupanloup, when the M. Loyson of to-day was indulging in some rather turgid eloquence. Suddenly his face grew anxious, and he whispered to the Bishop of Orleans: "All this is very fine — very fine, indeed; but I fear the theology of it is below mediocrity." In 1867, Bishop Deschamps was transferred to the Primacy of Belgium, vacant by the death of the venerable Cardinal Sterckx. During the sixteen years of his Episcopal rule, he has been chiefly known to the Catholics of Europe by the part which he took in the Œcumenical Council. In him the Holy See found a vigorous and most brilliant champion. The freedom of that great gathering was signally brought out by the abilities and earnest zeal of both parties. The definition of the infallibility of the Holy See was only rendered more glorious by each and every Bishop who took part in the Council. In Church history there will be little difference between Deschamps and Dupanloup, or between Manning and Strossmayer. This is the chief lesson which the Catholics of Europe may learn from the death of the great Redemptorist Cardinal, whom English and American Catholics, in common with their Belgian brethren, reverentially lament.

Cardinal Bonnechose, the oldest member of the Sacred College, died on Monday last at Rouen. He was born in 1800, and has been a cardinal since 1863. Up to his thirtieth year he had practiced law and rose to high dignities in his profession. He was ordained priest in 1834, and was successively bishop of Carcassonne, Evreux and Rouen.

CLERGYMEN.

A Priest Killed. — An accident occurred at Lancaster, N. Y., October 11, which has thrown the Catholics of that town, and especially of Swormsville and vicinity, into a state of deplorable grief. On that date the Right Rev. Bishop Ryan gave confirmation to a number of children at Lancaster, and was assisted by several priests from the adjoining towns, among the number being Rev. Edward Bænziger, the beloved pastor of Swormsville for the past twelve years. The Bishop and attendant priests from Buffalo returned home at 4 P. M., leaving Father Bænziger waiting at the depot for his train. Unfortunately he stepped on the track to see if the train was in sight, and was knocked down and run over by a Niagara Falls excursion train coming in the opposite direction. He was completely disfigured, the flesh being torn from his face and body, and could only be identified by his watch upon which his name was engraved. Rev. Father Sorg, of St. Louis' Church, Buffalo, was immediately telegraphed for, and had the remains transferred to Swormsville, where solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated, the bishop and thirty-five priests being in attendance. The church was crowded with a sorrowing congregation, whose lamentations were heartrending in the extreme. Many Protestants who loved and revered Father Bænziger in life, were also present. The deceased was forty-eight years of age, and came to America in 1862, from Switzerland.

Death of a Venerable Priest. — Rev. Thomas Ryan died from paralysis and debility at Altoona, Pa. When his ordination took place there was the question whether he, with children under his charge, and a widower, should be admitted to the priesthood. After some little dis-

cussion, it was decided in favor of his vocation to the clerical state. He was ordained by the Right Rev. Bishop Michael O'Connor, of illustrious memory, and for several years he was one of the assistant pastors at St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh.

A PRIEST was struck by lightning and instantly killed at Logos, Mexico, recently, while saying Mass.

WE regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. Peter Canon Doyle, the esteemed and venerable pastor of Killaneran, Gorey, county Wexford, Ireland. The deceased, who, we need scarcely say, is not to be confounded with the patriot pastor of Ramsgrange, had reached the advanced age of age of eighty-seven years.

BROTHER.

IN the death of Brother Jerome Ryan of Mount Bellew, Ireland, has passed away a figure which in a certain sense may be regarded as historic. He had worn the Franciscan habit for close on half a century, and at the time of his death was the oldest but one of his Order in Ireland. He was pioneer of the Brotherhood in Connaught as organised by the late Archbishop MacHale, he himself living to see ten monasteries affiliated to the chief monastery at Mount Bellew. But there is another reason why the people of his native Tipperary, and of his Connaught, should treasure his memory. During the dark days of the great famine, Brother Jerome was known to take the cholera-stricken bodies of the dead, which lined the road, in his arms, and, unaided, give them Christian burial in the graveyard of Aughagart. The memory of such deeds of self-sacrifice should not be willingly let die.

SISTERS.

AT St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, Erie, Pa., on the evening of the 28th October, Sister M. Patricia, after a lingering illness, departed this life. The deceased Sister was known in the world as Mary Daly, and at the time of her death was in the 32d year of her age. She has been a member of the community of the Sisters of St. Joseph during the last eight years of her life.

DIED at the Loretto Convent, Louisville, Mo., Oct. 27th, 1883, Sister Mary Chrysostom Clote, aged 34. The deceased was a native of Iowa, whence her family removed to Edina, Mo., where she passed her youth. In 1867, responsive to a secret call of grace, Miss Clote bade farewell to her family and repaired to Kentucky, in order to enter the novitiate of the Loretto Society.

LAY PEOPLE.

HON. R. M. SPALDING, father of Bishop Spalding of Peoria, and brother of the late Archbishop Spalding, died in Marion County, Ky., on the 3d of October.

THE *Montreal Post* mourns the death of Mr. John Whelan, at the age of seventy-three years. He was born in Ireland in 1811, but had been a resident of Montreal, and largely identified with important business transactions there since 1840. It was mainly through his efforts that the *Post* and *True Witness* were established and placed on a firm business basis. He was a friend of the journalist, and if possessed of no other manly trait we would sincerely regret his loss. Among many other things the *Post* says: "He enjoyed the esteem and respect of his fellow citizens of all creeds and classes. He was of a very charitable disposition, and was ever ready to give of his means to the poor and needy, without the rest of the world being made any the wiser."

THE death of Mrs. C. T. Driscoll occurred at New Haven, Conn., on the 28th of October. Mrs. Driscoll was the daughter of the late Owen O'Brien, formerly of Boston, Baltimore, etc. Mrs. Driscoll was educated at Mt. St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg, Md. In 1877 she was united in marriage to C. T. Driscoll, Esx., now Corporation Counsel of New Haven. She was niece of Rev. N. J. O'Brien, formerly of New Haven, but now of Hartford, Conn. May her soul rest in peace. Amen.

WE regret to record the death of Mr. Pierce Joyce, of Galway. He was a magistrate for thirty years, a large landlord, a deputy-lieutenant of the county, chairman of the Galway Board of Guardians, and a Harbor Commissioner. He belonged to an ancient Catholic family, and he was never known to evict a tenant — two statements which it is particularly pleasant to be able to bracket together.

HON. MICHAEL TOBIN, at one time President of the Nova Scotia Legislative Council, died on the 3d September.

MR. THOMAS O'CONNER, Speaker of the New Jersey House of Assembly, died recently at his residence, 145 Warren Street, Newark, in the fiftieth year of his age. He served in the army during the civil war and rose to the rank of Major. Speaker O'Conner leaves a wife and three sons. The death of his only daughter a few months ago hastened his own death. A sister of Mr. O'Conner lives in Boston.

THE Limerick Board of Guardians have recommended the building of one thousand laborers' cottages.

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